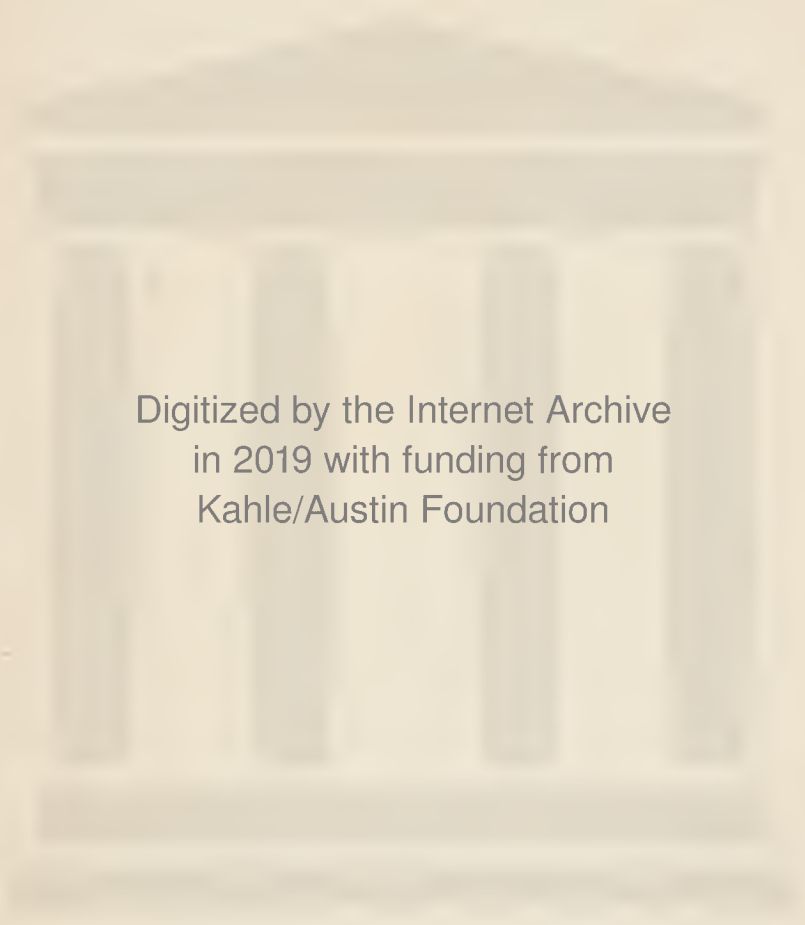


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THE WORLD

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“Good Samaritans.”

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

THE ADVENTURES OF
PHILIP

ILLUSTRATED

UNIVERSITY

EDITION.



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1857

TO

B. W. PROCTER

THIS STORY IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

162751

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the "Shabby Genteel Story" was first reprinted with other stories and sketches by Mr. Thackeray, collected together under the title of "Miscellanies," the following note was appended to it :

It was my intention to complete the little story, of which only the first part is here written. Perhaps novel-readers will understand, even from the above chapters, what was to ensue. Caroline was to be disowned and deserted by her wicked husband ; that abandoned man was to marry somebody else : hence bitter trials and grief, patience and virtue, for poor little Caroline, and a melancholy ending—as how should it have been gay ? The tale was interrupted at a sad period of the writer's own life. The colors are long since dry ; the artist's hand is changed. It is best to leave the sketch, as it was when first designed seventeen years ago. The memory of the past is renewed as he looks at it—

*die Bilder froher Tage
Und manche liebe Schatten steigen auf.*

W. M. T.

LONDON, *April* 10, 1857.

Mr. Brandon, a principal character in this story, figures prominently in "The Adventures of Philip," under his real name of Brand Firmin ; Mrs. Brandon, his deserted wife, and her father, Mr. Gann, are also introduced ; therefore the "Shabby Genteel Story" is now prefixed to "The Adventures of Philip."

A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

CHAPTER I.

AT that remarkable period when Louis XVIII. was restored a second time to the throne of his fathers, and all the English who had money or leisure rushed over to the Continent, there lived in a certain boarding-house at Brussels a genteel young widow, who bore the elegant name of Mrs. Wellesley Macarty.

In the same house and room with the widow lived her mamma, a lady who was called Mrs. Crabb. Both professed to be rather fashionable people. The Crabbs were of a very old English stock, and the Macartys were, as the world knows, County Cork people; related to the Sheenys, Finnigans, Clancys, and other distinguished families in their part of Ireland. But Ensign Wellesley Mac, not having a shilling, ran off with Miss Crabb, who possessed the same independence; and after having been married about six months to the lady, was carried off suddenly, on the 18th of June, 1815, by a disease very prevalent in those glorious times—the fatal cannon-shot morbus. He, and many hundred young fellows of his regiment, the Clonakilty Fencibles, were attacked by this epidemic on the same day, at a place about ten miles from Brussels, and there perished. The ensign's lady had accompanied her husband to the Continent, and about five months after his death brought into the world two remarkably fine female children.

Mrs. Wellesley's mother had been reconciled to her daughter by this time—for, in truth, Mrs. Crabb had no other child but her runaway Juliana, to whom she flew when she heard of her destitute condition. And indeed, it was high time that some one should come to the young widow's aid; for, as her husband did not leave money, nor anything that represented money, except a number of tailors' and bootmakers' bills, neatly docketed, in his writing-desk, Mrs. Wellesley was in danger of starvation, should no friendly person assist her.

Mrs. Crabb, then, came off to her daughter, whom the Sheenys, Finnigans, and Clancys refused, with one scornful voice, to assist. The fact is, that Mr. Crabb had once been butler to a lord, and his lady a lady's-maid; and at Crabb's

death, Mrs. Crabb disposed of the Ram hotel and posting-house, where her husband had made £3000, and was living in genteel ease in a country town, when Ensign Macarty came, saw, and ran away with Juliana. Of such a connection, it was impossible that the great Clancys and Finnigans could take notice; and so once more widow Crabb was compelled to share with her daughter her small income of £120 a year.

Upon this, at a boarding-house in Brussels, the two managed to live pretty smartly, and to maintain an honorable reputation. The twins were put out, after the foreign fashion, to nurse, at a village in the neighborhood; for Mrs. Macarty had been too ill to nurse them; and Mrs. Crabb could not afford to purchase that most expensive article, a private wet-nurse.

There had been numberless tiffs and quarrels between mother and daughter when the latter was in her maiden state; and Mrs. Crabb was, to tell the truth, in nowise sorry when her Jooly disappeared with the ensign, for the old lady dearly loved a gentleman, and was not a little flattered at being the mother to Mrs. Ensign Macarty. Why the ensign should have run away with his lady at all, as he might have had her for the asking, is no business of ours; nor are we going to rake up old stories and village scandals, which insinuate that Miss Crabb ran away with *him*, for with these points the writer and the reader have nothing to do.

Well, then, the reconciled mother and daughter lived once more together, at Brussels. In the course of a year, Mrs. Macarty's sorrow had much abated; and having great natural love of dress, and a tolerably handsome face and person, she was induced, without much reluctance, to throw her weeds aside, and to appear in the most becoming and varied costumes which her means and ingenuity could furnish. Considering, indeed, the smallness of the former, it was agreed on all hands that Mrs. Crabb and her daughter deserved wonderful credit; that is, they managed to keep up as respectable an appearance as if they had £500 a year; and at church, at tea-parties, and abroad in the streets, to be what is called quite the gentlewomen. If they starved at home, nobody saw it; if they patched and pieced, nobody, it was to be hoped, knew it; if they bragged about their relations and property, could anyone say them nay? Thus they lived, hanging on with desperate energy to the skirts of genteel society; Mrs. Crabb, a sharp woman, rather respected her daughter's superior rank; and Mrs. Macarty did not quarrel so much as heretofore with her mamma, on whom herself and her two children were entirely dependent.

While affairs were at this juncture, it happened that a young Englishman, James Gann, Esq., of the great oil house of Gann, Blubbery & Gann (as he took care to tell you before you had been an hour in his company), it happened, I say, that James Gann, Esq., came to Brussels for a month, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the French language; and while in that capital went to lodge at the very boarding-house which contained Mrs. Crabb and her daughter. Gann was young, weak, inflammable; he saw and adored Mrs. Wellesley Macarty; and she, who was at this period all but engaged to a stout old wooden-legged Scotch regimental surgeon, pitilessly sent Dr. M'Lint about his business, and accepted the addresses of Mr. Gann. How the young man arranged matters with his papa, the senior partner, I don't know; but it is certain that there was a quarrel, and afterward a reconciliation; and it is also known that James Gann fought a duel with the surgeon, receiving the Æsculapian fire, and discharging his own bullet into the azure skies. About 9000 times in the course of his after years did Mr. Gann narrate the history of the combat; it enabled him to go through life with the reputation of a man of courage, and won for him, as he said with pride, the hand of his Juliana; perhaps this was rather a questionable benefit.

One part of the tale, however, honest James never did dare to tell, except when peculiarly excited by wrath or liquor; it was this: that on the day after the wedding, and in the presence of many friends who had come to offer their congratulations, a stout nurse, bearing a brace of chubby little ones, made her appearance; and these rosy urchins, springing forward at the sight of Mrs. James Gann, shouted affectionately, '*Maman! maman!*' at which the lady, blushing rosy red, said, 'James, these two are yours;' and poor James well-nigh fainted at this sudden paternity so put upon him. 'Children!' screamed he, aghast; 'whose children?' at which Mrs. Crabb, majestically checking him, said, 'These, my dear James, are the daughters of the gallant and good Ensign Macarty, whose widow you yesterday led to the altar. May you be happy with her, and may these blessed children' (tears) 'find in you a father who shall replace him that fell on the field of glory!'

Mrs. Crabb, Mrs. James Gann, Mrs. Major Lolly, Mrs. Piffler and several ladies present, set up a sob immediately; and James Gann, a good-humored, soft-hearted man, was quite taken aback. Kissing his lady hurriedly, he vowed that he would take care of the poor little things, and proposed to kiss them likewise; which caress the darlings refused with many roars.

Gann's fate was sealed from that minute; and he was properly henpecked by his wife and mother-in-law during the life of the latter. Indeed, it was to Mrs. Crabb that the stratagem of the infant concealment was due; for when her daughter innocently proposed to have or to see the children, the old lady strongly pointed out the folly of such an arrangement, which might, perhaps, frighten away Mr. Gann from the delightful matrimonial trap into which, lucky rogue! he was about to fall.

Soon after the marriage the happy pair returned to England, occupying the house in Thames Street, City, until the death of Gann, senior; when his son, becoming head of the firm of Gann & Blubbery, quitted the dismal precincts of Billingsgate and colonized in the neighborhood of Putney; where a neat box, a couple of spare bedrooms, a good cellar, and a smart gig to drive into and out from town made a real gentleman of him. Mrs. Gann treated him with much scorn, to be sure, called him a sot, and abused hugely the male companions that he brought down with him to Putney. Honest James would listen meekly, would yield, and would bring down a brace more friends the next day, with whom he would discuss his accustomed number of bottles of port. About this period, a daughter was born to him, called Caroline Brandenburg Gann; so named after a large mansion near Hammersmith, and an injured queen who lived there at the time of the little girl's birth, and who was greatly compassioned and patronized by Mrs. James Gann, and other ladies of distinction. Mrs. James *was* a lady in those days, and gave evening-parties of the very first order.

At this period of time, Mrs. James Gann sent the twins, Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Finnigan Wellesley Macarty, to a boarding-school for young ladies, and grumbled much at the amount of the half-years' bills which her husband was called upon to pay for them; for though James discharged them with perfect good-humor, his lady began to entertain a mean opinion indeed of her pretty young children. They could expect no fortune, she said, from Mr. Gann, and she wondered that he should think of bringing them up expensively, when he had a darling child of his own, for whom he was bound to save all the money that he could lay by.

Grandmamma, too, doted on the little Caroline Brandenburg, and vowed that she would leave her £3000 to this dear infant; for in this way does the world show its respect for that most respectable thing, prosperity. Who in this life get the smiles, and the acts of friendship, and the pleasing

legacies? The rich. And I do, for my part, heartily wish that someone would leave me a trifle—say £20,000—being perfectly confident that someone else would leave me more; and that I should sink into my grave worth a plum at least.

Little Caroline then had her maid, her airy nursery, her little carriage to drive in, the promise of her grandmamma's consols, and that priceless treasure—her mamma's undivided affection. Gann, too, loved her sincerely, in his careless, good-humored way; but he determined, notwithstanding, that his stepdaughters should have something handsome at his death, but—but for a great BUT.

Gann & Blubbery were in the oil line, have we not said so? Their profits arose from contracts for lighting a great number of streets in London; and about this period GAS came into use. Gann & Blubbery appeared in the *Gazette*; and, I am sorry to say, so bad had been the management of Blubbery, so great the extravagance of both partners and their ladies, that they only paid their creditors 1s. 4½*d.* in the pound.

When Mrs. Crabb heard of this dreadful accident—Mrs. Crabb, who dined thrice a week with her son-in-law; who never would have been allowed to enter the house at all had not honest James interposed his good nature between her quarrelsome daughter and herself—Mrs. Crabb, I say, proclaimed James Gann to be a swindler, a villain, a disreputable, tipsy, vulgar man, and made over her money to the Misses Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Finnigan Macarty; leaving poor little Caroline without one single maravedi. Half of £1500 allotted to each was to be paid at marriage, the other half on the death of Mrs. James Gann, who was to enjoy the interest thereof. Thus do we rise and fall in this world—thus does Fortune shake her swift wings, and bid us abruptly to resign the gifts (or rather loans) which we have had from her.

How Gann and his family lived after their stroke of misfortune I know not; but as the failing tradesman is going through the process of bankruptcy, and for some months afterward, it may be remarked that he has usually some mysterious means of subsistence—stray spars of the wreck of his property, on which he manages to seize, and to float for a while. During his retirement, in an obscure lodging in Lambeth, where the poor fellow was so tormented by his wife as to be compelled to fly to the public-house for refuge, Mrs. Crabb died; a hundred a year thus came into the possession of Mrs. Gann; and some of James's friends, who thought him a good fellow in his prosperity, came forward and furnished a house, in which they

placed him, and came to see and comfort him. Then they came to see him not quite so often; then they found out that Mrs. Gann was a sad tyrant and a silly woman; then the ladies declared *her* to be insupportable, and *Gann* to be a low, tipsy fellow; and the gentlemen could but shake their heads and admit that the charge was true. Then they left off coming to see him altogether; for such is the way of the world, where many of us have good impulses, and are generous on an occasion, but are wearied by perpetual want, and begin to grow angry at its importunities—being very properly vexed at the daily recurrence of hunger, and the impudent unreasonableness of starvation. Gann, then, had a genteel wife and children, a furnished house, and £100 a year. How should he live? The wife of James Gann, Esq., would never allow him to demean himself by taking a clerk's place; and James himself, being as idle a fellow as ever was known, was fain to acquiesce in this determination of hers, and to wait for some more genteel employment. And a curious list of such genteel employments might be made out, where one inclined to follow this interesting subject far; shabby compromises with the world into which poor fellows enter, and still fondly talk of their 'position,' and strive to imagine that they are really working for their bread.

Numberless lodging-houses are kept by the females of families who have met with reverses; are not 'boarding-houses, with a select musical society, in the neighborhood of the squares,' maintained by such? Do not the gentlemen of the boarding-houses issue forth every morning to the City, or make believe to go thither, on some mysterious business which they have? After a certain period, Mrs. James Gann kept a lodging-house (in her own words, received 'two inmates into her family'), and Mr. Gann had his mysterious business.

In the year 1835, when this story begins, there stood in a certain back street in the town of Margate a house, on the door of which might be read, in gleaming brass, the name of MR. GANN. It was the work of a single smutty servant-maid to clean this brass plate every morning, and to attend, as far as possible, to the wants of Mr. Gann, his family, and lodgers; and his house being not very far from the sea, and as you might, by climbing up to the roof, get a sight, between two chimneys, of that multitudinous element, Mrs. Gann set down her lodgings as fashionable; and declared on her cards that her house commanded a 'fine view of the sea.'

On the wire window-blind of the parlor was written in large characters, the word OFFICE; and here it was that Gann's ser-

vices came into play. He was very much changed, poor fellow! and humbled; and, from two cards that hung outside the blind, I am led to believe that he did not disdain to be agent to the 'London and Jamaica Ginger-Beer Company,' and also for a certain preparation called 'Gaster's Infants' Farinacio, or Mothers' Invigorating Substitute,'—a damp, black, moldy, half-pound packet of which stood in permanence at one end of the 'office' mantelpiece; while a fly-blown ginger-beer bottle occupied the other extremity. Nothing else indicated that this ground-floor chamber was an office, except a huge black ink-stand, in which stood a stumpy pen, richly crusted with ink at the nib, and, to all appearance, for many months enjoying a sinecure.

To this room you saw every day, at two o'clock, the *employé* from the neighboring hotel bring two quarts of beer; and if you called at that hour, a tremendous smoke and smell of dinner would gush out upon you from the 'office,' as you stumbled over sundry battered tin dish-covers, which lay gaping at the threshold. Thus had that great bulwark of gentility, the dining at six o'clock, been broken in; and the reader must therefore judge that the house of Gann was in a demoralized state.

Gann certainly was. After the ladies had retired to the back-parlor (which, with yellow gauze round the frames, window curtains, a red silk cabinet piano, and an album, was still tolerably genteel), Gann remained, to transact business in the office. This took place in the presence of friends, and usually consisted in the production of a bottle of gin from the corner cupboard, or, mayhap, a *litre* of brandy, which was given by Gann with a knowing wink, and a fat finger placed on a twinkling red nose; when Mrs. G. was out, James would also produce a number of pipes that gave this room a constant and agreeable odor of shag tobacco.

In fact, Mr. Gann had nothing to do from morning till night. He was now a fat, bald-headed man of fifty; a dirty dandy on week-days, with a shawl waistcoat, a tuft of hair to his great double-chin, a stuffy shirt-frill, and enormous breast-pin and seals; he had a pilot-coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, and always wore a great rattling telescope, with which he might be seen for hours on the sea shore or the pier, examining the ships, the bathing-machines, the ladies' schools as they paraded up and down the esplanade, and all other objects which the telescopic view might give him. He knew every person connected with every one of the Deal and Dover coaches, and was sure to be witness to the arrival or departure of several of them in the course of the day; he had a word for the ostler about 'that gray mare,' a nod for the 'shooter' or guard, and a bow

for the dragsman; he could send parcels for nothing up to town; had twice had Sir Rumble Tumble (the noble driver of the Flash-o'-lightning-light-four-inside-post-coach) 'up at his place,' and took care to tell you that some of the party were pretty considerably 'sewn up,' too. He did not frequent the large hotels; but in revcnge he knew every person who entered or left them; and was a great man at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie and Punchbowl, where he was president of a club; he took the bass in 'Mynheer Van Dunk,' 'The Wolf,' and many other morsels of concerted song, and used to go backward and forward to London in the steamers as often as ever he liked, and have his 'grub,' too, on board. Such was James Gann. Many people, when they wrote to him, addressed him James Gann, Esq.

His reverses and former splendors afforded a never-failing theme of conversation to honest Gann and the whole of his family; and it may be remarked that such pecuniary misfortunes, as they are called, are by no means misfortunes to people of certain dispositions, but actual pieces of good luck. Gann, for instance, used to drink liberally of port and claret, when the house of Gann & Blubberty was in existence, and was henceforth compelled to imbibe only brandy and gin. Now he loved these a thousand times more than the wine; and had the advantage of talking about the latter, and of his great merit in giving it up. In those prosperous days, too, being a gentleman, he could not frequent the public house as he did at present; and the sanded tavern parlor was Gann's supreme enjoyment. He was obliged to spend many hours daily in a dark, unsavory room in an alley off Thames Street; and Gann hated books and business, except of other people's. His tastes were low; he loved public-house jokes and company; and now being fallen, was voted at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie before mentioned a tiptop fellow and real gentleman, whereas he had been considered an ordinary, vulgar man by his fashionable associates at Putney. Many men are there who are made to fall, and to profit by the tumble.

As for Mrs. G., or Jooly, as she was indifferently called by her husband, she, too, had gained by her losses. She bragged of her former acquaintances in the most extraordinary way, and to hear her you would fancy that she was known to and connected with half the pccrage. Her chief occupation was taking medicine and mending and altering her gowns. She had a huge taste for cheap finery, loved raffies, tea-parties, and walks on the pier, where she flaunted herself and daughters as gay as butterflies. She stood upon her rank, did not fail to tell

her lodgers that she was a 'gentlewoman,' and was mighty sharp with Becky the maid, and poor Carry, her youngest child.

For the tide of affections had turned now, and the Misses Wellesley Macarty were the darlings of their mother's heart, as Caroline had been in the early days of Putney prosperity. Mrs. Gann respected and loved her eldest daughters, the stately heiresses of £1500, and scorned poor Caroline, who was likewise scorned (like Cinderella in the sweetest of all stories) by her brace of haughty, thoughtless sisters. These young women were tall, well-grown, black-browed girls, little scrupulous, fond of fun, and having great health and spirits. Caroline was pale and thin, and had fair hair and meek gray eyes; nobody thought her a beauty in her moping cotton gown; whereas the sisters, in flaunting printed muslins, with pink scarfs, and artificial flowers, and brass *ferronnières* and other fallals, were voted very charming by the Ganns' circle of friends. They had pink cheeks, white shoulders, and many glossy curls stuck about their shining foreheads, as damp and as black as leeches. Such charms, madam, cannot fail of having their effect; and it was very lucky for Caroline that she did not possess them, for she might have been rendered as vain, frivolous, and vulgar as these young ladies were.

While these enjoyed their pleasure and tea-parties abroad, it was Carry's usual fate to remain at home, and help the servant in many duties which were required in Mrs. Gann's establishment. She dressed that lady and her sisters, brought her papa his tea in bed, kept the lodgers' bills, bore their scoldings if they were ladies, and sometimes gave a hand in the kitchen if any extra pie crust or cookery was required. At two she made a little toilet for dinner, and was employed on numberless household darnings and mendings in the long evenings, while her sisters giggled over the jingling piano, mamma sprawled on the sofa, and Gann was over his glass at the club. A weary lot, in sooth, was yours, poor little Caroline! since the days of your infancy, not one hour of sunshine, no friendship, no cheery playfellows, no mother's love; but that being dead, the affections which would have crept round it withered and died too. Only James Gann, of all the household, had a good-natured look for her, and a coarse word of kindness; nor, indeed, did Caroline complain, nor shed many tears, nor call for death, as she would if she had been brought up in genteeler circles. The poor thing did not know her own situation; her misery was dumb and patient; it is such as thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine and die of; made

up of sums of small tyrannies, and long indifference, and bitter wearisome injustice, more dreadful to bear than any tortures that we of the stronger sex are pleased to cry *Ai! Ai!* about. In our intercourse with the world (which is conducted with that kind of cordiality that we see in Sir Harry and my lady in a comedy—a couple of painted, grinning fools talking parts that they have learned out of a book) as we sit and look at the smiling actor, we get a glimpse behind the scenes from time to time; and alas for the wretched nature that appears there! among women especially, who deceive even more than men, having more to hide, feeling more, living more than we who have our business, pleasure, ambition, which carries us abroad. Ours are the great strokes of misfortune, as they are called, and theirs the small miseries. While the male thinks, labors, and battles without, the domestic woes and wrongs are the lot of the women; and the little ills are so bad, so infinitely fiercer and bitterer than the great, that I would not change my condition—no, not to be Helen, Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Coutts, or the luckiest she in history.

Well, then, in the manner we have described lived the Gann family. Mr. Gann all the better for his 'misfortunes,' Mrs. Gann little the worse; the two young ladies greatly improved by the circumstances, having been cast thereby into a society where their expected £3000 made great heiresses of them; and poor Caroline, as luckless a being as any that the wide sun shone upon. Better to be alone in the world and utterly friendless than to have sham friends and no sympathy; ties of kindred which bind one as it were to the corpse of relationship, and oblige one to bear through life the weight and the embraces of this lifeless, cold connection.

I do not mean to say that Caroline would ever have made use of this metaphor, or suspected that her connection with her mamma and sisters was anything so loathsome. She felt that she was ill-treated, and had no companion; but was not on that account envious, only humble and depressed, not desiring so much to resist as to bear injustice, and hardly venturing to think for herself. This tyranny and humility served her in place of education, and formed her manners, which were wonderfully gentle and calm. It was strange to see such a person growing up in such a family; the neighbors spoke of her with much scornful compassion. 'A poor half-witted thing,' they said, 'who would not say bo! to a goose;' and I think it is one good test of gentility to be thus looked down on by vulgar people.

It is not to be supposed that the elder girls had reached

their present age without receiving a number of offers of marriage, and been warmly in love a great many times. But many unfortunate occurrences had compelled them to remain in their virgin condition. There was an attorney who had proposed to Rosalind; but finding that she would receive only £750 down, instead of £1500, the monster had jilted her pitilessly, handsome as she was. An apothecary, too, had been smitten by her charms; but to live in a shop was beneath the dignity of a Wellesley Macarty, and she waited for better things. Lieutenant Swabber, of the coast-guard service, had lodged two months at Gann's; and if letters, long walks, and town-talk could settle a match, a match between him and Isabella must have taken place. Well, Isabella was not married; and the lieutenant, a colonel in Spain, seemed to have given up all thoughts of her. She meanwhile consoled herself with a gay young wine-merchant, who had lately established himself at Brighton, kept a gig, rode out with the hounds, and was voted perfectly genteel; and there was a certain French marquis with the most elegant black mustaches, who had made a vast impression upon the heart of Rosalind, having met her first at the circulating library, and afterward, by the most extraordinary series of chances, coming upon her and her sister daily in their walks upon the pier.

Meek little Caroline, meanwhile, trampled upon though she was, was springing up to womanhood; and though pale, freckled, thin, meanly dressed, had a certain charm about her which some people might prefer to the cheap splendors and rude red-and-white of the Misses Macarty. In fact we have now come to a period of her history when, to the amaze of her mamma and sisters, and not a little to the satisfaction of James Gann, Esq., she actually inspired a passion in the breast of a very respectable young man.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MRS. GANN RECEIVED TWO LODGERS.

It was the winter season when the events recorded in this history occurred; and as at that period not one out of 1000 lodging-houses in Margate is let, Mrs. Gann, who generally submitted to occupy her own first and second floors during this cheerless season, considered herself more than ordinarily lucky when circumstances occurred which brought no less than two lodgers to her establishment.

She had to thank her daughters for the first inmate; for, as

these two young ladies were walking one day down their own street, talking of the joys of the last season, and the delight of the raffles and singing at the libraries, and the intoxicating pleasures of the Vauxhall balls, they were remarked and evidently admired by a young gentleman who was sauntering listlessly up the street.

He stared, and it must be confessed that the fascinating girls stared too, and put each other's head into each other's bonnet, and giggled and said, 'Lor!' and then looked hard at the young gentleman again. Their eyes were black, their cheeks were very red. Fancy how Miss Bella's and Miss Linda's hearts beat when the gentleman, dropping his glass out of his eye, actually stepped across the street, and said, 'Ladies, I am seeking for lodgings, and should be glad to look at those which I see are to let in your house.'

'How did the conjuror know it was our house?' thought Bella and Linda (they always thought in couples). From the very simple fact that Miss Bella had just thrust into the door a latchkey.

Most bitterly did Mrs. James Gann regret that she had not on her best gown when a stranger—a stranger in February—actually called to look at the lodgings. She made up, however, for the slovenliness of her dress by the dignity of her demeanor; and asked the gentleman for references, informed him that she was a gentlewoman, and that he would have peculiar advantages in her establishment; and finally, agreed to receive him at the rate of 20s. per week. The bright eyes of the young ladies had done their business; but to this day Mrs. James Gann is convinced that her peculiar dignity of manner, and great fluency of brag regarding her family, have been the means of bringing hundreds of lodgers to her house, who but for her would never have visited it.

'Gents,' said Mr. James Gann, at the Bag of Nails that very evening, 'we have got a new lodger, and I'll stand glasses round to his jolly good health!'

The new lodger, who was remarkable for nothing except very black eyes, a sallow face, and a habit of smoking cigars in bed until noon, gave his name George Brandon, Esq. As to his temper and habits, when humbly requested by Mrs. Gann to pay in advance, he laughed and presented her with a bank-note, never quarreled with a single item in her bills, walked much, and ate two mutton-chops per diem. The young ladies, who examined all the boxes and letters of the lodgers, as young ladies will, could not find one single document relative to their new inmate, except a tavern-bill of the White Hart, to which

the name of George Brandon, Esq., was prefixed. Any other papers which might elucidate his history were locked up in a Bramah box, likewise marked G. B.; and though these were but unsatisfactory points by which to judge a man's character, there was something about Mr. Brandon which caused all the ladies at Mrs. Gann's to vote he was quite a gentleman.

When this was the case, I am happy to say it would not unfrequently happen that Miss Rosalind or Miss Isabella would appear in the lodger's apartments, bearing in the breakfast-cloth, or blushing appearing with the weekly bill, apologizing for mamma's absence, 'and hoping that everything was to the gentleman's liking.'

Both the Misses Wellesley Macarty took occasion to visit Mr. Brandon in this manner, and he received both with such a fascinating ease and gentleman-like freedom of manner, scanning their points from head to foot, and fixing his great black eyes so earnestly on their faces that the blushing creatures turned away abashed and yet pleased, and had many conversations about him.

'La, Bella,' said Miss Rosalind, 'what a chap that Brandon is! I don't half like him, I do declare!' Than which there can be no greater compliment from a woman to a man.

'No more do I neither,' says Bell. 'The man stares so, and says such things! Just now, when Becky brought his paper and sealing-wax—the silly girl brought black and red too—I took them up to ask which he would have, and what do you think he said?'

'Well, dear, what?' said Mrs. Gann.

'“Miss Bell,” says he, looking at me, and with such eyes! “I'll keep everything; the red wax, because it's like your lips; the black wax, because it's like your hair; and the satin paper, because it's like your skin!” Wasn't it genteel?'

'Law, now!' exclaimed Mrs. Gann.

'Upon my word, I think it's very rude!' said Miss Lindy; 'and if he'd said so to me, I'd have slapped his face for his impudence!' And much to her credit, Miss Lindy went to his room ten minutes after to see if he *would* say nothing to her. What Mr. Brandon said, I never knew; but the little pang of envy which had caused Miss Lindy to retort sharply upon her sister had given place to a pleased good-humor, and she allowed Bella to talk about the new lodger as much as ever she liked.

And now if the reader is anxious to know what was Mr. Brandon's character, he had better read the following letter from him. It was addressed to no less a person than a viscount;

and given, perhaps, with some little ostentation to Becky, the maid, to carry to the post. Now, Becky, before she executed such errands, always showed the letters to her mistress or one of the young ladies (it must not be supposed that Miss Caroline was a whit less curious on these matters than her sisters); and when the family beheld the name of Lord Viscount Cinq-bars upon the superscription, their respect for their lodger was greater than ever it had been:

MARGATE, *February, 1835.*

MY DEAR VISCOUNT: For a reason I have, on coming down to Margate, I with much gravity informed the people of the White Hart that my name was Brandon, and intend to bear that honorable appellation during my stay. For the same reason (I am a modest man, and love to do good in secret), I left the public hotel immediately, and am now housed in private lodgings, humble, and at a humble price. I am here, thank Heaven, quite alone. Robinson Crusoe had as much society in his island as I in this of Thanet. In compensation I sleep a great deal, do nothing, and walk much, silent, by the side of the roaring sea, like Calchas, priest of Apollo.

The fact is, that until papa's wrath is appeased, I must live with the utmost meekness and humility, and have barely enough money in my possession to pay such small current expenses as fall on me here, where strangers are many and credit does not exist. I pray you, therefore, to tell Mr. Snipson the tailor, Mr. Jackson the bootmaker, honest Solomonson the discounteer of bills, and all such friends in London and Oxford as may make inquiries after me, that I am at this very moment at the city of Munich in Bavaria, from which I shall not return until my marriage with Miss Goldmore, the great Indian heiress, who upon my honor will have me, I believe, any day for the asking.

Nothing else will satisfy my honored father, I know, whose purse has already bled pretty freely for me, I must confess, and who has taken the great oath that never is broken, to bleed no more unless this marriage is brought about. Come it must. I can't work, I can't starve, and I can't live under a thousand a year.

Here, to be sure, the charges are not enormous; for your edification, read my week's bill:

'George Brandon, Esquire,

'To Mrs. James Gann.

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
A week's lodging		1	0 0
Breakfast, cream, eggs		0	9 0
Dinner (fourteen mutton-chops)		0	10 6
Fire, boot-cleaning, etc.		0	3 6
	£2	3	0

'Settled, Juliana Gann.'

Juliana Gann! Is it not a sweet name? it sprawls over half the paper. Could you but see the owner of the name, my dear fellow! I love to examine the customs of natives of all countries, and upon my word there are some barbarians in our own less known, and more worthy of being known, than Hottentots, wild Irish, Otaheitan, or any such savages. If you could see the airs that this woman gives herself; the rouge, ribands, rings, and other female gimcracks that she wears; if you could hear her reminiscences of past times, 'when she and Mr. Gann moved in the very genteel circles of society,' of the peerage, which she knows by heart, and of the fashionable novels, in every word of which she believes, you would be proud of your order, and admire the intense respect which the *canaille* show toward it. There never was such an old woman, not even our tutor at Christ Church.

There is a he Gann, a vast, bloated old man, in a rough coat, who has met me once, and asked me, with a grin, if my mutton-chops was to my liking? The satirical monster! What *can* I eat in this place but mutton-chops? A great bleeding beef-steak, or a filthy, reeking *gigot à l'eau*, with a turnip poultice? I should die if I did. As for fish in a watering place, I never touch it; it is sure to be bad. Nor care I for little sinewy, dry, black-legged fowls. Cutlets are my only resource; I have them nicely enough broiled by a little humble companion of the family (a companion, ye gods, in *this* family!), who blushed hugely when she confessed that the cooking was hers, and that her name was Caroline. For drink I indulge in gin, of which I consume two wine-glasses daily, in two tumblers of cold water; it is the only liquor that one can be sure to find genuine in a common house in England.

This Gann, I take it, has similar likings, for I hear him occasionally at midnight floundering up the stairs (his boots lie dirty in the passage)—floundering, I say, up the

stairs, and cursing the candlestick, whence escape now and anon the snuffers and extinguisher, and with brazen rattle disturb the silence of the night. Thrice a week, at least, does Gann breakfast in bed—sure sign of pridian intoxication; and thrice a week, in the morning, I hear a hoarse voice roaring for ‘my soda-water.’ How long have the rogues drunk soda-water?

At nine, Mrs. Gann and daughters are accustomed to breakfast; a handsome pair of girls, truly, and much followed, as I hear, in the quarter. These dear creatures are always paying me visits—visits with the tea-kettle, visits with the newspaper (one brings it, and one comes for it); but the one is always at the other’s heels, and so one cannot show one’s self to be that dear, gay, seducing fellow that one has been, at home, and on the Continent. Do you remember *cette chere marquise* at Pau? That cursed conjugal pistol-bullet still plays the deuce with my shoulder. Do you remember Betty Bundy, the butcher’s daughter? A pretty race of fools are we to go mad after such women, and risk all—oaths, prayers, promises, long wearisome courtships—for what? for vanity, truly. When the battle is over, behold your conquest! Betty Bundy is a vulgar contry wench; and *cette belle marquise* is old, rouged, and has false hair. *Vanitas vanitatum!* what a moral man I will be some day or other!

I have found an old acquaintance (and be hanged to him!), who has come to lodge in this very house. Do you recollect at Rome a young artist, Fitch by name, the handsome gaby with the long beard, that mad Mrs. Carrickfergus was doubly mad about? On the second floor of Mrs. Gann’s house dwells this youth. His heard brings the *gamins* of the streets trooping and yelling about him; his fine braided coats have grown somewhat shabby now; and the poor fellow is, like your humble servant (by the way, have you a 500 franc billet to spare?)—like your humble servant, I say, very low in pocket. The young Andrea hears up gayly, however; twangels his guitar, paints the worst pictures in the world, and pens sonnets to his imaginary mistress’s eyebrow. Luckily the rogue did not know my name, or I should have been compelled to unbosom to him; and when I called out to him, dubious as to my name, ‘Don’t you know me? I met you in Rome. My name is Brandon,’ the painter was perfectly satisfied, and majestically bade me welcome.

Fancy the continence of this young Joseph—he has absolutely run away from Mrs. Carrickfergus! “Sir,” said he, with some hesitation and blushes, when I questioned him about the widow, “I was compelled to leave Rome in consequence of the fatal fondness of that woman. I am an ‘andsome man, sir—I know it—all the chaps in the Academy want me for a model; and that woman, sir, is sixty. Do you think I would ally myself with her; sacrifice my happiness for the sake of a creature that’s as huggy as an ‘arpy? I’d rather starve, sir. I’d rather give up my hart and my ‘opes of rising in it than do a haction so dishhhonorable.”

There is a stock of virtue for you! and the poor fellow half-starved. He lived at Rome upon the seven portraits that the Carrickfergus ordered of him, and, as I fancy, now does not make twenty ponnids in a year. Oh, rare chastity! Oh, wondrous silly hopes! *O motus animorum, atque O certamina tanta!—pulveris exigui jactu*, in such an insignificant little lump of mud as this! Why the deuce does not the fool marry the widow? His betters would. There was a captain of dragoons, an Italian prince, and four sons of Irish peers, all at her feet; but the Cockney’s beard and whiskers nave overcome them all. Here my paper has come to an end; and I have the honor to bid your lordship a respectful farewell.

G. B.

Of the young gentleman who goes by the name of Brandon, the reader of the above letter will not be so misguided, we trust, as to have a very exalted opinion. The noble viscount read this document to a supper-party in Christ Church, in Oxford, and left it in a bowl of milk punch; whence a scout abstracted it, and handed it over to us. My lord was twenty years of age when he received the epistle, and had spent a couple of years abroad, before going to the university, under the guardianship of the worthy individual who called himself George Brandon.

Mr. Brandon was the son of a half-pay colonel, of good family, who, honoring the great himself, thought his son would vastly benefit by an acquaintance with them, and sent him to Eton, at cruel charges upon a slender purse. From Eton the lad went to Oxford, took honors there, frequented the best society, followed with a kind of proud obsequiousness all the

tufts of the university, and left it owing exactly £2000. Then there came storms at home; fury on the part of the stern old 'governor'; and final payment of the debt. But while this settlement was pending, Master George had contracted many more debts among bill-discounters, and was glad to fly to the Continent as tutor to young Lord Cinqbars, in whose company he learned every one of the vices in Europe; and having a good natural genius, and a heart not unkindly, had used these qualities in such admirable manner as to be at twenty-seven utterly ruined in purse and principle—an idler, a spendthrift, and a glutton. He was free of his money; would spend his last guinea for a sensual gratification; would borrow from his neediest friend; had no kind of conscience or remorse left, but believed himself to be a good-natured devil-may-care fellow; had a good deal of wit, and indisputably good manners, and a pleasing, dashing frankness in conversation with men. I should like to know how many such scoundrels our universities have turned out; and how much ruin has been caused by that accursed system which is called in England 'the education of a gentleman.' Go, my son, for ten years to a public school, that 'world in miniature'; 'learn to fight for yourself' against the time when your real struggles shall begin. Begin to be selfish at ten years of age; study for other ten years; get a competent knowledge of boxing, swimming, rowing, and cricket, with a pretty knack of Latin hexameters and a decent smattering of Greek plays—do this and a fond father shall bless you—bless the £2000 which he has spent in acquiring all these benefits for you. And, besides, what else have you not learned? You have been many hundreds of times to chapel, and have learned to consider the religious service performed there as the vainest parade in the world. If your father is a grocer, you have been beaten for his sake, and have learned to be ashamed of him. You have learned to forget (as how should you remember, being separated from them for three-fourths of your time?) the ties and natural affections of home. You have learned, if you have a kindly heart and an open hand, to compete with associates much more wealthy than yourself; and to consider money as not much, but honor—the honor of dining and consorting with your betters—as a great deal. All this does the public-school and college boy learn; and woe be to his knowledge! Alas, what natural tenderness and kindly clinging filial affection is he taught to trample on and despise! My friend Brandon had gone through this process of education, and had been irretrievably ruined by it—his heart and his honesty had been ruined by

it, that is to say; and he had received, in return for them, a small quantity of classics and mathematics—pretty compensation for all he had lost in gaining them!

But I am wandering most absurdly from the point; right or wrong, so nature and education had formed Mr. Brandon, who is one of a considerable class. Well, this young gentleman was established at Mrs. Gann's house; and we are obliged to enter into all these explanations concerning him, because they are necessary to the right understanding of our story—Brandon not being altogether a bad man, nor much worse than many a one who goes through a course of regular selfish swindling all his life long, and dies religious, resigned, proud of himself, and universally respected by others; for this eminent advantage has the getting-and-keeping scoundrel over the extravagant and careless one.

One day, then, as he was gazing from the window of his lodging-house, a cart, containing a vast number of easels, portfolios, wooden cases of pictures, and a small carpet-bag that might hold a change of clothes, stopped at the door. The vehicle was accompanied by a remarkable young fellow—dressed in a frock-coat covered over with frogs, a dirty turned-down shirt-collar, with a blue satin cravat, and a cap placed wonderfully on one ear—who had evidently hired apartments at Mr. Gann's. This new lodger was no other than Mr. Andrew Fitch; or, as he wrote on his cards, without the prefix.

ANDREA FITCH.

Preparations had been made at Gann's for the reception of Mr. Fitch, whose aunt (an auctioneer's lady in the town) had made arrangements that he should board and lodge with the Gann family, and have the apartments on the second floor as his private rooms. In these, then, young Andrea was installed. He was a youth of a poetic temperament, loving solitude; and where is such to be found more easily than on the storm-washed shores of Margate in the winter? Then the boarding-house keepers have shut up their houses and gone away in anguish; then the taverns take their carpets up, and you can have your choice of 120 beds in any one of them; then but one dismal servant remains to superintend this vast echoing pile of loneliness, and the landlord pines for summer; then the flies for Rams-gate stand tenantless beside the pier; and about four sailors, in pea-jackets, are to be seen in the three principal streets; in the rest, silence, close shutters, torpid chimneys enjoying their

unnatural winter sinecure—not the clack of a patten echoing over the cold, dry flags!

This solitude had been chosen by Mr. Brandon for good reasons of his own; Gann and his family would have fled, but that they had no other house wherein to take refuge; and Mrs. Hammerton, the auctioneer's lady, felt so keenly the kindness which she was doing to Mrs. Gann, in providing her with a lodger at such a period, that she considered herself fully justified in extracting from the latter a bonus of two guineas, threatening on refusal to send her darling nephew to a rival establishment over the way.

Andrea was here then, in the loneliness that he loved, a fantastic youth, who lived but for his art; to whom the world was like the Coburg Theater, and he in a magnificent costume acting a principal part. His art and his beard and whiskers were the darlings of his heart. His long pale hair fell over a high, polished brow, which looked wonderfully thoughtful; and yet no man was more guiltless of thinking. He was always putting himself into attitudes; he never spoke the truth; and was so entirely affected and absurd as to be quite honest at last; for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer, and was when he was alone, when he was in company, nay, when he was unconscious and sound asleep, snoring in bed, one complete lump of affectation. When his apartments on the second floor were arranged according to his fancy, they made a tremendous show. He had a large Gothic chest, in which he put his wardrobe (namely, two velvet waistcoats, four varied satin under ditto, two pairs braided trousers, two shirts, half-a-dozen false collars, and a couple of pairs of dreadfully dilapidated Blucher boots). He had some pieces of armor; some China jugs and Venetian glasses; some bits of old damask rags, to drape his doors and windows; and a rickety lay figure, in a Spanish hat and cloak, over which slung a long Toledo rapier and a guitar, with a ribbon of dirty sky-blue.

Such was our poor fellow's stock in trade. He had some volumes of poems—'Lalla Rookh,' and the sterner compositions of Byron; for, to do him justice, he hated 'Don Juan,' and a woman was in his eyes an angel; a *hangel*, alas! he would call her, for nature and the circumstances of his family had taken sad Cockney advantages over Andrea's pronunciation.

The Misses Wellesley Macarty were not, however, very squeamish with regard to grammar, and, in this dull season, voted Mr. Fitch an elegant young fellow. His immense beard and whiskers gave them the highest opinion of his genius; and

before long the intimacy between the young people was considerable, for Mr. Fitch insisted upon drawing the portraits of the whole family. He painted Mrs. Gann in her rouge and ribbons, as described by Mr. Brandon; Mr. Gann, who said that his picture would be very useful to the artist, as every soul in Margate knew him; and the Misses Macarty (a neat group, representing Miss Bella embracing Miss Linda, who was pointing to a pianoforte).

‘I suppose you’ll do my Carry next?’ said Mr. Gann, expressing his approbation of the last picture.

‘Law, sir,’ said Miss Linda, ‘Carry, with her red hair! it would be *ojus*.’

‘Mr. Fitch might as well paint Becky, our maid,’ said Miss Bella.

‘Carry is quite impossible, Gann,’ said Mrs. Gann; ‘she hasn’t a gown fit to be seen in. She’s not been at church for thirteen Sundays in consequence.’

‘And more shame for you, ma’am,’ said Mr. Gann, who liked his child; ‘Carry *shall* have a gown, and the best of gowns.’ And jingling three-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, Mr. Gann determined to spend them all in the purchase of a robe for Carry. But alas, the gown never came! Half the money was spent that very evening at the Bag of Nails.

‘Is that—that young lady, your daughter?’ said Mr. Fitch, surprised, for he fancied Carry was a humble companion of the family.

‘Yes, she is, and a very good daughter, too, sir,’ answered Mr. Gann. ‘*Fetch* and Carry I call her, or else Carryvan—she’s so useful. Aint you, Carry?’

‘I’m very glad if I am, papa,’ said the young lady, who was blushing violently, and in whose presence all this conversation had been carried on.

‘Hold your tongue, miss,’ said her mother; ‘you are very expensive to us, that you are, and need not brag about the work you do. You would not live on charity, would you, like some folks?’ (here she looked fiercely at Mr. Gann) ‘and if your sisters and me starve to keep you and some folks, I presume you are bound to make us some return.’

When any allusion was made to Mr. Gann’s idleness and extravagance, or his lady showed herself in any way inclined to be angry, it was honest James’ habit not to answer, but to take his hat and walk abroad to the public house; or if haply she scolded him at night, he would turn his back and fall a-snoring. These were the only remedies he found for Mrs.

James' bad temper, and the first of them he adopted on hearing these words of his lady, which we have just now transcribed.

Poor Caroline had not her father's refuge of flight, but was obliged to stay and listen; and a wondrous eloquence, God wot! had Mrs. Gann upon the subject of her daughter's ill-conduct. The first lecture Mr. Fitch heard, he set down Caroline for a monster. Was she not idle, sulky, scornful, and a sloven? For these and many more of her daughter's vices Mrs. Gann vouched, declaring that Caroline's misbehavior was hastening her own death, and finishing by a fainting-fit. In the presence of all these charges, there stood Miss Caroline, dumb, stupid, and careless; nay, when the fainting-fit came on, and Mrs. Gann fell back on the sofa, the unfeeling girl took the opportunity to retire, and never offered to smack her mamma's hands, to give her the smelling-bottle, or to restore her with a glass of water.

One stood close at hand; for Mr. Fitch, when this first fit occurred, was sitting in the Gann parlor, painting that lady's portrait; and he was making toward her with this tumbler, when Miss Linda cried out, 'Stop! the water's full of paint,' and straightway burst out laughing. Mrs. Gann jumped up at this, cured suddenly, and left the room, somewhat foolish.

'You don't know ma,' said Miss Linda, still giggling; 'she's always fainting.'

'Poor thing!' cried Fitch; 'very nervous, I suppose!'

'Oh, very!' answered the lady, exchanging arch glances with Miss Bella.

'Poor dear lady!' continued the artist; 'I pity her from my inmost soul. Doesn't the immortal bard of Haven observe, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? And is it true, ma'am, that that young woman has been the ruin of her family?'

'Ruin of her fiddlestick!' replied Miss Bella. 'Law, Mr. Fitch, you don't know ma yet; she is in one of her tantrums.'

'What, then, it *isn't* true?' cried simple-minded Fitch. To which neither of the young ladies made any answer in words, nor could the little artist comprehend why they looked at each other, and burst out laughing. But he retired, pondering on what he had seen and heard; and being a very soft young fellow most implicitly believed the accusations of poor dear Mrs. Gann, and thought her daughter Caroline was no better than a Regan or Goneril.

A time, however, was to come when he should believe her to be a most pure and gentle Cordelia; and of this change in Fitch's opinions we shall speak in Chapter III.

CHAPTER III.

A SHABBY GENTEEL DINNER, AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF A LIKE NATURE.

MR. BRANDON'S letter to Lord Cinqbars produced, as we have said, a great impression upon the family of Gann; an impression which was considerably increased by their lodger's subsequent behavior; for although the persons with whom he now associated were of a very vulgar, ridiculous kind, they were by no means so low or ridiculous that Mr. Brandon should not wish to appear before them in the most advantageous light; and, accordingly, he gave himself the greatest airs when in their company, and bragged incessantly of his acquaintance and familiarity with the nobility. Mr. Brandon was a tuft-hunter of the genteel sort; his pride being quite as slavish, and his haughtiness as mean and cringing, in fact, as poor Mrs. Gann's stupid wonder and respect for all the persons whose names are written with titles before them. Oh, free and happy Britons, what a miserable, truckling, cringing race ye are!

The reader has, no doubt, encountered a number of such swaggerers in the course of his conversation with the world—men of a decent middle rank, who affect to despise it and herd only with persons of the fashion. This is an offense in a man which none of us can forgive; we call him tuft-hunter, lick-spittle, sneak, unmanly; we hate, and profess to despise him. I fear it is no such thing. We envy Lickspittle, that is the fact; and therefore hate him. Were he to plague us with the stories of Jones and Brown, our familiars, the man would be a simple bore, his stories heard patiently; but so soon as he talks of my lord or the duke, we are in arms against him. I have seen a whole merry party in Russell Square grow suddenly gloomy and dumb, because a pert barrister, in a loud, shrill voice, told a story of Lord This or the Marquis of That. We all hated that man; and I would lay a wager that every one of the fourteen persons assembled round the boiled turkey and saddle of mutton (not to mention side-dishes from the pastry-cook's opposite the British Museum)—I would wager, I say, that every one was muttering inwardly, 'A plague on that fellow! he knows a lord, and I never spoke to more than three in the whole course of my life.' To our betters we can reconcile ourselves, if you please, respecting them very sincerely, laughing at their jokes, making allowance for their stupidities, meekly suffering their insolence; but we can't pardon

our equals going beyond us. A friend of mine, who lived amiably and happily among his friends and relatives at Hackney, was on a sudden disowned by the latter, cut by the former, and doomed in innumerable prophecies to ruin, because he kept a footboy—a harmless little blowsy-faced urchin, in light snuff-colored clothes, glistening over with sugar-loaf buttons. There is another man, a great man, a literary man, whom the public loves, and who took a sudden leap from obscurity into fame and wealth. This was a crime; but he bore his rise with so much modesty that even his brethren of the pen did not envy him. One luckless day he set up a one-horse chaise; from that minute he was doomed.

‘Have you seen his new carriage?’ says Snarley.

‘Yes,’ says Yow; ‘he’s so consumedly proud of it that he can’t see his old friends while he drives.’

‘Ith it a donkey-cart,’ lisps Simper, ‘thith gwand cawaige? I always thaid that the man, from hith thtile, wath fitted to be a vewy dethent cothtermonger.’

‘Yes, yes,’ cries old Candor, ‘a sad pity indeed! dreadfully extravagant, I’m told—bad health—expensive family—work going down every day—and now he must set up a carriage forsooth!’

Snarley, Yow, Simper, Candor, hate their brother. If he is ruined, they will be kind to him and just; but he is successful, and woe be to him!

This trifling digression of half a page or so, although it seems to have nothing to do with the story in hand, has, nevertheless, the strongest relation to it; and you shall hear what.

In one word, then, Mr. Brandon bragged so much, and assumed such airs of superiority, that after a while he perfectly disgusted Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty, who were gentlefolks themselves, and did not at all like his way of telling them that he was their better. Mr. Fitch was swallowed up in his hart as he called it, and cared nothing for Brandon’s airs. Gann, being a low-spirited fellow, completely submitted to Mr. Brandon, and looked up to him with deepest wonder. And poor little Caroline followed her father’s faith, and in six weeks after Mr. Brandon’s arrival at the lodgings had grown to believe him the most perfect, finished, polished, agreeable of mankind. Indeed, the poor girl had never seen a gentleman before, and toward such her gentle heart turned instinctively. Brandon never offended her by hard words, insulted her by cruel scorn, such as she met with from her mother and her sisters; there was a quiet manner about the man quite differ-

ent to any that she had before seen among the acquaintances of her family ; and if he assumed a tone of superiority in his conversation with her and the rest, Caroline felt that he *was* their superior, and as such admired and respected him.

What happens when in the innocent bosom of a girl of sixteen such sensations arise ? What has happened ever since the world began ?

I have said that Miss Caroline had no friend in the world but her father, and must here take leave to recall that assertion ; a friend she most certainly had, and that was honest Becky, the smutty maid, whose name has been mentioned before. Miss Caroline had learned in the course of a life spent under the tyranny of her mamma, some of the notions of the latter, and would have been very much offended to call Becky her friend ; but friends, in fact, they were ; and a great comfort it was for Caroline to descend to the calm kitchen from the stormy back parlor, and there vent some of her little woes to the compassionate servant of all work.

When Mrs. Gann went out with her daughters, Becky would take her work and come and keep Miss Caroline company ; and if the truth must be told, the greatest enjoyment the pair used to have was in these afternoons, when they read together out of the precious, greasy, marble-covered volumes that Mrs. Gann was in the habit of fetching from the library. Many and many a tale had the pair so gone through. I can see them over 'Manfrone ; or the One-handed Monk'—the room dark, the street silent, the hour ten—the tall, red, lurid candlewick wagging down, the flame flickering pale upon Miss Caroline's pale face as she read out, and lighting up honest Becky's goggling eyes, who sat silent, her work in her lap ; she had not done a stitch of it for an hour. As the trap-door slowly opens, and the scowling Alonzo, bending over the sleeping Imoinda, draws his pistol, cocks it, looks well if the priming be right, places it then to the sleeper's ear, and—*thunder-under-under*—down fall the snuffers ! Becky has had them in her hand for ten minutes, afraid to use them. Up starts Caroline, and flings the book back into her mamma's basket. It is that lady returned with her daughters from a tea-party, where two young gents from London have been mighty genteel indeed.

For the sentimental, too, as well as for the terrible, Miss Caroline and the cook had a strong predilection, and had wept their poor eyes out over 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and the 'Scottish Chiefs.' Fortified by the examples drawn from those instructive volumes, Becky was firmly convinced that her young

mistress would meet with a great lord some day or other, or be carried off, like Cinderella, by a brilliant prince, to the mortification of her elder sisters, whom Becky hated. And when, therefore, the new lodger came, lonely, mysterious, melancholy, elegant, with the romantic name of George Brandon—when he wrote a letter directed to a lord, and Miss Caroline and Becky together examined the superscription, such a look passed between them as the pencil of Leslie or Maclise could alone describe for us. Becky's orbs were lighted up with a preternatural look of wondering wisdom; whereas, after an instant, Caroline dropped hers, and blushed, and said, 'Nonsense, Becky!'

'Is it nonsense?' said Becky, grinning and snapping her fingers with a triumphant air; 'the cards comes true; I knew they would. Didn't you have king and queen of hearts three deals running? What did you dream about last Tuesday; tell me that?'

But Miss Caroline never did tell, for her sisters came bounding down the stairs, and examined the lodger's letter. Caroline, however, went away musing much upon these points; and she began to think Mr. Brandon more wonderful and beautiful every day.

In the meantime, while Miss Caroline was innocently indulging in her inclination for the brilliant occupier of the first floor, it came to pass that the tenant of the second was inflamed by a most romantic passion for her.

For, after partaking for about a fortnight of the family dinner, and passing some evenings with Mrs. Gann and the young ladies, Mr. Fitch, though by no means quick of comprehension, began to perceive that the nightly charges that were brought against poor Caroline could not be founded upon truth. 'Let's see,' mused he to himself. 'Tuesday, the old lady said her daughter was bringing her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave because the cook had not boiled the potatoes. Wednesday, she said Caroline was an assassin, because she could not find her own thimble. Thursday, she vowed Caroline has no religion, because that old pair of silk stockings were not darned. And this can't be,' reasoned Fitch deeply. 'A gal haint a murderess because her ma can't find her thimble. A woman that goes to slap her grown-up daughter on the back, and before company too, for such a paltry thing as a hold pair of stockings, can't be surely a-speaking the truth.' And thus gradually his first impression against Caroline wore away. As this disappeared, pity took possession of his soul—and we know what pity is akin to—and at the same time, a corresponding hatred for the oppressors of a creature so amiable.

To sum up, in six short weeks after the appearance of the two gentlemen, we find our chief *dramatis personæ* as follows:

CAROLINE, an innocent young woman, in love with BRANDON.
 FITCH, a celebrated painter, almost in love with CAROLINE.
 BRANDON, a young gentleman, in love with himself.

At first he was pretty constant in his attendance upon the Misses Macarty when they went out to walk, nor were they displeased at his attentions; but he found that there were a great number of Margate beaux—ugly, vulgar fellows as ever were—who always followed in the young ladies' train, and made themselves infinitely more agreeable than he was. These men Mr. Brandon treated with a great deal of scorn; and, in return, they hated him cordially. So did the ladies speedily; his haughty manners, though quite as impertinent and free, were not half so pleasant to them as Jones's jokes or Smith's charming romps; and the girls gave Brandon very shortly to understand that they were much happier without him. 'Ladies, your humble,' he heard Bob Smith say, as that little linendraper came skipping to the door from which they were issuing. 'The sun's hup and trade is down; if you're for a walk I'm your man.' And Miss Linda and Miss Bella each took an arm of Mr. Smith, and sailed down the street. 'I'm glad you aint got that proud gent with the glass hi,' said Mr. Smith; 'he's the most hillbred, supercilious beast I ever see.'

'So he is,' says Bella.

'Hush!' says Linda.

The 'proud gent with the glass hi' was at this moment lolling out of the first-floor window, smoking his accustomed cigar; and his eyeglass was fixed upon the ladies, to whom he made a very low bow. It may be imagined how fond he was of them afterward, and what looks he cast at Mr. Bob Smith the next time he met him. Mr. Bob's heart beat for a day afterward, and he found he had business in town.

But the love of society is stronger than even pride; and the great Mr. Brandon was sometimes fain to descend from his high station and consort with the vulgar family with whom he lodged. But, as we have said, he always did this with a wonderfully condescending air, giving his associates to understand how great was the honor he did them.

One day, then, he was absolutely so kind as to accept of an invitation from the ground floor, which was delivered in the passage by Mr. James Gann, who said, 'It was hard to see a gent eating mutton-chops from week's end to week's end; and if Mr. Brandon had a mind to meet a devilish good fellow as ever was, my friend Swigby, a man who rides his horse, and has his

five hundred a year to spend, and to eat a prime cut out of as good a leg of pork (though he said it) as ever a knife was stuck into, they should dine that day at three o'clock sharp, and Mrs. G. and the gals would be glad of the honor of his company.'

The person so invited was rather amused at the terms in which Mr. Gann conveyed his hospitable message; and at three o'clock made his appearance in the back parlor, whence he had the honor of conducting Mrs. Gann (dressed in a sweet yellow *monsseline de laine*, with a large red turban, a *ferronière*, and a smelling-bottle attached by a ring to a very damp, fat hand) to the 'office,' where the repast was set out. The Misses Macarty were in costumes equally tasty; one on the guest's right hand; one near the boarder, Mr. Fitch—who, in a large beard, an amethyst velvet waistcoat, his hair fresh wetted, and parted accurately down the middle to fall in curls over his collar, would have been irresistible if the collar had been a little, little whiter than it was.

Mr. Brandon, too, was dressed in his very best suit; for though he affected to despise his hosts very much he wished to make the most favorable impression upon them, and took care to tell Mrs. Gann that he and Lord So-and-so were the only two men in the world who were in possession of that particular waistcoat which she admired; for Mrs. Gann was very gracious, and had admired the waistcoat, being desirous to impress with awe Mr. Gann's friend and admirer Mr. Swigby—who, man of fortune as he was, was a constant frequenter of the club at the Bag of Nails.

About this club and its supporters Mr. Gann's guest, Mr. Swigby, and Gann himself, talked very gayly before dinner; all the jokes about all the club being roared over by the pair.

Mr. Brandon, who felt he was the great man of the party, indulged himself in his great propensities without restraint, and told Mrs. Gann stories about half the nobility. Mrs. Gann conversed knowingly about the Opera; and declared that she thought Taglioni the sweetest singer in the world.

'Mr.—a—Swigby, have you ever seen Lablache dance?' asked Mr. Brandon of that gentleman, to whom he had been formally introduced.

'At Vauxhall is he?' said Mr. Swigby, who was just from town.

'Yes, on the tight-rope; a charming performer.'

On which Mr. Gann told how he had been to Vauxhall when the princes were in London; and his lady talked of these knowingly. And then they fell to conversing about fireworks and rack-punch; Mr. Brandon assuring the young ladies that Vaux-

hall was the very pink of the fashion, and longing to have the honor of dancing a quadrille with them there. Indeed, Brandon was so very sarcastic that not a single soul at table understood him.

The table, from Mr. Brandon's plan of it, which was afterward sent to my Lord Cinqbars, was arranged as follows:

	Miss Caroline.	Mr. Fitch.	Miss L. Macarty.	
Mr. James Gann.	1.	Potatoes.	3.	Mrs. James Gann.
	A roast leg of pork, with sage and onions.	Three shreds of celery in a glass.	Boiled haddock, removed by hashed mutton.	
	2.	Cabbage.	4.	
	Mr. Swigby.	Miss B. Macarty.	Mr. Brandon.	

1 and 2 are pots of porter; 3, a quart of ale, Mrs. Gann's favorite drink; 4, a bottle of fine old golden sherry, the real produce of the Uva grape, purchased at the Bag of Nails Hotel for 1s. 9d. by Mr. J. Gann.

Mr. Gann. 'Taste that sherry, sir. Your 'ealth, and my services to you, sir. That wine, sir, is given me as a particular favor by my—ahem!—my wine-merchant, who only will part with a small quantity of it, and imports it, direct, sir, from—ahem! from—'

Mr. Brandon. 'From Xeres, of course. It is, I really think, the finest wine I ever tasted in my life—at a commoner's table, that is.'

Mrs. Gann. 'Oh, in course, a commoner's table! We have no titles, sir (Mr. Gann, I will trouble you for some more crackling), though my poor dear girls are related, by their blessed father's side, to some of the first nobility in the land, I assure you.'

Mr. Gann. 'Gammon, Jooly, my dear. Them Irish nobility, you know, what are they? And besides, it's my belief that the gals are no more related to them than I am.'

Miss Bella (to *Mr. Brandon confidentially*). 'You must find that poor par is sadly vulgar, Mr. Brandon.'

Mrs. Gann. 'Mr. Brandon has never been accustomed to such language, I am sure; and I entreat you will excuse Mr. Gann's rudeness, sir.'

Miss Linda. 'Indeed, I assure you, Mr. Brandon, that we've high connections as well as low; as high as some people's connections, per'aps, though we are not always talking of the nobility.' This was a double shot; the first barrel of Miss Linda's

sentence hit her stepfather, the second part was leveled directly at Mr. Brandon. 'Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Fitch?'

Mr. Brandon. 'You are quite right, Miss Linda, in this as in every other instance; but I am afraid Mr. Fitch has not paid proper attention to your excellent remark; for, if I don't mistake the meaning of the beautiful design which he has made with his fork upon the tablecloth, his soul is at this moment wrapped up in his art.'

This was exactly what Mr. Fitch wished that all the world should suppose. He flung back his hair, and stared wildly for a moment, and said, 'Pardon me, madam; it is true my thoughts were at that moment far away in the regions of my hart.' He was really thinking that his attitude was a very elegant one, and that a large garnet ring which he wore on his forefinger must be mistaken by all the company for a ruby.

'Art is very well,' said Mr. Brandon; 'but with such pretty natural objects before you, I wonder you were not content to think of them.'

'Do you mean the mashed potatoes, sir?' said Andrea Fitch, wondering.

'I mean Miss Rosalind Macarty,' answered Brandon gallantly, and laughing heartily at the painter's simplicity. But this compliment could not soften Miss Linda, who had an uneasy conviction that Mr. Brandon was laughing at her, and disliked him accordingly.

At this juncture, Miss Caroline entered and took the place marked as hers, to the left hand of Mr. Gann, vacant. An old rickety wooden stool was placed for her, instead of that elegant and commodious Windsor chair which supported every other person at table; and by the side of the plate stood a curious old battered tin mug, on which the antiquarian might possibly discover the inscription of the word 'Caroline.' This, in truth, was poor Caroline's mug and stool, having been appropriated to her from childhood upward; and there it was her custom meekly to sit and eat her daily meal.

It was well that the girl was placed near her father, else I do believe she would have been starved; but Gann was much too good-natured to allow that any difference should be made between her and her sisters. There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them. Well, on the present occasion, and when the dinner was half over, poor Caroline stole gently into the room and took her ordinary place. Caroline's pale face was very red; for the fact must be told that she had been in the

kitchen helping Becky, the universal maid; and having heard how the great Mr. Brandon was to dine with them upon that day, the simple girl had been showing her respect for him, by compiling, in her best manner, a certain dish, for the cooking of which her papa had often praised her. She took her place, blushing violently when she saw him, and if Mr. Gann had not been making a violent clattering with his knife and fork, it is possible that he might have heard Miss Caroline's heart thump, which it did violently. Her dress was somehow a little smarter than usual; and Becky the maid, who brought in that remove of hashed mutton which has been set down in the bill of fare, looked at her young lady with a good deal of complacency, as, loaded with plates, she quitted the room. Indeed the poor girl deserved to be looked at; there was an air of gentleness and innocence about her that was apt to please some persons much more than the bold beauties of her sisters. The two young men did not fail to remark this; one of them, the little painter, had long since observed it.

'You are very late, miss,' cried Mrs. Gann, who affected not to know what had caused her daughter's delay. 'You're always late!' and the elder girls stared and grinned at each other knowingly, as they always did when mamma made such attacks upon Caroline, who only kept her eyes down upon the tablecloth and began to eat her dinner without saying a word.

'Come, my dear,' cried honest Gann, 'if she is late you know why. A girl can't be here and there too, as I say; can she, Swigby?'

'Impossible!' said Swigby.

'Gents,' continued Mr. Gann, 'our Carry, you must know, has been downstairs, making the pudding for her old pappy; and a good pudding she makes, I can tell you.'

Miss Caroline blushed more vehemently than ever; the artist stared her full in the face; Mrs. Gann said, 'Nonsense' and 'stuff' very majestically; only Mr. Brandon interposed in Caroline's favor.

'I would sooner that my wife should know how to make a pudding,' said he, 'than how to play the best piece of music in the world!'

'Law, Mr. Brandon! I, for my part wouldn't demean myself by any such kitchen work!' cries Miss Linda.

'Make puddens, indeed; it's ojou's!' cries Bella.

'For you, my loves, of course!' interposed their mamma. 'Young women of your family and circumstances is not expected to perform any such work. It's different with Miss Caroline, who, if she does make herself useful now and then, don't

make herself near so useful as she should, considering that she's not a shilling, and is living on our charity, like some other folks.'

Thus did this amiable woman neglect no opportunity to give her opinions about her husband and daughter. The former, however, cared not a straw; and the latter, in this instance, was perfectly happy. Had not kind Mr. Brandon approved of her work; and could she ask for more?

'Mamma may say what she pleases to-day,' thought Caroline. 'I am too happy to be made angry by her.'

Poor little mistaken Caroline, to think you were safe against three women! The dinner had not advanced much further, when Miss Isabel, who had been examining her younger sister curiously for some short time, telegraphed Miss Linda across the table, and nodded, and winked, and pointed to her own neck; a very white one, as I have before had the honor to remark, and quite without any covering except a smart necklace of twenty-four rows of the lightest blue glass beads, finishing in a neat tassel. Linda had a similar ornament of vermilion color; whereas Caroline, on this occasion, wore a handsome new collar up to the throat, and a brooch, which looked all the smarter for the shabby frock over which they were placed. As soon as she saw her sister's signals, the poor little thing, who had only just done fluttering and blushing, fell to this same work over again. Down went her eyes once more, and her face and neck lighted up to the color of Miss Linda's sham cornelian.

'What's the gals giggling and ogling about?' said Mr. Gann innocently.

'What is it, my darling loves?' says stately Mrs. Gann.

'Why, don't you see, ma?' said Linda. 'Look at Miss Carry! I'm blessed if *she has not got on Becky's collar and brooch* that Sims the pilot gave her.'

The young ladies fell back in uproarious fits of laughter, and laughed all the time that their mamma was thundering out a speech, in which she declared that her daughter's conduct was unworthy a gentlewoman, and bid her leave the room and take off those disgraceful ornaments.

There was no need to tell her; the poor little thing gave one piteous look at her father, who was whistling and seemed indeed to think the matter a good joke; and, after she had managed to open the door and totter into the passage, you might have heard her weeping there; weeping tears more bitter than any of the many she had shed in the course of her life. Down she went to the kitchen, and when she reached that humble place of refuge, first pulled at her neck and made as if she would

take off Becky's collar and brooch, and then flung herself into the arms of the honest scullion, where she cried and cried till she brought on the first fit of hysterics that ever she had had.

This crying could not at first be heard in the parlor, where the young ladies, Mrs. Gann, Mr. Gann, and his friend from the Bag of Nails were roaring at the excellence of the joke. Mr. Brandon, sipping his sherry, sat by, looking very sarcastically and slyly from one party to the other; Mr. Fitch was staring about him too, but with a very different expression, anger and wonder inflaming his bearded countenance. At last, as the laughing died away and a faint voice of weeping came from the kitchen below, Andrea could bear it no longer, but bounced from his chair and rushed out of the room exclaiming:

'By Jove, it's too bad!'

'What does the man mean?' says Mrs. Gann.

He meant that he was from that moment over head and ears in love with Caroline, and that he longed to beat, buffet, pummel, thump, tear to pieces those callous ruffians who so pitilessly laughed at her.

'What's that chop wi' the beard in such tantrums about?' said the gentleman from the Bag of Nails.

Mr. Gann answered this query by some joke, intimating that 'per'aps Mr. Fitch's dinner did not agree with him,' at which these worthies roared again.

The young ladies said, 'Well, now, upon my word!'

'Mighty genteel behavior truly!' cried mamma; 'but what can you expect from the poor thing?'

Brandon only sipped more sherry, but he looked at Fitch as the latter flung out of the room, and his countenance was lighted up by a more unequivocal smile.

These two little adventures were followed by a silence of some few minutes, during which the meats remained on the table, and no signs were shown of that pudding upon which poor Caroline had exhausted her skill. The absence of this delicious part of the repast was first remarked by Mr. Gann; and his lady, after jangling at the bell for some time in vain, at last begged one of her daughters to go and hasten matters.

'BECKY!' shrieked Miss Linda from the hall; but Becky replied not. 'Becky, are we to be kept waiting all day?' continued the lady in the same shrill voice. 'Mamma wants the pudding!'

'TELL HER TO FETCH IT HERSELF!' roared Becky, at which remark Gann and his facetious friend once more went off into fits of laughter.

‘This is too bad!’ said Mrs. G., starting up; ‘she shall leave the house this instant!’ and so no doubt Becky would, but that the lady owed her five quarters’ wages; which she, at that period, did not feel inclined to pay.

Well, the dinner at last was at an end; the ladies went away to tea, leaving the gentlemen to their wine; Brandon very condescendingly partaking of a bottle of port, and listening with admiration to the toasts and sentiments with which it is still the custom among persons of Mr. Gann’s rank of life to preface each glass of wine. As thus:

Glass 1. ‘Gents,’ says Mr. Gann, rising, ‘this glass I need say nothink about. Here’s the king, and long life to him and the family!’

Mr. Swigby, with his glass, goes knock, knock, knock on the table; and saying gravely, ‘The king!’ drinks off his glass, and smacks his lips afterward.

Mr. Brandon, who had drunk half his, stops in the midst and says, ‘Oh, “the king!”’

Mr. Swigby. ‘A good glass of wine that, Gann, my boy!’

Mr. Brandon. ‘Capital, really; though, upon my faith, I’m no judge of port.’

Mr. Gann (smack). ‘A fine fruity wine as ever I tasted. I suppose you, Mr. B., are accustomed only to claret. I’ve ’ad it, too, in my time, sir, as Swigby there very well knows. I traveled, sir, *sure le Continong*, I assure you, and drank my glass of claret with the best man in France, or England either. I wasn’t always what I am, sir.’

Mr. Brandon. ‘You don’t look as if you were.’

Mr. Gann. ‘No, sir. Before that — gas came in, I was head, sir, of one of the fust ’ouses in the hoil-trade—Gann, Blubbery & Gann, sir, Thames Street, City. I’d my box at Putney, as good a gig and horse as my friend there drives.’

Mr. Swigby. ‘Ay, and a better too, Gann, I make no doubt.’

Mr. Gann. ‘Well, *say* a better. I *had* a better, if money could fetch it, sir; and I didn’t spare that, I warrant you. No, no; James Gann didn’t grudge his purse, sir; and had his friends around him, as he’s ’appy to ’ave now, sir. Mr. Brandon, your ’ealth, sir, and my we hoften meet under this ma’ogany. Swigby, my boy, God bless you!’

Mr. Brandon. ‘Your very good health.’

Mr. Swigby. ‘Thank you, Gann. Here’s to you, and long life and prosperity and happiness to you and yours. Bless you, Jim, my boy; Heaven bless you! I say this, Mr. Brandon—Brandon—what’s your name—there aint a better fellow in all

Margate than James Gann; no, nor in all England. Here's Mrs. Gann, gents, and the family. MRS. GANN!' (*Drinks.*)

Mr. Brandon. 'MRS. GANN. Hip, hip, hurrah!' (*drinks.*)

Mr. Gann. 'Mrs. Gann, and thank you, gents. A fine woman, Mr. B.; aint she now? Ah, if you'd seen 'er when I married 'er! Gad, she *was* fine then—an out-and-outer, sir! *Such a figure!*'

Mr. Swigby. 'You'd choose none but a good 'un, I war'nt. Ha, ha, ha!'

Mr. Gann. 'Did I ever tell you of my duel along with the regimental doctor? No! Then I will. I was a young chap you see, in those days; and when I saw her at Brussels—(*Brussell*, they call it)—I was right slick up over head and ears in love with her at once. But what was to be done? There was another gent in the case—a regimental doctor, sir—a reg'lar dragon. "Faint heart," says, I "never won a fair lady," and so I made so bold. She took me, sent the doctor to the right-about. I met him one morning in the park at Brussels, and stood to him, sir, like a man. When the affair was over, my second, a lieutenant of dragoons, told me, "Gann," says he, "I've seen many a man under fire—I'm a Waterloo man," says he, "and have rode by Wellington many a long day; but I never, for coolness, see such a man as you." Gents, here's the Duke of Wellington and the British Army!' (*The gents drink.*)

Mr. Brandon. 'Did you kill the doctor, sir?'

Mr. Gann. 'Why, no sir; I shot in the hair.'

Mr. Brandon. 'Shot him in the hair! Egad, that was a severe shot, and a very lucky escape the doctor had of it? Whereabout in the hair? a whisker, sir; or, perhaps, a pig-tail?'

Mr. Swigby. 'Haw, haw, haw! shot'n in the *hair*—capital, capital!'

Mr. Gann (who has grown very red). 'No, sir; there may be some mistake in my pronounciation, which I didn't expect to have laughed at, at my hown table.'

Mr. Brandon. 'My dear sir! I protest and vow——'

Mr. Gann. 'Never mind it, sir. I gave you my best, and did my best to make you welcome. If you like better to make fun of me, do, sir. That may be the *genteel* way, but hang me if it's *hour* way; is it, Jack? *Our* way; I beg your pardon, sir.'

Mr. Swigby. 'Jim, Jim! for Heaven's sake—peace and harmony of the evening—conviviality—social enjoyment—didn't mean it—did you mean anything, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'im?'

Mr. Brandon. 'Nothing, upon my honor as a gentleman!'

Mr. Gann. 'Well, then, there's my hand!' and good-

natured Gann tried to forget the insult, and to talk as if nothing had occurred: but he had been wounded in the most sensitive point in which a man can be touched by his superior, and never forgot Brandon's joke. That night at the club, when dreadfully tipsy, he made several speeches on the subject, and burst into tears many times. The pleasure of the evening was quite spoiled; and, as the conversation became vapid and dull, we shall refrain from reporting it. Mr. Brandon speedily took leave, but had not the courage to face the ladies at tea; to whom, it appears, the reconciled Becky had brought that refreshing beverage.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MR. FITCH PROCLAIMS HIS LOVE, AND MR. BRANDON PREPARES FOR WAR.

FROM the splendid hall in which Mrs. Gann was dispensing her hospitality, the celebrated painter, Andrea Fitch, rushed forth in a state of mind even *more* delirious than that which he usually enjoyed. He looked abroad into the street; all there was dusk and lonely; the rain falling heavily, the wind playing Pandean pipes and whistling down the chimney-pots. 'I love the storm,' said Fitch solemnly; and he put his great Spanish cloak round him in the most approved manner (it was of so prodigious a size that the tail of it, as it twirled over his shoulder, whisked away a lodging-card from the door of the house opposite Mr. Gann's). 'I love the storm and solitude,' said he, lighting a large pipe filled full of the fragrant Oronooko; and thus armed, he passed rapidly down the street, his hat cocked over his ringlets. Andrea did not like smoking, but he used a pipe as part of his profession as an artist, and as one of the picturesque parts of his costume; in like manner, though he did not fence, he always traveled about with a pair of foils; and quite unconscious of music, nevertheless had a guitar constantly near at hand. Without such properties a painter's spectacle is not complete; and now he determined to add to them another indispensable requisite—a mistress. 'What great artist was ever without one?' thought he. Long, long, had he sighed for someone whom he might love; someone to whom he might address the poems which he was in the habit of making. Hundreds of such fragments had he composed, addressed to Leila, Ximena, Ada—imaginary beauties, whom he courted in dreamy verse. With what joy would he replace all those by a real charmer of flesh and blood! Away he went, then, on this evening—the tyranny of Mrs.

Gann toward poor Caroline having awakened all his sympathies in the gentle girl's favor—determined now and forever to make her the mistress of his heart. Monna Lisa, the Fornarina, Leonardo, Raphael—he thought of all these, and vowed that his Caroline should be made famous and live forever on his canvas. While Mrs. Gann was preparing for her friends, and entertaining them at tea and whist; while Caroline, all unconscious of the love she inspired, was weeping upstairs in her little garret; while Mr. Brandon was enjoying the refined conversation of Gann and Swigby, over their glass and pipe in the office, Andrea walked abroad by the side of the ocean; and, before he was wet through, walked himself into the most fervid affection for poor persecuted Caroline. The reader might have observed him (had not the night been very dark, and a great deal too wet to allow a sensible reader to go abroad on such an errand) at the sea-shore, standing on a rock, and drawing from his bosom a locket which contained a curl of hair tied up in ribbon. He looked at it for a moment, and then flung it away from him into the black, boiling waters below him.

'No other 'air but thine, Caroline, shall ever rest near this 'art!' he said, and kissed the locket and restored it to its place. Light-minded youth, whose hair was it that he thus flung away? How many times had Andrea shown that very ringlet in strictest confidence to several brethren of the brush, and declared that it was the hair of a dear girl in Spain whom he loved to madness? Alas! 'twas but a fiction of his fevered brain; every one of his friends had a locket of hair, and Andrea, who had no love until now, had clipped this precious token from the wig of a lovely lay-figure, with cast-iron joints and a cardboard head, that had stood for some time in his atelier. I don't know that he felt any shame about the proceeding, for he was of such a warm imagination that he had grown to believe that the hair did actually come from a girl in Spain, and only parted with it on yielding to a superior attachment.

This attachment being fixed on, the young painter came home wet through; passed the night in reading Byron, making sketches, and burning them; writing poems to Caroline, and expunging them with pitiless india rubber. A romantic man makes a point of sitting up all night and pacing his chamber; and you may see many a composition of Andrea's dated 'Midnight, 10th of March, A. F.,' with his peculiar flourish over the initials. He was not sorry to be told in the morning, by the ladies at breakfast, that he looked dreadfully pale; and answered, laying his hand on his forehead and shaking his head

gloomily, that he could get no sleep; and then he would heave a huge sigh; and Miss Bella and Miss Linda would look at each other and grin, according to their wont. He was glad, I say, to have his woe remarked, and continued his sleeplessness for two or three nights; but he was certainly still more glad when he heard Mr. Brandon, on the fourth morning, cry out, in a shrill angry voice, to Becky the maid, to give the gentleman upstairs his compliments—Mr. Brandon's compliments—and tell him that he could not get a wink of sleep for the horrid tramping he kept up. 'I am hanged if I stay in the house a night longer,' added the first floor sharply, 'if that Mr. Fitch kicks up such a confounded noise!' Mr. Fitch's point was gained, and henceforth he was as quiet as a mouse; for his wish was not only to be in love, but to let everybody know that he was in love, or where is the use of a *belle passion*?

So, whenever he saw Caroline, at meals, or in the passage, he used to stare at her with the utmost power of his big eyes, and fall to groaning most pathetically. He used to leave his meals untasted, groan, heave sighs, and stare incessantly. Mrs. Gann and her eldest daughters were astonished at these maneuvers; for they never suspected that any man could possibly be such a fool as to fall in love with Caroline. At length the suspicion came upon them, created immense laughter and delight, and the ladies did not fail to rally Caroline in their usual elegant way. Gann, too, loved a joke (much polite waggery had this worthy man practiced in select inn-parlors for twenty years past), and would call poor Caroline 'Mrs. F. , ' and say that, instead of *Fetch* and Carry, as he used to name her, he should style her *Fitch* and Carry for the future; and laugh at this great pun, and make many others of a similar sort that set Caroline blushing.

Indeed, the girl suffered a great deal more from this raillery than at first may be imagined; for after the first awe inspired by Fitch's whiskers had passed away, and he had drawn the young ladies' pictures, and made designs in their albums, and in the midst of their jokes and conversation had remained perfectly silent, the Gann family had determined that the man was an idiot; and, indeed, were not very wide of the mark. In everything except his own peculiar art honest Fitch *was* an idiot; and as upon the subject of painting, the Ganns, like most people of their class in England, were profoundly ignorant, it came to pass that he would breakfast and dine for many days in their company, and not utter one single syllable. So they looked upon him with extreme pity and contempt as a harmless, good-natured, crack-brained creature, quite below

them in the scale of intellect, and only to be endured because he paid a certain number of shillings weekly to the Gann exchequer. Mrs. Gann in all companies was accustomed to talk about her idiot. Neighbors and children used to peer at him as he strutted down the street; and though every young lady, including my dear Caroline, is flattered by having a lover, at least they don't like such a lover as this. The Misses Macarty (after having set their caps at him very fiercely, and quarreled concerning him on his first coming to lodge at their house) vowed and protested now that he was no better than a chimpanzee; and Caroline and Becky agreed that this insult was as great as any that could be paid to the painter. 'He's a good creature, too,' said Becky, 'crack-brained as he is. Do you know, miss, he gave me half a sovereign to buy a new collar, after that business t'other day?'

'And did—Mr.—did the first floor say anything?' asked Caroline.

'Didn't he! he's a funny gentleman, that Brandon, sure enough; and when I took him up breakfast next morning, asked about Sims the pilot, and what I gi'ed Sims for the collar and brooch, he, he!'

And this was indeed a correct report of Mr. Brandon's conversation with Becky; he had been infinitely amused with the whole transaction, and wrote his friend the viscount a capital, facetious account of the manners and customs of the native inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet.

And now, when Mr. Fitch's passion was fully developed—as far, that is, as signs and ogles could give it utterance—a curious instance of that spirit of contradiction for which our race is remarkable was seen in the behavior of Mr. Brandon. Although Caroline, in the depths of her little silly heart, had set him down for her divinity, her wondrous fairy prince, who was to deliver her from her present miserable durance, she had never by word or deed acquainted Brandon with her inclination for him, but had, with instinctive modesty, avoided him more sedulously than before. He, too, had never bestowed a thought upon her. How should such a Jove as Mr. Brandon, from the cloudy summit of his fashionable Olympus, look down and perceive such an humble, retiring being as poor little Caroline Gann? Thinking her at first not disagreeable, he had never, until the day of the dinner, bestowed one single further thought upon her; and only when exasperated by the Misses Macartys' behavior toward him, did he begin to think how sweet it would be to make them jealous and unhappy.

'The uncouth, grinning monsters,' said he, 'with their horri-

ble court of Bob Smiths and Jack Joneses, daring to look down upon me, a gentleman; me, the celebrated *mangeur des cœurs*—a man of genius, fashion, and noble family! If I could but revenge myself on them! What injury can I invent to wound them?’

It is curious to what points a man in his passion will go. Mr. Brandon had long since tried to do the greatest possible injury to the young ladies; for it had been, at the first dawn of his acquaintance, as we are bound with much sorrow to confess, his fixed intention to ruin one or the other of them. And when the young ladies had, by their coldness and indifference to him, frustrated this benevolent intention, he straightway fancied that they had injured him severely, and cast about for means to revenge himself upon them.

This point is, to be sure, a very delicate one to treat—for in words, at least, the age has grown to be wonderfully moral, and refuses to hear discourses upon such subjects. But human nature, as far as I am able to learn, has not much changed since the time when Richardson wrote and Hogarth painted, a century ago. There are wicked Lovelaces abroad, ladies, now as then, when it was considered no shame to expose the rogues; and pardon us, therefore, for hinting that such there be. Elegant acts of *rouerie*, such as that meditated by Mr. Brandon, are often performed still by dashing young men of the world, who think no sin of an *amourette*, but glory in it, especially if the victim be a person of mean condition. Had Brandon succeeded (such is the high moral state of our British youth), all his friends would have pronounced him, and he would have considered himself, to be a very lucky, captivating dog; nor, as I believe, would he have had a single pang of conscience for the rascally action which he had committed. This supreme act of scoundrelism has man permitted to himself—to deceive women. When we consider how he has availed himself of the privilege so created by him, indeed one may sympathize with the advocates of woman’s rights who point out this monstrous wrong. We have read of that wretched woman of old whom the pious Pharisees were for stoning incontinently; but we don’t hear that they made any outcry against *the man* who was concerned in the crime. Where was he? Happy, no doubt and easy in mind, and regaling some choice friends over a bottle with the history of his success.

Being thus injured then, Mr. Brandon longed for revenge. How should he repay these impertinent young women for slighting his addresses? ‘*Pardi,*’ said he; ‘just to punish their pride and insolence, I have a great mind to make love to their sister.’

He did not, however, for some time condescend to perform this threat. Eagles such as Brandon do not sail down from the clouds in order to pounce upon small flies, and soar airward again, contented with such an ignoble booty. In a word he never gave a minute's thought to Miss Caroline, until further circumstances occurred which caused this great man to consider her as an object somewhat worthy of his remark.

The violent affection suddenly exhibited by Mr. Fitch the painter toward poor little Caroline was the point which determined Brandon to begin to act.

MY DEAR VISCOUNT [wrote he to the same Lord Cinqbars whom he formerly addressed] : Give me joy, for in a week's time it is my intention to be violently in love—and love is no small amusement in a watering-place in winter.

I told you about the fair Juliana Gann and her family. I forget whether I mentioned how the Juliana had two fair daughters, the Rosalind and the Isabella; and another, Caroline by name, not so good-looking as her half-sisters, but, nevertheless, a pleasing young person.

Well, when I came hither, I had nothing to do but to fall in love with the two handsomest, and did so; taking many walks with them, talking much nonsense; passing long dismal evenings over horrid tea with them and their mamma; laying regular siege, in fact, to these Margate beauties, who, according to the common rule in such cases, could not, I thought, last long.

Miserable deception! disgusting aristocratic blindness! [Mr. Brandon always assumed that his own high birth and eminent position were granted.] Would you believe it, that I, who have seen, fought, and conquered in so many places, should have been ignominiously defeated here? Just as American Jackson defeated our Peninsular veterans, I, an old Continental conqueror too, have been overcome by this ignoble enemy. These women have entrenched themselves so firmly in their vulgarity that I have been beaten back several times with disgrace, being quite unable to make an impression. The monsters, too, keep up a dreadful fire from behind their intrenchments; and besides have raised the whole country against me; in a word, all the snobs of their acquaintance are in arms. There is Bob Smith, the linendraper; Harry Jones, who keeps the fancy tea-shop; young Glanber, the apothecary; and sundry other persons, who are ready to eat me when they see me in the streets; and are all at the beck of the victorious Amazons.

How is a gentleman to make head against such a *canaille* as this?—a regular *jacquerie*. Once or twice I have thought of retreating; but a retreat, for sundry reasons I have, is inconvenient. I can't go to London; I am known at Dover; I believe there is a bill against me at Canterbury; at Chatham there are quartered sundry regiments whose recognition I should be unwilling to risk. I must stay here—and be hanged to the place—until my better star shall rise.

But I am determined that my stay shall be to some purpose; and to show how persevering I am, I shall make one more trial upon the third daughter—yes, upon the third daughter, a family Cinderella, who shall, I am determined, make her sisters *crever* with envy. I merely mean fun, you know—not mischief—for Cinderella is but a little child; and besides, I am the most harmless fellow breathing, but must have my joke. Now Cinderella has a lover, the bearded painter of whom I spoke to you in a former letter. He has lately plunged into the most extraordinary fits of passion for her, and is more mad than ever he was before. Woe betide you, oh, painter! I have nothing to do; and a month to do that nothing in; in that time, mark my words, I will laugh at that painter's beard. Should you like a lock of it, or a sofa stuffed with it? there is beard enough; or should you like to see a specimen of poor little Cinderella's golden ringlets? Command your slave. I wish I had paper enough to write you an account of a grand Gann dinner at which I assisted, and of a scene which there took place; and how Cinderella was dressed out, not by a fairy, but by a charitable kitchen-maid, and was turned out of the room by her indignant mamma, for appearing in the scullion's finery. But my *forte* does not lie in such descriptions of polite life. We drank port, and toasts after dinner; here is the *menu*, and the names and order of the eaters,

The bill of fare has been given already, and need not, therefore, be again laid before the public.

'What a fellow that is!' said young Lord Cinqbars, reading

the letter to his friends, and in a profound admiration of his tutor's genius.

'And to think that he was a reading man too, and took a double first,' cried another; 'why, the man's an Admirable Crichton.'

'Upon my life, though, he's a little too bad,' said a third, who was a moralist. And with this a fresh bowl of milk punch came reeking from the college buttery, and the jovial party discussed that.

CHAPTER V.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF COMPLICATED LOVE-MAKING.

THE Misses Macarty were excessively indignant that Mr. Fitch should have had the audacity to fall in love with their sister; and poor Caroline's life was not, as may be imagined, made much the happier by the envy and passion thus excited. Mr. Fitch's amour was the source of a great deal of pain to her. Her mother would tauntingly say that, as both were beggars, they could not do better than marry; and declared, in the same satirical way, that she should like nothing better than to see a large family of grandchildren about her, to be plagues and burdens upon her, as her daughter was. The short way would have been, when the young painter's intentions were manifest, which they pretty speedily were, to have requested him immediately to quit the house; or, as Mr. Gann said, 'to give him the sack at once'; to which measure the worthy man indignantly avowed that he would have resort. But his lady would not allow of any such rudeness; although, for her part, she professed the strongest scorn and contempt for the painter. For the painful fact must be stated; Fitch had a short time previously paid no less a sum than a whole quarter's board and lodging in advance, at Mrs. Gann's humble request, and he possessed his landlady's receipt for that sum; the mention of which circumstance silenced Gann's objections at once. And indeed, it is pretty certain that, with all her taunts to her daughter and just abuse of Fitch's poverty, Mrs. Gann in her heart was not altogether averse to the match. In the first place, she loved match-making; next, she would be glad to be rid of her daughter at any rate; and besides, Fitch's aunt, the auctioneer's wife, was rich, and had no children; painters, as she had heard, make often a great deal of money, and Fitch might be a clever one, for aught she knew. So he was allowed to remain in the house, an undeclared but very assiduous lover; and to sigh, and to moan, and make verses and portraits of his beloved, and build castles in the air as best he might. In-

deed our humble Cinderella was in a very curious position. She felt a tender passion for the first floor, and was adored by the second floor, and had to wait upon both at the summons of the bell of either; and as the poor little thing was compelled not to notice any of the sighs and glances which the painter bestowed upon her, she also had schooled herself to maintain a quiet demeanor toward Mr. Brandon, and not allow him to discover the secret which was laboring in her little breast.

I think it may be laid down as a pretty general rule, that most romantic little girls of Caroline's age have such a budding sentiment as this young person entertained; quite innocent of course; nourished and talked of in delicious secrecy to the *confidante* of the hour. Or else what are novels made for? Had Caroline read of Valancourt and Emily for nothing? or gathered no good example from those five tear-fraught volumes which describe the loves of Miss Helen Mar and Sir William Wallace? Many a time had she depicted Brandon in a fancy costume such as the fascinating Valancourt wore; or painted herself as Helen, tying a sash round her knight's cuirass, and watching him forth to battle. Silly fancies, no doubt; but consider, madam, the poor girl's age and education; the only instruction she had ever received was from these tender, kind-hearted, silly books; the only happiness which Fate had allowed her was in this little silent world of fancy. It would be hard to grudge the poor thing her dreams; and many such did she have, and impart blushing to honest Becky as they sat by the humble kitchen fire.

Although it cost her heart a great pang, she had once ventured to implore her mother not to send her upstairs to the lodgers' rooms, for she shrunk at the notion of the occurrence that Brandon should discover her regard for him; but this point had never entered Mrs. Gann's sagacious head. She thought her daughter wished to avoid Fitch, and sternly bade her to her duty, and not give herself such impertinent airs; and, indeed, it can't be said that poor Caroline was very sorry at being compelled to continue to see Brandon. To do both gentlemen justice, neither ever said a word unfit for Caroline to hear. Fitch would have been torn to pieces by a thousand wild horses rather than have breathed a single syllable to hurt her feelings; and Brandon, though by no means so squeamish on ordinary occasions, was innately a gentleman, and from taste rather than from virtue, was carefully respectful in his behavior to her.

As for the Misses Macarty themselves, it has been stated that they had already given away their hearts several times. Miss Isabella being at this moment attached to a certain young

wine-merchant, and to Lieutenant or Colonel Swabber of the Spanish service; and Miss Rosalind having a decided fondness for a foreign nobleman, with black mustaches, who had paid a visit to Margate. Of Miss Bella's lovers, Swabber had disappeared; but she still met the wine-merchant pretty often, and it is believed had gone very nigh to accept him. As for Miss Rosalind, I am sorry to say that the course of her true love ran by no means smoothly; the Frenchman had turned out to be not a marquess, but a billiard-maker; and a sad, sore subject the disappointment was with the neglected lady.

We should have spoken of it long since, had the subject been one that was much canvassed in the Gann family; but once, when Gann had endeavored to rally his stepdaughter on this unfortunate attachment (using for the purpose those delicate terms of wit for which the honest gentleman was always famous), Miss Linda had flown into such a violent fury, and comported herself in a way so dreadful, that James Gann, Esq., was fairly frightened out of his wits by the threats, screams, and imprecations which she uttered. Miss Bella, who was disposed to be jocose, was likewise awed into silence; for her dear sister talked of tearing her eyes out that minute, and uttered some hints, too, regarding love-matters personally affecting Miss Bella herself which caused that young lady to turn pale-red, to mutter something about 'wicked lies,' and to leave the room immediately. Nor was the subject ever again broached by the Ganns. Even when Mrs. Gann once talked about that odious French impostor, she was stopped immediately, not by the lady concerned, but by Miss Bella, who cried sharply, 'Mamma, hold your tongue, and don't vex our dear Linda by alluding to any such stuff.' It is most probable that the young ladies had had a private conference, which, beginning a little fiercely at first, had ended amicably; and so the marquis was mentioned no more.

Miss Linda, then, was comparatively free (for Bob Smith, the linendraper, and young Glauber, the apothecary, went for nothing); and, very luckily for her, a successor was found for the faithless Frenchman, almost immediately.

This gentleman was a commoner, to be sure; but had a good estate of £500 a year, kept his horse and gig, and was, as Mr. Gann remarked, as good a fellow as ever lived. Let us say at once that the new lover was no other than Mr. Swigby. From the day when he had been introduced to the family he appeared to be very much attracted by the two sisters; sent a turkey off his own farm, and six bottles of prime Hollands, to

Mr. and Mrs. Gann, in presents; and, in ten short days after his first visit, had informed his friend Gann that he was violently in love with two women whose names he would never—never breathe. The worthy Gann knew right well how the matter was; for he had not failed to remark Swigby's melancholy, and to attribute it to its right cause.

Swigby was forty-eight years of age, stout, hearty, gay, much given to drink, and had never been a lady's man, or, indeed, passed half-a-dozen evenings in ladies' society. He thought Gann the noblest and finest fellow in the world. He never heard any singing like James', nor any jokes like his; nor had met with such an accomplished gentleman or man of the world. 'Gann has his faults,' Swigby would say at the Bag of Nails; which of us has not? but I tell you what, he's the greatest trump I ever see.' Many scores of scores had he paid for Gann, many guineas and crown-pieces had he lent him, since he came into his property some three years before. What were Swigby's former pursuits I can't tell. What need we care? Hadn't he £500 a year now, and a horse and gig? Ay, that he had.

Since his accession to fortune, this gay young bachelor had taken his share (what he called 'his whack') of pleasure; had been at one—nay, perhaps, at two—public houses every night; and had been tipsy, I make no doubt, nearly 1000 times in the course of the three years. Many people had tried to cheat him; but, no, no! he knew what was what, and in all matters of money was simple and shrewd. Gann's gentility won him; his bragging, his *ton*, and the stylish tuft on his chin. To be invited to his house was a proud moment; and when he went away, after the banquet described in the last chapter, he was in a perfect ferment of love and liquor.

'What a stylish woman is that!' thought he, as he tumbled into bed at his inn; 'fine she must have been as a gal! fourteen stone now, without saddle or bridle, and no mistake. And them Miss Macartys. Jupiter! what spanking, handsome, elegant creatures! real elegance in both on 'em! Such hair! Black's the word—as black as my mare; such cheeks, such necks and shoulders!' At noon he repeated these observations to Gann himself, as he walked up and down the pier with that gentleman, smoking Manilla cheroots. He was in raptures with his evening. Gann received his praises with much majestic good-humor.

'Blood, sir!' said he, 'blood's everything! Them gals have been brought up as few ever have. I don't speak of myself; but their mother—their mother's a lady, sir. Show me a

woman in England as is better bred or knows the world more than my Juliana!

'It's impawssible,' said Swigby.

'Think of the company we've kep,' sir, before our misfortunes—the fust in the land. Brandenburg House, sir—England's injured queen. Law bless you! Juliana was always there.'

'I make no doubt, sir; you can see it in her,' said Swigby solemnly.

'And as for those gals, why, aint they related to the fust families in Ireland, sir? In course they are. As I said before, blood's everything; and those young women have the best of it; they are connected with the reg'lar old noblesse.'

'They have the best of everythink, I'm sure,' said Swigby, 'and deserve it, too,' and relapsed into his morning remarks. 'What creatures! what elegance! what hair and eyes, sir! black, and all's black, as I say. What complexion, sir!—ay, and what *makes*, too! Such a neck and shoulders I never see!'

Gann, who had his hands in his pockets (his friend's arm being hooked into one of his), here suddenly withdrew his hand from its hiding-place, clenched his fist, assumed a horribly knowing grin, and gave Mr. Swigby such a blow in the ribs as well-nigh sent him into the water. 'You sly dog! said Mr. Gann, with inexpressible emphasis; 'you've found *that* out, too, have you? Have a care, Joe, my boy, have a care.'

And herewith Gann and Joe burst into tremendous roar of laughter, fresh explosion taking place at intervals of five minutes during the rest of the walk. The two friends parted exceedingly happy; and when they met that evening at the Bag of Nails, Gann drew Swigby mysteriously into the bar, and thrust into his hand a triangular piece of pink paper, which the latter read:

Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty request the honor and pleasure of Mr. Swigby's company (if you have no better engagement) to tea to-morrow evening, at half-past five.
*Margaretta Cottage, Salamanca Road North,
Thursday evening.*

The faces of the two gentlemen were wonderfully expressive of satisfaction as this communication passed between them. And I am led to believe that Mrs. Gann had been unusually pleased with her husband's conduct on that day; for honest James had no less than thirteen and sixpence in his pocket, and insisted, as usual, upon standing glasses all round. Joe Swigby, left alone in the little parlor behind the bar, called for a sheet of paper, a new pen, and a wafer, and in the space of half an hour concocted a very spirited and satisfactory answer to this note; which was carried off by Gann, and duly delivered. Punctually at half-past five, Mr. Joseph Swigby

knocked at Margaretta Cottage door, in his new coat with glistening brass buttons, his face clean-shaved, and his great ears shining over his great shirt-collar delightfully bright and red.

What happened at this tea-party it is needless here to say; but Swigby came away from it quite as much enchanted as before, and declared that the duets, sung by the ladies in hideous discord, were the sweetest music he had ever heard. He sent the gin and the turkey the next day; and, of course, was invited to dine.

The dinner was followed up on his part by an offer to drive all the young ladies and their mamma into the country; and he hired a very smart barouche to conduct them. The invitation was not declined; and Fitch, too, was asked by Mr. Swigby, in the height of his good humor, and accepted with the utmost delight. 'Me and Joe will go on the box,' said Gann. 'You four ladies and Mr. Fitch shall go inside. Carry must go bodkin; but she aint very big.'

'Carry, indeed, will stop at home,' said her mamma; 'she's not fit to go out.'

At which poor Fitch's jaw fell; it was in order to ride with her that he had agreed to accompany the party; nor could he escape now, having just promised so eagerly.

'Oh, don't let's have that proud Brandon,' said the young ladies, when the good-natured Mr. Swigby proposed to ask that gentleman; and therefore he was not invited to join them in their excursion; but he stayed at home very unconcernedly, and saw the barouche and its load drive off. Somebody else looked at it from the parlor window with rather a heavy heart; and that someone was poor Caroline. The day was bright and sunshiny; the spring was beginning early; it would have been pleasant to have been a lady for once, and to have driven along in a carriage with prancing horses. Mr. Fitch looked after her in a very sheepish, melancholy way; and was so dismal and silly during the first part of the journey, that Miss Linda, who was next to him, said to her papa that she would change places with him; and actually mounted the box by the side of the happy, trembling Mr. Swigby. How proud he was, to be sure! How knowingly did he spank the horses along and fling out the shilling at the turnpikes!

'Bless you, *he* don't care for change!' said Gann, as one of the toll-takers offered to tender some coppers; and Joe felt infinitely obliged to his friend for setting off his amiable qualities in such a way.

O mighty Fate, that over us miserable mortals rulest supreme, with what small means are thy ends effected! with what scorn-

ful ease and mean instruments does it please thee to govern mankind! Let each man think of the circumstances of his life, and how its lot has been determined. The getting up a little earlier or later, the turning down this street or that, the eating of this dish or the other, may influence all the years and actions of a future life. Mankind walks down the left-hand side of Regent Street instead of the right, and meets a friend who asks him to dinner, and goes, and finds the turtle remarkably good, and the iced punch very cool and pleasant; and, being in a merry, jovial, idle mood, has no objection to a social rubber of whist—nay, to a few more glasses of that cool punch. In the most careless, good-humored way, he loses a few points; and still feels thirsty, and loses a few more points, and like a man of spirit increases his stakes, to be sure, and just by that walk down Regent Street is ruined for life. Or he walks down the right-hand side of Regent Street instead of the left, and, good heavens! who is that charming young creature who has just stepped into her carriage from Mr. Fraser's shop, and to whom and her mamma Mr. Fraser has made the most elegant bow in the world? It is the lovely Miss Moidore, with £100,000, who has remarked your elegant figure, and regularly drives to town on the first of the month to purchase her darling Magazine. You drive after her as fast as the hack-cab will carry you. She reads the Magazine the whole way. She stops at her papa's elegant villa at Hampstead, with a conservatory, a double coach-house, and a park-like paddock. As the lodge-gate separates you from that dear girl, she looks back just once, and blushes. *Erubuit, salva est res.* She has blushed, and you are all right. In a week you are introduced to the family, pronounced a charming young fellow, of high principles. In three weeks you have danced twenty-nine quadrilles with her, and whisked her through several miles of waltzes. In a month Mrs. O'Flaherty has flung herself into the arms of her mother, just having come from a visit to the village of Gretna, near Carlisle; and you have an account at your banker's ever after. What is the cause of all this good fortune? A walk on a particular side of Regent Street. And so true and indisputable is this fact, that there's a young north country gentleman with whom I am acquainted, that daily paces up and down the above named street for many hours, fully expecting that such an adventure will happen to him; for which end he keeps a cab in readiness at the corner of Vigo Lane.

Now, after a dissertation in this history, the reader is pretty sure to know that a moral is coming; and the facts connected

with our tale, which are to be drawn from the above little essay on fate, are simply these; 1. If Mr. Fitch had not heard Mr. Swigby invite *all* the ladies, he would have refused Swigby's invitation and stayed at home. 2. If he had not been in the carriage, it is quite certain that Miss Rosalind Macarty would not have been seated by him on the back seat. 3. If he had not been sulky, she never would have asked her papa to let her take his place on the box. 4. If she had not taken her papa's place on the box, not one of the circumstances would have happened which did happen; and which were as follows:

1. Miss Bella remained inside. 2. Mr. Swigby, who was wavering between the two, like a certain animal between two bundles of hay, was determined by this circumstance, and made proposals to Miss Linda, whispering to her: 'Miss, I aint equal to the like of you; but I'm hearty, healthy, and have £500 a year. Will you marry me?' In fact, this very speech had been taught him by cunning Gann, who saw well enough that Swigby would speak to one or other of his daughters. And to it the young lady replied, also in a whispering, agitated tone, 'Law, Mr. S. ! What an odd man ! How can you ?' And, after a little pause, added, '*Speak to mamma.*' 3. And this is the main point of my story: If little Caroline had been allowed to go out, she never would have been left alone with Brandon at Margate. When Fate wills that something should come to pass, she sends forth a million of little circumstances to clear and prepare the way.

In the month of April (as indeed in a half-a-score of other months of the year) the reader may have remarked that the cold northeast wind is prevalent; and that when, tempted by a glimpse of sunshine, he issues forth to take the air, he receives not only it, but such a quantity of it as is enough to keep him shivering through the rest of the miserable month. On one of these happy days of English weather (it was the very day before the pleasure party described in the last chapter) Mr. Brandon, cursing heartily his country, and thinking how infinitely more congenial to him were the winds and habits prevalent in other nations, was marching over the cliffs near Margate, in the midst of a storm of shrill east wind which no ordinary mortal could bear, when he found perched on the cliff, his fingers blue with cold, the celebrated Andrea Fitch, employed in sketching a land or a sea scape on a sheet of gray paper.

'You have chosen a fine day for sketching,' said Mr. Brandon bitterly, his thin aquiline nose peering out livid from the fur collar of his coat.

Mr. Fitch smiled, understanding the allusion.

'An hartist, sir,' said he, 'doesn't mind the coldness of the weather. There was a chap in the Academy who took sketches 20° below zero in Hiceland—Mount 'Ecla, sir! 'E was the man that gave the first hidea of Mount 'Ecla for the Surrey Zoölogical Gardens.'

'He must have been a wonderful enthusiast!' said Mr. Brandon: 'I fancy that most would prefer to sit at home, and not numb their fingers in such a freezing storm as this!'

'Storm, sir!' replied Fitch majestically; 'I live in a storm, sir! A true hartist is never so 'appy as when he can 'ave the advantage to gaze upon yonder tempestuous ocean in one of its hangry moods.'

'Ay, there comes the steamer,' answered Mr. Brandon; 'I can fancy that there are a score of unhappy people on board who are not artists, and would wish to behold your ocean quiet.'

'They are not poets, sir; the glorious hever-changing expression of the great countenance of Nature is not seen by them. I should consider myself unworthy of my hart, if I could not bear a little privation of cold or 'eat for its sake. And besides, sir, whatever their 'ardships may be, such a sight 'appily repays me; for, although my private sorrows may be (has they are) tremendous, I never can look abroad upon the green hearth and hawful sea, without in a measure forgetting my personal woes and wrongs; for what right has a poor creature like me to think of his affairs in the presence of such a spectacle as this? I can't, sir; I feel ashamed of myself; I bow my 'ead and am quiet. When I set myself to examining hart, sir (by which I mean nature), I don't dare to think of hanything else.'

'You worship a very charming and consoling mistress,' answered Mr. Brandon, with a supercilious air, lighting and beginning to smoke a cigar; 'your enthusiasm does you credit.'

'If you have another,' said Andrea Fitch, 'I should like to smoke one, for you seem to have a real feeling about hart, and I was a-getting so dcucedly cold here that really there was scarcely any bearing of it.'

'The cold is very severe,' replied Mr. Brandon.

'No, no, it's not the weather, sir!' said Mr. Fitch; 'it's here, sir, here' (pointing to the left side of his waistcoat).

'What! you, too, have had sorrows?'

'Sorrows, sir! hagonies—hagonies, which I 'ave never unfolded to any mortal! I 'ave hendured halmost heverything. Poverty, sir, 'unger, hobloquy, 'opeless love! but for my hart, sir, I should be the most miserable wretch in the world!'

And herewith Mr. Fitch began to pour forth into Mr. Bran-

don's ear the history of some of those sorrows under which he labored, and which he communicated to every single person who would listen to him.

Mr. Brandon was greatly amused by Fitch's prattle, and the latter told him under what privations he had studied his art; how he had starved for three years in Paris and Rome, while laboring at his profession; how meanly jealous the Royal Academy was, which would not exhibit a single one of his pictures; how he had been driven from the Eternal City by the attentions of an immense fat Mrs. Carrickfergus who absolutely proposed marriage to him; and how he was at this moment (a fact of which Mr. Brandon was already quite aware) madly and desperately in love with one of the most beautiful maidens in this world. For Fitch, having a mistress to his heart's desire, was boiling with impatience to have a confidant; what, indeed, would be the joy of love, if one were not allowed to speak of one's feelings to a friend who could know how to sympathize with them? Fitch was sure Brandon did, because Brandon was the very first person with whom the painter had talked since he had come to the resolution recorded in the last chapter.

'I hope she is as rich as that unlucky Mrs. Carrickfergus, whom you treated so cruelly?' said the confidant, affecting entire ignorance.

'Rich, sir? no, I thank Heaven, she has not a penny!' said Fitch.

'I presume, then, you are yourself independent,' said Brandon smiling; 'for in the marriage state, one or the other of the parties concerned should bring a portion of the filthy lucre.'

'Haven't I my profession, sir?' said Fitch majestically, having declared five minutes before that he starved in his profession. 'Do you suppose a painter gets nothing? Haven't I horders from the first people in Europe?—commissions, sir, to hexecute 'istory-pieces, battle-pieces, haltar-pieces?'

'Masterpieces, I am sure,' said Brandon, bowing politely; 'for a gentleman of your astonishing genius can do no other.'

The delighted artist received this compliment with many blushes, and vowed and protested that his performances were not really worthy of such high praise; but he fancied Mr. Brandon a great connoisseur, nevertheless, and unburdened his mind to him in a manner still more open. Fitch's sketch was by this time finished, and, putting his drawing implements together, he rose, and the gentlemen walked away. The sketch was hugely admired by Mr. Brandon, and when they came home, Fitch, culling it dexterously out of his book, presented it in a neat speech to his friend, 'the gifted hamateur.'

'The gifted hamateur' received the drawing with a profusion of thanks, and so much did he value it that he had actually torn off a piece to light a cigar with, when he saw that words were written on the other side of the paper, and deciphered the following:

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

A humble flower long since I pined,
Upon the solitary plain.
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the hitter rain.
And, oh! 'twas in a blessed hour,
A passing wanderer chanced to see
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
On dreary heath no more I pine,
But left my cheerless solitude.
To deck the breast of Caroline.

Alas! our days are brief at best,
Nor long I fear will mine endure,
Though sheltered here upon a breast
So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
It robs me of my sweetest breath;
And every time it falls and heaves,
It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forego
All joys of life to be as I;
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
And then content to die.

—ANDREA.

When Mr. Brandon had finished the perusal of these verses, he laid them down with an air of considerable vexation. 'Egad!' said he, 'this fellow, fool as he is, is not so great a fool as he seems; and if he goes on this way, may finish by turning the girl's head. They can't resist a man if he but presses hard enough—I know they can't!' And here Mr. Brandon mused over his various experiences, which confirmed his observation that be a man ever so silly, a gentlewoman will yield to him of sheer weariness. And he thought of several cases in which, by the persevering application of copies of verses, young ladies had been brought from dislike to sufferance of a man, from sufferance to partiality, and from partiality to St. George's, Hanover Square. 'A ruffian who murders his *h's* to carry off such a delicate little creature as that!' cried he in a transport; 'it shall never be if I can prevent it!' He thought Caroline more and more beautiful every instant, and was himself by this time almost as much in love with her as Fitch himself.

Mr. Brandon, then, saw Fitch depart in Swigby's carriage with no ordinary feelings of pleasure. Miss Caroline was not with them. 'Now is my time!' thought Brandon; and, ringing the bell, he inquired with some anxiety, from Becky, where Miss Caroline was? It must be confessed that mistress and maid were at their usual occupation, working and reading novels in the back parlor. Poor Carry! what other pleasure had she?

She had not gone through many pages, or Becky advanced many stitches in the darning of that tablecloth which the good housewife, Mrs. Gann, had confided to her charge, when a humble knock was heard at the door of the sitting room, that caused the blushing Caroline to tremble and drop her book as Miss Lydia Languish does in the play.

Mr. George Brandon entered with a very demure air. He held in his hand a black satin neck-scarf, of which a part had come to be broken. He could not wear it in its present condition, that was evident; but Miss Caroline was blushing and trembling a great deal too much to suspect that this wicked Brandon had himself torn his own scarf with his own hands one moment before he entered the room. I don't know whether Becky had any suspicions of this fact, or whether it was only the ordinary roguish look which she had when anything pleased her, that now lighted up her eyes and caused her mouth to expand smilingly, and her fat red cheeks to gather up into wrinkles.

'I have had a sad misfortune,' said he, 'and should be very much obliged indeed to Miss Caroline to repair it.' (Caroline was said with a kind of tender hesitation that caused the young woman so named to blush more than ever). 'It is the only stock I have in the world, and I can't go barenecked into the streets; can I, Mrs. Becky?'

'No, sure,' said Becky.

'Not unless I was a celebrated painter, like Mr. Fitch,' added Mr. Brandon, with a smile which was reflected speedily upon the face of the lady whom he wished to interest. 'Those great geniuses,' he added, 'may do anything.'

'For,' says Becky, 'hee's got enough beard on hee's face to keep hee's neck warm!' At which remark, though Miss Caroline very properly said, 'For shame, Becky!' Mr. Brandon was so convulsed with laughter that he fairly fell down upon the sofa on which Miss Caroline was seated. How she started and trembled, as he flung his arm upon the back of the couch! Mr. Brandon did not attempt to apologize for what was an act of considerable impertinence, but continued mercilessly to make many more jokes concerning poor Fitch, which were so cleverly suited to the comprehension of the maid and the young mistress as to elicit a great number of roars of laughter from the one, and to cause the other to smile in spite of herself. Indeed, Brandon had gained a vast reputation with Becky in his morning colloquies with her, and she was ready to laugh at any single word which it pleased him to utter. How many of his good things had this honest scullion carried downstairs to Caroline? and how pitilessly had she contrived to *estropier* them in their passage from the drawing room to the kitchen?

Well, then, while Mr. Brandon 'was a-going on,' as Becky said, Caroline had taken his stock, and her little fingers were occupied in repairing the damage he had done to it. Was it clumsiness on her part? Certain it is that the rent took several

minutes to repair; of them the *mangeur des cœurs* did not fail to profit, conversing in an easy, kindly, confidential way, which set our fluttering heroine speedily at rest, and enabled her to reply to his continual queries, addressed with much adroitness and an air of fraternal interest, by a number of those pretty little timid whispering yeses and noes, and those gentle, quick looks of the eyes, wherewith young and modest maidens are wont to reply to the questions of seducing young bachelors. Dear yeses and noes, how beautiful you are when gently whispered by pretty lips! glances of quick innocent eyes, how charming are you! and how charming the soft blush that steals over the cheek, toward which the dark lashes are drawing the blue-veined eyelids down! And here let the writer of this solemnly declare, upon his veracity, that he means nothing but what is right and moral. But look, I pray you, at an innocent, bashful girl of sixteen; if she be but good, she must be pretty. She is a woman now, but a girl still. How delightful all her ways are! How exquisite her instinctive grace! All the arts of all the Cleopatras are not so captivating as her nature. Who can resist her confiding simplicity, or fail to be touched and conquered by her gentle appeal to protection?

All this Mr. Brandon saw and felt, as many a gentleman educated in his school will. It is not because a man is a rascal himself, that he cannot appreciate virtue and purity very keenly; and our hero did feel for this simple, gentle, tender, artless creature, a real respect and sympathy—a sympathy so fresh and delicious that he was but too glad to yield to it and indulge in it, and which he mistook, probably, for a real love of virtue and a return to the days of his innocence.

Indeed, Mr. Brandon, it was no such thing. It was only because vice and debauch were stale for the moment, and this pretty virtue new. It was only because your cloyed appetite was long unused to this simple meat that you felt so keen a relish for it; and I thought of you only the last blessed Saturday, at Mr. Lovegrove's West India Tavern, Blackwall, where a company of fifteen epicures, who had scorned the turtle, pooh-poohed the punch, and sent away the whitebait, did suddenly and simultaneously make a rush upon—a dish of *beans and bacon*. And if the assiduous reader of novels will think upon some of the most celebrated works of that species which have lately appeared in this and other countries, he will find, amid much debauch of sentiment and enervating dissipation of intellect, that the writers have from time to time a returning appetite for innocence and freshness, and indulge

us with occasional repasts of beans and bacon. How long Mr. Brandon remained by Miss Caroline's side I have no means of judging; it is probable, however, that he stayed a much longer time than was necessary for the mending of his black satin stock. I believe, indeed, that he read to the ladies a great part of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, over which they were engaged; and interspersed his reading with many remarks of his own, both tender and satirical. Whether he was in her company half-an-hour or four hours this is certain, that the time slipped away very swiftly with poor Caroline; and when a carriage drove up to the door, and shrill voices were heard crying, 'Becky!' 'Carry!' and Rebecca the maid starting up cried, 'Lor, here's missus!' and Brandon jumped rather suddenly off the sofa, and fled up the stairs—when all these events took place, I know Caroline felt very sad indeed, and opened the door for her parents with a very heavy heart.

Swigby helped Miss Linda off the box with excessive tenderness. Papa was bustling and roaring in high good-humor, and called for 'hot water and tumblers immediately.' Mrs. Gann was gracious; and Miss Bell sulky, as she had good reason to be, for she insisted upon taking the front seat in the carriage before her sister, and had lost a husband by that very piece of obstinacy.

Mr. Fitch, as he entered, bestowed upon Caroline a heavy sigh and deep stare, and silently ascended to his own apartment. He was lost in thought. The fact is, he was trying to remember some verses regarding a violet, which he had made five years before, and which he had somehow lost from among his papers. So he went upstairs, muttering

'A humble flower long since I pined
Upon a solitary plain—'

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIBES A SHABBY GENTEEL MARRIAGE AND MORE LOVE-MAKING.

It will not be necessary to describe the particulars of the festivities which took place on the occasion of Mr. Swigby's marriage to Miss Macarty. The happy pair went off in a post chaise and four to the bridegroom's country-seat, accompanied by the bride's blushing sister; and when the first week of their matrimonial bliss was ended, that worthy woman, Mrs. Gann, with her excellent husband, went to visit the young couple. Miss Caroline was left, therefore, sole mistress of the house, and received special cautions from her mamma as to

prudence, economy, the proper management of the lodgers' bills, and the necessity of staying at home.

Considering that one of the gentlemen remaining in the house was a declared lover of Miss Caroline, I think it is a little surprising that her mother should leave her unprotected; but in this matter the poor are not so particular as the rich; and so this young lady was consigned to the guardianship of her own innocence, and the lodgers' loyalty: nor was there any reason why Mrs. Gann should doubt the latter. As for Mr. Fitch, he would have far preferred to be torn to pieces by 10,000 wild horses rather than to offer to the young woman any unkindness or insult; and how was Mrs. Gann to suppose that her other lodger was a whit less loyal? that he had any partiality for a person of whom he always spoke as a mean, insignificant little baby? So, without any misgivings, and in a one-horse fly with Mr. Gann by her side, with a brand-new green coat and gilt buttons, Juliana Gann went forth to visit her beloved child, and console her in her married state.

And here, were I allowed to occupy the reader with extraneous matters, I could give a very curious and touching picture of the Swigby *ménage*. Mrs. S., I am very sorry to say, quarreled with her husband on the third day after their marriage, and for what, pri'thee? Why, because he would smoke, and no gentleman ought to smoke. Swigby, therefore, patiently resigned his pipe, and with it one of the quietest, happiest, kindest companions of his solitude. He was a different man after this; his pipe was as a limb of his body. Having on Tuesday conquered the pipe, Mrs. Swigby on Thursday did battle with her husband's rum-and-water, a drink of an odious smell, as she very properly observed; and the smell was doubly odious, now that the tobacco-smoke no longer perfumed the parlor-breeze, and counteracted the odors of the juice of West India sugar-canes. On Thursday, then, Mr. Swigby and rum held out pretty bravely. Mrs. S. attacked the punch with some sharp-shooting and fierce charges of vulgarity; to which S. replied by opening the battery of oaths (chiefly directed to his own eyes, however), and loud protestations that he would never surrender. In three days more, however, the rum-and-water was gone. Mr. Swigby, defeated and prostrate, had given up that stronghold; his young wife and sister were triumphant; and his poor mother, who occupied her son's house, and had till now taken her place at the head of his table, saw that her empire was forever lost, and was preparing suddenly to succumb to the imperious claims of the mistress of the mansion.

All this, I say, I wish I had the liberty to describe at large, as also to narrate the arrival of majestic Mrs. Gann; and a battle royal which speedily took place between the two worthy mothers-in-law. Noble is the hatred of ladies who stand in this relation to each other; each sees what injury the other is inflicting upon her darling child; each mistrusts, detests, and to her offspring privily abuses the arts and crimes of the other. A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothers-in-law is so excessively hot that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile. Think of a wife who despises her husband and teaches him manners; of an elegant sister, who joins in rallying him (this was almost the only point of union between Bella and Linda now, for, since the marriage, Linda hated her sister consumedly). Think, I say, of two mothers-in-law, one, large, pompous, and atrociously genteel, another coarse and shrill, determined not to have her son put upon, and you may see what a happy fellow Joe Swigby was, and into what a piece of good luck he had fallen.

What would have become of him without his father-in-law? Indeed one shudders to think; but the consequence of that gentleman's arrival and intervention was speedily this: about four o'clock, when the dinner was removed, and the quarreling used commonly to set in, the two gents took their hats, and sallied out; and as one has found when the body is inflamed that the application of a stringent medicine may cause the ill to disappear for a while, only to return elsewhere with greater force; in like manner, Mrs. Swigby's sudden victory over the pipe and rum-and-water, although it had caused a temporary cessation of the evil of which she complained, was quite unable to stop it altogether; it disappeared from one spot only to rage with more violence elsewhere. In Swigby's parlor, rum and tobacco odors rose no more (except, indeed, when Mrs. Gann would partake of the former as a restorative); but if you could have seen the Half-Moon and Snuffers down the village; if you could have seen the good dry skittle-ground which stretched at the back of that inn, and the window of the back parlor which superintended that skittle-ground; if the hour at which you beheld these objects was evening, what time the rustics from their toils released, trolled the stout ball amid the rattling pins (the oaken pins that standing in the sun did cast long shadows on the golden sward); if you had remarked all this, I say, you would have also seen in the back parlor a

tallow candle twinkling in the shade, and standing on a little greasy table. Upon the greasy table was a pewter porter-pot and to the left a teaspoon glittering in a glass of gin; close to each of these two delicacies was a pipe of tobacco; and behind the pipe sat Mr. Gann and Swigby, who now made the Half-Moon and Snuffers their usual place of resort, and forgot their married cares.

In spite of all our promises of brevity, these things have taken some space to describe; and the reader must also know that some short interval elapsed ere they occurred. A month at least passed away before Mr. Swigby had decidedly taken up his position at the little inn; all this time, Gann was staying with his son-in-law, at the latter's most earnest request; and Mrs. Gann remained under the same roof at her own desire. Not the hints of her daughter, nor the broad questions of the dowager Mrs. Swigby, could induce honest Mrs. Gann to stir from her quarters. She had had her lodgers' money in advance, as was the worthy woman's custom; she knew Margate in April was dreadfully dull, and she determined to enjoy the country until the jovial town season arrived. The Canterbury coachman, whom Gann knew, and who passed through the village, used to take her cargo of novels to and fro; and the old lady made herself as happy as circumstances would allow. Should anything of importance occur during her mamma's absence, Caroline was to make use of the same conveyance, and inform Mrs. Gann in a letter.

Miss Caroline looked at her papa and mamma, as the vehicle which was to bear them to the newly married couple moved up the street; but, strange to say, she did not feel that heaviness of heart which she before had experienced when forbidden to share the festivities of her family, but was on this occasion more happy than any one of them; so happy that the young woman felt quite ashamed of herself, and Becky was fain to remark how her mistress's cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkled and turned perpetually to the door, and her whole little frame was in a flutter.

'I wonder if he will come,' said the little heart; and the eyes turned and looked at that well-known sofa-corner, where *he* had been placed a fortnight before. He looked exactly like Lord Byron, that he did, with his pale brow, and his slim bare neck; only not half so wicked—no, no. She was sure that her—her Mr. B.—her Bran——, her *George*, was as good as he was beautiful. Don't let us be angry with her for calling him *George*; the girl was bred in a humble, sentimental school; she did not know enough of society to be squeamish; she

never thought that she could be his really, and gave way in the silence of her fancy to the full extent of her affection for him.

She had not looked at the door above twenty-five times—that is to say, her parents had not quitted the house ten minutes—when, sure enough, the latch did rattle, the door opened, and, with a faint blush on his cheek, divine George entered. He was going to make some excuse, as on the former occasion; but he looked first into Caroline's face, which was beaming with joy and smiles; and the little thing in return regarded him, and—made room for him on the sofa. Oh, sweet instinct of love! Brandon had no need of excuses, but sat down, and talked away as easily, happily, and confidentially, and neither took any note of time. Andrea Fitch, the sly dog! witnessed the Gann departure with feelings of exultation, and had laid some deep plans of his own with regard to Miss Caroline. So strong was his confidence in his friend on the first floor that Andrea actually descended to those apartments, on his way to Mrs. Gann's parlor, in order to consult Mr. Brandon, and make known to him his plan of operations.

It would have made your heart break, or, at the very least, your sides ache, to behold the countenance of poor Mr. Fitch, as he thrust his bearded head in at the door of the parlor. There was Brandon lolling on the sofa at his ease; Becky in full good-humor; and Caroline, always absurdly inclined to blush, blushing at Fitch's appearance more than ever! She could not help looking from him shyly and gently into the face of Mr. Brandon. That gentleman saw the look, and did not fail to interpret it. It was a confession of love—an appeal for protection. A thrill of delightful vanity shot through Brandon's frame and made his heart throb, as he noticed this look of poor Caroline. He answered it with one of his own that was cruelly wrong, cruelly triumphant and sarcastic; and he shouted out to Mr. Fitch, with a loud, discordant tone which only made that young painter feel more awkward than ever he had been. Fitch made some clumsy speech regarding his dinner; whether that meal was to be held, in the absence of the parents, at the usual hour, and then took his leave.

The poor fellow had been pleasing himself with the notion of taking this daily meal *tête-à-tête* with Caroline. What progress would he make in her heart during the absence of her parents! Did it not seem as if the first marriage had been arranged on purpose to facilitate his own? He determined thus his plan of campaign. He would make, in the first place, the most beautiful drawing of Caroline that ever was seen. "The con-

versations I'll 'ave with her during the sittings,' says he, 'will carry me a pretty long way; the drawing itself will be so beautiful, that she can't resist that. I'll write her verses in her halbum, and make designs hallusive of my passion for her.' And so our pictorial Alnaschar dreamed and dreamed. He had, ere long, established himself in a house in Newman Street, with a footman to open the door. Caroline was upstairs, his wife, and her picture the crack portrait of the Exhibition. With her by his side, Andrea Fitch felt he could do anything. Half-a-dozen carriages at his door, a hundred guineas for a Kit-Cat portrait; Lady Fitch, Sir Andrew Fitch, the President's chair, all sorts of bright visions floated before his imagination; and as Caroline was the first precious condition of his preferment, he determined forthwith to begin and realize that.

But oh, disappointment! on coming down to dinner at three o'clock to that charming *tête-à-tête*, he found no less than four covers laid on the table, Miss Caroline blushing (according to custom) at the head of it; Becky, the maid, grinning at the foot; and Mr. Brandon sitting quietly on one side, as much at home, forsooth, as if he had held that position for a year.

The fact is, that the moment after Fitch retired, Brandon, inspired by jealousy, had made the same request which had been brought forward by the painter; nor must the ladies be too angry with Caroline, if, after some scruples and struggles, she yielded to the proposal. Remember that the girl was the daughter of a boarding-house, accustomed to continual dealings with her mamma's lodgers, and up to the present moment thinking herself as safe among them as the young person who walked through Ireland with a bright gold wand, in the song of Mr. Thomas Moore. On the point, however, of Brandon's admission, it must be confessed, for Caroline's honor, that she did hesitate. She felt that she entertained very different feelings toward him to those with which any other lodger or man had inspired her, and made a little movement of resistance at first. But the poor girl's modesty overcame this, as well as her wish. Ought she to avoid him? Ought she not to stifle any preference which she might feel toward him, and act toward him with the same indifference which she would show to any other person in a like situation? Was not Mr. Fitch to dine at table as usual, and had she refused him? So reasoned she in her heart. Silly little cunning heart! it knew that all these were lies, and that she *should* avoid the man; but she was willing to accept of any pretext for meetings, and so made a kind of compromise with her conscience. Dine he should; but Becky should dine too,

and be a protector to her. Becky laughed loudly at the idea of this, and took her place with huge delight.

It is needless to say a word about this dinner, as we have already described a former meal; suffice it to say that the presence of Brandon caused the painter to be excessively sulky and uncomfortable; and so gave his rival, who was gay, triumphant, and at his ease, a decided advantage over him. Nor did Brandon neglect to use this to the utmost. When Fitch retired to his own apartments—not jealous as yet, for the simple fellow believed every word of Brandon's morning conversation with him, but vaguely annoyed and disappointed—Brandon assailed him with all the force of ridicule; at all his manners, words, looks, he joked mercilessly; laughed at his low birth (Miss Gann, be it remembered, had been taught to pique herself upon her own family), and invented a series of stories concerning his past life which made the ladies—for Becky, being in the parlor, must be considered as such—conceive the greatest contempt and pity for the poor painter.

After this, Mr. Brandon would expatiate with much eloquence upon his own superior attractions and qualities. He talked of his cousin Lord So-and-so, with the easiest air imaginable; told Caroline what princesses he had danced with at foreign courts; frightened her with accounts of dreadful duels he had fought; in a word, 'posed' before her as a hero of the most sublime kind. How the poor little thing drank in all his tales; and how she and Becky (for they now occupied the same bedroom) talked over them at night!

Miss Caroline, as Mr. Fitch has already stated, had in her possession, like almost every young lady in England, a little square book called an album, containing prints from annuals; hideous designs of flowers; old pictures of faded fashions, cut out and pasted into the leaves; and small scraps of verses selected from Byron, Landon, or Mrs. Hemans; and written out in the girlish hand of the owner of the book. Brandon looked over this work with a good deal of curiosity—for he contended, always, that a girl's disposition might be learned from the character of this museum of hers—and found here several sketches by Mr. Fitch, for which, before that gentleman had declared his passion for her, Caroline had begged. These sketches the sentimental painter had illustrated with poetry, which, I must confess, Caroline thought charming, until now, when Mr. Brandon took occasion to point out how wretchedly poor the verses were (as indeed was the fact), and to parody them all. He was not unskillful at this kind of exercise, and

at the drawing of caricatures, and had soon made a dozen of both parodies and drawings, which reflected cruelly upon the person and the talents of the painter.

What now did this wicked Mr. Brandon do? He, in the first place, drew a caricature of Fitch; and secondly, having gone to a gardener's near the town, and purchased there a bunch of violets, he presented them to Miss Caroline, and wrote Mr. Fitch's own verses, before given, into her album. He signed them with his own initials, and thus declared open war with the painter.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH BRINGS A GREAT NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO MARGATE BY THE STEAMBOAT.

THE events which this history records began in the month of February. Time had now passed and April had arrived, and with it that festive season so loved by schoolboys, and called the Easter holidays. Not only the schoolboys, but men profit by this period of leisure; such men especially, as have just come into enjoyment of their own cups and saucers, and are in daily expectation of their whiskers—college men, I mean, who are persons more anxious than any others to designate themselves and each other by the manly title.

Among other men, then, my Lord Viscount Cinqbars, of Christ Church, Oxon., received a sum of money to pay his quarter's bill, and having written to his papa that he was busily engaged in reading for the little-go, and must, therefore, decline the delight he had promised himself of passing the vacation at Cinquars Hall, and having, the day after his letter was dispatched, driven to town tandem with young Tom Tuft-hunt, of the same university, and having exhausted the pleasures of the metropolis—the theaters, the Cider-cellars, the Finish, the station-houses, and other places which need by no means be here particularized—Lord Cinqbars, I say, growing tired of London at the end of ten days, quitted the metropolis somewhat suddenly; nor did he pay his hotel bill at Long's before his departure; but he left that document in possession of the landlord, as a token of his (my Lord Cinqbars') confidence in his host.

Tom Tufthunt went with my lord, of course (although of an aristocratic turn in politics, Tom loved and respected a lord as much as any democrat in England). And whither do you think this worthy pair of young gentlemen were bound? To no less a place than Margate; for Cinqbars was filled with

▲ longing to go and see his old friend Brandon, and determined, to use his own elegant words, 'to knock the old buck up.'

There was no adventure of consequence on board the steamer which brought Lord Cinqbars and his friend from London to Margate, and very few passengers besides. A wandering Jew or two were set down at Gravesend; the Rev. Mr. Wackerbart, and six unhappy little pupils whom the reverend gentleman had pounced upon in London, and was carrying back to his academy near Herne Bay; some of those inevitable persons of dubious rank who seem to have free tickets, and always eat and drink hugely with the captain; and a lady and her party, formed the whole list of passengers.

The lady—a very fat lady—had evidently just returned from abroad. Her great green traveling chariot was on the deck, and on all her imperials were pasted fresh large bills, with the words INCE'S BRITISH HOTEL, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER; for it is the custom of that worthy gentleman to seize upon and plaster all the luggage of his guests with tickets on which his name and residence are inscribed, by which simple means he keeps himself perpetually in their recollection, and brings himself to the notice of all other persons who are in the habit of peering at their fellow passengers' trunks to find out their names. I need not say what a large class this is.

Well; this fat lady had a courier, a tall whiskered man, who spoke all languages, looked like a field-marshal, went by the name of Donnerwetter, and rode on the box; a French maid Mlle. Augustine; and a little black page, called Saladin, who rode in the rumble. Saladin's whole business was to attend a wheezy, fat, white poodle who usually traveled inside with his mistress and her fair *compagnon de voyage*, whose name was Miss Runt. This fat lady was evidently a person of distinction. During the first part of the voyage, on a windy, sunshiny April day, she paced the deck stoutly, leaning on the arm of poor little Miss Runt; and after they had passed Gravesend, when the vessel began to pitch a good deal, retired to her citadel, the traveling chariot; to and from which the steward, the stewardess, and the whiskered courier were continually running with supplies—of sandwiches first, and afterward of very hot brandy-and-water; for the truth must be told, it was rather a rough afternoon, and the poodle was sick; Saladin was as bad; the French maid, like all French maids, was outrageously ill; the lady herself was very unwell indeed; and poor dear sympathizing Runt was qualmish.

'Ah, Runt!' would the fat lady say in the intervals, 'what a thing this malady de mare is! Oh, mong jew! Oh—oh!'

'It is, indeed, dear madam,' said Runt, and went 'Oh—oh!' in chorus.

'Ask the steward if we are near Margate, Runt.' And Runt did, and asked this question every five minutes, as people do on these occasions.

'Issy, Monsieur Donnerwetter; ally dimandy ung pew d'ò sho poor mwaw.'

'Et de l'eau de fie afec, n'est-ce-bas, matame?' said Mr. Donnerwetter.

'Wee, wee, comme vous vouly.'

And Donnerwetter knew very well what 'comme vous vouly' meant, and brought the liquor exactly in the wished-for state.

'Ah, Runt, Runt! there's something even worse than sea-sickness. Heigh-ho!'

'Dear, dear Marianne, don't flutter yourself,' cries Runt, squeezing a fat paw of her friend and patroness between her own bony fingers. 'Don't agitate your nerves, dear. I know you're miserable; but haven't you got a friend in your faithful Runt?'

'You're a good creater, that you are,' said the fat lady, who seemed herself to be a good-humored old soul; 'and I don't know what I should have done without you. Heigh-ho!'

'Cheer up, dear! you'll be happier when you get to Margate; you know you will,' cried Runt, very knowingly.

'What do you mean, Elizabeth?'

'You know very well, dear Marianne. I mean that there's some one there will make you happy; though he's a nasty wretch, that he is, to have treated my darling beautiful Marianne so.'

'Runt, Runt, don't abuse that best of men. Don't call me beautiful—I'm not, Runt; I have been, but I aint now; and oh! no woman in the world is assy bong poor lui.'

'But an angel is; and you are, as you always was, an angel, as good as an angel, as kind as an angel, as beautiful as one.'

'Ally dong,' said her companion, giving her a push; 'you flatter me, Runt, you know you do.'

'May I be struck down dead if I don't say the truth; and if he refuses you, as he did at Rome, that is if, after all his attentions and vows, he's faithless to you, I say he's a wretch, that he is; and I *will* say he's a wretch, and he *is* a wretch—a nasty, wicked wretch!'

'Elizabeth, if you say that, you'll break my heart, you will! Vous casserez mong pover cure.' But Elizabeth swore, on the contrary, that she would die for her Marianne, which consoled the fat lady a little.

A great deal more of this kind of conversation took place during the voyage; but as it occurred inside a carriage, so that to hear it was very difficult, and as possibly it was not of that edifying nature which would induce the reader to relish many chapters of it, we shall give no further account of the ladies' talk; suffice it to say, that about half-past four o'clock the journey ended, by the vessel bringing up at Margate Pier. The passengers poured forth, and hied to their respective homes or inns. My lord Cinqbars and his companion (of whom we have said nothing, as they on their sides had scarcely spoken a word the whole way, except 'deuce-ace,' 'quatertray,' 'sizes,' and so on, being occupied ceaselessly in drinking bottled stout and playing backgammon) ordered their luggage to be conveyed to Wright's Hotel, whither the fat lady and suite followed them. The house was vacant, and the best rooms in it were placed, of course, at the service of the newcomers. The fat lady sailed out of her bedroom toward her saloon, just as Lord Cinqbars, cigar in mouth, was swaggering out of his parlor. They met in the passage; when, to the young lord's surprise, the fat lady dropped him a low courtesy, and said: 'Munseer le Vecomte de Cinqbars, sharmy de vous voir. Vous vous rappelez de mwaw, n'est-ce pas? Je vous ai vew à Rome—shay l'ambassade, vous savy.'

Lord Cinqbars stared her in the face and pushed by her without a word, leaving the fat lady rather disconcerted.

'Well, Runt, I'm sure,' said she, 'he need not be so proud. I've met him twenty times at Rome, when he was a young chap with his tutor.'

'Who the devil can that fat foreigner be?' mused Lord Cinqbars. 'Hang her, I've seen her somewhere; but I'm cursed if I understand a word of her jabber.' And so, dismissing the subject, he walked on to Brandon's.

'Dang it, it's a strange thing!' says the landlord of the hotel; 'but both my lord and the fat woman in No. 9 have asked their way to Mother Gann's lodging.' For so did he dare to call that respectable woman!

It was true; as soon as No. 9 had eaten her dinner, she asked the question mentioned by the landlord; and, as this meal occupied a considerable time, the shades of evening had by this time fallen upon the quiet city; the silver moon lighted up the bay, and, supported by a numerous and well-appointed train of gas-lamps, illuminated the streets of a town—of autumn eves so crowded and so gay; of gusty April nights, so desolate. At this still hour (it might be half-past seven) two ladies passed

the gates of Wright's Hotel, 'in shrouding mantle wrapped, and velvet cap.' Up the deserted High Street toiled they, by gaping rows of empty bathing-houses, by melancholy Jolly's French bazaar, by moldy pastry cooks, blank reading rooms, by fishmongers who never sold a fish, mercers who vended not a yard of ribbon—because, as yet, the season was not come, and Jews and Cockneys still remained in town. At High Street's corner, near to Hawley Square, they passed the house of Mr. Fincham, chemist, who doth not only healthful drugs supply, but likewise sells cigars—the worst cigars that ever mortal man gave threepence for.

Up to this point, I say, I have had a right to accompany the fat lady and Miss Runt; but whether, on arriving at Mr. Fincham's, they turned to the left, in the direction of the Royal Hotel, or to the right, by the beach, the bathing-machines, and queer rickety old row of houses, called Buenos Ayres, no power on earth shall induce me to say; suffice it, they went to Mrs. Gann's. Why should we set all the world gadding to a particular street, to know where that lady lives? They arrived before that lady's house at about eight o'clock. Every house in the street had bills on it except hers (bitter mockery, as if anybody came down at Easter)! and at Mrs. Gann's house there was a light in the garret, and another in the two-pair front. I believe I have not mentioned before that all the front windows were bow or bay windows; but so much the reader may know.

The two ladies, who had walked so far, examined wistfully the plate on the door, stood on the steps for a short time, retreated, and conversed with one another.

'O Runt! said the stouter of the two, 'he's here—I know he's here; mong cure le dee—my heart tells me so.' And she put a large hand upon a place on her left side, where there once had been a waist.

'Do you think he looks front or back, dear?' asked Runt. 'Per'aps he's not at home.'

'That—that's his croisy,' said the stout person: 'I know it is;' and she pointed with instinctive justice to the two-pair. 'Ecouty!' she added, 'he's coming; there's someone at that window. Oh, mong jew, mong jew! c'est André, c'est lui!'

The moon was shining full on the face of the bow window of Mrs. Gann's house; and the two fair spies, who were watching on the other side, were, in consequence, completely in shadow. As the lady said, a dark form was seen in the two-pair front; it paced the room for a while, for no blinds were drawn. It then flung itself on a chair, its head on its hands; it

then began to beat its brows wildly, and paced the room again. Ah! how the fat lady's heart throbbed as she looked at all this!

She gave a piercing shriek—almost fainted! and little Runt's knees trembled under her, as with all her might she supported, or rather pushed up, the falling figure of her stout patroness, who saw at that instant Fitch come to the candle with an immense pistol in his hand, and give a most horrible grin as he looked at it and clasped it to his breast.

'Unhand me, Runt; he's going to kill himself! It's for me! I know it is—I will go to him! Andrea, my Andrea!' And the fat lady was pushing for the opposite side of the way, when suddenly the second-floor window went clattering up, and Fitch's pale head was thrust out.

He had heard a scream, and had possibly been induced to open the window in consequence; but by the time he had opened it he had forgotten everything, and put his head vacantly out of the window, and gazed, the moon shining cold on his pale features.

'Pallid horb!' said Fitch, 'shall I ever see thy light again? Will another night see me on this hearth, or view me, stark and cold, a lifeless corpse?' He took his pistol up, and slowly aimed it at a chimney-pot opposite. Fancy the fat lady's sensations, as she beheld her lover standing in the moonlight and exercising this deadly weapon.

'Make ready—present—fire!' shouted Fitch, and did instantaneously, not fire off, but lower his weapon. 'The bolt of death is sped!' continued he, clapping his hand on his side. 'The poor painter's life is over! Caroline, Caroline, I die for thee!'

'Runt, Runt, I told you so!' shrieked the fat lady. 'He is dying for me, and Caroline's my second name.'

What the fat lady would have done more, I can't say; for Fitch, disturbed out of his reverie by her talking below, looked out, frowning vacantly; and saying, 'Ulloh! we've hinterlopers 'ere!' suddenly banged down the window, and pulled down the blinds.

This gave a check to the fat lady's projected rush, and disconcerted her a little. But she was consoled by Miss Runt, promised to return on the morrow, and went home happy in the idea that her Andrea was faithful to her.

Alas, poor fat lady! little did you know the truth. It was Caroline Gann Fitch was raving about; and it was a part of his last letter to her, to be delivered after his death, that he was spouting out of the window.

Was the crazy painter going to fight a duel, or was he going to kill himself? This will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF WAR AND LOVE, AND MANY THINGS THAT ARE NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD IN CHAP. VII.

FITCH's verses, inserted in a previous chapter of this story (and of which lines, by the way, the printer managed to make still greater nonsense than the ingenious bard ever designed), had been composed many years before; and it was with no small trouble and thought that the young painter called the greater part of them to memory again, and furbished up a copy for Caroline's album. Unlike the love of most men, Andrea's passion was not characterized by jealousy and watchfulness; otherwise he would not have failed to perceive certain tokens of intelligence from time to time between Caroline and Brandon, and the lady's evident coldness to himself. The fact is, the painter was in love with being in love, entirely absorbed in the consideration of the fact that he, Andrea Fitch, was at last enamored; and he did not mind his mistress much more than Don Quixote did Dulcinea del Toboso.

Having rubbed up his verses, then, and designed a pretty emblematical outline which was to surround them, representing an arabesque of violets, dewdrops, fairies, and other objects, he came down one morning, drawing in hand; and having informed Caroline, who was sitting very melancholy in the parlor, pre-occupied, with a pale face and red eyes, and not caring twopence for the finest drawing in the world—having informed her that he was going to make in her album a humble offering of his heart, poor Fitch was just on the point of sticking in the drawing with gum, as painters know very well how to do, when his eye lighted upon a page of the album, in which nestled a few dried violets and—his own verses, signed with the name of George Brandon.

'Miss Caroline—Miss Gann, ma'm!' shrieked Fitch, in a tone of voice which made the young lady start out of a profound reverie, and cry, nervously, 'What in heaven is the matter?'

'These verses, madam—a faded violet—word for word, gracious 'eavens! every word!' roared Fitch, advancing with the book.

She looked at him rather vacantly, and as the violets caught her eye, put out her hand, and took them. 'Do you know the hawthor, Miss Gann, of "The faded Violets?"'

'Author? Oh, yes; they are—they are George's!' She burst into tears as she said that word; and, pulling the little faded

flowers to pieces, went sobbing out of the room. Dear, dear little Caroline! she has only been in love two months, and is already beginning to feel the woes of it!

It cannot be from want of experience—for I have felt the noble passion of love many times these forty years, since I was a boy of twelve (by which the reader may form a pretty good guess of my age)—it cannot be, I say, from want of experience that I am unable to describe, step by step, the progress of a love affair; nay, I am perfectly certain that I could, if I chose, make a most astonishing and heartrending *liber amoris*; but, nevertheless, I always feel a vast repugnance to the following out of a subject of this kind, which I attribute to a natural diffidence and sense of shame that prevent me from enlarging on a theme that has in it something sacred—certain arcana which an honest man, although initiated into them, should not divulge.

If such coy scruples and blushing delicacy prevent one from passing the threshold even of an honorable love, and setting down, at so many guineas or shillings per page, the pious emotions and tenderness of two persons chastely and legally engaged in sighing, ogling, hand-squeezing, kissing, and so forth (for with such outward signs I believe that the passion of love is expressed), if a man feel, I say, squeamish about describing an innocent love, he is doubly disinclined to describe a guilty one; and I have always felt a kind of loathing for the skill of such geniuses as Rousseau or Richardson, who could paint with such painful accuracy all the struggles and woes of Eloise and Clarissa; all the wicked arts and triumphs of such scoundrels as Lovelace.

We have in this history a scoundrelly Lovelace in the person going by the name of George Brandon, and a dear, tender, innocent, yielding creature on whom he is practicing his infernal skill; and whether the public feel any sympathy for her or not, the writer can only say, for his part, that he heartily loves and respects poor little Caroline, and is quite unwilling to enter into any of the slow, painful, wicked details of the courtship which passed between her and her lover.

Not that there was any wickedness on *her* side, poor girl! or that she did anything but follow the natural and beautiful impulses of an honest little female heart, that leads it to trust and love and worship a being of the other sex, whom the eager fancy invests with all sorts of attributes of superiority. There was no wild, conceited tale that Brandon told Caroline which she did not believe; no virtue which she could conceive or had read of in novels with which she did not endow him. Many long talks had they, and many sweet, stolen interviews, during the

periods in which Caroline's father and mother were away making merry at the house of their son-in-law; and while she was left under the care of her virtue and of Becky the maid. Indeed, it was a blessing that the latter was left in the joint guardianship. For Becky, who had such an absurd opinion of her young lady's merit as to fancy that she was a fit wife for any gentleman of the land, and that any gentleman might be charmed and fall in love with her, had some instinct, or possibly some experience, as to the passions and errors of youth, and warned Caroline accordingly. 'If he's really in love, miss, and I think he be, he'll marry you; if he won't marry you, he's a rascal, and you're too good for him, and must have nothing to do with him.' To which Caroline replied that she was sure Mr. Brandon was the most angelic, high-principled of human beings, and that she was sure his intentions were of the most honorable description.

We have before described what Mr. Brandon's character was. He was not a man of honorable intentions at all. But he was a gentleman of so excessively eager a temperament that, if properly resisted by a practiced coquette, or by a woman of strong principles, he would sacrifice anything to obtain his ends, — nay, marry to obtain them; and, considering his disposition, it is only a wonder that he had not been married a great number of times already; for he had been in love perpetually since his seventeenth year. By which the reader may pretty well appreciate the virtue or the prudence of the ladies with whom hitherto our inflammable young gentleman had had to do.

The fruit, then, of all his stolen interviews, of all his prayers, vows, and protestations to Caroline, had been only this, that she loved him; but loved him as an honest girl should, and was ready to go to the altar with him when he chose. He talked about his family, his peculiar circumstances, his proud father's curse. Little Caroline only sighed, and said her dearest George must wait until he could obtain his parent's consent. When pressed harder, she would burst into tears, and wonder how one so good and affectionate as he could propose to her anything unworthy of them both. It is clear to see that the young lady had read a vast number of novels and knew something of the nature of love; and that she had a good principle and honesty of her own which set her lover's schemes at naught: indeed, she had both these advantages—her education, such as it was, having given her the one, and her honest nature having endowed her with the other.

On the day when Fitch came down to Caroline with his

verses, Brandon had pressed these unworthy propositions upon her. She had torn herself violently away from him, and rushed to the door; but the poor little thing fell before she could reach it, screaming in a fit of hysterics which brought Becky to her aid, and caused Brandon to leave her, abashed. He went out; she watched him go, and stole up into his room, and laid on his table the first letter she had ever written to him. It was written in pencil, in a trembling schoolgirl hand, and contained simply the following words:

George, you have almost broken my heart. Leave me if you will, and if you dare not act like an honest man. If ever you speak to me so again as you did this morning, I declare solemnly, before Heaven, I will take poison. C.

Indeed, the poor thing had read romances to some purpose; without them, it is probable, she never would have thought of such a means of escape from her lover's persecutions; and there was something in the girl's character that made Brandon feel sure that she would keep her promise. How the words agitated him! He felt a violent mixture of raging disappointment and admiration, and loved the girl 10,000 times more than ever.

Mr. Brandon had scarcely finished the reading of this document, and was yet agitated by the various passions which the perusal of it created, when the door of his apartment was violently flung open, and someone came in. Brandon started, and turned round, with a kind of dread that Caroline had already executed her threat and that a messenger was come to inform him of her death. Mr. Andrea Fitch was the intruder. His hat was on—his eyes were glaring; and if the beards of men did stand on end anywhere but in poems and romances, his, no doubt, would have formed round his countenance a bristling auburn halo. As it was, Fitch only looked astonishingly fierce, as he stalked up to the table, his hands behind his back. When he had arrived at this barrier between himself and Mr. Brandon, he stopped, and, speechless, stared that gentleman in the face.

'May I beg, Mr. Fitch, to know what has procured me the honor of this visit?' exclaimed Mr. Brandon after a brief pause of wonder.

'Honor!—ha ha, ha!' growled Mr. Fitch, in a most sardonic, discordant way—'*honor!*'

'Well, sir, honor or no honor, I can tell you, my good man, it certainly is no pleasure!' said Brandon testily. 'In plain English, then, what the devil has brought you here?'

Fitch plumped the album down on the table close to Mr. Brandon's nose, and said, '*That* has brought me, sir—that halbum, sir; or, I ask your pardon, that a—album—ha, ha, ha!'

'Oh, I see!' said Mr. Brandon, who could not refrain from

a smile. 'It was a cruel trick of mine, Fitch, to rob you of your verses; but all's fair in love.'

'Fitch, sir! don't Fitch me, sir! I wish to be intimate honly with men of h-honor, not with forgers, sir; not with 'artless miscreants! Miscreants, sir, I repeat; vipers, sir; b-b-b-blackguards, sir!'

'Blackguards, sir!' roared Mr. Brandon, bouncing up; 'blackguards, you dirty Cockney mountebank! Quit the room, sir, or I'll fling you out of the window!'

'Will you, sir? try, sir; I wish you may get it, sir. I'm a hartist, sir, and as good a man as you. Miscreant, forger, traitor, come on!'

And Mr. Brandon *would* have come on, but for a circumstance that deterred him; and this was, that Mr. Fitch drew from his bosom a long, sharp, shining, waving poniard of the Middle Ages, that formed a part of his artistical properties, and with which he had armed himself for this encounter.

'Come on, sir!' shrieked Fitch, brandishing this fearful weapon. 'Lay a finger on me, and I bury this blade in your treacherous 'art. Ha! do you tremble?'

Indeed, the aristocratic Mr. Brandon turned somewhat pale.

'Well, well,' said he, 'what do you want? Do you suppose I am to be bullied by your absurd melodramatic airs? It was, after all, but a joke, sir, and I am sorry that it has offended you. Can I say more? what shall I do?'

'You shall hapologize; not only to me, sir, but you shall tell Miss Caroline, in my presence, that you stole those verses from me, and used them quite unauthorized by me.'

'Look you, Mr. Fitch, I will make you another set of verses quite as good, if you like; but what you ask is impossible.'

'I will 'asten myself, then, to Miss Caroline, and acquaint her with your dastardly forgery, sir. I will hopen her heyeyes, sir!'

'You may hopen her heyeyes, as you call them, if you please; but I tell you fairly that the young lady will credit me rather than you; and if you swear ever so much that the verses are yours, I must say that——'

'Say what, sir?'

'Say that you *lie*, sir!' said Mr. Brandon, stamping on the ground. 'I'll make you other verses, I repeat; but this is all I can do, and now go about your business!'

'Curse your verses, sir! liar and forger yourself! Hare you a coward as well, sir? A coward! yes, I believe you are; or will you meet me to-morrow morning like a man, and give me satisfaction for this hinfamous hinsult?'

'Sir,' said Mr. Brandon, with the utmost stateliness and scorn, 'if you wish to murder me as you do the king's English, I won't balk you. Although a man of my rank is not called upon to meet a blackguard of your condition, I will, nevertheless, grant you your will. But have a care; by Heavens, I won't spare you, and I can hit an ace of hearts at twenty paces!'

'Two can play at that,' said Mr. Fitch calmly; 'and if I can't hit a hace of 'arts at twenty paces, I can hit a man at twelve, and to-morrow I'll try.' With which, giving Mr. Brandon a look of the highest contempt, the young painter left the room.

What were Mr. Brandon's thoughts as his antagonist left him? Strange to say, rather agreeable. He had much too great a contempt for Fitch to suppose that so low a fellow would ever think seriously of fighting him, and reasoned with himself thus:

'This Fitch, I know, will go off to Caroline, tell her the whole transaction, frighten her with the tale of a duél, and then she and I shall have a scene. I will tell her the truth about those infernal verses; menace death, blood, and danger, and then——'

Here he fell back into a charming reverie; the wily fellow knew what power such a circumstance would give him over a poor weak girl, who would do anything rather than that her beloved should risk his life. And with this dastardly speculation as to the price he should ask for refraining from meeting Fitch, he was entertaining himself; when, much to his annoyance, that gentleman again came into the room.

'Mr. Brandon,' said he, 'you have insulted me in the grossest and cruelest way.'

'Well, sir, are you come to apologize?' said Brandon sneeringly.

'No, I'm not come to apologize, Mr. Aristocrat; it's past that. I'm come to say this, sir, that I take you for a coward; and that, unless you will give me your solemn word of honor not to mention a word of this quarrel to Miss Gann, which might prevent our meeting, I will never leave you till we *do* fight!'

'This is outrageous, sir! Leave the room, or by Heavens I'll not meet you at all!'

'Heasy, sir; easy, I beg your pardon; I can force you to that!'

'And how, pray, sir?'

'Why, in the first place, here's a stick, and I'll 'orsewhip you; and here are a pair of pistols, and we can fight now!'

'Well, sir, I give you my honor,' said Mr. Brandon, in a diabolical rage; and added, 'I'll meet you to-morrow, not now; and you need not be afraid that I'll miss you!'

'Hadew, sir,' said the chivalrous little Fitch; 'bon giorno, sir,

as we used to say at Rome.' And so, for the second time, he left Mr. Brandon, who did not like very well the extraordinary courage he had displayed.

'What the deuce has exasperated the fellow so?' thought Brandon.

Why, in the first place, he had crossed Fitch in love; and, in the second, he had sneered at his pronunciation and his gentility, and Fitch's little soul was in a fury which nothing but blood would allay; he was determined, for the sake of his hart and his lady, to bring this proud champion down.

So Brandon was at last left to his cogitations; when, confusion! about five o'clock came another knock at his door.

'Come in!' growled the owner of the lodgings.

A sallow, blear-eyed, rickety, undersized creature, tottering upon a pair of high-heeled lacquered boots and supporting himself upon an immense gold-knobbed cane, entered the room with his hat on one side and a jaunty air. It was a white hat with a broad brim, and under it fell a great deal of greasy lank hair, that shrouded the cheek-bones of the wearer. The little man had no beard to his chin, appeared about twenty years of age, and might weigh, stick and all, some seven stone. If you wish to know how this exquisite was dressed, I have the pleasure to inform you that he wore a great sky-blue embroidered satin stock, in the which figured a carbuncle that looked like a lambent gooseberry. He had a shawl-waistcoat of many colors; a pair of loose blue trousers, neatly strapped to show his little feet; a brown cut-away coat with brass buttons, that fitted tight round a spider waist; and over all a white or drab surtout, with a sable collar and cuffs, from which latter on each hand peeped five little fingers covered with lemon-colored kid gloves. One of these hands he held constantly to his little chest; and, with a hoarse thin voice, he piped out:

'George, my buck! how goes it?'

We have been thus particular in our description of the costume of this individual (whose inward man strongly corresponded with his manly and agreeable exterior) because he was the person whom Mr. Brandon most respected in the world.

'CINQBARS!' exclaimed our hero; 'why, what the deuce has brought you to Margate?'

'Fwendship, my old cock!' said the Honorable Augustus Frederick Ringwood, commonly called Viscount Cinqbars, for indeed it was he. 'Fwendship and the *City of Canterbury* steamer!' and herewith his lordship held out his right-hand forefinger to Brandon, who inclosed it most cordially in all

his. 'Wathn't it good of me, now, George, to come down and conthole you in thith curthed, thtupid place—hay, now?' said my lord, after these salutations.

Brandon swore he was very glad to see him, which was very true, for he had no sooner set his eyes upon his lordship than he had determined to borrow as much money from him as ever he could induce the young nobleman to part with.

'I'll tell you how it wath, my boy; you thee I wath thtopping at Long'th, when I found, by Jove, that the governor wath come to town! Cuth me I if didn't meet the infernal old family dwag, with my mother, thithterth, and all, ath I wath dwiving a hack-cab with Polly Tomkinth in the Pawk! Tho when I got home, "Hang it!" thayth I to Tufthunt, "Tom, my boy," thaith I, "I've just theenthe governor, and mutht be off!" "What, back to Ockthford?" thaith Tom. "No," thaith I, "that *won't* do. Abroad—to Jewicho—anywhere. Egad, I have it. I'll go down to Margate and thee old George, that I will." And tho off I came the very next day; and here I am, and thereth dinner waiting for uth at the hotel, and thixth bottelth of champagne in ithe, and thum thalmon: tho you mutht come.'

To this proposition Mr. Brandon readily agreed, being glad enough of the prospect of a good dinner and some jovial society, for he was low and disturbed in spirits, and so promised to dine with his friend at the Sun.

The two gentlemen conversed for some time longer. Mr. Brandon was a shrewd fellow, and knew perfectly well a fact of which, no doubt, the reader has a notion—namely, that Lord Cinqbars was a ninny. But, nevertheless, Brandon esteemed him highly as a lord. We pardon stupidity in lords; nature or instinct, however sarcastic a man may be among ordinary persons, renders him toward men of quality benevolently blind; a divinity hedges not only the king, but the whole peerage.

'That's the girl, I suppose,' said my lord, knowingly winking at Brandon: 'that little pale girl, who let me in, I mean. A nice little filly, upon my honor, Georgy, my buck!'

'Oh—that—yes—I wrote, I think, something about her,' said Brandon, blushing slightly; for, indeed, he now began to wish that his friend should make no comments upon a young lady with whom he was so much in love.

'I suppose it's all up now?' continued my lord, looking still more knowing. 'All over with her, hay? I saw it was by her looks, in a minute.'

'Indeed you do me a great deal too much honor. Miss—ah—Miss Gann is a very respectable young person, and I would

not for the world have you to suppose that I would do anything that should the least injure her character.'

At this speech Lord Cinqbars was at first much puzzled, but, in considering, it was fully convinced that Brandon was a deeper dog than ever. Boiling with impatience to know the particulars of this delicate intrigue, this cunning diplomatist determined he would pump the whole story out of Brandon by degrees; and so, in the course of half an hour's conversation that the young men had together, Cinqbars did not make less than forty allusions to the subject that interested him. At last Brandon cut him short haughtily, by begging that he would make no further allusions to the subject, as it was one that was excessively disagreeable to him.

In fact, there was no mistake about it now. George Brandon was in love with Caroline. He felt that he was while he blushed at his friend's alluding to her; while he grew indignant at the young lord's coarse banter about her.

Turning the conversation to another point, he asked Cinqbars about his voyage, and whether he had brought any companion with him to Margate; whereupon my Lord related all his feats in London, how he had been to the Watch-house, how many bottles of champagne he had drunk, how he had 'milled' a policeman, etc., etc.; and he concluded by saying that he had come down with Tom Tufthunt, who was at the inn at that very moment smoking a cigar.

This did not increase Brandon's good-humor; and when Cinqbars mentioned his friend's name, Brandon saluted it mentally with a hearty curse. These two gentlemen hated each other of old. Tufthunt was a small college man of no family, with a foundation fellowship; and it used to be considered that a sporting fellow of a small college was a sad, ruffish, disreputable character. Tufthunt, then, was a vulgar fellow, and Brandon a gentleman, so they hated each other. They were both toadies of the same nobleman, so they hated each other. They had had some quarrel at college about a disputed bet, which Brandon knew he owed, and so they hated each other; and in their words about it Brandon had threatened to horsewhip Tufthunt, and called him a 'sneaking, swindling, small college snob;' and so little Tufthunt, who had not resented the words, hated Brandon far more than Brandon hated him. The latter only had a contempt for his rival, and voted him a profound bore and vulgarian.

So, although Mr. Tufthunt did not choose to frequent Mr. Brandon's rooms, he was very anxious that his friend, the

young lord, should not fall into his bear-leader's hands again, and came down to Margate to counteract any influence which the arts of Brandon might acquire.

'Curse the fellow!' thought Tufthunt in his heart (there was a fine reciprocity of curses between the two men); 'he has drawn Cinqbar already for £50 this year, and will have some half of his last remittance, if I don't keep a lookout, the swindling thief!'

And so frightened was Tufthunt at the notion of Brandon's return to power and dishonest use of it, that he was at the time on the point of writing to Lord Ringwood to tell him of his son's doings, only he wanted some money deucedly himself. Of Mr. Tufthunt's *physique* and history it is necessary merely to say that he was the son of a country attorney who was agent to a lord; he had been sent to a foundation-school, where he distinguished himself for ten years, by fighting and being flogged more than any boy of the five hundred. From the foundation-school he went to college with an exhibition, which was succeeded by a fellowship, which was to end in a living. In his person Mr. Tufthunt was short and bow-legged; he wore a sort of clerico-sporting costume, consisting of a black straightcut coat and light drab breeches, with a vast number of buttons at the ankles; a sort of dress much affected by sporting gentlemen of the university in the author's time.

Well, Brandon said he had some letters to write, and promised to follow his friend, which he did; but, if the truth must be told, so infatuated was the young man become with his passion, with the resistance he had met with, and so nervous from the various occurrences of the morning, that he passed the half hour during which he was free from Cinqbars' society in kneeling, imploring, weeping at Caroline's little garret door, which had remained piteously closed to him. He was wild with disappointment, mortification—mad, longing to see her. The cleverest coquette in Europe could not have so inflamed him. His first act on entering the dinner room was to drink off a large tumbler of champagne; and when Cinqbars, in his elegant way, began to rally him upon his wildness, Mr. Brandon only growled and cursed with a frightful vehemency, and applied himself again to the bottle. His face, which had been quite white, grew a bright red; his tongue, which had been tied, began to chatter vehemently; before the fish was off the table, Mr. Brandon showed strong symptoms of intoxication; before the desert appeared, Mr. Tufthunt, winking knowingly to Lord Cinqbars, had begun to draw him out; and Brandon,

with a number of shrieks and oaths, was narrating the history of his attachment.

'Look you, Tufthunt,' said he wildly; 'hang you, I hate you, but I *must* talk! I've been for two months now in this cursed hole; in a rickety lodging, with a vulgar family; as vulgar, by Jove, as you are yourself!'

Mr. Tufthunt did not like this style of address half so much as Lord Cinqbars, who was laughing immoderately, and to whom Tufthunt whispered rather sheepishly, 'Pooh, pooh, he's drunk!'

'*Drunk!* no, sir!' yelled out Brandon. 'I'm mad, though, with the prudery of a little devil of fifteen, who has cost me more trouble than it would take me to seduce every one of your sisters—ha, ha! every one of the Miss Tufthunts, by Jove! Miss Suky Tufthunt, Miss Dolly Tufthunt, Miss Anna Maria Tufthunt, and the whole bunch. Come, sir, don't sit scowling at *me*, or I'll brain you with the decanter. [Tufthunt was down again on the sofa.] I've borne with the girl's mother, and her father, and her sisters, and a cook in the house, and a scoundrel of a painter, that I'm going to fight about her; and for what? why, for a letter, which says, "George, I'll kill myself! George, I'll kill myself!" ha, ha! a little devil like that *killing* herself—ah, ha! and I—I who—who adore her, who am mad for——'

'Mad, I believe he is,' said Tufthunt; and at this moment Mr. Brandon was giving the most unequivocal signs of madness; he plunged his head into the corner of the sofa, and was kicking his feet violently into the cushions.

'You don't understand him, Tufty, my boy,' said Lord Cinqbars, with a very superior air. 'You aint up to these things, I tell you; and I suspect, by Jove, that you never were in love in your life. I know what it is, sir. And as for Brandon, Heaven bless you! I've often seen him in that way when we were abroad. When he has an intrigue, he's mad about it. Let us see, there was the Countess Fritzch, at Baden-Baden; there was the woman at Pau; and that girl at Paris, was it? no, at Vienna. He went on just so about them all; but I'll tell you what, when *we* do the thing, we do it easier, my boy, hay?'

And so saying, my lord cocked up his little fallow, beardless face into a grin, and then fell to eying a glass of execrable claret across a candle. *An intrigue*, as he called it, was the little creature's delight; and until the time should arrive when he could have one himself, he loved to talk of those of his friends.

As for Tufthunt, we may fancy how that gentleman's previous affection for Brandon was increased by the latter's brutal

address to him. Brandon continued to drink and to talk, though not always in the sentimental way in which he had spoken about his loves and injuries. Growing presently madly jocose as he had before been madly melancholy, he narrated to the two gentlemen the particulars of his quarrel with Fitch, mimicking the little painter's manner in an excessively comic way, and giving the most ludicrous account of his person, kept his companions in a roar of laughter. Cinqbars swore that he would see the fun in the morning, and agreed that if the painter wanted a second, either he or Tuffthunt would act for him.

Now my Lord Cinqbars had an excessively clever servant, a merry rogue, whom he had discovered in the humble capacity of scout's assistant at Christ Church, and raised to be his valet. The chief duties of the valet were to black his lord's beautiful boots, that we have admired so much, and put his lordship to bed when overtaken with liquor. He heard every word of the young men's talk (it being his habit, much encouraged by his master, to join occasionally in the conversation); and in the course of the night, when at supper with M. Donnerwetter and Mlle. Augustine, he related every word of the talk above stairs, mimicking Brandon quite as cleverly as the latter had mimicked Fitch. When, then, after making his company laugh by describing Brandon's love-agonies, Mr. Tom informed them how that gentleman had a rival, with whom he was going to fight a duel the next morning—an artist-fellow with an immense beard, whose name was Fitch, to his surprise Mlle. Augustine burst into a scream of laughter, and exclaimed, '*Feesh, Feesh! c'est notre homme; it is our man, sare! Saladin, remember you Mr. Fish?*'

Saladin said gravely, 'Missa Fis, Missa Fis! know 'um quite well, Missa Fis! Painter-man, big beard, gib Saladin bit injyrubby, missus lub Missa Fis!'

It was too true; the fat lady was the famous MRS. CARRICK-FERGUS, and she had come all the way from Rome in pursuit of her adored painter.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH THREATENS DEATH, BUT CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF MARRYING.

As the morrow was to be an eventful day in the lives of all the heroes and heroines of this history, it will be as well to state how they passed the night previous. Brandon, like the English before the battle of Hastings, spent the evening in

feasting and carousing; and Lord Cinqbars, at twelve o'clock, his usual time after his usual quantity of drink, was carried up to bed by the servant kept by his lordship for that purpose. Mr. Tufthunt took this as a hint to wish Brandon good-night, at the same time promising that he and Cinqbars would not fail him in the morning about the duel.

Shall we confess that Mr. Brandon, whose excitement now began to wear off, and who had a dreadful headache, did not at all relish the idea of the morrow's combat?

'If,' said he, 'I shoot this crack-brained painter, all the world will cry out, "Murder!" If he shoot me all the world will laugh at me! And yet, confound him! he seems so bent upon blood that there is no escaping a meeting.'

'At any rate,' Brandon thought, 'there will be no harm in a letter to Caroline.' So, on arriving at home, he sat down and wrote a very pathetic one; saying that he fought in her cause, and if he died his last breath should be for her. So having written, he jumped into bed, and did not sleep one single wink all night.

As Brandon passed his night like the English, Fitch went through his like the Normans in fasting, and mortification, and meditation. The poor fellow likewise indited a letter to Caroline; a very long and strong one, interspersed with pieces of poetry, and containing the words we have just heard him utter out of the window. Then he thought about making his will; but he recollected, and, indeed, it was a bitter thought to the young man, that there was not one single soul in the wide world cared for him—except, indeed, thought he, after a pause, that poor Mrs. Carrickfergus at Rome, who *did* like me, and was the only person who ever bought my drawings. So he made over all his sketches to her, regulated his little property, found that he had money enough to pay his washerwoman; and so, having disposed of his worldly concerns, Mr. Fitch also jumped into bed, and speedily fell into a deep sleep. Brandon could hear him snoring all night, and did not feel a bit the more comfortable because his antagonist took matters so unconcernedly.

Indeed, our poor painter had no guilty thoughts in his breast nor any particular revenge against Brandon, now that the first pangs of mortified vanity were over. But, with all his vagaries, he was a man of spirit; and after what had passed in the morning, the treason that had been done him, and the insults heaped upon him, he felt that the duel was irrevocable. He had a misty notion, imbibed somewhere, that it was part of a gentleman's duty to fight duels, and had long been seeking for an opportunity. 'Suppose I do die,' said he, 'what's the odds? Caroline doesn't

care for me. Dr. Wackerbart's boys won't have their drawing-lesson next Wednesday, and no more will be said of poor Andrea.'

And now for the garret. Caroline was wrapped up in her own woes, poor little soul! and in the arms of the faithful Becky cried herself to sleep. But the slow hours passed on, and the tide, which had been out, now came in; and the lamps waxed fainter and fainter; and the watchman cried six o'clock; and the sun arose and gilded the minarets of Margate; and Becky got up and scoured the steps and kitchen and made ready the lodgers' breakfast; and at half-past eight there came a thundering rap at the door, and two gentlemen, one with a mahogany case under his arm, asked for Mr. Brandon, and were shown up to his room by the astonished Becky, who was bidden by Mr. Brandon to get breakfast for three.

The thundering rap awakened Mr. Fitch, who rose and dressed himself in his best clothes, gave a twist of the curling tongs to his beard, and conducted himself throughout with perfect coolness. Nine o'clock struck, and he wrapped his cloak round him, and put under his cloak that pair of foils which we have said he possessed, and did not know in the least how to use. However, he had heard his *camarades d'atelier*, at Paris and Rome, say that they were the best weapons for duelling; and so forth he issued.

Becky was in the passage down; she was always scrubbing there. 'Becky,' said Fitch, in a hollow voice, 'here is a letter; if I should not return in half an hour, give it to Miss Gann, and promise on your honor that she shall not have it sooner.' Becky promised. She thought the painter was at some of his mad tricks. He went out of the door, saluting her gravely.

But he went only a few steps and came back again. 'Becky,' said he, 'you—you've always been a good girl to me, and here's something for you; per'aps we shan't—we shan't see each other for some time.' The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he handed her over 7s. 4½*d.*, being every farthing he possessed in the world.

'Well, I'm sure!' said Becky; and that was all she said, for she pocketed the money, and fell to scrubbing again.

Presently the three gentlemen upstairs came clattering down. 'Lord bless you, don't be in such a 'urry!' exclaimed Becky: 'it's full herly yet, and the water's not biling.'

'We'll come back to breakfatht, my dear,' said one, a little gentleman in high-heeled boots; 'and, I thay, mind and have thum thoda-water.' And he walked out, twirling his cane. His friend with the case followed him. Mr. Brandon came last.

He too turned back after he had gone a few paces. 'Becky,' said he, in a grave voice, 'if I am not back in half-an-hour, give that to Miss Gann.'

Becky was fairly flustered by this; and after turning the letters round and round, and peeping into the sides, and looking at the seals very hard, she like a fool determined that she would not wait half-an-hour, but carry them up to Miss Caroline; and so up she mounted, finding pretty Caroline in the act of lacing her stays.

And the consequence of Becky's conduct was that little Carry left off lacing her stays (a sweet little figure the poor thing looked in them; but that is neither here nor there), took the letters, looked at one, which she threw down directly; at the other, which she eagerly opened, and having read a line or two, gave a loud scream, and fell down dead in a fainting fit.

Waft us, O Muse! to Mr. Wright's hotel, and quick narrate what chances there befell. Very early in the morning Mlle. Augustine made her appearance in the apartment of Miss Runt, and with great glee informed the lady of the event which was about to take place. 'Figurez-vous, mademoiselle, que notre homme va se battre—oh, but it will be droll to see him sword in hand!'

'Don't plague me with your ojoues servants' quarrels, Augustine; that horrid courier is always quarreling and tipsy.'

'Mon Dieu, qu'elle est bête!' exclaimed Augustine; 'but I tell you it is not the courier; it is he, le'objet, le peintre dont madame s'est amourachée, M. Feesh.'

'Mr. Fitch!' cried Runt, jumping up in bed. 'Mr. Fitch going to fight! Augustine, my stockings—quick, my *robe-de-chambre*—tell me when, how, where?'

And so Augustine told her that the combat was to take place at nine that morning, behind the Windmill, and that the gentleman with whom Mr. Fitch was to go out had been dining at the hotel the night previous, in company with the little milor, who was to be his second.

Quick as lightning flew Runt to the chamber of her patroness. That lady was in a profound sleep; and I leave you to imagine what were her sensations on waking and hearing this dreadful tale.

Such is the force of love that, although, for many years, Mrs. Carrickfergus had never left her bed before noon, although in all her wild wanderings after the painter she, nevertheless, would have her tea and cutlet in bed, and her doze likewise, before she set forth on a journey—she now started up in an

instant, forgetting her nap, mutton-chops, everything, and began dressing with a promptitude which can only be equaled by Harlequin when disguising himself in a pantomime. She would have had an attack of nerves, only she knew there was no time for it; and I do believe that twenty minutes were scarcely over her head, as the saying is, when her bonnet and cloak were on, and with her whole suite, and an inn-waiter or two whom she pressed into her service, she was on full trot to the field of action. For twenty years before, and from that to this, Marianne Carrickfergus never had or has walked so quickly.

‘Hullo, here ’th a go!’ exclaimed Lord Viscount Cinqbars as they arrived on the ground behind the Windmill; ‘cuth me, there’th only one man!’

This was indeed the case; Mr. Fitch, in his great cloak, was pacing slowly up and down the grass, his shadow stretching far in the sunshine. Mr. Fitch was alone too; for the fact is, he had never thought about a second. This he admitted frankly, bowing with much majesty to the company as they came up. ‘But that, gents,’ said he, ‘will make no difference, I hope, nor prevent fair play from being done.’ And, flinging off his cloak, he produced the foils, from which the buttons had been taken off. He went up to Brandon and was for offering him one of the weapons, just as they do at the theater. Brandon stepped back, rather abashed; Cinqbars looked posed; Tufthunt delighted. ‘Ecod,’ said he, ‘I hope the bearded fellow will give it him.’

‘Excuse me, sir,’ said Mr. Brandon; ‘as the challenged party, I demand pistols.’

Mr. Fitch, with great presence of mind and gracefulness, stuck the swords into the grass.

‘Oh, pithtolth, of courth,’ lisped my lord; and presently called aside Tufthunt, to whom he whispered something in great glee; to which Tufthunt at first, saying, ‘No, d— him, let him fight.’ ‘And your fellowthip and living, Tufty, my boy?’ interposed my lord; and then they walked on. After a couple of minutes, during which Mr. Fitch was employed in examining Mr. Brandon from the toe upward to the crown of his head, or hat, just as Mr. Widdicombe does Mr. Cartlich, before those two gentlemen proceed to join in combat on the boards of Astley’s Amphitheater (indeed poor Fitch had no other standard of chivalry)—when Fitch had concluded this examination, of which Brandon did not know what the deuce to make, Lord Cinqbars came back to the painter, and gave him a nod.

'Sir,' said he, 'as you have come unprovided with a second, I, with your leave, will act as one. My name is Cinqbars—Lord Cinqbars; and though I had come to the ground to act as the friend of my friend here, Mr. Tufthunt will take that duty upon him; and as it appears to me there can be no other end to this unhappy affair, we will proceed at once.'

It is a marvel how Lord Cinqbars ever made such a gentlemanly speech. When Fitch heard that he was to have a lord for a second, he laid his hand on his chest, vowed it was the greatest h-honor of his life, and was turning round to walk toward his ground, when my lord, gracefully thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and bringing his thumb up to his nose, twiddled about his fingers for a moment, and said to Brandon, 'Gammon!'

Mr. Brandon smiled, and heaved a great, deep, refreshing sigh. The truth was, a great load was taken off his mind, of which he was very glad to be rid; for there was something in the coolness of that crazy painter that our fashionable gentleman did not at all approve of.

'I think, Mr. Tufthunt,' said Lord Cinqbars, very loud, 'that considering the gravity of the case—threatening horsewhipping, you know, lie on both sides, and lady in the case—I think we must have the barrier duel.'

'What's that?' asked Fitch.

'The simplest thing in the world, and,' in a whisper, 'let me add, the best for you. Look here. We shall put you at twenty paces, and a hat between you. You walk forward and fire when you like. When you fire, you stop; and you both have the liberty of walking up to the hat. Nothing can be more fair than that.'

'Very well,' said Fitch; and, with a great deal of preparation, the pistols were loaded.

'I tell you what,' whispered Cinqbars to Fitch, 'if I hadn't chosen this way you were a dead man. If he fires he hits you dead. You must not let him fire, but have him down first.'

'I'll try,' said Fitch, who was a little pale, and thanked his noble friend for his counsel. The hat was placed, and the men took their places.

'Are you all ready?'

'Ready,' said Brandon.

'Advance when I drop my handkerchief.' And presently down it fell, Lord Cinqbars crying, 'Now!'

The combatants both advanced, each covering his man. When he had gone six paces, Fitch stopped, fired, and—missed. He grasped his pistol tightly, for he was very near dropping it; and then stood biting his lips, and looking at Brandon, who grinned savagely, and walked up to the hat.

‘Will you retract what you said of me yesterday, you villain?’ said Brandon.

‘I can’t.’

‘Will you beg for life?’

‘No.’

‘Then take a minute, and make your peace with God, for you are a dead man.’

Fitch dropped his pistol to the ground, shut his eyes for a moment, and flinging up his chest and clenching his fists, said, ‘*Now I’m ready.*’

Brandon, *fired*, and strange to say, Andrea Fitch, as he gasped and staggered backward, saw, or thought he saw, Mr. Brandon’s pistol flying up in the air, where it went off, and heard that gentleman yell out an immense oath in a very audible voice. When he came to himself, a thick stick was lying at Brandon’s feet; Mr. Brandon was capering about the ground, cursing and shaking a maimed elbow, and a whole posse of people were rushing upon them. The first was the great German courier, who rushed upon that gentleman, and shouted, ‘Schelm! spitzbube! blagard! goward!’ in his ear. ‘If I had not drawn my stick and brogen his damtarm, he wod have murdered dat booryoungman.’

The German’s speech contained two unfounded assertions; in the first place Brandon would not have murdered Fitch; and, secondly, his arm was not broken—he had merely received a blow on that part which anatomists call the funny-bone; a severe blow, which sent the pistol spinning into the air, and caused the gentleman to scream with pain. Two waiters seized upon the murderer, too; a baker, who had been brought from his rounds, a bellman, several boys, were yelling round him, and shouting out, ‘Pole-e-eace!’

Next to these came, panting and blowing, some women. Could Fitch believe his eyes? that fat woman in red satin! yes—no—yes—he was, he was in the arms of Mrs. Carrickfergus!

The particulars of this meeting are too delicate to relate. Suffice it that somehow matters were explained, Mr. Brandon was let loose, and a fly was presently seen to drive up, into which Mr. Fitch consented to enter with his new-found friend.

Brandon had some good movements in him. As Fitch was getting into the carriage, he walked up to him and held out his left hand; ‘I can’t offer you my right hand, Mr. Fitch, for that cursed courier’s stick has maimed it; but I hope you will allow me to apologize for my shameful conduct to you, and to say that I never in my life met a more gallant fellow than yourself.’

‘That he is, by Jove!’ said my Lord Cinqbars.

Fitch blushed as red as a peony, and trembled very much. 'And yet,' said he, 'you would have murdered me just now, Mr. Brandon. I can't take your 'and, sir.'

'Why, you great flat,' said my lord wisely, 'he couldn't have hurt you, nor you him. There wath no ballth in the pithtolth.'

'What!' said Fitch, staring back, 'do you gents call that a *joke*? Oh, my lord, my lord!' And here poor Fitch actually burst into tears on the red satin bosom of Mrs. Carrickfergus; she and Miss Runt were crying as hard as they could. And so, amid much shouting and huzzaing, the fly drove away.

'What a blubbering, abthurd donkey!' said Cinqbars, with his usual judgment; 'aint he, Tufthunt?'

Tufthunt, of course, said yes; but Brandon was in a virtuous mood. 'By heavens! I think his tears do the man honor. When I came out with him this morning, I intended to act fairly by him. And as for Mr. Tufthunt, who calls a man a coward because he cries—Mr. Tufthunt knows well what a pistol is, and that some men don't care to face it, brave as they are.'

Mr. Tufthunt understood the hint, and bit his lips and walked on. And as for that worthy moralist, Mr. Brandon, I am happy to say that there was some good fortune in store for him which, though similar in kind to that bestowed lately upon Mr. Fitch, was superior in degree.

It was no other than this that, forgetting all maidenly decency and decorum, before Lord Viscount Cinqbars, and his friend, that silly little creature, Caroline Gann, rushed out from the parlor into the passage—she had been at the window ever since she was rid of her fainting fit, and ah! what agonies of fear had that little panting heart endured during the half-hour of her lover's absence! Caroline Gann, I say, rushed into the passage, and leaped upon the neck of Brandon, and kissed him, and called him her dear, dear, dear, darling George, and sobbed, and laughed, until George, taking her round the waist gently carried her into the little dingy parlor, and closed the door behind him.

'Egad,' cried Cinqbars, 'thith ith quite a *thene!* Hullo, Becky, Polly, what'th your name? bring uth up the breakfatht; and I hope you've remembered the thoda-water. Come along upthtairth, Tufty, my boy.'

When Brandon came upstairs and joined them, which he did in a minute or two, consigning Caroline to Becky's care, his eyes were full of tears; and when Cinqbars began to rally him in his usual delicate way, Brandon said gravely, 'No laughing, sir, if you please; for I swear that that lady before long shall be my wife.'

‘Your wife! and what will your father say, and what will your duns say, and what will Miss Goldmore say, with her £100,000?’ cried Cinqbars.

‘Miss Goldmore be hanged,’ said Brandon, ‘and the duns too; and my father may reconcile himself to it as he can.’ And here Brandon fell into a reverie.

‘It’s no use thinking,’ he cried, after a pause. ‘You see what a girl it is, Cinqbars. I love her—by heavens, I’m mad with love for her! She shall be mine, let what will come of it. And besides,’ he added, in a lower tone of voice, ‘why need my father know anything about it?’

‘Oh, flames and furies, what a lover it is!’ exclaimed his friend. ‘But, by Jove, I like your spirit; and hang all governors says I. Stop—a bright thought! If you must marry, why here’s Tom Tufthunt, the very man to do your business.’ Little Lord Cinqbars was delighted with the excitement of the affair, and thought to himself, ‘By Jove, this *is* an intrigue.’

‘What, is Tufthunt in orders?’ said Brandon.

‘Yes,’ replied that reverend gentleman; ‘don’t you see my coat? I took orders six weeks ago, on my fellowship. Cinqbars’ governor has promised me a living.’

‘And you shall marry George here, so you shall.’

‘What, without a license?’

‘Hang the license! we won’t peach, will we, George?’

‘Her family must know nothing of it,’ said George, ‘or *they* would.’

‘Why should they? Why shouldn’t Tom marry you in this very room, without any church or stuff at all?’

Tom said; ‘You’ll hold me out, my lord, if anything comes of it; and, if Brandon likes, why I *will*. He’s done for if he does,’ muttered Tufthunt, ‘and I have had my revenge on him, the bullying, supercilious blackleg.’

And soon that very day, in Brandon’s room, without a license, and by that worthy clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Tufthunt, with my Lord Cinqbars for the sole witness, poor Caroline Gann, who knew no better, who never heard of licenses, and did not know what banns meant, was married in a manner to the person calling himself George Brandon; George Brandon not being his real name.

No writings at all were made, and the ceremony merely read through. Becky, Caroline’s sole guardian, when the poor girl kissed her and, blushing, showed her gold ring, thought all was in order; and the happy couple set off for Dover that day, with £50 which Cinqbars lent the bridegroom.

Becky received a little letter from Caroline, which she

promised to carry to her mamma at Swigby's; and it was agreed that she was to give warning, and come and live with her young lady. Next morning Lord Cinqbars and Tufthunt took the boat for London; the latter uneasy in mind, the former vowing that 'he'd never spent such an exciting day in his life, and loved an intrigue of all things.'

Next morning, too, the great traveling-chariot of Mrs. Carrickfergus rolled away with a bearded gentleman inside. Poor Fitch had been back to his lodgings to try one more chance with Caroline, and he arrived in time—to see her get into a post chaise alone with Brandon.

Six weeks afterward *Galignani's Messenger* contained the following announcement:

Married, at the British embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, Andrew Fitch, Esq., to Marianne Caroline Matilda, widow of the late Antony Carrickfergus, of Lombard Street and Gloucester Place, Esq. The happy pair, after a magnificent *dejeûner*, set off for the south in their splendid carriage-and-four. Miss Runt officiated as bridesmaid; and we remarked among the company Earl and Countess Crabs, General Sir Rice Curry, K. C. B., Colonel Wapshot, Sir Charles Swang, the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and his lady, Count Punter, and others of the *life* of the fashionables now in Paris. The bridegroom was attended by his friend Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq.; and the lady was given away by the Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs. On the departure of the bride and bridegroom the festivities were resumed, and many a sparkling bumper of Meurice's champagne was quaffed to the health of the hospitable and interesting couple.

And with one more marriage this chapter shall conclude. About this time the British Auxiliary Legion came home from Spain; and Lieut.-Gen. Swabber, knight of San Fernando, of the order of Isabella the Catholic, of the Tower and Sword, who, as plain Lieut. Swabber, had loved Miss Isabella Macarty, as a general now acutely married her. I leave you to suppose how glorious Mrs. Gann was, and how Gann got tipsy at the Bag of Nails; but as her daughters each insisted upon their £30 a year income, and Mrs. Gann had so only £60 left, she was obliged still to continue the lodging-house at Margate, in which have occurred the most interesting passages of this SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

Becky never went to her young mistress, who was not heard of after she wrote the letter to her parent, saying that she was married to Mr. Brandon; but, for *particular reasons*, her dear husband wished to keep his marriage secret, and for the present her beloved parents must be content to know she was happy. Gann missed his little Carry at first a good deal, but spent more and more of his time at the ale house, as his house with only Mrs. Gann in it was too hot for him. Mrs. Gann talked unceasingly of her daughter the squire's lady, and her daughter the general's wife; but never once mentioned Caroline after the first burst of wonder and wrath at her departure. God bless thee, poor Caroline! Thou art happy now, for some short space at least; and here, therefore, let us leave thee.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

CHAPTER I.

DOCTOR FELL.

‘Nor attend her own son when he is ill!’ said my mother. ‘She does not deserve to have a son!’ And Mrs. Pendennis looked toward her only darling while uttering this indignant exclamation. As she looked, I know what passed through her mind. She nursed me, she dressed me in little caps and long-clothes, she attired me in my first jacket and trousers. She watched at my bedside through my infantile and juvenile ailments. She tended me through all my life, she held me to her heart with infinite prayers and blessings. She is no longer with us to bless and pray; but from heaven, where she is, I know her love pursues me; and often and often I think she is here, only invisible.

‘Mrs. Firmin would be of no good,’ growled Dr. Good-enough. ‘She would have hysterics, and the nurse would have two patients to look after.’

‘Don’t tell *me*,’ cries my mother, with a flush on her cheeks. ‘Do you suppose if that child’ (meaning, of course, her paragon) ‘were ill, I would not go to him?’

‘My dear, if that child were hungry, you would chop off your head to make him broth,’ says the doctor, sipping his tea.

‘*Potage à la bonne femme*,’ says Mr. Pendennis. ‘Mother, we have it at the club. You would be done with milk, eggs, and a quantity of vegetables. You would be put to simmer for many hours in an earthen pan, and——’

‘Don’t be horrible, Arthur!’ cries a young lady, who was my mother’s companion of those happy days.

‘And people when they knew you would like you very much.’

My uncle looked as if he did not understand the allegory.

‘What is this you are talking about *potage à la*—what d’ye-call-’im?’ says he. ‘I thought we were speaking of Mrs. Firmin of Old Parr Street. Mrs. Firmin is a doosid delicate woman,’ interposed the Major. ‘All the females of that family are. Her mother died early. Her sister, Mrs. Twysden, is very delicate.’

She would be of no more use in a sick-room than—than a bull in a china shop, begad: and she might catch the fever, too.'

'And so might you, Major!' cries the doctor. 'Aren't you talking to me, who have just come from the boy? Keep your distance, or I shall bite you.'

The old gentleman gave a little backward movement with his chair.

'Gad, it's no joking matter," says he; 'I've known fellows catch fevers at—at—ever so much past my age. At any rate, the boy is no boy of mine, begad! I dine at Firmin's house, who has married into a good family, though he is only a doctor and——'

'And pray what was my husband?' cried Mrs. Pendennis.

'Only a doctor, indeed!' calls out Goodenough. 'My dear creature, I have a great mind to give him the scarlet fever this minute!'

'My father was a surgeon and apothecary, I have heard,' says the widow's son.

'And what then? And I should like to know if a man of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom—in the empire, begad!—hasn't a right to pursoo a learned, a useful, an honorable profession. My brother John was——'

'A medical practitioner!' I say, with a sigh.

And my uncle arranges his hair, puts his handkerchief to his teeth, and says:

'Stuff! nonsense—no patience with these personalities, begad! Firmin is a doctor, certainly—so are you—so are others. But Firmin is a university man, and a gentleman. Firmin has traveled. Firmin is intimate with some of the best people in England, and has married into one of the first families. Gad, sir, do you suppose that a woman bred up in the lap of luxury—in the very lap, sir—at Ringwood and Whipham, and at Ringwood House in Walpole Street, where she was absolute mistress, begad—do you suppose such a woman is fit to be nurse tender in a sick-room? She never *was* fit for that, or for anything except—' (here the Major saw smiles on the countenances of some of his audience)—'except, I say, to preside at Ringwood House and—and adorn society, and that sort of thing. And if such a woman choose to run away and marry below her rank—why, *I* don't think it's a laughing matter; hang me if I do.'

'And so she stops at the Isle of Wight, while the poor boy remains at school,' sighs my mother.

'Firmin can't come away. He is in attendance on the Grand Dook. The prince is never easy without Firmin. He has

given him his Order of the Swan. They are moving heaven and earth in high quarters; and I bet you even, Goodenough, that that boy whom you have been attending will be a baronet—if you don't kill him off with your confounded potions and pills, begad!

Dr. Goodenough only gave a humph and contracted his great eyebrows.

My uncle continued:

'I know what you mean. Firmin is a gentlemanly man—a handsome man. I remember his father, Brand Firmin, at Valenciennes with the Dook of York—one of the handsomest men in Europe. Firebrand Firmin they used to call him—a red-headed fellow—a tremendous duelist; shot an Irishman—became serious in after life, and that sort of thing—quarreled with his son, who was doosid wild in early days. Gentlemanly man, certainly, Firmin. Black hair; his father had red. So much the better for the doctor; but—but—we understand each other, I think, Goodenough? and you and I have seen some queer fishes in our time.'

And the old gentleman winked and took his snuff graciously, and, as it were, puffed the Firmin subject away.

'Was it to show me a queer fish that you took me to Dr. Firmin's house in Parr Street?' asked Mr. Pendennis of his uncle. 'The house was not very gay, nor the mistress very wise, but they were all as kind as might be; and I am very fond of the boy.'

'So did Lord Ringwood, his mother's uncle, like him,' cried Major Pendennis. 'That boy brought about a reconciliation between his mother and his uncle, after her runaway match. I suppose you know she ran away with Firmin, my dear?'

My mother said 'she had heard something of the story.' And the Major once more asserted that Dr. Firmin was a wild fellow twenty years ago. At the time of which I am writing he was Physician to the Plethoric Hospital, Physician to the Grand Duke of Gröningen, and knight of his Order of the Black Swan, member of many learned societies, the husband of a rich wife, and a person of no small consideration.

As for his son, whose name figures at the head of these pages, you may suppose he did not die of the illness about which we had just been talking. A good nurse waited on him, though his mamma was in the country. Though his papa was absent, a very competent physician was found to take charge of the young patient, and preserve his life for the benefit of his family and the purposes of this history.

We pursued our talk about Philip Firmin and his father,

and his grand-uncle the Earl, whom Major Pendennis knew intimately well, until Dr. Goodenough's carriage was announced, and our kind physician took leave of us, and drove back to London. Some who spoke on that summer evening are no longer here to speak or listen. Some who were young then have topped the hill and are descending toward the valley of the shadows. 'Ah,' says old Major Pendennis, shaking his brown curls, as the Doctor went away; 'did you see, my good soul, when I spoke about his *confrère*, how glum Goodenough looked? They don't love each other, my dear. Two of a trade don't agree, and besides I have no doubt the other doctor fellows are jealous of Firmin because he lives in the best society. A man of good family, my dear. There has already been a great *rapprochement*; and if Lord Ringwood is quite reconciled to him, there's no knowing what luck that boy of Firmin's may come to.'

Although Dr. Goodenough might think but lightly of his *confrère*, a great portion of the public held him in much higher estimation; and especially in the community of Grey Friars, of which the kind reader has heard in previous works of the present biographer, Dr. Brand Firmin was a very great favorite, and received with much respect and honor. Whenever the boys at school were afflicted with the common ailments of youth, Mr. Spratt, the school apothecary, provided for them; and by the simple, though disgusting remedies which were in use in those times, generally succeeded in restoring his young patients to health. But if young Lord Egham (the Marquis of Ascot's son, as my respected reader very likely knows) happened to be unwell, as was frequently the case, from his lordship's great command of pocket-money and imprudent fondness for the contents of the pastrycook's shop; or if any very grave case of illness occurred in the school, then, quick, the famous Dr. Firmin of Old Parr Street, Burlington Gardens, was sent for, and an illness must have been very severe, if *he* could not cure it. Dr. Firmin had been a schoolfellow, and remained a special friend of the head-master. When young Lord Egham, before mentioned (he was our only lord, and therefore we were a little proud and careful of our darling youth), got the erysipelas, which swelled his head to the size of a pumpkin, the doctor triumphantly carried him through his illness, and was complimented by the head-boy in his Latin oration on the annual speech-day for his superhuman skill and godlike delight *salutem hominibus dando*. The head-master turned toward Dr. Firmin, and bowed; the governors and bigwigs buzzed to

one another, and looked at him; the boys looked at him: the physician held his handsome head down toward his shirt frill. His modest eyes would not look up from the spotless lining of the broad-brimmed hat on his knees. A murmur of applause hummed through the ancient hall, a scuffling of young feet, a rustling of new cassocks among the masters, and a refreshing blowing of noses ensued, as the orator polished off his period and then passed to some other theme.

Amid the general enthusiasm, there was one number of the auditory scornful and dissentient. This gentleman whispered to his comrade at the commencement of the phrase concerning the doctor the, I believe of Eastern derivation, monosyllable 'Bosh!' and he added sadly, looking toward the object of all his praise, 'He can't construe the Latin—though it is all a parcel of humbug.'

'Hush, Phil!' said his friend; and Phil's face flushed red, as Dr. Firmin, lifting up his eyes, looked at him for one moment; for the recipient of all this laudation was no other than Phil's father.

The illness of which we spoke had long since passed away. Philip was a schoolboy no longer, but in his second year at the university, and one of half a dozen young men, ex-pupils of the school, who had come up for the annual dinner. The honors of this year's dinner were for Dr. Firmin, even more than for Lord Ascot in his star and ribbon, who walked with his arm in the doctor's into chapel. His lordship faltered when, in his after-dinner speech, he alluded to the inestimable services and skill of his tried old friend, whom he had known as a fellow-pupil in those walls—(loud cheers)—whose friendship had been the delight of his life—a friendship which, he prayed, might be the inheritance of their children. (Immense applause; after which Dr. Firmin spoke.)

The Doctor's speech was perhaps a little commonplace; the Latin quotations which he used were not exactly novel; but Phil need not have been so angry or ill-behaved. He went on sipping sherry, glaring at his father, and muttering observations that were anything but complimentary to his parent. 'Now look,' says he, 'he is going to be overcome by his feelings. He will put his handkerchief up to his mouth, and show his diamond ring. I told you so! It's too much. I can't swallow this—this sherry. I say, you fellows, let us come out of this, and have a smoke somewhere.' And Phil rose up and quitted the dining room, just as his father was declaring what a joy, and a pride, and a delight it was to him to think

that the friendship with which his noble friend honored him was likely to be transmitted to their children, and that when he had passed from this earthly scene (cries of 'No, no!' 'May you live a thousand years!') it would be his joy to think that his son would always find a friend and protector in the noble, the princely house of Ascot.

We found the carriages waiting outside Grey Friars Gate, and Philip Firmin, pushing me into his father's, told the footman to drive home, and that the doctor would return in Lord Ascot's carriage. Home then to Old Parr Street we went, where many a time as a boy I had been welcome. And we retired to Phil's private den in the back buildings of the great house; and over our cigars we talked of the Founder's-day Feast, and the speeches delivered; and of the old Cistercians of our time, and how Thompson was married, and Johnson was in the army, and Jackson (not red-haired Jackson, pig-eyed Jackson) was in his first year, and so forth; and in this twaddle were most happily engaged, when Phil's father flung open the tall door of the study.

'Here's the governor!' growled Phil; and in an undertone, 'What does *he* want?'

'The governor,' as I looked up, was not a pleasant object to behold. Dr. Firmin had very white false teeth, which perhaps were a little too large for his mouth, and these grinned in the gas-light very fiercely. On his cheek were black whiskers, and over his glaring eyes fierce black eyebrows, and his bald head glittered like a billiard ball. You would hardly have known that he was the original of that melancholy philosophic portrait which all the patients admired in the doctor's waiting room.

'I find, Philip, that you took my carriage,' said the father; 'and Lord Ascot and I had to walk ever so far for a cab!'

'Hadn't he got his own carriage? I thought, of course, he would have his carriage on a State-day, and that you would come home with the lord,' said Philip.

'I had promised to bring *him* home, sir!' said the father.

'Well, sir, I'm very sorry,' continued the son curtly.

'Sorry!' screams the other.

'I can't say any more, sir, and I *am* very sorry,' answers Phil; and he knocked the ash of his cigar into the stove.

The stranger within the house hardly knew how to look on its master or his son. There was evidently some dire quarrel between them. The old man glared at the young one, who calmly looked his father in the face. Wicked rage and hate

seemed to flash from the doctor's eyes, and anon came a look of wild, pitiful supplication toward the guest which was most painful to bear. In the midst of what dark family mystery was I? What meant this cruel spectacle of the father's terrified anger and the son's scorn?

'I—I appeal to you, Pendennis,' says the doctor, with a choking utterance and a ghastly face.

'Shall we begin *ab ovo*, sir?' says Phil.

Again the ghastly look of terror comes over the father's face. 'I—I promise to bring one of the first noblemen in England,' gasps the doctor, 'from a public dinner, in my carriage; and my son takes it, and leaves me and Lord Ascot to walk! Is it fair, Pendennis? Is it the conduct of a gentleman to a gentleman; of a son to a father?'

'No, sir,' I said gravely; 'nothing can excuse it.' Indeed I was shocked at the young man's obduracy and undutifulness.

'I told you it was a mistake!' cries Phil, reddening. 'I heard Lord Ascot order his own carriage; I made no doubt he would bring my father home. To ride in a chariot with a footman behind me is no pleasure to me, and I would far rather have a hansom and a cigar. It was a blunder, and I am sorry for it—there! And if I live to a hundred I can't say more.'

'If you are sorry, Philip,' groans the father, 'it is enough. You remember, Pendennis, when—when my son and I were not on this—on this footing,' and he looked up for a moment at a picture which was hanging over Phil's head—a portrait of Phil's mother; the lady of whom my own mother spoke on that evening when we had talked of the boy's illness. Both the ladies had passed from the world now, and their images were but painted shadows on the walls.

The father had accepted an apology, though the son had made none. I looked at the elder Firmin's face, and the character written on it. I remembered such particulars of his early history as had been told to me; and I perfectly recalled that feeling of doubt and misliking which came over my mind when I first saw the doctor's handsome face some few years previously, when my uncle first took me to the doctor's in Old Parr Street; little Phil being then a flaxen-headed, pretty child, who had just assumed his first trousers, and I a fifth-form boy at school.

My father and Dr. Firmin were members of the medical profession. They had been bred up as boys at the same school whither families used to send their sons from generation to generation, and long before people had ever learned that the place was unwholesome. Grey Friars was smoky, certainly;

I think in the time of the Plague great numbers of people were buried there. But had the school been situated in the most picturesque swamp in England, the general health of the boys could not have been better. We boys used to hear of epidemics occurring in other schools, and were almost sorry that they did not come to ours, so that we might shut up and get longer vacations. Even that illness which subsequently befell Phil Firmin himself attacked no one else—the boys all luckily going home for the holidays on the very day of poor Phil's seizure; but of this illness more anon. When it was determined that little Phil Firmin was to go to Grey Friars, Phil's father bethought him that Major Pendennis, whom he met in the world and society, had a nephew at the place, who might protect the little fellow, and the Major took his nephew to see Dr. and Mrs. Firmin one Sunday after church, and we had lunch at Old Parr Street, and their little Phil was presented to me, whom I promised to take under my protection. He was a simple little man; an artless child, who had not the least idea of the dignity of a fifth-form boy. He was quite unabashed in talking to me and other persons, and has remained so ever since. He asked my uncle how he came to have such odd hair. He partook freely of the delicacies on the table. I remember he hit me with his little fist once or twice, which liberty at first struck me with a panic of astonishment, and then with a sense of the ridiculous so exquisitely keen that I burst out into a fit of laughter. It was, you see, as if a stranger were to hit the Pope in the ribs, and call him 'Old boy;' as if Jack were to tweak one of the giants by the nose; or Ensign Jones to ask the Duke of Wellington to take wine. I had a strong sense of humor, even in those early days, and enjoyed this joke accordingly.

'Philip!' cries mamma, 'you will hurt Mr. Pendennis.'

'I will knock him down!' shouts Phil. Fancy knocking *me* down, ME, a fifth-form boy!

'The child is a perfect Hercules,' remarks the mother.

'He strangled two snakes in his cradle,' says the doctor, looking at me. (It was then, as I remember, I felt *Dr. Fell* toward him).

'La, Dr. Firmin!' cries mamma, 'I can't bear snakes. I remember there was one at Rome, when we were walking one day, a great, large snake, and I hated it, and I cried out, and I nearly fainted; and my uncle Ringwood said I ought to like snakes, for one might be an agreeable rattle; and I have read of them being charming in India, and I dare say you have, Mr. Pendennis, for I am told you are very clever; and I am not in the least; I wish I were; but my husband is, very—and so Phil

will be. Will you be a very clever boy, dear? He was named after my dear Papa, who was killed at Busaco when I was quite, quite a little thing, and we wore mourning, and we went to live with my uncle Ringwood afterward; but Maria and I had both our own fortunes; and I am sure I little thought I should marry a physician—la! one of uncle Ringwood's grooms, I should as soon have thought of marrying him—but, you know, my husband is one of the cleverest men *in the world*. Don't tell me—you are, dearest, and you know it; and when a man is clever, I don't value his rank in life; no, not if he was that fender; and I always said to uncle Ringwood, "Talent I will marry, for talent I adore"; and I *did* marry you, Dr. Firmin, you know I did, and this child is your image. And you will be kind to him at school,' says the poor lady, turning to me, her eyes filling with tears, 'for talent is always kind, except uncle Ringwood, and he was very——'

'A little more wine, Mr. Pendennis?' said the doctor—*Dr. Fell* still, though he was most kind to me. 'I shall put my little man under your care, and I know you will keep him from harm. I hope you will do us the favor to come to Parr Street whenever you are free. In my father's time we used to come home of a Saturday from school, and enjoyed going to the play.' And the Doctor shook me cordially by the hand, and, I must say, continued his kindness to me as long as ever I knew him. When we went away, my uncle Pendennis told me many stories about the great earl and family of Ringwood, and how Dr. Firmin had made a match—a match of the affections—with this lady, daughter of Philip Ringwood, who was killed at Busaco; and how she had been a great beauty, and was a perfect *grande dame* always; and, if not the cleverest certainly one of the kindest and most amiable women in the world.

In those days I was accustomed to receive the opinions of my informant with such respect that I at once accepted this statement as authentic. Mrs. Firmin's portrait, indeed, was beautiful: it was painted by young Mr. Harlowe, that year he was at Rome, and when in eighteen days he completed a copy of the 'Transfiguration,' to the admiration of all the Academy; but I, for my part, only remember a lady weak, and thin, and faded, who never came out of her dressing-room until a late hour in the afternoon, and whose superannuated smiles and grimaces used to provoke my juvenile sense of humor. She used to kiss Phil's brow! and, as she held the boy's hand in one of her lean ones, would say, 'Who would suppose such a great boy as that could be my son?' 'Be kind to him when

I am gone,' she sighed to me, one Sunday evening, when I was taking leave of her, as her eyes filled with tears, and she placed the thin hand in mine for the last time. The doctor, reading by the fire, turned round and seowed at her from under his tall shining forehead. 'You are nervous, Louisa, and had better go to your room; I told you you had,' he said abruptly. 'Young gentlemen, it is time for you to be off to Grey Friars. Is the cab at the door, Briece?' And he took out his watch—his great shining watch, by which he had felt the pulses of so many famous personages, whom his prodigious skill had rescued from disease. And at parting, Phil flung his arms round his poor mother, and kissed her under the glossy curls; the borrowed curls! and he looked his father resolutely in the face (whose own glance used to fall before that of the boy), and bade him a gruff good-night, ere we set forth for Grey Friars.

CHAPTER II.

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

I DINED yesterday with three gentlemen, whose time of life may be guessed by their conversation, a great part of which consisted of Eton reminiscences and lively imitations of Dr. Keate. Each one, as he described how he had been flogged, mimicked to the best of his power the manner and the mode of operating of the famous doctor. His little parenthetical remarks during the ceremony, were recalled with great facetiousness; the very *whish* of the rods was parodied with thrilling fidelity; and after a good hour's conversation, the subject was brought to a climax by a description of that awful night when the doctor called up squad after squad of boys from their beds in their respective boarding-houses, whipped through the whole night, and castigated I don't know how many hundred rebels. All these mature men laughed, prattled, rejoiced, and became young again, as they recounted their stories; and each of them heartily and eagerly bade the stranger to understand how Keate was a thorough gentleman. Having talked about their floggings, I say, for an hour at least, they apologized to me for dwelling upon a subject which after all was strictly local: but, indeed, their talk greatly amused and diverted me, and I hope, and am quite ready, to hear all their jolly stories over again.

Be not angry, patient reader of former volumes by the author of the present history, if I am garrulous about Grey Friars, and go back to that ancient place of education to find the heroes of our tale. We are young but once. When we remember

that time of youth, we are still young. He over whose head eight or nine lusters have passed, if he wishes to write of boys, must recall the time when he himself was a boy. Their habits change; their waists are longer or shorter; their shirt-collars stick up more or less; but the boy is the boy in King George's time as in that of his royal niece—once our maiden queen, now the anxious mother of many boys. And young fellows are honest, and merry, and idle, and mischievous, and timid, and brave, and studious, and selfish, and generous, and mean, and false, and truth-telling, and affectionate, and good, and bad, now as in former days. He with whom we have mainly to do is a gentleman of mature age now walking the street with boys of his own. He is not going to perish in the last chapter of these memoirs—to die of consumption with his love weeping by his bedside, or to blow his brains out in despair, because she has been married to his rival, or killed out of a gig, or otherwise done for in the last chapter but one. No, no; we will have no dismal endings. Philip Firmin is well and hearty at this minute, owes no man a shilling, and can enjoy his glass of port in perfect comfort. So, my dear miss, if you want a pulmonary romance, the present won't suit you. So, young gentleman, if you are for melancholy, despair, and sardonic satire, please to call at some other shop. That Philip shall have his trials is a matter of course—may they be interesting, though they do not end dismally! That he shall fall and trip in his course sometimes is pretty certain. Ah, who does not upon this life journey of ours? Is not our want the occasion of our brother's charity, and thus does not good come out of that evil? When the traveler (of whom the Master spoke) fell among the thieves, his mishap was contrived to try many a heart beside his own—the Knave's who robbed him, the Levite's and Priest's who passed him by as he lay bleeding, the humble Samaritan's whose hand poured oil into his wound, and held out its pittance to relieve him.

So little Philip Firmin was brought to school by his mamma in her carriage, who entreated the housekeeper to have a special charge of that angelic child; and as soon as the poor lady's back was turned, Mrs. Bunce emptied the contents of the boy's trunk into one of sixty or seventy little cupboards, wherein reposed other boy's clothes and haberdashery; and then Mrs. Firmin requested to see the Rev. Mr. X., in whose house Philip was to board, and besought him, and explained many things to him, such as the exceeding delicacy of the child's constitution, etc., etc.; and Mr. X. who was very good-natured, patted

the boy kindly on the head, and sent for the other Philip, Philip Ringwood, Phil's cousin, who had arrived at Grey Friars an hour or two before; and Mr. X. told Ringwood to take care of the little fellow; and Mrs. Firmin, choking behind her pocket-handkerchief, gurgled out a blessing on the grinning youth, and at one time had an idea of giving Master Ringwood a sovereign, but paused, thinking he was too big a boy, and that she might not take such a liberty, and presently she was gone; and little Phil Firmin was introduced to the long-room and his schoolfellows of Mr. X.'s house; and having plenty of money, and naturally finding his way to the pastry cook's the next day, after school, he was met by his cousin Ringwood and robbed of half the tarts which he had purchased. A fortnight afterward, the hospitable doctor and his wife asked their young kinsmen to Old Parr Street, Burlington Gardens, and the two boys went; but Phil never mentioned anything to his parents regarding the robbery of tarts, being deterred, perhaps, from speaking by awful threats of punishment which his cousin promised to administer when they got back to school, in case of the little boy's confession. Subsequently, Master Ringwood was asked once in every term to Old Parr Street; but neither Mrs. Firmin, nor the doctor, nor Master Firmin liked the baronet's son, and Mrs. Firmin pronounced him a violent, rude boy.

I, for my part, left suddenly and early, and my little *protégé* behind me. His poor mother, who had promised herself to come for him every Saturday, did not keep her promise. Smithfield is a long way from Piccadilly; and an angry cow once scratched the panels of her carriage, causing her footman to spring from his board into a pig-pen, and herself to feel such a shock that no wonder she was afraid of visiting the City afterward. The circumstances of this accident she often narrated to us. Her anecdotes were not numerous, but she told them repeatedly. In imagination, sometimes, I can hear her ceaseless, simple cackle; see her faint eyes, as she prattles on unconsciously, and watch the dark looks of her handsome, silent husband, scowling from under his eyebrows and smiling behind his teeth. I dare say he ground those teeth with suppressed rage sometimes. I dare say to bear with her endless volubility must have tasked his endurance. He may have treated her ill, but she tried him. She, on her part, may have been a not very wise woman, but she was kind to me. Did not her housekeeper make me the best of tarts, and keep goodies from the company dinners for the young gentlemen when they

came home? Did not her husband give me of his fees? I promise you, after I had seen Dr. Fell a few times, that first unpleasing impression produced by his darkling countenance and sinister good looks wore away. He was a gentleman. He had lived in the great world, of which he told anecdotes delightful to boys to hear; and he passed the bottle to me as if I was a man.

I hope and think I remembered the injunction of poor Mrs. Firmin to be kind to her boy. As long as we stayed together at Grey Friars, I was Phil's champion whenever he needed my protection, though, of course, I could not always be present to guard the little scapegrace from all the blows which were aimed at his young face by pugilists of his own size. There were seven or eight years' difference between us (he says ten, which is absurd, and which I deny); but I was always remarkable for my affability, and, in spite of our disparity of age, would often graciously accept the general invitation I had from his father for any Saturday and Sunday when I would like to accompany Philip home.

Such an invitation is welcome to any schoolboy. To get away from Smithfield, and show our best clothes in Bond Street was always a privilege. To strut in the Park on Sunday, and nod to the other fellows who were strutting there too, was better than remaining at school, 'doing Diatessaron,' as the phrase used to be, having that endless roast beef for dinner, and hearing two sermons in chapel. There may have been more lively streets in London than Old Parr Street; but it was pleasanter to be there than to look at Goswell Street over Grey Friars' wall; and so the present biographer and reader's very humble servant found Dr. Firmin's house an agreeable resort. Mamma was often ailing, or if well, went out into the world, with her husband; in either case, we boys had a good dinner provided for us, with the special dishes which Phil loved; and after dinner we adjourned to the play, not being by any means too proud to sit in the pit with Mr. Brice, the doctor's confidential man. On Sunday we went to church at Lady Whittlesea's, and back to school in the evening; when the doctor almost always *gave us a fee*. If he did not dine at home (and I own his absence did not much damp our pleasure), Brice would lay a small inclosure on the young gentlemen's coats, which we transferred to our pockets. I believe schoolboys disdain fees in the present disinterested times.

Everything in Dr. Firmin's house was as handsome as might be, and yet somehow the place was not cheerful. One's step fell noiselessly on the faded Turkey carpet; the room was large,

and all save the dining table in a dingy twilight. The picture of Mrs. Firmin looked at us from the wall, and followed us about with wild violet eyes. Philip Firmin had the same violet odd bright eyes, and the same colored hair of an auburn tinge; in the picture it fell in long wild masses over the lady's back as she leaned with bare arms on a harp. Over the side-board was the doctor, in a black velvet coat and a fur collar, his hand on a skull, like Hamlet. Skulls of oxen, horned, with wreaths, formed the cheerful ornaments of the cornice. On the side table glittered a pair of cups, given by grateful patients, looking like receptacles rather for funereal ashes than for festive flowers or wine. Brice, the butler, wore the gravity and costume of an undertaker. The footman stealthily moved hither and thither, bearing the dinner to us; we always spoke under our breath while we were eating it. 'The room don't look more cheerful of a morning when the patients are sitting here, I can tell you,' Phil would say; indeed, we could well fancy that it was dismal. The drawing room had a rhubarb-colored flock paper (on account of the governor's attachment to the shop, Master Phil said), a great piano, a harp smothered in a leather bag in a corner, which the languid owner now never touched; and everybody's face seemed scared and pale in the great looking-glasses, which reflected you over and over again into the distance, so that you seemed to twinkle off right through the Albany into Piccadilly.

Old Parr Street has been a habitation for generations of surgeons and physicians. I suppose the noblemen for whose use the street was intended in the time of the early Georges fled, finding the neighborhood too dismal, and the gentlemen in black coats came and took possession of the gilded, gloomy chambers which the sacred *mode* vacated. These mutations of fashion have been always matters of profound speculation to me. Why shall not one moralize over London, as over Rome, or Baalbec or Troy town? I like to walk among the Hebrews of Wardour Street, and fancy the place, as it once was, crowded with chairs and gilt chariots, and torches flashing in the hands of the running footmen. I have a grim pleasure in thinking that Golden Square was once the resort of the aristocracy, and Monmouth Street the delight of the genteel world. What shall prevent us Londoners from musing over the decline and fall of city sovereignties, and drawing our cockney morals? As the late Mr. Gibbon meditated his history leaning against a column in the Capitol, why should not I muse over mine, reclining under an arcade of the Pantheon? Not the Pantheon

at Rome, in the Cabbage Market by the Piazza Navona, where the immortal gods were worshiped—the immortal gods who are now dead; but the Pantheon in Oxford Street, ladies, where you purchase feeble pomatums, music, glassware, and baby linen; and which has its history too. Have not Selwyn, and Walpole, and March, and Carlisle figured there? Has not Prince Florizel flounced through the hall in his rustling domino, and danced there in powered splendor? and when the ushers refused admission to lovely Sophy Baddeley, did not the young men, her adorers, draw their rapiers and vow to slay the door-keepers; and crossing the glittering blades over the enchantress head, make a warlike triumphal arch for her to pass under, all flushed, and smiling, and perfumed, and painted? The lives of streets are as the lives of men, and shall not the street-preacher if so minded, take for the text of his sermon the stones in the gutter? That you were once the resort of the fashion, oh, Monmouth Street! by the invocation of blessed St. Giles shall I not improve that sweet thought into a godly discourse, and make the ruin edifying? *O mes frères!* there were splendid thoroughfares, dazzling company, bright illuminations, in *our* streets when our hearts were young; we entertained in them a noble, youthful company of chivalrous hopes and lofty ambitions; of blushing thoughts in snowy robes spotless and virginal. See in the embrasure of the window, where you sat looking to the stars, and nestling by the soft side of your first love, hang Mr. Moses' bargains of turned old clothes, very cheap; of worn old boots, bedraggled in how much and how many people's mud; a great bargain. See! along the street, strewed with flowers once mayhap—a fight of beggars for the refuse of an apple-stall, or a tipsy basket-woman reeling, shrieking, to the station. Oh, me! Oh, my beloved congregation! I have preached this stale sermon to you for ever so many years. Oh, my jolly companions, I have drunk many a bout with you, and always found *vanitas vanitatum* written on the botton of the pot!

I choose to moralize now when I pass the place. The garden has run to seed, the walks are mildewed, the statucs have broken noses, the gravel is dank with green moss, the roses are withered, and the nightingales have ceased to make love. It is a funereal street, Old Parr Street, certainly; the carriages which drive there ought to have feathers on the roof, and the butlers who open the door should wear weepers—so the scene strikes you now as you pass along the spacious empty pavement. You are bilious, my good man. Go and pay a

guinea to one of the doctors in those houses; there are still doctors there. He will prescribe taraxacum for you, or pil. hydrarg. Bless you! in *my* time, to us gentlemen of the fifth form, the place was bearable. The yellow fogs didn't damp our spirits—and we never thought them too thick to keep us away from the play: from the chivalrous Charles Kemble, I tell you, my Mirabel, my Mercutio, my princely Falconbridge: from his adorable daughter (oh, my distracted heart! from the classic Young: from the glorious Leng Tom Coffin; from the unearthly Vanderdecken—'Return, oh, my love, and we'll never never part') where art thou, sweet singer of that most thrilling ditty of my youth? from the sweet, sweet, 'Victorine' and the 'Bottle Imp' Oh, to see that 'Bottle Imp' again, and hear that song about the 'Pilgrim of Love!' Once, but—hush—this is a secret—we had private boxes, the doctor's grand friends often sending him these; and finding the opera rather slow, we went to a concert in M-d-n Lane, near Covent Gardens, and heard the most celestial glees, over a supper of fizzing sausages and mashed potatoes, such as the world has never seen since. We did no harm; but I dare say it was very wrong. Brice, the butler, ought not to have taken us. We bullied him, and made him take us where we liked. We had rum shrub in the housekeeper's room, where we used to be diverted by the society of *other* butlers of the neighboring nobility and gentry, who would step in. Perhaps it was wrong to leave us to the company of servants. Dr. Firmin used to go to his grand parties, Mrs. Firmin to bed. 'Did we enjoy the performance last night?' our host would ask at breakfast. 'Oh, yes, we enjoyed the performance!' But my poor Mrs. Firmin fancied that we enjoyed 'Semiramide' or the 'Donna del Lago'; whereas we had been to the pit at the Adelphi (out of our own money), and seen that jolly John Reeve, and laughed—laughed till we were fit to drop—and stayed till the curtain was down. Then we would come home, and, as aforesaid, pass a delightful hour over supper, and hear the anecdotes of Mr. Brice's friends, the other butlers. Ah, that was a time indeed! There never was any liquor so good as rum shrub, never; and the sausages had a flavor of Elysium. How hushed we were when Dr. Firmin, returning from his parties, let himself in at the street door! Shoeless, we crept up to our bedrooms. And we came down to breakfast with innocent young faces—and let Mrs. Firmin, at lunch, prattle about the opera; and there stood Brice and the footman behind us, looking quite grave, the abominable hypocrites!

Then, sir, there was a certain way, out of the study window,

or through the kitchen and over the leads, to a building, gloomy indeed, but where I own to have spent delightful hours of the most flagitious and criminal enjoyment of some delicious little Havanas, ten to the shilling. In that building there were stables once, doubtless occupied by great Flemish horses and rumbling gold coaches of Walpole's time; but a celebrated surgeon, when he took possession of the house, made a lecture room of the premises, 'And this door,' says Phil, pointing to one leading into the mews, 'was very convenient for having *the bodies* in and out'—a cheerful reminiscence! Of this kind of furniture there was now very little in the apartment, except a dilapidated skeleton in a corner, a few dusty casts of heads, and bottles of preparations on the top of an old bureau, and some mildewed harness hanging on the walls. This apartment became Mr. Phil's smoking room when, as he grew taller, he felt himself too dignified to sit in the kitchen regions; the honest butler and housekeeper themselves pointing out to their young master that his place was elsewhere than among the servants. So there, privately and with great delectation, we smoked many an abominable cigar in that dreary back room, the gaunt walls and twilight ceilings of which were by no means melancholy to us, who found forbidden pleasures the sweetest, after the absurd fashion of boys. Dr. Firmin was an enemy to smoking, and ever accustomed to speak of the practice with eloquent indignation. 'It was a low practice—the habit of cabmen, pot-house frequenters, and Irish apple-women,' the doctor would say, as Phil and his friend looked at each other with a stealthy joy. Phil's father was ever scented and neat, the pattern of handsome propriety. Perhaps he had a clearer perception regarding manners than respecting morals; perhaps his conversation was full of platitudes, his talk (concerning people of fashion chiefly) mean and uninteresting, his behavior to young Lord Egham rather fulsome and lacking of dignity. Perhaps, I say, the idea may have entered into young Mr. Pendennis' mind that his hospitable entertainer and friend, Dr. Firmin, of Old Parr Street, was what at the present day might be denominated an old humbug; but modest young men do not come quickly to such unpleasant conclusions regarding their seniors. Dr. Firmin's manners were so good, his forehead was so high, his frill so fresh, his hands so white and slim that for some considerable time we ingenuously admired him; and it was not without a pang that we came to view him as he actually was—no, not as he actually was—no man whose early nature was kindly can judge impartially the man who has been kind to him in boyhood.

I quitted school suddenly, leaving my little Phil behind me, a brave little handsome boy, endearing himself to old and young by his good looks, his gayety, his courage, and his gentlemanly bearing. Once in a way a letter would come from him, full of that artless affection and tenderness which fills boy's hearts, and is so touching in their letters. It was answered with proper dignity and condescension on the senior boy's part. Our modest little country home kept up a friendly intercourse with Dr. Firmin's grand London mansion, of which, in his visits to us, my uncle, Major Pendennis, did not fail to bring news. A correspondence took place between the ladies of each house. We supplied Mrs. Firmin with little country presents, tokens of my mother's good-will and gratitude toward the friends who had been kind to her son. I went my way to the university, having occasional glimpses of Phil at school. I took chambers in the Temple, which he found great delight in visiting; and he liked our homely dinner from Dick's, and a bed on the sofa, better than the splendid entertainments in Old Parr Street and his great gloomy chamber there. He had grown by this time to be ever so much taller than his senior, though he always persists in looking up to me unto the present day.

A very few weeks after my poor mother passed that judgment on Mrs. Firmin, she saw reason to regret and revoke it. Phil's mother, who was afraid, or perhaps was forbidden, to attend her son in his illness at school, was taken ill herself.

Phil returned to Grey Friars in a deep suit of black; the servants on the carriage wore black too; and a certain tyrant of the place, beginning to laugh and jeer because Firmin's eyes filled with tears at some ribald remark, was gruffly rebuked by Sampson Major, the cock of the whole school; and with the question, 'Don't you see the poor beggar's in mourning, you great brute?' was kicked about his business.

When Philip Firmin and I met again, there was crape on both our hats. I don't think either could see the other's face very well. I went to see him in Parr Street, in the vacant, melancholy house, where the poor mother's picture was yet hanging in her empty drawing room.

'She was always fond of you, Pendennis,' said Phil. 'God bless you for being so good to her. You know what it is to lose—to lose what loves you best in the world. I didn't know how—how I loved her, till I had lost her.' And many a sob broke his words as he spoke.

Her picture was removed from the drawing room presently

into Phil's own little study—the room in which he sat and defied his father. What had passed between them? The young man was very much changed. The frank looks of old days were gone, and Phil's face was haggard and bold. The doctor would not let me have a word more with his son after he had found us together, but with dubious appealing looks, followed me to the door, and shut it upon me. I felt that it closed upon two unhappy men.

CHAPTER III.

A CONSULTATION.

SHOULD I peer into Firmin's privacy, and find the key to that secret? What skeleton was there in the closet? In the *Cornhill Magazine*, you may remember, there were some verses about a portion of a skeleton. Did you remark how the poet and present proprietor of the human skull at once settled the sex of it, and determined offhand that it must have belonged to a woman? Such skulls are locked up in many gentlemen's hearts and memories. Bluebeard, you know, had a whole museum of them—as that imprudent little last wife of his found out to her cost. And, on the other hand, a lady, we suppose, would select hers of the sort which had carried beards when in the flesh. Given a neat locked skeleton cupboard, belonging to a man of a certain age; to ascertain the sex of the original owner of the bones, you have not much need of a picklock or a blacksmith. There is no use in forcing the hinge, or scratching the pretty panel. We know what is inside—we arch rogues and men of the world. Murders, I suppose, are not many—enemies and victims of our hate and anger, destroyed and trampled out of life by us, and locked out of sight: but corpses of our dead loves, my dear sir—my dear madam—have we not got them stowed away in cupboard after cupboard, in bottle after bottle? Oh, fie! And young people! What doctrine is this to preach to *them*, who spell their book by papa's and mamma's knees? Yes, and how wrong it is to let them go to church, and see and hear papa and mamma publicly on their knees, calling out, and confessing to the whole congregation, that they are sinners! So, though I had not the key, I could see through the panel and the glimmering of the skeleton inside.

Although the elder Firmin followed me to the door, and his eyes only left me as I turned the corner of the street, I felt sure that Phil ere long would open his mind to me, or give me some clew to that mystery. I should hear from him why his

bright cheeks had become hollow, why his fresh voice, which I remember so honest and cheerful, was now harsh and sarcastic, with tones that grated on the hearer, and laughter that gave pain. It was about Philip himself that my anxieties were. The young fellow had inherited from his poor mother a considerable fortune—some eight or nine hundred a year, we always understood. He was living in a costly, not to say extravagant manner. I thought Mr. Philip's juvenile remorse was locked up in the skeleton closet, and was grieved to think he had fallen in mischief's way. Hence, no doubt, might arise the anger between him and his father. The boy was extravagant and headstrong; and the parent remonstrant and irritated.

I met my old friend Dr. Goodenough at the club one evening; and as we dined together I discoursed with him about his former patient, and recalled to him that day, years back, when the boy was ill at school, and when my poor mother and Phil's own were yet alive.

Goodenough looked very grave.

'Yes,' he said, 'the boy was very ill; he was nearly gone at that time—at that time—when his mother was in the Isle of Wight, and his father dangling after a prince. We thought one day it was all over with him; but——'

'But a good doctor interposed between him and *pallida mors*.'

'A good doctor? a good nurse! The boy was delirious, and had a fancy to walk out of the window, and would have done so but for one of my nurses. You know her.'

'What! the Little Sister?'

'Yes, the Little Sister.'

'And it was she who nursed Phil through his fever, and saved his life? I drink her health. She is a good little soul.'

'Good!' said the doctor, with his gruffest voice and frown. (He was always most fierce when he was most tender-hearted). 'Good indeed! Will you have some more of this duck? Do. You have had enough already, and it's very unwholesome. Good, sir? But for women, fire and brimstone ought to come down and consume this world. Your dear mother was one of the good ones. I was attending you when you were ill, at those horrible chambers you had in the Temple, at the same time when young Firmin was ill at Grey Friars. And I suppose I must be answerable for keeping two scrape-graces in the world.'

'Why didn't Dr. Firmin come to see him?'

'H'm! his nerves were too delicate. Besides, he *did* come. Talk of the * * *'

The personage designated by asterisks was Phil's father, who was also a member of our club, and who entered the dining room, tall, stately, and pale, with his stereotyped smile, and wave of his pretty hand. By the way, that smile of Firmin's was a very queer contortion of the handsome features. As you came up to him, he would draw his lips over his teeth, causing his jaws to wrinkle (or dimple if you will) on either side. Meanwhile his eyes looked from his face, quite melancholy and independent of the little transaction in which the mouth engaged. Lips said, 'I am a gentleman of fine manners and fascinating address, and I am supposed to be happy to see you. How do you do?' Dreary, sad, as into a great blank desert, looked the dark eyes. I *do* know one or two, but only one or two faces of men, when oppressed with care, which can yet smile *all over*.

Goodenough nods grimly to the smile of the other doctor, who blandly looks at our table, holding his chin in one of his pretty hands.

'How do?' growls Goodenough. 'Young hopeful well?'

'Young hopeful sits smoking till morning with some friends of his,' says Firmin, with the sad smile directed toward me this time. 'Boys will be boys.' And he pensively walks away from us with a friendly nod toward me; examines the dinner-card in an attitude of melancholy grace; points with the jeweled hand to the dishes which he will have served, and is off, and simpering to another acquaintance at a distant table.

'I thought he would take that table,' says Firmin's cynical *confrère*.

'In the draught of the door? Don't you see how the candle flickers? It is the worst place in the room!'

'Yes; but don't you see who is sitting at the next table?'

Now at the next table was a n-blem-n of vast wealth, who was growling at the quality of the mutton cutlets and the half-pint of sherry which he had ordered for his dinner. But as his lordship has nothing to do with the ensuing history, of course we shall not violate confidence by mentioning his name. We could see Firmin smiling on his neighbor with his blandest melancholy, and the waiters presently bearing up the dishes which the doctor had ordered for his own refectation. *He* was no lover of mutton-chops and coarse sherry, as I knew, who had partaken of many a feast at his board. I could see the diamond twinkle on his pretty hand, as it daintily poured out creaming wine from the ice-pail by his side—the liberal hand that had given me many a sovereign when I was a boy.

'I can't help liking him,' said I to my companion, whose scornful eyes were now and again directed toward his colleague.

'This port is very sweet. Almost all port is sweet now,' remarks the doctor.

'He was very kind to me in my school-days; and Philip was a fine little fellow.'

'Handsome a boy as ever I saw. Does he keep his beauty? Father was a handsome man—very. Quite a lady-killer—I mean out of his practice!' adds the grim doctor. 'What is the boy doing?'

'He is at the university. He has his mother's fortune. He is wild and unsettled, and I fear he is going to the bad a little.'

'Is he? Shouldn't wonder!' grumbles Goodenough.

We had talked very frankly and pleasantly until the appearance of the other doctor, but with Firmin's arrival Goodenough seemed to button up his conversation. He quickly stumped away from the dining room to the drawing room, and sat over a novel there until the time came when he was to retire to his patients or his home.

That there was no liking between the doctors, that there was a difference between Philip and his father, was clear enough to me; but the causes of these differences I had yet to learn. The story came to me piecemeal; from confessions here, admissions there, deductions of my own. I could not, of course, be present at many of the scenes which I shall have to relate as though I had witnessed them; and the posture, language, and inward thoughts of Philip and his friends, as here related, no doubt are the fancies of the narrator in many cases; but the story is as authentic as many histories, and the reader need only give such an amount of credence to it as he may judge that its verisimilitude warrants.

Well, then, we must not only revert to that illness which befell when Philip Firmin was a boy at Grey Friars, but go back yet farther in time to a period which I cannot precisely ascertain.

The pupils of old Gandish's painting academy may remember a ridiculous little man, with a great deal of wild talent, about the ultimate success of which his friends were divided. Whether Andrew was a genius, or whether he was a zany, was always a moot question among the frequenters of the Greck Street billiard-rooms and the noble disciples of the Academy and St. Martin's Lane. He may have been crazy and absurd; he may have had talent too; such characters are not unknown in art or in literature. He broke the Queen's English; he was ignorant to a wonder; he dressed his little person

in the most fantastic raiment and queerest cheap finery; he wore a beard, bless my soul! twenty years before beards were known to wag in Britain. He was the most affected little creature, and, if you looked at him, would *pose* in attitudes of such ludicrous dirty dignity, that if you had had a dun waiting for money in the hall of your lodging-house, or your picture refused at the Academy—if you were suffering under ever so much calamity—you could not help laughing. He was the butt of all his acquaintances, the laughing stock of high and low, and he had as loving, gentle, faithful, honorable a heart as ever beat in a little bosom. He is gone to his rest now; his palette and easel are waste timber; his genius, which made some little flicker of brightness, never shone much, and is extinct. In an old album that dates back for more than a score of years, I sometimes look at poor Andrew's strange, wild sketches. He might have done something had he continued to remain poor; but a rich widow, whom he met at Rome, fell in love with the strange, errant painter, pursued him to England, and married him in spite of himself. His genius drooped under the servitude; he lived but a few short years, and died of consumption, of which the good Goodenough's skill could not cure him.

One day, as he was driving with his wife in her splendid barouche through the Haymarket, he suddenly bade the coachman stop, sprang over the side of the carriage before the steps could be let fall, and his astonished wife saw him shaking the hand of a shabbily dressed little woman who was passing, shaking both her hands, and weeping, and gesticulating, and twisting his beard and mustaches, as his wont was when agitated. Mrs. Montfichet (the wealthy Mrs. Carrickfergus she had been, before she married the painter), the owner of a young husband, who had sprung from her side, and out of her carriage, in order to caress a young woman passing in the street, might well be disturbed by this demonstration; but she was a kind-hearted woman, and when Montfichet, on reascending into the family coach, told his wife the history of the person of whom he had just taken leave, she cried plentifully too. She bade the coachman drive straightway to her own house; she rushed up to her own apartment, whence she emerged, bearing an immense bag full of wearing apparel, and followed by a panting butler, carrying a bottle-basket and a pie; and she drove off, with her pleased Andrew by her side, to a court in St. Martin's Lane, where dwelt the poor woman with whom he had just been conversing.

It had pleased Heaven, in the midst of dreadful calamity, to send her friends and succor. She was suffering under misfor-

tune, poverty, and cowardly desertion. A man who had called himself Brandon, when he took lodgings in her father's house, married her, brought her to London, tired of her, and left her. She had reason to think he had given a false name when he lodged with her father: he fled, after a few months, and his real name she never knew. When he deserted her, she went back to her father, a weak man married to a domineering woman, who pretended to disbelieve the story of her marriage, and drove her from the door. Desperate, and almost mad she came back to London, where she still had some little relics of property that her fugitive husband left behind him. He promised when he left her, to remit her money; but he sent none, or she refused it—or, in her wildness and despair, lost the dreadful paper which announced his desertion, and that he was married before, and that to pursue him would ruin him, and he knew she would never do *that*—no, however much he might have wronged her.

She was penniless then, deserted by all, having made way with the last trinket of her brief days of love, having sold the last little remnant of her poor little stock of clothing, alone in the great wilderness of London, when it pleased God to send her succor in the person of an old friend who had known her, and even loved her, in happier days. When the Samaritans came to this poor child, they found her sick and shuddering with fever. They brought their doctor to her, who is never so eager as when he runs up a poor man's stair. And, as he watched by the bed where her kind friends came to help her, he heard her sad little story of trust and desertion.

Her father was a humble person who had seen better days; and poor little Mrs. Brandon had a sweetness and simplicity of manner which exceedingly touched the good doctor. She had little education, except that which silence, long-suffering, seclusion, will sometimes give. When cured of her illness, there was the great and constant evil of poverty to meet and overcome. How was she to live? He got to be as fond of her as of a child of his own. She was tidy, thrifty, gay at times, with a little simple cheerfulness. The little flowers began to bloom as the sunshine touched them. Her whole life hitherto had been cowering under neglect, and tyranny, and gloom.

Mr. Montfichet was for coming so often to look after the little outcast whom he had succored that I am bound to say Mrs. M. became hysterically jealous, and waited for him on the stairs as he came down swathed in his Spanish cloak, pounced on him, and called him a monster. Goodenough was

also, I fancy, suspicious of Montfichet, and Montfichet of Goodenough. Howbeit, the doctor vowed that he never had other than the feeling of a father toward his poor little *protégée*, nor could any father be more tender. He did not try to take her out of her station in life. He found, or she found for herself, a work she could do. 'Papa used to say no one ever nursed him so nice as I did,' she said. 'I think I could do that better than anything, except my needle, but I like to be useful to poor sick people best. I don't think about myself then, sir.' And for this business good Dr. Goodenough had her educated and employed.

The widow died in course of time whom Mrs. Brandon's father had married, and her daughters refused to keep him, speaking very disrespectfully of this old Mr. Gann, who was, indeed, a weak old man. And now Caroline came to the rescue of her old father. She was a shrewd little Caroline. She had saved a little money. Goodenough gave up a country-house which he did not care to use, and lent Mrs. Brandon the furniture. She thought she could keep a lodging-house and find lodgers. Montfichet had painted her. There was a sort of beauty about her which the artist admired. When Ridley the Academician had the smallpox, she attended him, and caught the malady. She did not mind; not she. 'It won't spoil my beauty,' she said. Nor did it. The disease dealt very kindly with her little modest face. I don't know who gave her the nickname, but she had a good roomy house in Thornhaugh Street, an artist on the first and second floor; and there never was a word of scandal against the Little Sister, for was not her father in permanence sipping gin-and-water in the ground floor parlor? As we called her 'the Little Sister,' her father was called 'the Captain' a bragging, lazy, good-natured old man—not a reputable Captain—and very cheerful, though the conduct of his children, he said, had repeatedly broken his heart.

I don't know how many years the Little Sister had been on duty when Philip Firmin had his scarlet fever. It befell him at the end of the term, just when all the boys were going home. His tutor and his tutor's wife wanted their holidays, and sent their own children out of the way. As Phil's father was absent, Dr. Goodenough came, and sent his nurse in. The case grew worse, so bad that Dr. Firmin was summoned from the Isle of Wight, and arrived one evening at Grey Friars—Grey Friars so silent now, so noisy at other times with the shouts and crowds of the playground.

Dr. Goodenough's carriage was at the door when Dr. Firmin's carriage drove up.

‘How was the boy?’

‘He had been very bad. He had been wrong in the head all day, talking and laughing quite wild-like,’ the servant said. The father ran up the stairs.

Phil was in a great room, in which were several empty beds of boys gone home for the holidays. The windows were opened into Grey Friars Square. Goodenough heard his colleague’s carriage drive up, and rightly divined that Phil’s father had arrived. He came out and met Firmin in the ante-room.

‘Head has wandered a little. Better now, and quiet;’ and the one doctor murmured to the other the treatment which he had pursued.

Firmin stepped in gently toward the patient, near whose side the Little Sister was standing.

‘Who is it?’ asked Phil.

‘It is I, dear. Your father,’ said Dr. Firmin, with real tenderness in his voice.

The Little Sister turned round once, and fell down like a stone by the bedside.

‘You infernal villain!’ said Goodenough, with an oath and a step forward. ‘You are the man!’

‘Hush! The patient, if you please, Dr. Goodenough,’ said the other physician.

CHAPTER IV.

A GENTEEL FAMILY.

HAVE you made up your mind on the question of seeming and being in the world? I mean, suppose you *are* poor, is it right for you to *seem* to be well off? Have people an honest right to keep up appearances? Are you justified in starving your dinner table in order to keep a carriage; to have such an expensive house that you can’t by any possibility help a poor relation? to array your daughters in costly milliner’s wares because they live with girls whose parents are twice as rich? Sometimes it is hard to say where honest pride ends and hypocrisy begins. To obtrude your poverty is mean and slavish; as it is odious for a beggar to ask compassion by showing his sores. But to simulate prosperity—to be wealthy and lavish thrice a year when you ask your friends, and for the rest of the time to munch a crust and sit by one candle—are the folks who practice this deceit worthy of applause or a whipping? Sometimes it is noble pride, sometimes shabby swindling. When I see Eugenia with her dear children exquisitely neat and cheerful; not showing the slightest semblance of poverty,

or uttering the smallest complaint; persisting that Sqanderfield, her husband, treats her well, and is good at heart; and denying that he leaves her and her young ones in want; I admire and reverence that noble falsehood—that beautiful constancy and endurance which disdains to ask compassion. When I sit at poor Jezebella's table, and am treated to her sham bounties and shabby splendor, I only feel angry for the hospitality, and that dinner, and guest, and host are humbugs together.

Talbot Twysden's dinner table is large, and the guests most respectable. There is always a bigwig or two present, and a dining dowager who frequents the greatest houses. There is a butler who offers you wine; there's a *menu du diner* before Mrs. Twysden; and to read it you would fancy you were at a good dinner. It tastes of chopped straw. Oh, the dreary sparkle of that feeble champagne; the audacity of that public-house sherry; the swindle of that acrid claret; the fiery twang of that clammy port! I have tried them all, I tell you! It is sham wine, a sham dinner, a sham welcome, a sham cheerfulness among the guests assembled. I feel that that woman eyes and counts the cutlets as they are carried off the table; perhaps watches that one which you try to swallow. She has counted and grudged each candle by which the cook prepared the meal. Does her big coachman fatten himself on purloined oats and beans, and Thorley's food for cattle? Of the rinsings of those wretched bottles the butler will have to give a reckoning in the morning. Unless you are of the very *monde*, Twysden and his wife think themselves better than you are, and seriously patronize you. They consider it is a privilege to be invited to those horrible meals to which they gravely ask the greatest folks in the country. I actually met Winton there—the famous Winton—the best dinner-giver in the world (ah, what a position for a man!) I watched him, and marked the sort of wonder which came over him as he tasted and sent away dish after dish, glass after glass. 'Try that Château Margaux, Winton!' calls out our host. 'It is some that Bottleby and I imported.' Imported! I see Winton's face as he tastes the wine and puts it down. He does not like to talk about that dinner. He has lost a day. Tywsden will continue to ask him every year: will continue to expect to be asked in return, with Mrs. Twysden and one of his daughters; and will express his surprise loudly at the club, saying, 'Hang Winton! Deuce take the fellow! He has sent me no game this year!' When foreign dukes and princes arrive, Twysden straightway collars them, and invites them to his house. And sometimes

they go once—and then ask, ‘*Qui donc est ce Monsieur Twysden, qui est ce drôle?*’ And he elbows his way up to them at the Minister’s assemblies, and frankly gives them his hand. And calm Mrs. Twysden wriggles, and works, and slides, and pushes, and tramples if need be, her girls following behind her, until she too has come up under the eyes of the great man, and bestowed on him a smile and a courtesy. Twysden grasps prosperity cordially by the hand. He says to success, ‘Bravo!’ On the contrary, I never saw a man more resolute in not knowing unfortunate people, or more daringly forgetful of those whom he does not care to remember. If this Levite met a wayfarer going down from Jerusalem, who had fallen among thieves, do you think he would stop to rescue the fallen man? He would neither give him wine, nor oil, nor money. He would pass on, perfectly satisfied with his own virtue, and leave the other to go, as best he might, to Jericho.

What is this? Am I angry because Twysden has left off asking me to his vinegar and chopped hay? No. I think not. Am I hurt because Mrs. Twysden sometimes patronizes my wife, and sometimes cuts her? Perhaps. Only women thoroughly know the insolence of women toward one another in the world. That is a very stale remark. They receive and deliver stabs, smiling politely. Tom Sayers could not take punishment more gayly than they do. If you could but see *under* the skin, you would find their little hearts scarred all over with little lancet digs. I protest I have seen my own wife enduring the impertinence of this woman, with a face as calm and placid as she wears when old Twysden himself is talking to her, and pouring out one of his maddening long stories. Oh, no! I am not angry at all. I can see *that* by the way in which I am writing of these folks. By the way, while I am giving this candid opinion of the Twysdens, do I sometimes pause to consider what they think of *me*? What do I care? Think what you like. Meanwhile we bow to one another at parties. We smile at each other in a sickly way. And as for the dinners in Beaunash Street, I hope those who eat them enjoy their food.

Twysden is one of the chiefs now of the Powder and Pomatum Office (the Pigtail branch was finally abolished in 1833, after the Reform Bill, with a compensation to the retiring under-secretary), and his son is a clerk in the same office. When they came out, the daughters were very pretty—even my wife allows that. One of them used to ride in the Park with her father or brother daily; and knowing what his salary and wife’s



MR. FROG REQUESTS THE HONOUR OF PRINCE OX'S COMPANY
AT DINNER.

fortune were, and what the rent of his house in Beaunash Street, everybody wondered how the Twysdens could make both ends meet. They had horses, and a great house fit for at least £5000 a year; they had not half as much, as everybody knew; and it was supposed that old Ringwood must make his niece an allowance. She certainly worked hard to get it. I spoke of stabs anon, and poor little breasts and sides scarred all over. No nuns, no monks, no fakers take whippings more kindly than some devotees of the world; and, as the punishment is one for edification, let us hope the world lays smartly on to back and shoulders, and uses the thong well.

When old Ringwood, at the close of his lifetime, used to come to visit his dear niece and her husband and children, he always brought a cat-o'-nine-tails in his pocket, and administered it to the whole household. He grinned at the poverty, the pretense, the meanness of the people, as they knelt before him and did him homage. The father and mother, trembling, brought the girls up for punishment, and piteously smiling, received their own boxes on the ear in presence of their children. 'Ah!' the little French governess used to say, grinding her white teeth, 'I like milor to come. All day you vip me. When milor come, he vip you, and you kneel down an kiss de rod.'

They certainly knelt and took their whipping with the most exemplary fortitude. Sometimes the lash fell on papa's back, sometimes on mamma's; now it stung Agnes, and now it lighted on Blanche's pretty shoulders. But I think it was on the heir of the house, young Ringwood Twysden, that my lord loved best to operate. Ring's vanity was very thin-skinned, his selfishness easily wounded, and his contortions under punishment amused the old tormentor.

As my lord's brougham drives up—the modest little brown brougham, with the noble horse, the lord chancellor of a coachman, and the ineffable footman—the ladies, who know the whirr of the wheels, and may be quarreling in the drawing room, call a truce to the fight, and smooth down their ruffled tempers and raiment. Mamma is writing at her table, in that beautiful, clear hand which we all admire; Blanche is at her book; Agnes is rising from the piano quite naturally. A quarrel between those gentle, smiling, delicate creatures! Impossible! About your most common piece of hypocrisy how men will blush and bungle: how easily, how gracefully, how consummately women will perform it!

'Well,' growls my lord, 'you are all in such pretty attitudes, I make no doubt you have been sparring. I suspect, Maria,

the men must know what devilish bad tempers the girls have got. Who ean have seen you fighting? You're quiet enough here, you little monkeys. I tell you what it is. Ladies' maids get about and talk to the valets in the housekeeper's room, and the men tell their masters. Upon my word I believe it was that business last year at Whipham which frightened Greenwood off. Famous match. Good house in town and eountry. No mother alive. Agnes might have had it her own way, but for that——'

'We are not all angels in our family, uncle!' cries Miss Agnes, reddening.

'And your mother is too sharp. The men are afraid of you, Maria. I've heard several young men say so. At White's they talk about it quite freely. Pity for the girls. Great pity. Fellows eome and tell me. Jaek Hall, and fellows who go about everywhere.'

'I'm sure I don't care what Captain Hall says about me—odious little wretch!' eries Blanehe.

'There you go off in a tantrum! Hall never has any opinion of his own. He only fetehes and carries what other people say. And he says, fellows say they are frightened of your mother. La bless you! Hall has no opinion. A fellow might commit murder, and Hall would wait at the door. Quite a discreet man. But I told him to ask about you. And that's what I hear. And he says that Agnes is making eyes at the doctor's boy.'

'It's a shame,' eries Agnes, shedding tears under her martyrdom.

'Older than he is; but that's no obstaele. Good-looking boy, I suppose you don't object to that? Has his poor mother's money, and his father's; must be well to do. A vulgar fellow, but a clever fellow, and a determined fellow, the doctor—and a fellow who, I suspect, is capable of anything. Shouldn't wonder at that fellow marrying some rich dowager. Those docters get an immense influence over women; and unless I'm mistaken in my man, Maria, your poor sister got hold of a——'

'Unele!' cries Mrs. Twysden, pointing to her daughters, 'before these——'

'Before those innocent lambs! Hem! Well, I think Firmin is of the wolf sort:' and the old noble laughed, and showed his own fierce fangs as he spoke.

'I grieve to say, my lord, I agree with you,' remarks Mr. Twysden. 'I don't think Firmin a man of high principle. A clever man? Yes. An aecomplished man? Yes. A good physeian? Yes. A prosperous man? Yes. But what's a man without principle?'

'You ought to have been a parson, Twysden.'

‘Others have said so, my lord. My poor mother often regretted that I didn’t choose the Church. When I was at Cambridge I used to speak constantly at the Union. I practised. I do not disguise from you that my aim was public life. I am free to confess I think the House of Commons would have been my sphere; and, had my means permitted, should certainly have come forward.’

Lord Ringwood smiled, and winked to his niece.

‘He means, my dear, that he would like to wag his jaws at my expense, and that I should put him in for Whipham.’

‘There are, I think, worse Members of Parliament,’ remarked Mr. Twysden.

‘If there was a box of ’em like you, what a cage it would be!’ roared my lord. ‘By George, I’m sick of jaw. And I would like to see a king of spirit in this country, who would shut up the talking-shops and gag the whole chattering crew!’

‘I am a partisan of order—but a lover of freedom,’ continues Twysden. ‘I hold that the balance of our constitution—’

I think my lord would have indulged in a few of those oaths with which his old-fashioned conversation was liberally garnished; but the servant, entering at this moment, announces Mr. Philip Firmin; and ever so faint a blush flutters up in Agnes’ cheek, who feels that the old lord’s eye is upon her.

‘So, sir, I saw you at the Opera last night,’ says Lord Ringwood.

‘I saw you, too,’ says downright Phil.

The women looked terrified, and Twysden seared. The Twysdens had Lord Ringwood’s box sometimes. But there were boxes in which the old man sat, and in which they never *could* see him.

‘Why don’t you look at the stage, sir, when you go to the Opera, and not at me? When you go to church you ought to look at the parson, oughtn’t you?’ growled the old man. ‘I’m about as good to look at as the fellow who dances first in the ballet—and very nearly as old. But if I were you, I should think looking at the Ellsler better fun.’

And now you may fancy of what old, old times we are writing—times in which those horrible old male dancers yet existed—hideous old creatures, with low dresses and short sleeves and wreaths of flowers, or hats and feathers round their absurd old wigs—who skipped at the head of the ballet. Let us be thankful that those old apes have almost vanished off the stage, and left it in possession of the beauteous bounders of the other sex. Ah, my dear young friends, time *will* be when these too will cease to appear more than mortally beau-

tiful! To Philip, at his age, they yet looked as lovely as houris. At this time the simple young fellow, surveying the ballet from his stall at the Opera, mistook carmine for blushes, pearl-powder for native snows, and cotton-wool for natural symmetry; and I dare say when he went into the world he was not more clear-sighted about its rouged innocence, its padded pretensions, and its painted candor.

Old Lord Ringwood had a humorous pleasure in petting and coaxing Philip Firmin before Philip's relatives of Beaunash Street. Even the girls felt a little plaintive envy at the partiality which uncle Ringwood exhibited for Phil; but the elder Twysdens and Ringwood Twysden, their son, writhed with agony at the preference which the old man sometimes showed for the doctor's boy. Phil was much taller, much handsomer, much stronger, much better tempered, and much richer than young Twysden. He would be the sole inheritor of his father's fortune, and had his mother's £30,000. Even when they told him his father would marry again, Phil laughed, and did not seem to care. 'I wish him joy of his new wife,' was all he could be got to say! 'when he gets one, I suppose I shall go into chambers. Old Parr Street is not as gay as Pall Mall.' I am not angry with Mrs. Twysden for having a little jealousy of her nephew. Her boy and girls were the fruit of a dutiful marriage; and Phil was the son of a disobedient child. Her children were always on their best behavior before their great uncle; and Phil cared for him no more than for any other man; and he liked Phil the best. Her boy was as humble and eager to please as any of his lordship's humblest henchmen; and Lord Ringwood snapped at him, brow-beat him, and trampled on the poor darling's tenderest feelings, and treated him scarcely better than a lackey. As for poor Mr. Twysden, my lord not only yawned unreservedly in his face—that could not be helped; poor Talbot's talk set many of his acquaintance asleep—but laughed at him, interrupted him, and told him to hold his tongue. On this day, as the family sat together at the pleasant hour—the before-dinner hour—the fireside and tea-table hour—Lord Ringwood said to Phil:

'Dine with me to-day, sir?'

'Why does he not ask me, with my powers of conversation?' thought old Twysden to himself.

'Hang him, he always asks that beggar,' writhed young Twysden, in his corner.

'Very sorry, sir, can't come. Have asked some fellows to dine at the Blue Posts,' says Phil.

‘Confound you, sir, why don’t you put ’em off?’ cries the old lord. ‘*You’d* put ’em off, Twysden, wouldn’t you?’

‘Oh, sir!’ the hearts of father and son both beat.

‘You know you would; and you quarrel with this boy for not throwing his friends over. Good-night, Firmin, since you won’t come.’

And with this my lord was gone.

The two gentlemen of the house glumly looked from the window, and saw my lord’s brougham driven swiftly away in the rain.

‘I hate your dining at those horrid taverns,’ whispered a young lady to Philip.

‘It is better fun than dining at home,’ Philip remarks.

‘You smoke and drink too much. You come home late, and you don’t live in a proper *monde*, sir!’ continues the young lady.

‘What would you have me do?’

‘Oh, nothing. You must dine with those horrible men,’ cries Agnes; ‘else you might have gone to Lady Pendleton’s to-night.’

‘I can throw over the men easily enough, if you wish,’ answered the young man.

‘I? I have no wish of the sort. Have you not already refused uncle Ringwood?’

‘*You* are not Lord Ringwood,’ says Phil, with a tremor in his voice. ‘I don’t know as there is much I would refuse you.’

‘You silly boy! What do I ever ask you to do that you ought to refuse? I want you to live in our world, and not with your dreadful wild Oxford and Temple bachelors. I don’t want you to smoke. I want you to go into the world of which you have the *entrée*—and you refuse your uncle on account of some horrid engagement at a tavern!’

‘Shall I stop here? Aunt, will you give me some dinner—here?’ asks the young man.

‘We have dined: my husband and son dine out,’ said gentle Mrs. Twysden.

There was cold mutton and tea for the ladies; and Mrs. Twysden did not like to seat her nephew, who was accustomed to good fare and high living, to that meager meal.

‘You see I must console myself at the tavern,’ Philip said. ‘We shall have a pleasant party there.’

‘And pray who makes it?’ asks the lady.

‘There is Ridley, the painter.’

‘My dear Philip! Do you know that his father was actually—’

‘In the service of Lord Todmorden? He often tells us so. He is a queer character, the old man.’

‘Mr. Ridley is a man of genius, certainly. His pictures are delicious, and he goes everywhere—but—but you provoke me, Philip, by your carelessness; you do. Why should you be dining with the sons of footmen, when the first houses in the country might be open to you? You pain me, you foolish boy.’

‘For dining in company of a man of genius? Come, Agnes!’ And the young man’s brow grew dark. ‘Besides,’ he added, with a tone of sarcasm in his voice, which Miss Agnes did not like at all—‘besides, my dear, you know he dines at Lord Pendleton’s.’

‘What is that you are talking of Lady Pendleton, children?’ asked watchful mamma from her corner.

‘Ridley dines there. He is going to dine with me at a tavern to-day. And Lord Halden is coming—and Mr. Winton is coming—having heard of the famous beefsteaks.’

‘Winton! Lord Halden! Beefsteak! Where? By George! I have a mind to go, too! Where do you fellows dine? *au cabaret*? Hang me, I’ll be one,’ shrieked little Twysden, to the terror of Philip, who knew his uncle’s awful powers of conversation. But Twysden remembered himself in good time, and to the intense relief of Firmin. ‘Hang me, I forgot! Your aunt and I dine with the Bladeses. Stupid old fellow, the admiral, and bad wine—which is unpardonable; but we must go—*on n’a a que sa parole*, hey? Tell Winton that I had meditated joining him, and that I have still some of that Château Margaux he liked. Halden’s father I know well. Tell him so. Bring him here. Maria, send a Thursday card to Lord Halden! You must bring him here to dinner, Philip. *That’s* the best way to make acquaintance, my boy!’ And the little man swaggers off, waving a bed-candle, as if he was going to quaff a bumper of sparkling spermaceti.

The mention of such great personages as Lord Halden and Mr. Winton silenced the reproofs of the pensive Agnes.

‘You won’t care for our quiet fireside while you live with those fine people,’ she sighed. There was no talk now of his throwing himself away on bad company.

So Philip did not dine with his relatives; but Talbot Twysden took good care to let Lord Ringwood know how young Firmin had offered to dine with his aunt that day after refusing his lordship. And everything to Phil’s discredit, and every act of extravagance or wildness which the young man committed, did Phil’s uncle and Phil’s cousin Ringwood Twysden convey to the old gentleman. Had not these been

the informers, Lord Ringwood would have been angry; for he exacted obedience and servility from all round about him. But it was pleasanter to vex the Twysdens than to scold and browbeat Philip, and so his lordship chose to laugh and be amused at Phil's insubordination. He saw, too, other things of which he did not speak. He was a wily old man, who could afford to be blind upon occasion.

What do you judge from the fact that Philip was ready to make or break engagements at a young lady's instigation? When you were twenty years old, had no young ladies an influence over *you*? Were they not commonly older than yourself? Did your youthful passion lead to anything, and are you very sorry now that it did not? Suppose you had had your soul's wish and married her, of what age would she be now? And now, when you go into the world and see her, *do* you, on your conscience, very much regret that the little affair came to an end? Is it that (lean, or fat, or stumpy, or tall) woman with all those children whom you once chose to break your heart about; and do you still envy Jones? Philip was in love with his cousin, no doubt, but at the university had he not been previously in love with the Tomkinsian professor's daughter, Miss Budd; and had he not already written verses to Miss Flower, his neighbor's daughter in Old Parr Street? And don't young men always begin by falling in love with ladies older than themselves? Agnes certainly was Philip's senior, as her sister constantly took care to inform him.

And Agnes might have told stories about Blanche, if she chose—as you may about me, and I about you. Not quite true stories, but stories with enough alloy of lies to make serviceable coin; stories such as we hear daily in the world; stories such as we read in the most learned and conscientious history-books, which are told by the most respectable persons, and perfectly authentic until contradicted. It is only *our* histories that can't be contradicted (unless, to be sure, novelists contradict themselves, as sometimes they will.) What *we* say about people's virtues, failings, characters, you may be sure is all true. And I defy any man to assert that my opinion of the Twysden family is malicious, or unkind, or unfounded in any particular. Agnes wrote verses, and set her own and other writers' poems to music. Blanche was scientific, and attended the Albemarle Street lectures sedulously. They are both clever women as times go; well educated and accomplished, and very well mannered when they choose to be pleasant. If you were a bachelor, say, with a good fortune, or a widower who

wanted consolation, or a lady giving very good parties and belonging to the *monde*, you would find them agreeable people. If you were a little Treasury clerk, or a young barrister with no practice, or a lady, old or young, *not* quite of the *monde*, your opinion of them would not be so favorable. I have seen them cut, and scorn, and avoid, and caress, and kneel down and worship the same person. When Mrs. Lovel first gave parties, don't I remember the shocked countenances of the Twysden family? Were ever shoulders colder than yours, dear girls? Now they love her; they fondle her step-children; they praise her to her face and behind her handsome back; they take her hand in public; they call her by her Christian name; they fall into ecstasies over her toilets, and would fetch coals for her dressing-room fire if she but gave them the word. *She* is not changed. She is the same lady who once was a governess, and no colder and no warmer since then. But you see her prosperity has brought virtues into evidence which people did not perceive when she was poor. Could people see Cinderella's beauty when she was in rags by the fire, or until she stepped out of her fairy coach in her diamonds? How *are* you to recognize a diamond in a dusthole? Only very clever eyes can do that. Whereas a lady in a fairy coach and eight naturally creates a sensation; and enraptured princes come and beg to have the honor of dancing with her.

In the character of infallible historian, then, I declare that if Miss Tywsden at three-and-twenty feels ever so much or little attachment for her cousin who is not yet of age, there is no reason to be angry with her. A brave, handsome, blundering, downright young fellow, with broad shoulders, high spirits, and quite fresh blushes on his face, with very good talents (though he has been woefully idle, and requested to absent himself temporarily from his university), the possessor of a competent fortune and the heir of another, may naturally make some impression on a lady's heart with whom kinsmanship and circumstance bring him into daily communion. When had any sound so hearty as Phil's laugh been heard in Beaunash Street? His jolly frankness touched his aunt, a clever woman. She would smile and say, 'My dear Philip, it is not only what you say, but what you are going to say next, keeps me in such a perpetual tremor.' There may have been a time once when she was frank and cordial herself: ever so long ago, when she and her sister were two blooming girls, lovingly clinging together, and just stepping forth into the world. But if you succeed in keeping a fine house on a small income; in

showing a cheerful face to the world though oppressed with ever so much care; in bearing with dutiful reverence an intolerable old bore of a husband (and I vow it is this quality in Mrs. Twysden for which I most admire her); in submitting to defeats patiently; to humiliations with smiles, so as to hold your own in your darling *monde*; you may succeed, but you must give up being frank and cordial. The marriage of her sister to the doctor gave Maria Ringwood a great panic, for Lord Ringwood was furious when the news came. Then, perhaps, she sacrificed a little private passion of her own; then she set her cap at a noble young neighbor of my lord's, who jilted *her*; then she took up with Talbot Twysden, of the Powder and Pomatum Office, and made a very careful mother to his children. But as for frankness and cordiality, my good friend, accept from a lady what she can give you—good manners, pleasant talk, and decent attention. If you go to her breakfast, don't ask for a roc's egg, but eat that moderately fresh hen's egg which John brings you. When Mrs. Twysden is in her open carriage in the Park, how prosperous, handsome, and jolly she looks; the girls how smiling and young (that is, you know, considering all things); the horses look fat, the coachman and footman wealthy and sleek; they exchange bows with the tenants of other carriages—well known aristocrats. Jones and Brown, leaning over the railings and seeing the Twysden equipage pass, have not the slightest doubt that it contains people of the highest wealth and fashion. 'I say, Jones my boy, what noble family has the motto *Wel done Twys done?* and what clipping girls there were in that barouche!' B. remarks to J.; 'and what a handsome young swell that is riding the bay mare, and leaning over and talking to the yellow-haired girl!' And it is evident to one of those gentlemen, at least, that he has been looking at your regular first-rate, tiptop people.

As for Phil Firmin on his bay mare, with his geranium in his button-hole, there is no doubt that Philippus looks as handsome, and as rich, and as brave as any lord. And I think Brown must have felt a little pang when his friend told him, 'That a lord! Bless you, it's only a swell doctor's son.' But while J. and B. fancy all the little party very happy, they do not hear Phil whisper to his cousin, 'I hope you liked *your partner* last night?' and they do not see how anxious Mrs. Twysden is under her smiles, how she perceives Colonel Shafto's cab coming up (the dancer in question), and how she would rather have Phil anywhere than by that particular wheel of her carriage; how Lady Braglands has just passed them by

without noticing them—Lady Braglands, who has a ball, and is determined *not* to ask that woman and her two endless girls; and how, though Lady Braglands won't see Mrs. Twysden in her great staring equipage, and the three faces which have been beaming smiles at her, she instantly perceives Lady Lovel, who is passing ensconced in her little brougham, and kisses her fingers twenty times over. How should poor J. and B., who are not, *vous comprenez, du monde*, understand these mysteries?

'That's young Firmin, is it, that handsome young fellow?' says Brown to Jones.

'Doctor married the Earl of Ringwood's niece—ran away with her, you know.'

'Good practice?'

'Capital. First-rate. All the tiptop people. Great ladies' doctor. Can't do without him. Makes a fortune, besides what he had with his wife.'

'We've seen his name—the old man's—on some very queer paper,' says B., with a wink to J. By which I conclude they are city gentlemen. And they look very hard at friend Philip, as he comes to talk and shake hands with some pedestrians who are gazing over the railings at the busy and pleasant Park scene.

CHAPTER V.

THE NOBLE KINSMAN.

HAVING had occasion to mention a noble earl once or twice, I am sure no polite reader will consent that his lordship should push through this history along with the crowd of commoner characters, and without a special word regarding himself. If you are in the least familiar with Burke or Debrett, you know that the ancient family of Ringwood has long been famous for its great possessions, and its loyalty to the British crown.

In the troubles which unhappily agitated this kingdom after the deposition of the late reigning house, the Ringwoods were implicated with many other families, but on the accession of his Majesty George III. these differences ended, nor had the monarch any subject more loyal and devoted than Sir John Ringwood, Baronet, of Wingate and Whipham Market. Sir John's influence sent three members to Parliament; and during the dangerous and vexatious period of the American war, this influence was exerted so cordially and consistently in the cause of order and the crown, that his Majesty saw fit to advance Sir John to the dignity of Baron Ringwood. Sir John's brother, Sir Francis Ringwood of Appleshaw, who followed the

professor of the law, also was promoted to be a Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. The first Baron, dying A. D. 1786, was succeeded by the eldest of his two sons—John, second Baron and first Earl of Ringwood. His lordship's brother, the Honorable Colonel Philip Ringwood, died gloriously at the head of his regiment and in the defense of his country, in the battle of Busaco, 1810, leaving two daughters, Louisa and Maria, who henceforth lived with the earl their uncle.

The Earl of Ringwood had but one son, Charles, Viscount Cinqbars, who, unhappily, died of a decline in his twenty-second year. And thus the descendants of Sir Francis Ringwood became heirs to the earl's great estates of Wingate and Whipham Market, though not of the peerages which had been conferred on the earl and his father.

Lord Ringwood had, living with him, two nieces, daughters of his late brother Colonel Philip Ringwood, who fell in the Peninsular War. Of these ladies, the youngest, Louisa, was his lordship's favorite; and though both the ladies had considerable fortunes of their own, it was supposed their uncle would further provide for them, especially as he was on no very good terms with his cousin, Sir John of the Shaw, who took the Whig side in politics, while his lordship was a chief of the Tory party.

Of these two nieces, the eldest, Maria, never any great favorite with her uncle, married, 1824, Talbot Twysden, Esq., a Commissioner of Powder and Pomatum Tax; but the youngest, Louisa, incurred my lord's most serious anger by eloping with George Brand Firmin, Esq., M. D., a young gentleman of Cambridge University, who had been with Lord Cinqbars when he died at Naples, and had brought home his body to Wingate Castle.

The quarrel with the youngest niece, and the indifference with which he generally regarded the elder (whom his lordship was in the habit of calling an old schemer) occasioned at first a little *rapprochement* between Lord Ringwood and his heir, Sir John of Appleshaw; but both gentlemen were very firm, not to say obstinate, in their natures. They had a quarrel with respect to the cutting off of a small entailed property, of which the earl wished to dispose; and they parted with much rancor and bad language on his lordship's part, who was an especially free-spoken nobleman, and apt to call a spade, as the saying is.

After this difference, and to spite his heir, it was supposed that the Earl of Ringwood would marry. He was little more than seventy years of age, and had once been of a very robust constitution. And though his temper was violent and his person not at all agreeable (for even in Sir Thomas Lawrence's

picture his countenance is very ill-favored), there is little doubt he could have found a wife for the asking among the young beauties of his own county, or the fairest of May Fair.

But he was a cynical nobleman, and perhaps morbidly conscious of his ungainly appearance. 'Of course I can buy a wife,' his lordship would say. 'Do you suppose people won't sell their daughters to a man of my rank and means? Now look at me, my good sir, and say whether any woman alive could fall in love with me? I have been married, and once was enough. I hate ugly women, and your virtuous women, who tremble and cry in private, and preach at a man, bore me. Sir John Ringwood of Appleshaw is an ass, and I hate him; but I don't hate him enough to make myself miserable for the rest of my days, in order to spite him. When I drop, I drop. Do you suppose I care what comes after me?' And with much sardonical humor this old lord used to play off one good dowager after another who would bring her girl in his way. He would send pearls to Emily, diamonds to Fanny, opera-boxes to lively Kate, books of devotion to pious Selinda, and, at the season's end, drive back to his lonely great castle in the west. They were all the same, such was his lordship's opinion. I fear, a wicked and corrupt old gentleman, my dears. But ah, would not a woman submit to some sacrifices to reclaim that unhappy man; to lead that gifted but lost being into the ways of right; to convert to a belief in woman's purity that erring soul? They tried him with high-church altar-cloths for his chapel at Wingate; they tried him with low-church tracts; they danced before him; they jumped fences on horseback; they wore bandeaux or ringlets, according as his taste dictated; they were always at home when he called, and poor you and I were gruffly told they were engaged; they gushed in gratitude over his bouquets; they sang for him, and their mothers, concealing their sobs, murmured, 'What an angel that Cecelia of mine is!' Every variety of delicious chaff they flung to that old bird. But he was uncaught at the end of the season: he winged his way back to his western hills. And if you dared to say that Mrs. Netley had tried to take him, or Lady Trapboys had set a snare for him, you know you were a wicked, gross calumniator, and notorious everywhere for your dull and vulgar abuse of women.

Now, in the year 1830, it happened that this great nobleman was seized with a fit of the gout, which had very nearly consigned his estates to his kinsman, the Baronet of Appleshaw. A revolution took place in a neighboring state. An illustrious reigning family was expelled from its country, and proj-

ects of reform (which would pretty certainly end in revolution) were rife in ours. The events in France, and those pending at home, so agitated Lord Ringwood's mind, that he was attacked by one of the severest fits of gout under which he had ever suffered. His shrieks, as he was brought out of his yacht at Ryde to a house taken for him in the town, were dreadful; his language to all persons about him was frightfully expressive, as Lady Quamley and her daughter, who sailed with him several times, can vouch. An ill return that rude old man made for all their kindness and attention to him. They had danced on board his yacht; they had dined on board his yacht; they had been out sailing with him, and cheerfully braved the inconveniences of the deep in his company. And when they ran to the side of his chair—as what would they not do to soothe an old gentleman in illness and distress?—when they ran up to his chair as it was wheeled along the pier, he called mother and daughter by the most vulgar and opprobrious names, and roared out to them to go to a place which I certainly shall not more particularly mention.

Now it happened, at this period, that Dr. and Mrs. Firmin were at Ryde with their little boy, then some three years of age. The doctor was already taking his place as one of the most fashionable physicians then in London, and had begun to be celebrated for the treatment of this especial malady. (Firmin on 'Gout and Rheumatism' was, you remember, dedicated to his Majesty George IV.) Lord Ringwood's valet bethought him of calling the doctor in, and mentioned how he was present in the town. Now Lord Ringwood was a nobleman who never would allow his angry feelings to stand in the way of his present comforts or ease. He instantly desired Dr. Firmin's attendance and submitted to his treatment; a part of which was a *hauteur* to the full as great as that which the sick man exhibited. Firmin's appearance was so tall and grand, that he looked vastly more noble than a great many noblemen. Six feet, a high manner, a polished forehead, a flashing eye, a snowy shirt-frill, a rolling velvet collar, a beautiful hand appearing under a velvet cuff—all these advantages he possessed and used. He did not make the slightest allusion to by-gones, but treated his patient with a perfect courtsey and an impenetrable self-possession.

This defiant and darkling politeness did not always displease the old man. He was so accustomed to slavish compliance and eager obedience from all people round about him that he sometimes wearied of their servility, and relished a little independence. Was it from calculation, or because he was a man of

high spirit, that Firmin determined to maintain an independent course with his lordship? From the first day of their meeting he never departed from it, and had the satisfaction of meeting with only civil behavior from his noble relative and patient, who was notorious for his rudeness and brutality to almost every person who came in his way.

From hints which his lordship gave in conversation, he showed the doctor that he was acquainted with some particulars of the latter's early career. It had been wild and stormy. Firmin had incurred debts; had quarreled with his father; had left the university and gone abroad; had lived in a wild society, which used dice and cards every night, and pistols sometimes in the morning; and had shown a fearful dexterity in the use of the latter instrument, which he employed against the person of a famous Italian adventurer, who fell under his hand at Naples. When this century was five-and-twenty years younger, the crack of the pistol-shot might still occasionally be heard in the suburbs of London in the very early morning; and the dice-box went round in many a haunt of pleasure. The knights of the Four Kings traveled from capital to capital, and engaged each other or made prey of the unwary. Now, the times are changed. The cards are confined in their boxes. Only *sous-officiers*, brawling in their provincial cafés over their dominos, fight duels. 'Ah, dear me,' I heard a veteran punter sigh the other day at Bays', isn't it a melancholy thing to think that, if I wanted to amuse myself with a fifty-pound note, I don't know the place in London where I could go and lose it?' And he fondly recounted the names of twenty places where he could have cheerfully staked and lost his money in his young time.

After a somewhat prolonged absence abroad, Mr. Firmin came back to this country, was permitted to return to the university, and left it with the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. We have told how he ran away with Lord Ringwood's niece, and incurred the anger of that nobleman. Beyond abuse and anger his lordship was powerless. The young lady was free to marry whom she liked, and her uncle to disown or receive him; and accordingly she was, as we have seen, disowned by his lordship, until he found it convenient to forgive her. What were Lord Ringwood's intentions regarding his property, what were his accumulations, and who his heirs would be, no one knew. Meanwhile, of course, there were those who felt a very great interest on the point. Mrs. Twysden and her husband and children were hungry and poor. If uncle Ringwood had money to leave, it would be very welcome to those three darlings

whose father had not a great income like Dr. Firmin. Philip was a dear, good, frank, amiable, wild fellow, and they all loved him. But he had his faults—that could not be concealed—and so poor Phil's faults were pretty constantly canvassed before uncle Ringwood, by dear relatives who knew them only too well. The dear relatives! How kind they were! I don't think Phil's aunt abused him to my lord. That quiet woman calmly and gently put forward the claims of her own darlings, and affectionately dilated on the young man's present prosperity, and magnificent future prospects. The interest of £30,000 now, and the inheritance of his father's great accumulations! What young man could want for more? Perhaps he had too much already. Perhaps he was too rich to work. The sly old peer acquiesced in his niece's statements and perfectly understood the point toward which they tended.

'A thousand a year! What's a thousand a year?' growled the old lord. 'Not enough to make a gentleman; more than enough to make a fellow idle.'

'Ah, indeed, it was but a small income,' sighed Mrs. Twysden. 'With a large house, a good establishment, and Mr. Twysden's salary from his office—it was but a pittance.'

'Pittance! Starvation,' growls my lord, with his usual frankness. 'Don't I know what housekeeping costs; and see how you screw? Butlers and footmen, carriages and job-horses, rent and dinners—though yours, Maria, are not famous.'

'Very bad—I know they are very bad,' says the contrite lady. 'I wish we could afford any better.'

'Afford any better? Of course you can't. You are the crockery pots, and you swim down stream with the brass pots. I saw Twysden the other day walking down St. James' Street with Rhodes—that tall fellow.' (Here my lord laughed, and showed many fangs, the exhibition of which gave a peculiarly fierce air to his lordship when in good-humor.) 'If Twysden walks with a big fellow, he always tries to keep step with him. *You* know that.' Poor Maria naturally knew her husband's peculiarities; but she did not say that she had no need to be reminded of them.

'He was so blown he could hardly speak,' continued uncle Ringwood; 'but he would stretch his little legs, and try and keep up. He has a little body, *le cher mari*, but a good pluck. Those little fellows often have. I've seen him half dead out shooting, and plunging over the plowed fields after fellows with twice his stride. Why don't men sink in the world, I want to know? Instead of a fine house, and parcel of idle

servants, why don't you have a maid and a leg of mutton, Maria? You go half crazy in trying to make both ends meet. You know you do. It keeps you awake of nights; I know that very well. You've got a house for people with four times your money. I lend you my cook and so forth; but I can't come and dine with you unless I send the wine in. Why don't you have a pot of porter, and a joint, or some tripe? tripe's a famous good thing. The miseries which people entail on themselves in trying to live beyond their means are perfectly ridiculous, by George! Look at that fellow who opened the door to me; he's as tall as one of my own men. Go and live in a quiet little street in Belgravia somewhere, and have a neat little maid. Nobody will think a penny the worse of you—and you will be just as well off as if you lived here with an extra couple of thousand a year. The advice I am giving you is worth half that, every shilling of it.'

'It is very good advice; but I think, sir, I should prefer the thousand pounds,' said the lady.

'Of course you would. That is the consequence of your false position. One of the good points about that doctor is that he is as proud as Lucifer, and so is his boy. They are not always hungering after money. They keep their independence; though he'll have his own too, the fellow will. Why, when I first called him in, I thought, as he was a relation, he'd doctor me for nothing; but he wouldn't. He would have his fee, by George! and wouldn't come without it. Confounded independent fellow Firmin is. And so is the young one.'

But when Twysden and his son (perhaps inspired by Mrs. Twysden) tried once or twice to be independent in the presence of this lion, he roared, and he rushed at them, and he rent them, so that they fled from him howling. And this reminds me of an old story I have heard—quite an old, old story such as kind old fellows at clubs love to remember—of my lord, when he was only Lord Cinqbars, insulting a half-pay lieutenant, in his own county, who horsewhipped his lordship in the most private and ferocious manner. It was said Lord Cinqbars had had a *renconter* with poachers; but it was my lord who was poaching and the lieutenant who was defending his own dovecote. I do not say that this was a model nobleman; but that, when his own passions or interests did not mislead him, he was a nobleman of very considerable acuteness, humor, and good sense; and could give quite good advice on occasion. If men would kneel down and kiss his boots, well and good. There was the blacking, and you were welcome to em-

brace toe and heel. But those who would not were free to leave the operation alone. The Pope himself does not demand the ceremony from Protestants; and if they object to the slipper, no one thinks of forcing it into their mouths. Phil and his father probably declined to tremble before the old man, not because they knew he was a bully who might be put down, but because they were men of spirit, who cared not whether a man was bully or no.

I have told you I like Philip Firmin, though it must be confessed that the young fellow had many faults, and that his career, especially his early career, was by no means exemplary. Have I ever excused his conduct to his father, or said a word in apology of his brief and inglorious university career? I acknowledge his shortcomings with that candor which my friends exhibit in speaking of mine. Who does not see a friend's weaknesses, and is so blind that he cannot perceive that enormous beam in his neighbor's eye? Only a woman or two, from time to time. And even they are undeceived some day. A man of the world, I write about my friends as mundane fellow-creatures. Do you suppose there are many angels here? I say again, perhaps a woman or two. But as for you and me, my good sir, are there any signs of wings sprouting from *our* shoulder-blades? Be quiet. Don't pursue your snarling, cynical remarks, but go on with your story.

As you go through life, stumbling, and slipping, and staggering to your feet again, ruefully aware of your own wretched weakness, and praying, with contrite heart, let us trust, that you may not be led into temptation, have you not often looked at other fellow-sinners, and speculated with an awful interest on their career? Some there are on whom, quite in their early lives, dark Ahrimanes has seemed to lay his dread mark: children, yet corrupt, and wicked of tongue; tender of age, yet cruel, who should be truth-telling and generous yet (they were at their mothers' bosoms yesterday), but are false and cold and greedy before their time. Infants almost, they practice the art and selfishness of old men. Behind their candid faces are wiles and wickedness, and hideous precocity of artifice. I can recall such, and in the vista of far-off, unforgotten boyhood, can see marching that sad little procession of *enfants perdus*. May they be saved, pray Heaven! Then there is the doubtful class, those who are still on trial; those who fall and rise again; those who are often worsted in life's battle; beaten down, wounded, imprisoned; but escape and conquer sometimes. And then there is the happy class about whom there seems no doubt at all; the spotless and white-robed ones,

to whom virtue is easy; in whose pure bosoms faith nestles, and cold doubt finds no entrance; who are children, and good; young men, and good; husbands and fathers, and yet good. Why could the captain of our school write his Greek iambs without an effort, and without error? Others of us blistered the pages with unavailing tears and blots, and might toil ever so and come in last at the bottom of the form. Our friend Philip belongs to the middle class, in which you and I probably are, my dear sir—not yet, I hope, irredeemably consigned to that awful third class, whereof mention has been made.

But, being *homo* and liable to err, there is no doubt Mr. Philip exercised his privilege, and there was even no little fear at one time that he should overdraw his account. He went from school to the university, and there distinguished himself certainly, but in a way in which very few parents would choose that their sons should excel. That he should hunt, that he should give parties, and he should pull a good oar in one of the best boats on the river, that he should speak at the Union—all these were very well. But why should he speak such awful radicalism and republicanism—he with noble blood in his veins, and the son of a parent whose interest it was to keep well with people of high station?

‘Why, Pendennis,’ said Dr. Firmin to me with tears in his eyes, and much genuine grief exhibited on his handsome pale face—‘why should it be said that Philip Firmin—both of whose grandfathers fought nobly for their king—should be forgetting the principles of his family, and—and I haven’t words to tell you how deeply he disappoints me. Why, I actually heard of him at that horrible Union advocating the death of Charles I.! I was wild enough myself when I was at the university, but I was a gentleman.’

‘Boys, sir, are boys,’ I urged. ‘They will advocate anything for an argument; and Philip would have taken the other side quite as readily.’

‘Lord Axminster and Lord St. Dennis told me of it at the club. I can tell you it has made a painful impression,’ cried the father. ‘That my son should be a radical and a republican, is a cruel thought for a father; and I, who had hoped for Lord Ringwood’s borough for him—who had hoped—who had hoped very much better things for him and from him. He is not a comfort to me. You saw how he treated me one night? A man might live on different terms, I think, with his only son!’ And with a breaking voice, a pallid cheek, and a real grief at his heart, the unhappy physician moved away.

How had the doctor bred his son, that the young man should be thus unruly? Was the revolt the boy's fault, or the father's? Dr. Firmin's horror seemed to be because his noble friends were horrified by Phil's radical doctrine. At that time of my life, being young and very green, I had a little mischievous pleasure in infuriating Squaretoes, and causing him to pronounce that I was 'a dangerous man.' Now, I am ready to say that Nero was a monarch with many elegant accomplishments, and considerable natural amiability of disposition. I praise and admire success whenever I meet it. I make allowance for faults and shortcomings, especially in my superiors; and feel that, did we know all, we should judge them very differently. People don't believe me, perhaps, quite so much as formerly. But I don't offend: I trust I don't offend. Have I said anything painful. Plague on my blunders! I recall the expression. I regret it. I contradict it flat.

As I am ready to find excuses for everybody, let poor Philip come in for the benefit of this mild majesty; and if he vexed his father, as he certainly did, let us trust—let us be thankfully sure—he was not so black as the old gentleman depicted him. Nay, if I have painted the Old Gentleman himself as rather black, who knows but that this was an error, not of his complexion, but of my vision? Phil was unruly because he was bold, and wild, and young. His father was hurt, naturally hurt, because of the boy's extravagances and follies. They will come together again, as father and son should. These little differences of temper will be smoothed and equalized anon. The boy *has* led a wild life. He has been obliged to leave college. He has given his father hours of anxiety and nights of painful watching. But stay, father, what of you? Have you shown to the boy the practice of confidence, the example of love and honor? Did you accustom him to virtue, and teach truth to the child at your knee? 'Honor your father and mother.' Amen. May his days be long who fulfills the command; but implied, though unwritten on the table, is there not the order, 'Honor your son and daughter?' Pray Heaven that we, whose days are already not few in the land, may keep this ordinance too.

What had made Philip wild, extravagant, and insubordinate? Cured of that illness in which we saw him, he rose up, and from school went his way to the university and there entered on a life such as wild young men will lead. From that day of illness his manner toward his father changed, and regarding the change the elder Firmin seemed afraid to question his

son. He used the house as if his own, came and absented himself at will, ruled the servants, and was spoiled by them; spent the income which was settled on his mother and her children, and gave of it liberally to poor acquaintances. To the remonstrance of old friends he replied that he had a right to do as he chose with his own; that other men, who were poor, might work, but that he had enough to live on, without grinding over classics and mathematics. He was implicated in more rows than one; his tutors saw him not, but he and the proctors became a great deal too well acquainted. If I were to give a history of Mr. Philip Firmin at the university, it would be the story of an Idle Apprentice, of whom his pastors and masters were justified in prophesying evil. He was seen on lawless London excursions, when his father and tutor supposed him unwell in his rooms in college. He made acquaintance with jolly companions, with whom his father grieved that he should be intimate. He cut the astonished uncle Twysden in London Street, and blandly told him that he must be mistaken—he one Frenchman, he no speak English. He stared the master of his own college out of countenance, dashed back to college with a Turpin-like celerity, and was in rooms with a ready-proved alibi when inquiries were made. I am afraid there is no doubt that Phil screwed up his tutor's door; Mr. Okes discovered him in the act. He had to go down, the young prodigal. I wish I could say he was repenat. But he appeared before his father with the utmost nonchalance; said that he was doing no good at the university, and should be much better away, and then went abroad on a dashing tour to France and Italy, whither it is by no means our business to follow him. Something had poisoned the generous blood. The once kindly honest lad was wild and reckless. He had money in sufficiency, his own horses and equipage, and free quarters in his father's house. But father and son scarce met, and seldom took a meal together. 'I know his haunts, but I don't know his friends, Pendennis,' the elder man said. 'I don't think they are vicious, so much as low. I do not charge him with vice, mind you; but with idleness, and a fatal love of low company, and a frantic, suicidal determination to fling his chances in life away. Ah, think where he might be, and where he is!'

Where he was? Do not be alarmed. Philip was only idling. Philip might have been much more industriously, more profitably, and a great deal more wickedly employed. What is now called Bohemia had no name in Philip's young days, though many of us knew the country very well. A pleasant land, not

fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgravia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; not echoing with noble chariots; not replete with chintz polite drawing rooms and neat tea-tables; a land over which hangs endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco; a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, supper rooms, oysters; a land of song; a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin dish covers from taverns, and frothing porter; a land of lotos-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious reading of novels, magazines, and saunterings in many studios; a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world.

Having long lived there, and indeed only lately quitted the Bohemian land at the time whereof I am writing, I could not quite participate in Dr. Firmin's indignation at his son persisting in his bad course and wild associates. When Firmin had been wild himself, he had fought, intrigued, and gambled in good company. Phil chose his friends among a banditti never heard of in fashionable quarters. Perhaps he liked to play the prince in the midst of these associates, and was not averse to the flattery which a full purse brought him among men most of whose pockets had a meager lining. He had not emigrated to Bohemia, and settled there altogether. At school and in his brief university career he had made some friends who lived in the world, and with whom he was still familiar. 'These come and knock at my front door, my father's door,' he would say, with one of his laughs; 'the Bandits, who have the signal, enter only by the dissecting room. I know which are the most honest, and that it is not always the poor Freebooters who best deserve to be hanged.'

Like many a young gentleman who has no intention of pursuing legal studies seriously, Philip entered at an inn of court, and kept his terms duly, though he vowed that his conscience would not allow him to practice (I am not defending the opinions of this squeamish moralist—only stating them). His acquaintance there lay among the Temple Bohemians. He had part of a set of chambers in Parchment Buildings, to be sure, and you might read on a door, 'Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Firmin, Mr. Vanjohn'; but were these gentlemen likely to advance Philip

in life? Cassidy was a newspaper reporter, and young Vanjohn a betting man who was always attending races. Dr. Firmin had a horror of newspaper-men, and considered they belonged to the dangerous classes, and treated them with a distant affability.

'Look at the governor, Pen,' Philip would say to the present chronicler. 'He always watches you with a secret suspicion, and has never got over his wonder at your being a gentleman. I like him when he does the Lord Chatham business, and condescends toward you, and gives you his hand to kiss. He considers he is your better, don't you see? Oh, he is a paragon of a *père noble*, the governor is! and I ought to be a young Sir Charles Grandison.' And the young scapegrace would imitate his father's smile, and the doctor's manner of laying his hand to his breast and putting out his neat right leg, all of which movements or postures were, I own, rather pompous and affected.

Whatever the paternal faults were, you will say that Philip was not the man to criticise them; nor in this matter shall I attempt to defend him. My wife has a little pensioner whom she found wandering in the street, and singing a little artless song. The child could not speak yet—only warble its little song; and had thus strayed away from home, and never once knew of her danger. We kept her for a while, until the police found her parents. Our servants bathed her, and dressed her, and sent her home in such neat clothes as the poor little wretch had never seen until fortune sent her in the way of those good-natured folks. She pays them frequent visits. When she goes away from us, she is always neat and clean; when she comes to us, she is in rags and dirty; a wicked little slattern! And pray, whose duty is it to keep her clean? and has not the parent in this case forgotten to honor her daughter? Suppose there is some reason which prevents Philip from loving his father—that the doctor has neglected to cleanse the boy's heart, and by carelessness and indifference has sent him erring into the world. If so, woe be to that doctor! If I take my little son to the tavern to dinner, shall I not assuredly pay? If I suffer him in tender youth to go astray, and harm comes to him, whose is the fault?

Perhaps the very outrages and irregularities of which Phil's father complained, were in some degree occasioned by the elder's own faults. He was so laboriously obsequious to great men that the son in a rage defied and avoided them. He was so grave, so polite, so complimentary, so artificial, that Phil, in revolt at such hypocrisy, chose to be frank, cynical, and familiar. The grave old bigwigs whom the doctor loved to

assemble, bland and solemn men of the ancient school, who dined solemnly with each other at their solemn old houses—such men as old Lord Botley, Baron Bumpsher, Cricklade (who published ‘Travels in Asia Minor,’ 4to, 1804), the Bishop of St. Bees, and the like—wagged their old heads sadly when they colloqued in clubs, and talked of poor Firmin’s scapegrace of a son. He would come to no good; he was giving his good father much pain; he had been in all sorts of rows and disturbances at the university, and the Master of Boniface reported most unfavorably of him. And at the solemn dinners in Old Parr Street—the admirable, costly, silent dinners—he treated these old gentlemen with a familiarity which caused the old heads to shake with surprise and choking indignation. Lord Botley and Baron Bumpsher had proposed and seconded Firmin’s boy at the Megatherium club. The pallid old boys toddled away in alarm when he made his appearance there. He brought a smell of tobacco smoke with him. He was capable of smoking in the drawing room itself. They trembled before Philip, who, for his part, used to relish their senile anger; and loved, as he called it, to tie all their pigtails together.

In no place was Philip seen or heard to so little advantage as in his father’s house. ‘I feel like a humbug myself among those old humbugs,’ he would say to me. ‘Their old jokes, and their old compliments, and their virtuous old conversation sicken me. Are all old men humbugs, I wonder?’ It is not pleasant to hear misanthropy from young lips and to find eyes that are scarce twenty years old already looking out with distrust on the world.

In other houses than his own I am bound to say Philip was much more amiable, and he carried with him a splendor of gayety and cheerfulness which brought sunshine and welcome into many a room which he frequented. I have said that many of his companions were artists and journalists, and their clubs and haunts were his own. Ridley, the Academician, had Mrs. Brandon’s rooms in Thornhaugh Street, and Philip was often in J. J.’s studio, or in the widow’s little room below. He had a very great tenderness and affection for her; her presence seemed to purify him; and in her company the boisterous, reckless young man was invariably gentle and respectful. Her eyes used to fill with tears when she spoke about him; and when he was present, followed and watched him with sweet motherly devotion. It was pleasant to see him at her homely little fire-side, and hear his jokes and prattle with a fatuous old father who was one of Mrs. Brandon’s lodgers. Philip would play

cribbage for hours with this old man, frisk about him with a hundred harmless jokes, and walk out by his invalid chair, when the old captain went to sun himself in the New Road. He was an idle fellow, Philip, that's the truth. He had an agreeable perseverance in doing nothing, and would pass half a day in perfect contentment over his pipe, watching Ridley at his easel. J. J. painted that charming head of Philip which hangs in Mrs. Brandon's little room—with the fair hair, the tawny beard and whiskers, and the bold blue eyes.

Phil had a certain after-supper song of 'Garryowen na Gloria,' which it did you good to hear, and which, when sung at his full pitch, you might hear for a mile round. One night I had been to dine in Russell Square, and was brought home in his carriage by Dr. Firmin, who was of the party. As we came through Soho, the windows of a certain club-room called the 'Haunt' were open, and we could hear Philip's song booming through the night, and especially a certain wild-Irish war-whoop with which it concluded, amid universal applause and enthusiastic battering of glasses.

The poor father sank back in the carriage as though a blow had struck him. 'Do you hear his voice?' he groaned out. 'Those are his haunts. My son, who might go anywhere, prefers to be captain in a pothouse, and sing songs in a tap-room!'

I tried to make the best of the case. I knew there was no harm in the place; that clever men of considerable note frequented it. But the wounded father was not to be consoled by such commonplaces; and a deep and natural grief oppressed him in consequence of the faults of his son.

What ensued by no means surprised me. Among Dr. Firmin's patients was a maiden lady of suitable age and large fortune, who looked upon the accomplished doctor with favorable eyes. That he should take a companion to cheer him in his solitude was natural enough, and all his friends concurred in thinking that he should marry. Everyone had cognizance of the quiet little courtship, except the doctor's son, between whom and his father there were only too many secrets.

Some man in a club asked Philip whether he should condole with him or congratulate him on his father's approaching marriage? His what? The younger Firmin exhibited the greatest surprise and agitation on hearing of this match. He ran home: he awaited his father's return. When Dr. Firmin came home and betook himself to his study, Philip confronted him there. 'This must be a lie, sir, which I have heard to-day,' the young man said fiercely.

'A lie! what lie, Philip?' asked the father. They were both very resolute and courageous men.

'That you are going to marry Miss Benson.'

'Do you make my house so happy that I don't need any other companion?' asked the father.'

'That's not the question,' said Philip hotly. 'You can't and mustn't marry that lady, sir.'

'And why not, sir?'

'Because in the eyes of God and Heaven you are married already, sir. And I swear I will tell Miss Benson the story to-morrow, if you persist in your plan.'

'So you know that story?' groaned the father.

'Yes. God forgive you,' said the son.

'It was a fault of my youth that has been bitterly repented.'

'A fault!—a crime!' said Philip.

'Enough, sir! Whatever my fault, it is not for you to charge me with it.'

'If you won't guard your own honor, I must. I shall go to Miss Benson now.'

'If you go out of this house you don't pretend to return to it.'

'Be it so. Let us settle our accounts, and part, sir.'

'Philip, Philip! you break my heart,' cried the father.

'You don't suppose mine is very light, sir,' said the son.

Philip never had Miss Benson for a stepmother. But father and son loved each other no better after their dispute.

CHAPTER VI.

BRANDON'S.

THORNHAUGH STREET is but a poor place now, and the houses look as if they had seen better days: but that house with the cut center drawing-room window, which has the name of Brandon on the door, is as neat as any house in the quarter, and the brass plate always shines like burnished gold. About Easter time many fine carriages stop at that door, and splendid people walk in, introduced by a tidy little maid, or else by an athletic Italian, with a glossy black beard and gold earrings, who conducts them to the drawing-room floor where Mr. Ridley, the painter, lives, and where his pictures are privately exhibited before they go to the Royal Academy.

As the carriage drives up, you will often see a red-faced man, in an olive-green wig, smiling blandly over the blinds of the parlor, on the ground-floor. That is Captain Gann, the father of the lady who keeps the house. I don't know how he came

by the rank of captain, but he has borne it so long and gallantly that there is no use in any longer questioning the title. He does not claim it, neither does he deny it. But the wags who call upon Mrs. Brandon can always, as the phrase is, draw her father, by speaking of Prussia, France, Waterloo, or battles in general, until the Little Sister says, 'Now, never mind about the battle of Waterloo, papa' (she says Pa—her *h*'s are irregular—I can't help it)—Never mind about Waterloo, papa; you've told them all about it. And don't go on, Mr. Beans, don't, *please*, go on in that way.'

Young Beans has already drawn 'Captain Gann (assisted by Shaw, the Life-Guardsman) killing twenty-four French cuirassiers at Waterloo.' 'Captain Gann defending Hougoumont,' 'Captain Gann, called upon by Napoleon Bonaparte to lay down his arms, saying, "A captain of militia dies, but never surrenders."' 'The Duke of Wellington pointing to the advancing Old Guard, and saying, "Up, Gann, and at them."'

And these sketches are so droll that even the Little Sister, Gann's own daughter, can't help laughing at them. To be sure, she loves fun, the Little Sister; laughs over droll books; laughs to herself, in her little quiet corner at work; laughs over pictures; and, at the right place, laughs and sympathizes too. Ridley says he knows few better critics of pictures than Mrs. Brandon. She has a sweet temper, a merry sense of humor, that makes the cheeks dimple and the eyes shine; and a kind heart, that has been sorely tried and wounded, but is still soft and gentle. Fortunate are they whose hearts, so tried by suffering, yet recover their health. Some have illnesses from which there is no recovery, and drag through life afterward, maimed and invalided.

But this Little Sister, having been subjected in youth to a dreadful trial and sorrow, was saved out of them by a kind Providence, and is now so thoroughly restored as to own that she is happy, and to thank God that she can be grateful and useful. When poor Montfichet died, she nursed him through his illness as tenderly as his good wife herself. In the days of her own chief grief and misfortune, her father, who was under the domination of his wife, a cruel and blundering woman, thrust out poor little Caroline from his door, when she returned to it the broken-hearted victim of a scoundrel's seduction; and when the old captain was himself in want and houseless, she had found him, sheltered, and fed him. And it was from that day her wounds had begun to heal, and, from gratitude for this immense piece of good fortune vouchsafed

to her, that her happiness and cheerfulness returned. Returned? There was an old servant of the family, who could not stay in the house because she was so abominably disrespectful to the captain, and this woman said she had never known Miss Caroline so cheerful, nor so good-looking, as she was now.

So Captain Gann came to live with his daughter, and patronized her with much dignity. He had a very few yearly pounds, which served to pay his club expenses and a portion of his clothes. His club, I need not say, was at the Admiral Byng, Tottenham Court Road, and here the captain met frequently a pleasant little society, and bragged unceasingly about his former prosperity.

I have heard that the country-house in Kent, of which he boasted, was a shabby little lodging-house at Margate, of which the furniture was sold in execution; but if it had been a palace the captain would not have been out of place there, one or two people still rather fondly thought. His daughter, among others, had tried to fancy all sorts of good of her father, and especially that he was a man of remarkably good manners. But she had seen one or two gentlemen since she knew the poor old father—gentlemen with rough coats and good hearts like Dr. Good-enough; gentlemen with superfine coats and superfine double-milled manners, like Dr. Firmin, and hearts—well, never mind about that point; gentlemen of no *h*'s, like the good, dear, faithful benefactor who had rescued her at the brink of despair; men of genius like Ridley; great hearty, generous, honest gentlemen, like Philip; and this illusion about pa, I suppose, had vanished along with some other fancies of her poor little maiden youth. The truth is, she had an understanding with the Admiral Byng: the landlady was instructed as to the supplies to be furnished to the captain; and as for his stories, poor Caroline knew them a great deal too well to believe in them any more.

I would not be understood to accuse the captain of habitual inebriety. He was a generous officer, and his delight was, when in cash, to order 'glasses round' for the company at the club, to whom he narrated the history of his brilliant early days, when he lived in some of the tiptop society of this city, sir—a society in which, we need not say, the custom always is for gentlemen to treat other gentlemen to rum-and-water. Never mind—I wish we were all as happy as the captain. I see his jolly face now before me as it blooms through the window in Thornhaugh Street, and the wave of the somewhat dingy hand which sweeps me a gracious recognition.

The clergyman of the neighboring chapel was a very good friend of the Little Sister, and has taken tea in her parlor; to

which circumstance the captain frequently alluded pointing out the very chair on which the divine sat. Mr. Gann attended his ministrations regularly every Sunday, and brought a rich, though somewhat worn, bass voice to bear upon the anthems and hymns at the chapel. His style was more florid than is general now among church singers, and, indeed, had been acquired in a former age and in the performance of rich Bacchanalian chants, such as delighted the contemporaries of our Incedons and Brahams. With a very little entreaty, the captain could be induced to sing at the club; and I must own that Phil Firmin would draw the captain out, and extract from him a song of ancient days; but this must be in the absence of his daughter, whose little face wore an air of such extreme terror and disturbance when her father sang, that he presently ceased from exercising his musical talents in her hearing. He hung up his lyre, whereof it must be owned that time had broken many of the once resounding chords.

With a sketch or two contributed by her lodgers—with a few gimcracks from the neighboring Wardour Street presented by others of her friends—with the chairs, tables, and bureaux as bright as beeswax and rubbing could make them—the Little Sister's room was a cheery little place, and received not a little company. She allowed pa's pipe. 'It's company to him,' she said. 'A man can't be doing much harm when he is smoking his pipe.' And she allowed Phil's cigar. Anything was allowed to Phil, the other lodgers declared, who professed to be quite jealous of Philip Firmin. She had a very few books. 'When I was a girl I used to be always reading novels,' she said; 'but, la, they're mostly nonsense. There's Mr. Pendennis, who comes to see Mr. Ridley. I wonder how a married man can go on writing about love, and all that stuff!' And, indeed it is rather absurd for elderly fingers to be still twanging Dan Cupid's toy bow and arrows. Yesterday is gone—yes, but very well remembered; and we think of it the more now we know that To-morrow is not going to bring us much.

Into Mrs. Brandon's parlor Mr. Ridley's old father would sometimes enter of evenings, and share the bit of bread and cheese, or the modest supper of Mrs. Brandon and the captain. The homely little meal has almost vanished out of our life now, but in former days it assembled many a family round its kindly board. A little modest supper-tray—a little quiet prattle—a little kindly glass that cheered and never inebriated. I can see friendly faces smiling round such a meal, at a period not far gone, but how distant! I wonder whether there are any

old folks now, in old quarters of old country towns, who come to each other's houses in sedan-chairs, at six o'clock, and play at quadrille until supper-tray time? Of evenings Ridley and the captain, I say, would have a solemn game at cribbage, and the Little Sister would make up a jug of something good for the two oldsters. She liked Mr. Ridley to come, for he always treated her father so respectful, and was quite the gentleman. And as for Mrs. Ridley, Mr. R.'s 'good lady'—was she not also grateful to the Little Sister for having nursed her son during his malady? Through their connection they were enabled to procure Mrs. Brandon many valuable friends; and always were pleased to pass an evening with the captain, and were as civil to him as they could have been had he been at the very height of his prosperity and splendor. My private opinion of the old captain, you see, is that he was a worthless old captain, but most fortunate in his early ruin, after which he had lived very much admired and comfortable, sufficient whisky being always provided for him.

Old Mr. Ridley's respect for her father afforded a most precious consolation to the Little Sister. Ridley liked to have the paper read to him. He was never quite easy with print, and to his last days, many words to be met with in newspapers and elsewhere used to occasion the good butler much intellectual trouble. The Little Sister made his lodgers' bills out for him (Mr. R., as well as the captain's daughter, strove to increase a small income by the letting of furnished apartments), or the captain himself would take these documents in charge; he wrote a noble mercantile hand, rendered now somewhat shaky by time, but still very fine in flourishes and capitals, and very much at worthy Mr. Ridley's service. Time was, when his son was a boy, that J. J. himself had prepared these accounts, which neither his father nor his mother were very competent to arrange. 'We were not, in our young time, Mr. Gann,' Ridley remarked to his friend, 'brought up to much scholarship; and very little book-learning was given to persons in *my* rank of life. It was necessary and proper for you gentlemen, of course, sir.' 'Of course, Mr. Ridley,' winks the other veteran over his pipe. 'But I can't go and ask my son John James to keep his old father's books now as he used to do—which to do so is, on the part of you and Mrs. Brandon, the part of true friendship, and I value it, sir, and so do my son John James reckonize and value it, sir.' Mr. Ridley had served gentlemen of the *bonne école*. No nobleman could be more courtly and grave than he was. In Mr. Gann's manner there was more humorous playfulness, which in no way, however,

diminished the captain's high breeding. As he continued to be intimate with Mr. Ridley, he became loftier and more majesty. I think each of these elders acted on the other, and for good; and I hope Ridley's opinion was correct, that Mr. Gann was ever the gentleman. To see these two good fogies together was a spectacle for edification. Their tumblers kissed each other on the table. Their elderly friendship brought comfort to themselves and their families. A little matter of money once created a coolness between the two gentlemen. But the Little Sister paid the outstanding account between her father and Mr. Ridley: there never was any further talk of pecuniary loans between them; and when they went to the Admiral Byng, each paid for himself.

Phil often heard of that nightly meeting at the Admiral's Head, and longed to be of the company. But even when he saw the old gentlemen in the Little Sister's parlor, they felt dimly that he was making fun of them. The captain would not have been able to brag so at ease had Phil been continually watching him. 'I have 'ad the honor of waiting on your worthy father at my Lord Todmorden's table. Our little club aint no place for you, Mr. Philip, nor for my son, though he's a good son, and proud me and his mother is of him, which he have never gave us a moment's pain, except when he was ill, since he have come to man's estate, most thankful am I, and with my hand on my heart, for to be able to say to. But what is good for me and Mr. Gann, won't suit you young gentlemen. *You aint a tradesman, sir, else I'm mistaken in the family, which I thought the Ringwoods one of the best in England, and the Firmins, a good one likewise.*' Mr. Ridley loved the sound of his own voice. At the festive meetings of the club, seldom a night passed in which he did not compliment his brother Byngs and air his own oratory. Under this reproof Phil blushed and hung his conscious head with shame. 'Mr. Ridley,' says he, 'you shall find I won't come where I am not welcome; and if I come to annoy you at the Admiral Byng, may I be taken out on the quarterdeck and shot.' On which Mr. Ridley pronounced Philip to a 'most sing'lar, astronary, and ascentric young man. A good heart, sir. Most generous to relieve distress. Fine talents, sir; but I fear—I fear they won't come to much good, Mr. Gann—saving your presence, Mrs. Brandon, m'm, which, of course, you *always* stand up for him.'

When Philip Firmin had had his pipe and his talk with the Little Sister in her parlor, he would ascend and smoke his second, third, tenth pipe in J. J. Ridley's studio. He would

pass hours before J. J.'s easel, pouring out talk about politics, about religion, about poetry, about women, about the dreadful slavishness and meanness of the world; unwearied in talk and idleness, as placid J. J. was in listening and labor. The painter had been too busy in life over his easel to read many books. His ignorance of literature smote him with a frequent shame. He admired book-writers, and young men of the university who quoted their Greek and their Horace glibly. He listened with deference to their talk on such matters; no doubt got good hints from some of them; was always secretly pained and surprised when the university gentlemen were beaten in argument, or loud and coarse in conversation, as sometimes they would be. 'J. J. is a very clever fellow of course,' Mr. Jarman would say of him, 'and the luckiest man in Europe. He loves painting, and he is at work all day. He loves toadying fine people, and he goes to a tea-party every night.' You all knew Jarman of Charlotte Street, the miniature-painter? He was one of the kings of the 'Haunt.' His tongue spared no one. He envied all success, and the sight of prosperity made him furious; but to the unsuccessful he was kind; to the poor eager with help and prodigal of compassion; and that old talk about nature's noblemen and the glory of labor was very fiercely and eloquently waged by him. His friends admired him; he was the soul of independence and thought most men sneaks who wore clean linen and frequented gentlemen's society: but it must be owned his landlords had a bad opinion of him, and I have heard of one or two of his pecuniary transactions which certainly were not to Mr. Jarman's credit. Jarman was a man of remarkable humor. He was fond of the widow, and would speak of her goodness, usefulness, and honesty with tears in his eyes. She was poor and struggling yet. Had she been wealthy and prosperous, Mr. Jarman would not have been so alive to her merit.

We ascend to the room on the first floor where the center window has been heightened, so as to afford an upper light, and under that stream of radiance we behold the head of an old friend, Mr. J. J. Ridley, the R. Academician. Time has somewhat thinned his open copious locks, and prematurely streaked the head with silver. His face is rather wan; the eager, sensitive hand which poises brush and palette, and quivers over the picture, is very thin; round his eyes are many lines of ill health and, perhaps, care, but the eyes are as bright as ever, and, when they look at the canvas or the model which he transfers to it, clear, and keen, and happy. He has

a very sweet singing voice, and warbles at his work, or whistles at it, smiling. He sets his hand little feats of skill to perform, and smiles with a boyish pleasure at his own matchless dexterity. I have seen him with an old pewter mustard-pot for a model, fashion a splendid silver flagon in one of his pictures; paint the hair of an animal, the folds and flowers of a bit of brocade, and so forth with a perfect delight in the work he was performing; a delight lasting from morning to sundown, during which time he was too busy to touch the biscuit and glass of water which was prepared for his frugal luncheon. He is greedy of the last minute of light, and never can be got from his darling pictures without a regret. To be a painter, and to have your hand in perfect command, I hold to be one of life's *summa bona*. The happy mixture of hand and head work must render the occupation supremely pleasant. In the day's work must occur endless delightful difficulties and occasions for skill. Over the details for that armor, that drapery, or what not, the sparkle of that eye, the downy blush of that cheek, the jewels on that neck, there are battles to be fought and victories to be won. Each day there must occur critical moments of supreme struggle and triumph, when struggle and victory must be both invigorating and exquisitely pleasing—as a burst across country is to a fine rider perfectly mounted, who knows that his courage and his horse will never fail him. There is the excitement of the game, and the gallant delight in winning it. Of this sort of admirable reward for their labor, no men, I think, have a greater share than painters (perhaps a violin-player perfectly and triumphantly performing his own beautiful composition may be equally happy.) Here is occupation; here is excitement; here is struggle and victory; and here is profit. Can man ask more from fortune? Dukes and Rothschilds may be envious of such a man.

Though Ridley has had his trials and troubles, as we shall presently learn, his art has mastered them all. Black care may have sat in crupper on that Pegasus, but has never unhorsed the rider. In certain minds, art is dominant and superior to all beside—stronger than love, stronger than hate, or care, or penury. As soon as the fever leaves the hand free, it is seizing and fondling the pencil. Love may frown and be false, but the other mistress never will. She is always true; always new; always the friend, companion, inestimable consoler. So John James Ridley sat at his easel from breakfast till sundown, and never left his work quite willingly. I wonder are men of other trades so enamored of theirs; whether lawyers cling to the last

to their darling reports; or writers prefer their desks and ink-stands to society, to friendship, to dear idleness! I have seen no men in life loving their profession so much as painters, except, perhaps, actors, who, when not engaged themselves, always go to the play.

Before this busy easel Phil would sit for hours, and pour out endless talk and tobacco-smoke. His presence was a delight to Ridley's soul; his face a sunshine; his voice a cordial. Weakly himself, and almost infirm of body, with sensibilities tremulously keen, the painter most admired among men strength, health, good spirits, good breeding. Of these, in his youth, Philip had a wealth of endowment; and I hope these precious gifts of fortune have not left him in his maturer age. I do not say that with all men Philip was so popular. There are some who never can pardon good fortune, and in the company of gentlemen are on the watch for offense; and, no doubt, in his course through life, poor downright Phil trampled upon corns enough of those who met him in his way. 'Do you know why Ridley is so fond of Firmin?' asked Jarman. 'Because Firmin's father hangs on to the nobility by the pulse, while Ridley, you know, is connected with them through the sideboard.' So Jarman had the double horn for his adversary: he could despise a man for not being a gentleman, and insult him for being one; I have met with people in the world with whom the latter offense is an unpardonable crime—a cause of ceaseless doubt, division, and suspicion. What more common or natural, Bufo, than to hate another for being what you are not? The story is as old as frogs, bulls, and men.

Then, to be sure, besides your enviers in life, there are your admirers. Beyond wit, which he understood—beyond genius, which he had—Ridley admired good looks and manners, and always kept some simple hero whom he loved secretly to cherish and worship. He loved to be among beautiful women and aristocratical men. Philip Firmin, with his republican notions and downright bluntness of behavior to all men of rank superior to him, had a grand high manner of his own; and if he had scarce twopence in his pockets, would have put his hands in them with as much independence as the greatest dandy who ever sauntered on Pall Mall pavement. What a coolness the fellow had! Some men may, not unreasonably, have thought it impudence. It fascinated Ridley. To be such a man; to have such a figure and manner; to be able to look society in the face, slap it on the shoulder, if you were so minded, and hold it by the button—what would not Ridley give for such

powers and accomplishments? You will please to **bear in mind**, I am not saying that J. J. was right, only that he was as he was. I hope we shall have nobody in this story without his little faults and peculiarities. Jarman was quite right when he said Ridley loved fine company. I believe his pedigree gave him secret anguishes. He would rather have been gentleman than genius ever so great; but let you and me, who have no weaknesses of our own, try and look charitably on this confessed foible of my friend.

J. J. never thought of rebuking Philip for being idle. Phil was as the lilies of the field, in the painter's opinion. He was not called upon to toil or spin; but to take his ease, and grow and bask in sunshine, and be arrayed in glory. The little clique of painters knew what Firmin's means were. £30,000 of his own! £30,000 down, sir; and the inheritance of his father's immense fortune! A splendor emanated from this gifted young man. His opinions, his jokes, his laughter, his song, had the weight of thirty thousand down, sir; etc, etc. What call had *he* to work? Would you set a young nobleman to be an apprentice? Philip was free to be as idle as any lord, if he liked. He ought to wear fine clothes, ride fine horses, dine off plate, and drink champagne every day. J. J. would work quite cheerfully till sunset, and have an eightpenny plate of meat in Wardour Street and a glass of porter for his humble dinner. At the Haunt, and similar places of Bohemian resort, a snug place near the fire was always found for Firmin. Fierce republican as he was, Jarman had a smile for his lordship, and used to adopt particularly dandified airs when he had been invited to Old Parr Street to dinner. I dare say Philip liked flattery. I own that he was a little weak in this respect, and that you and I, my dear sir, are, of course, far his superiors. J. J., who loved him, would have had him follow his aunt's and cousin's advice, and live in better company; but I think the painter would not have liked his pet to soil his hands with too much work, and rather admired Mr. Phil for being idle.

The Little Sister gave him advice, to be sure, both as to the company he should keep and the occupation which was wholesome for him. But when others of his acquaintance hinted that his idleness would do him harm, she would not hear of their censure. 'Why should he work if he don't choose?' she asked. 'He has no call to be scribbling and serabbling. You wouldn't have *him* sitting all day painting little dolls' heads on canvas, and working like a slave. A pretty idea, indeed! His uncle will get him an appointment. That's

the thing *he* should have. He should be secretary to an ambassador abroad, and he *will* be!' In fact Phil, at this period, used to announce his wish to enter the diplomatic service and his hope that Lord Ringwood would further his views in that respect. Meanwhile he was the king of Thornhaugh Street. He might be as idle as he chose, and Mrs. Brandon had always a smile for him. He might smoke a great deal too much, but she worked dainty little cigar-cases for him. She hemmed his fine cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, and embroidered his crest at the corners. She worked him a waistcoat so splendid that he almost blushed to wear it, gorgeous as he was in apparel at this period, and sumptuous in chains, studs, and haberdashery. I fear Dr. Firmin, sighing out his disappointed hopes in respect of his son, has rather good cause for his dissatisfaction. But of these remonstrances the Little Sister would not hear. 'Idle, why not? Why should he work? Boys will be boys. I dare say his grumbling old pa was not better than Philip when *he* was young!' And this she spoke with a heightened color in her little face, and a defiant toss of her head, of which I did not understand all the significance then; but attributed her eager partnership to that admirable injustice which belongs to all good women, and for which let us be daily thankful. I know, dear ladies, you are angry at this statement. But, even at the risk of displeasing *you*, we must tell the truth. You would wish to represent yourselves as equitable, logical, and strictly just. So, I dare say, Dr. Johnson would have liked Mrs. Thrale to say to him, 'Sir, your manners are graceful; your person elegant, cleanly, and eminently pleasing; your appetite small (especially for tea), and your dancing equal to the Violetta's;' which, you perceive, is merely ironical. Women equitable, logical, and strictly just! Mercy upon us! If they were, population would cease, the world would be a howling wilderness. Well, in a word, this Little Sister petted and coaxed Philip Firmin in such an absurd way that everyone remarked it—those who had no friends, no sweethearts, no mothers, no daughters, no wives, and those who were petted, and coaxed, and spoiled at home themselves; as I trust, dearly beloved, is your case.

Now, again, let us admit that Philip's father had reason to be angry with the boy, and deplore his son's taste for low company; but excuse the young man, on the other hand, somewhat for his fierce revolt and profound distaste at much in his home circle which annoyed him. 'By Heaven!' he would roar out, pulling his hair and whiskers, and with many fierce ejacu-

lations, according to his wont, 'the solemnity of those humbugs sickens me so that I should like to crown the old bishop with the soup tureen, and box Baron Bumpsher's ears with the saddle of mutton. At my aunt's, the humbug is just the same. It's better done, perhaps; but oh, Pendennis! if you could but know the pangs which tore into my heart, sir, the vulture which gnawed at this confounded liver, when I saw women—women who ought to be pure—women who ought to be like angels—women who ought to know no art but that of coaxing our griefs away and soothing our sorrows—fawning, and cringing, and scheming; cold to this person, humble to that, flattering to the rich, and indifferent to the humble in station. I tell you I have seen all this, Mrs. Pendennis! I won't mention names, but I have met with those who have made me old before my time—a hundred years old! The zest of life is passed from me' (here Mr. Phil would gulp a bumper from the nearest decanter at hand). 'But if I like what your husband is pleased to call low society, it is because I have seen the other. I have dangled about at fine parties and danced at fashionable balls. I have seen mothers bring their virgin daughters up to battered old rakes, and ready to sacrifice their innocence for fortune or a title. The atmosphere of those polite drawing rooms stifles me. I can't bow the knee to the horrible old Mammon. I walk about in the crowds as lonely as if I was in a wilderness; and don't begin to breathe freely until I get some honest tobacco to clear the air. As for your husband' (meaning the writer of this memoir), 'he cannot help himself; he is a worldling, of the earth, earthy. If a duke were to ask him to dinner to-morrow, the parasite owns that he would go. Allow me, my friends, my freedom, my rough companions, in their workday clothes. I don't hear such lies and flatteries come from behind pipes as used to pass from above chokers when I was in the world.' And he would tear at his cravat, as though the mere thought of the world's conventionality well-nigh strangled him.

This, to be sure, was in a late state of his career, but I take up the biography here and there, so as to give the best idea I may of my friend's character. At this time—he is out of the country just now, and besides if he saw his own likeness staring him in the face, I am confident he would not know it—Mr. Philip, in some things was as obstinate as a mule, and in others as weak as a woman. He had a childish sensibility for what was tender, helpless, pretty, or pathetic; and a mighty scorn of imposture, wherever he found it. He had many good

purposes, which were often very vacillating, and were but seldom performed. He had a vast number of evil habits, whereof, you know, idleness is said to be the root. Many of these evil propensities he coaxed and cuddled with much care; and though he roared out *peccavi* most frankly when charged with his sins, this criminal would fall to peccation very soon after promising amendment. What he liked he would have. What he disliked he could with the greatest difficulty be found to do. He liked good dinners, good wine, good horses, good clothes, and late hours; and in all these comforts of life (or any others which he fancied, or which were within his means) he indulged himself with perfect freedom. He hated hypocrisy on his own part, and hypocrites in general. He said everything that came into his mind about things and people; and of course, was often wrong and often prejudiced, and often occasioned howls of indignation or malignant whispers of hatred by his free speaking. He believed everything that was said to him until his informant had misled him once or twice, after which he would believe nothing. And here you will see that his impetuous credulity was as absurd as the subsequent obstinacy of his unbelief. My dear young friend, the profitable way in life is the middle way. Don't quite believe anybody, for he may mislead you; neither disbelieve him, for that is uncomplimentary to your friend. Black is not so very black; and as for white, *bon Dieu!* in our climate what paint will remain white long? If Philip was self-indulgent, I suppose other people are self-indulgent likewise: and besides, you know, your faultless heroes have ever so long gone out of fashion. To be young, to be good-looking, to be healthy, to be hungry three times a day, to have plenty of money, a great alacrity of sleeping, and nothing to do—all these, I dare say, are very dangerous temptations to a man, but I think I know some who would like to undergo the dangers of the trial. Suppose there be holidays, is there not work-time too? Suppose to-day is feast-day; may not tears and repentance come to-morrow? Such times are in store for Master Phil, and so please to let him have rest and comfort for a chapter or two.

CHAPTER VII.

IMPLETUR VETERIS BACCHI.

THAT time, that merry time of Brandon's, of Bohemia, of oysters, of idleness, of smoking, of song at night and profuse soda-water in the morning, of a pillow, lonely and bachelor it

is true, but with few cares for bedfellows, of plenteous pocket money, of ease for to-day and little heed for to-morrow, was often remembered by Philip in after days. Mr. Phil's views of life were not very exalted, were they? The fruits of the world, which he devoured with such gusto, I must own were of the common kitchen-garden sort; and the lazy rogue's ambition went no farther than to stroll along the sunshiny wall, eat his fill, and then repose comfortably in the arbor under the arched vine. Why did Phil's mother's parents leave her £30,000? I dare say some misguided people would be glad to do as much for their sons; but, if I have ten, I am determined they shall either have £100,000 apiece, or else bare bread and cheese. 'Man was made to labor, and to be lazy,' Phil would affirm with his usual energy of expression. 'When the Indian warrior goes on the hunting path, he is sober, active, indomitable. No dangers fright him, and no labors tire. He endures the cold of the winter; he couches on the forest leaves; he subsists on frugal roots or the casual spoil of his bow. When he returns to his village, he gorges to repletion; he sleeps, perhaps, to excess. When the game is devoured, and the fire-water exhausted, again he sallies forth into the wilderness; he outclimbs the 'possum and he throttles the bear. I am the Indian: and this Haunt is my wigwam! Barbara, my squaw, bring me oysters; bring me a jug of the frothing black beer of the pale face, or I will hang up thy scalp on my tent-pole!' And old Barbara, the good old attendant of this Haunt of Bandits, would say, 'Law, Mr. Philip, how you do go on, to be sure!' Where is the Haunt now? and where are the merry men all who there assembled? The sign is down; the song is silent; the sand is swept from the floor; the pipes are broken, and the ashes are scattered.

A little more gossip about his merry days, and we have done. He, Philip, was called to the bar in due course, and at his call-supper we assembled a dozen of his elderly and youthful friends. The chambers in Parchment Buildings were given up to him for this day. Mr. Vanjohn, I think, was away attending a steeplechase; but Mr. Cassidy was with us, and several of Philip's acquaintances of school, college, and the world. There was Philip's father, and Philip's uncle Twysden, and I, Phil's revered and respectable school senior, and others of our ancient seminary. There was Burroughs, the second wrangler of his year, great in metaphysics, greater with the knife and fork. There was Stackpole, Eblana's favorite child—the glutton of all learning, the master of many languages, who stuttered and

blushed when he spoke his own. There was Pinkerton, who, albeit an ignoramus at the university, was already winning prodigious triumphs at the Parliamentary bar, and investing in consols to the admiration of his contemporaries. There was Rosebury the beautiful, the May-Fair pet and delight of Almack's, the cards on whose mantelpiece made all men open the eyes of wonder, and some of us dart the scowl of envy. There was my Lord Egham, Lord Ascot's noble son. There was Tom Dale, who, having carried on his university career too splendidly, had come to grief in the midst of it, and was now meekly earning his bread in the reporters' gallery, alongside of Cassidy. There was Macbride, who, having thrown up his fellowship and married his cousin, was now doing a brave battle with poverty, and making literature feed him until law should reward him more splendidly. There was Haythorn, the country gentleman, who ever remembered his old college chums, and kept the memory of that friendship up by constant reminders of pheasants and game in the season. There were Raby and Maynard from the Guards' Club (Maynard sleeps now under Crimean snows), who preferred arms to the toga; but carried into their military life the love of their old books, the affection of their old friends. Most of these must be mute personages in our little drama. Could any chronicler remember the talk of all of them?

Several of the guests present were members of the Inn of Court (the Upper Temple) which had conferred on Philip the degree of Barrister-at-Law. He had dined in his wig and gown (Blackmore's wig and gown) in the inn-hall that day, in company with other members of his inn; and, dinner over, we adjourned to Phil's chambers in Parchment Buildings, where a dessert was served, to which Mr. Firmin's friends were convoked.

The wines came from Dr. Firmin's cellar. His servants were in attendance to wait upon the company. Father and son both loved splendid hospitalities, and, so far as creature comforts went, Philip's feast was richly provided. 'A supper, I love a supper of all things! And in order that I might enjoy ours, I only took a single mutton-chop for dinner!' cried Mr. Twysden, as he greeted Philip. Indeed, we found him as we arrived from Hall, already in the chambers, and eating the young barrister's dessert. 'He's been here ever so long,' says Mr. Brice, who officiated as butler, 'pegging away at the olives and maccaroons. Shouldn't wonder if he has pocketed some.' There was small respect on the part of Brice for Mr. Twysden, whom the worthy butler frankly pronounced to be

a stingy 'umbug. Meanwhile, Talbot believed that the old man respected him, and always conversed with Brice and treated him with a cheerful cordiality.

The outer Philistines quickly arrived, and but that the wine and men were older, one might have fancied one's self at a college wine party. Mr. Twysden talked for the whole company. He was radiant. He felt himself in high spirits. He did the honors of Philip's table. Indeed, no man was more hospitable with other folk's wine. Philip himself was silent and nervous. I asked him if the awful ceremony which he had just undergone was weighing on his mind?

He was looking rather anxiously toward the door; and knowing somewhat of the state of affairs at home, I thought that probably he and his father had had one of the disputes which of late days had become so frequent between them.

The company were nearly all assembled and busy with their talk, and drinking the doctor's excellent claret, when Brice entering announced Dr. Firmin and Mr. Tufton Hunt.

'Hang Mr. Tufton Hunt,' Philip was going to say; but he started up, went forward to his father, and greeted him very respectfully. He then gave a bow to the gentleman introduced as Mr. Hunt, and they found places at the table, the doctor taking his with his usual handsome grace.

The conversation, which had been pretty brisk until Dr. Firmin came, drooped a little after his appearance. 'We had an awful row two days ago,' Philip whispered to me. 'We shook hands and are reconciled, as you see. He won't stay long. He will be sent for in half an hour or so. He will say he has been sent for by a duchess, and go and have tea at the club.'

Dr. Firmin bowed, and smiled sadly at me as Philip was speaking. I dare say I blushed somewhat, and felt as if the doctor knew what his son was saying to me. He presently engaged in conversation with Lord Egham; he hoped his goodfather was well?

'You keep him so, doctor. You don't give a fellow a chance,' says the young lord.

'Pass the bottle, you young men! Hey! We intend to see you all out!' cries Talbot Twysden, on pleasure bent and of the frugal mind.

'Well said, sir,' says the stranger introduced as Mr. Hunt; 'and right good wine. Ha, Firmin! I think I know the tap!' and he smacked his lips over the claret. 'It's your twenty-five, and no mistake.'

'The red-nosed individual seems a connoisseur,' whispered Rosebury at my side.

The stranger's nose, indeed, was somewhat rosy. And to this I may add that his clothes were black, his face pale, and not well shorn, his white neckcloth dingy, and his eyes bloodshot.

'He looks as if he had gone to bed in his clothes, and carries a plentiful flue about his person. Who *is* your father's esteemed friend?' continues the wag, in an under voice.

'You heard his name, Rosebury,' says the young barrister gloomily.

'I should suggest that your father is in difficulties and attended by an officer of the sheriff of London, or perhaps subject to mental aberration, and placed under the control of a keeper.'

'Leave me alone, do!' groaned Philip. And here Twysden, who was longing for an opportunity to make a speech, bounced up from his chair, and stopped the facetious barrister's further remarks by his own eloquence. His discourse was in praise of Philip, the new-made barrister. 'What! if no one else will give that toast, your uncle will, and many a heartfelt blessing go with you too, my boy!' He was prodigal of benedictions. He dashed aside the tear-drop of emotion. He spoke with perfect fluency, and for a considerable period. He really made a good speech, and was greeted with deserved cheers when at length he sat down.

Phil stammered a few words in reply to his uncle's voluble compliments; and then Lord Ascot, a young nobleman of much familiar humor, proposed Phil's father, his health, and song. The physician made a neat speech from behind his ruffled shirt. He was agitated by the tender feelings of a paternal heart, he said, glancing benignly at Phil, who was cracking filberts. To see his son happy; to see him surrounded by such friends; to know him embarked this day in a profession which gave the greatest scope for talents, the noblest reward for industry, was a proud and happy moment to him, Dr. Firmin. What had the poet observed? '*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*' (hear hear!) '*emollit mores,*'—yes, '*emollit mores.*' He drank a bumper to the young barrister (he waved his ring, with a thimbleful of wine in his glass). He pledged the young friends whom he saw assembled to cheer his son on his onward path. He thanked them with a father's heart! He passed his emerald ring across his eyes for a moment, and lifted them to the ceiling, from which quarter he requested a blessing on his boy. As though 'spirits' approved of his invocation, immense thumps came from above, along with the plaudits which saluted the doctor's speech from the gentlemen round the table. But the upper thumps were derisory, and came from Mr.

Buffers, of the third floor, who chose this method of mocking our harmless little festivities.

I think these cheers from the facetious Buffers, though meant in scorn of our party, served to enliven it and make us laugh. Spite of all the talking, we were dull; and I could not but allow the force of my neighbor's remark, that we were sat upon and smothered by the old men. One or two of the younger gentlemen chafed at the license for tobacco-smoking not being yet accorded. But Philip interdicted this amusement as yet.

'Don't,' he said; 'my father don't like it. He has to see patients to-night; and they can't bear the smell of tobacco by their bedsides.'

The impatient youths waited with their cigar-cases by their sides. They longed for the withdrawal of the obstacle to their happiness.

'He won't go, I tell you. He'll be sent for,' growled Philip to me.

The doctor was engaged in conversation to the right and left of him, and seemed not to think of a move. But, sure enough, at a few minutes after ten o'clock, Dr. Firmin's footman entered the room with a note, which Firmin opened and read, as Philip looked at me with a grim humor in his face. I think Philip's father knew that we knew he was acting. However, he went through the comedy quite gravely.

'A physician's time is not his own,' he said, shaking his handsome, melancholy head. 'Good-by, my dear lord! Pray remember me at home! Good-night, Philip, my boy, and good speed to you in your career! Pray, pray don't move.'

And he is gone, waving the fair hand and the broad-brimmed hat, with the beautiful white lining. Phil conducted him to the door, and heaved a sigh as it closed upon his father—a sigh of relief, I think, that he was gone.

'Exit Governor. What's the Latin for Governor?' says Lord Egham, who possessed much native humor, but not very profound scholarship. 'A most venerable old parent, Firmin. That hat and appearance would command any sum of money.'

'Excuse me,' lisps Rosebury; 'but why didn't he take his elderly friend with him—the dilapidated clerical gentleman who is drinking claret so freely? And also, why did he not remove your avuncular orator? Mr. Twysden, your interesting young neophyte has provided us with an excellent specimen of the cheerful produce of the Gascon grape.'

'Well, then, now the old gentleman is gone, let us pass the bottle and make a night of it. Hey, my lord?' cries Twysden.

‘Philip, your claret is good! I say, do you remember some Château Margaux I had, which Winton liked so? It must be good if *he* praised it, I can tell you. I imported it myself, and gave him the address of the Bordeaux merchant; and he said he had seldom tasted any like it. Those were his very words. I must get you fellows to come and taste it some day.’

‘Some day! What day? Name it, generous Amphitryon!’ cries Rosebury.

‘Some day at seven o’clock. With a plain, quiet dinner—a clear soup, a bit of fish, a couple of little entrées, and a nice little roast. That’s my kind of dinner. And we’ll taste that claret, young men. It is not a heavy wine. It is not a first-class wine. I don’t mean even to say it is a dear wine, but it has a bouquet and a pureness. What, you *will* smoke, you fellows?’

‘We *will* do it, Mr. Twysden. Better do as the rest of us do. Try one of these.’

The little man accepts the proffered cigar from the young nobleman’s box, lights it, hems and hawks, and lapses into silence.

‘I thought that would do for him,’ murmurs the facetious Egham. ‘It is strong enough to blow his old head off, and I wish it would. That cigar,’ he continues, ‘was given to my father by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had it out of the Queen of Spain’s own box. She smokes a good deal, but naturally likes ’em mild. I can give you a stronger one.’

‘Oh, no. I dare say this is very fine. Thank you!’ says poor Talbot.

‘Leave him alone, can’t you!’ says Philip. ‘Don’t make a fool of him before the young men, Egham.’

Philip still looked very dismal in the midst of the festivity. He was thinking of his differences with his absent parent.

We might all have been easily consoled, if the doctor had taken away with him the elderly companion whom he had introduced to Phil’s feast. He could not have been very welcome to our host, for Phil scowled at his guest, and whispered, ‘Hang Hunt!’ to his neighbor.

‘Hang Hunt’—the Reverend Tufton Hunt was his name—was in no wise disconcerted by the coolness of his reception. He drank his wine very freely; addressed himself to his neighbors affably; and called out a loud ‘Hear hear!’ to Twysden, when that gentleman announced his intention of making a night of it. As Mr. Hunt warmed with wine he spoke to the table. He talked a great deal about the Ringwood family, had been very intimate at Wingate, in old days, as he told Mr. Twysden, and an intimate friend of poor Cinqbars, Lord

Ringwood's only son. Now the memory of the late Lord Cinqbars was not an agreeable recollection to the relatives of the house of Ringwood. He was in life a dissipated and disreputable young lord. His name was seldom mentioned in his family; never by his father, with whom he had had many quarrels.

'You know I introduced Cinqbars to your father, Philip?' calls out the dingy clergyman.

'I have heard you mention the fact,' says Philip.

'They met at a wine in my room at Corpus. Brummell Firmin we used to call your father in those days. He was the greatest buck in the university—always a dressy man, kept hunters, gave the best dinners in Cambridge. We were a wild set. There was Cinqbars, Brand Firmin, Beryl, Toplady, about a dozen of us, almost all noblemen or fellow-commoners—fellows who all kept their horses and had their private servants.'

This speech was addressed to the company, who yet did not seem much edified by the college recollections of the dingy elderly man.

'Almost all Trinity men, sir! We dined with each other week about. Many of them had their tandems. Desperate fellow across country your father was. And—but we don't tell tales out of school, hey?'

'No; please don't, sir,' said Philip, clenching his fists, and biting his lips. The shabby, ill-bred, swaggering man was eating Philip's salt; Phil's lordly ideas of hospitality did not allow him to quarrel with the guest under his tent.

'When he went out in medicine, we were all of us astonished. Why, sir, Brand Firmin, at one time, was the greatest swell in the university,' continued Mr. Hunt, 'and such a plucky fellow! So was poor Cinqbars, though he had no stamina. He, I, and Firmin fought for twenty minutes before Caius' Gate with about twenty bargemen, and you should have seen your father hit out! I was a handy one in those days, too, with my fingers. We learned the noble art of self-defense in my time, young gentlemen! We used to have Glover, the boxer, down from London, who gave us lessons. Cinqbars was a pretty sparrer—but no stamina. Brandy killed him, sir—brandy killed him! Why, this is some of your governor's wine! He and I have been drinking it to-night in Parr Street, and talking over old times.'

'I am glad, sir, you found the wine to your taste,' says Philip gravely.

'I did, Philip, my boy! And when your father said he was coming to your wine, I said I'd come too.'

'I wish somebody would fling him out of the window,' groaned Philip.

'A most potent, grave, and reverend senior,' whispered Rosebury to me. 'I read billiards, Boulogne, gambling-houses, in his noble lineaments. Has he long adorned your family circle, Firmin?'

'I found him at home about a month ago in my father's ante-room, in the same clothes, with a pair of mangy mustaches on his face, and he has been at our house every day since.'

'*Échappé de Toulon*,' says Rosebury blandly, looking toward the stranger. '*Cela ce voit. Homme parfaitement distingué.* You are quite right, sir. I was speaking of you, and asking our friend Philip where it was I had the honor of meeting you abroad last year? This courtesy,' he gently added, 'will disarm tigers.'

'I was abroad, last year,' said the other, nodding his head.

'Three to one he was in Boulogne jail, or perhaps officiating chaplain at a gambling house. Stop, I have it! Baden Baden, sir?'

'I was there, safe enough,' says the clergyman. 'It is a very pretty place; but the air of the *Après* kills you. Ha! ha! Your father used to shake his elbow when he was a youngster, too, Philip! I can't help calling you Philip. I have known your father these thirty years. We were college chums, you know.'

'Ah! what would I give,' sighs Rosebury, 'if that venerable being would but address me by my Christian name! Philip, do something to make your party go. The old gentlemen are throttling it. Sing something, somebody! or let us drown our melancholy in wine. You expressed your approbation of this claret, sir, and claimed a previous acquaintance with it?'

'I've drunk two dozen of it in the last month,' says Mr. Hunt, with a grin.

'Two dozen and four, sir,' remarks Mr. Brice, putting a fresh bottle on the table.

'Well said, Brice! I make the Firmin Arms my headquarters; and honor the landlord with a good deal of my company,' remarks Mr. Hunt.

'The Firmin Arms is honored by having such supporters!' says Phil, glaring, and with a heaving chest. At each moment he was growing more and more angry with that parson.

At a certain stage of conviviality Phil was fond of talking of his pedigree; and, though a professor of very liberal opinions, was not a little proud of some of his ancestors.

'Oh, come, I say! Sink the heraldry!' cries Lord Egham.

'I am very sorry! I would do anything to oblige you, but I can't help being a gentleman!' growls Philip.

'Oh, I say! if you intend to come King Richard III. over us!' breaks out my lord.

'Egham! your ancestors were sweeping counters when mine stood by King Richard in that righteous fight!' shouts Philip.

That monarch had conferred lands upon the Ringwood family. Richard III. was Philip's battle horse; when he trotted it after dinner he was splendid in his chivalry.

'Oh, I say! If you are to saddle White Surrey, fight Bosworth Field, and murder the kids in the Tower!' continues Lord Egham.

'Serve the little brutes right!' roars Phil. 'They were no more heirs of the blood royal of England than——'

'I dare say! Only I'd rather have a song, now the old boy is gone. I say, you fellows, chant something, do now! Bar all this row about Bosworth Field and Richard III. Always does it when he's beer on board—always does it, give you my honor!' whispers the young nobleman to his neighbor.

'I am a fool! I am a fool!' cries Phil, smacking his forehead. 'There are moments when the wrongs of my race *will* intervene. It's not your fault, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'im, that you alluded to my arms in a derisive manner. I bear you no malice! Nay, I ask your pardon! Nay! I pledge you in this claret, which is good, though it's my governor's. In our house everything isn't hum—— Bosh! It's twenty-five claret, sir! Egham's father gave him a pipe of it for saving a life which which might be better spent; and I believe the apothecary would have pulled you through, Egham, just as well as my governor. But the wine's good! Good! Brice, some more claret! A song! Who spoke of a song? Warble us something, Tom Dale! A song, a song, a song!'

Whereupon the exquisite ditty of 'Moonlight on the Tiles' was given by Tom Dale with all his accustomed humor. Then politeness demanded that our host should sing one of his songs, and as I have heard him perform it many times, I take the privilege of here reprinting it: premising that the tune and chorus were taken from a German song-book, which used to delight us melodious youth in bygone days. Philip accordingly lifted up his great voice and sang:

DOCTOR LUTHER.

For the souls' edification
Of this decent congregation,
Worthy people! by your grant,
I will sing a holy chant,
I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,

'Twas a father wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago.
Then sing as Doctor Luther sang,
As Doctor Luther sang,
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.

He by custom patriarchal,
 Loved to see the beaker sparkle,
 And he thought the wine improved,
 Tasted by the wife he loved,
 By the kindly lips he loved.
 Friends! I wish this custom pious
 Duly were adopted by us,
 To combine love, song, wine;
 And sing as Doctor Luther sang,
 As Doctor Luther sang,
 Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.

Who refuses this our credo,
 And demurs to drink as we do,
 Were he holy as John Knox,
 I'd pronounce him heterodox.
 I'd pronounce him heterodox,
 And from out this congregation,
 With a solemn commination,
 Banish quick the heretic,
 Who would not sing as Luther sang,
 As Doctor Luther sang,
 Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.

The reader's humble servant was older than most of the party assembled at this symposium, which may have taken place some score of years back; but as I listened to the noise, the fresh laughter, the songs remembered out of old university days, the talk and cant phrases of the old school of which most of us had been disciples, dear me, I felt quite young again, and when certain knocks came to the door about midnight, enjoyed quite a refreshing pang of anxious interest for a moment, deeming the proctors were rapping, having heard our shouts in the court below. The late comer, however, was only a tavern waiter, bearing a supper-tray; and we were free to speechify, shout, quarrel, and be as young as we liked, with nobody to find fault, except, perchance, the bencher below, who, I dare say, was kept awake with our noise.

When that supper arrived, poor Talbot Twysden, who had come so far to enjoy it, was not in a state to partake of it. Lord Egham's cigar had proved too much for him; and the worthy gentleman had been lying on a sofa, in a neighboring room, for some time past, in a state of hopeless collapse. He had told us, while yet capable of speech, what a love and regard he had for Philip; but between him and Philip's father there was but little love. They had had that worst and most irremediable of quarrels, difference about twopence-halfpenny in the division of the property of their late father-in-law. Firmin still thought Twysden a shabby curmudgeon; and Twysden considered Firmin an unprincipled man. When Mrs. Firmin was alive, the two sisters had had to regulate their affections by the marital orders, and to be warm, cool, moderate, freezing, according to their husbands' state for the time being. I wonder are there many real reconciliations? Dear Tomkins and I are reconciled, I know. We have met and dined at Jones'. And ah! how fond we are of each other! Oh, very! So with Firmin and Twysden. They met, and shook hands with perfect animosity. So did Twysden junior and Firmin junior. Young Twysden was the elder, and thrashed and bullied Phil as a boy, until the latter arose and pitched his cousin down-

stairs. Mentally, they were always kicking each other downstairs. Well, poor Talbot could not partake of the supper when it came, and lay in a piteous state on the neighboring sofa of the absent Mr. Vanjohn.

Who would go home with him, where his wife must be anxious about him? I agreed to convoy him, and the parson said he was going our way, and would accompany us. We supported this senior through the Temple, and put him on the front seat of a cab. The cigar had disgracefully overcome him; and any lecturer on the evils of smoking might have pointed his moral on the helpless person of this wretched gentleman.

The evening's feasting had only imparted animation to Mr. Hunt, and occasioned an agreeable *abandon* in his talk. I had seen the man before in Dr. Firmin's house, and own that his society was almost as odious to me as to the doctor's son Philip. On all subjects and persons, Phil was accustomed to speak his mind out a great deal too openly; and Mr. Hunt had been an object of special dislike to him ever since he had known him. I tried to make the best of the matter. Few men of kindly feeling and good station are without a dependent or two. Men start together in the race of life; and Jack wins, and Tom falls by his side. The successful man succors and reaches a friendly hand to the unfortunate competitor.

Remembrance of early times gives the latter a sort of right to call on his luckier comrade; and a man finds himself pitying, then enduring, then embracing a companion for whom, in old days, perhaps, he never had had any regard or esteem. A prosperous man ought to have followers; if he has none, he has a hard heart.

This philosophizing was all very well. It was good for a man not to desert the friends of his boyhood. But to live with such a cad as that: with that creature, low, swaggering, besotted—'How could his father, who had fine taste, and loved grand company, put up with such a fellow?' asked Phil. 'I don't know when the man is more odious: when he is familiar or when he is respectful; when he is paying compliments to my father's guests in Parr Street, or telling hideous old stale stories, as he did at my call-supper.'

The wine of which Mr. Hunt freely partook on that occasion made him, as I have said, communicative. 'Not a bad fellow, our host,' he remarked, on his part, when we came away together. 'Bumptious, good-looking, speaks his mind, hates me, and I don't care. He must be well to do in the world, Master Philip.'

I said I hoped and thought so.

‘Brummell Firmin must make four or five thousand a year. He was a wild fellow in my time, I can tell you—in the days of the wild Prince and Poins—stuck at nothing, spent his own money, ruined himself, fell on his legs somehow, and married a fortune. Some of us have not been so lucky. I had nobody to pay *my* debts. I missed my fellowship by idling and dissipating with those confounded hats and silver-laced gowns. I liked good company in those days—always did, when I could get it. If you were to write my adventures, now, you would have to tell some queer stories. I’ve been everywhere; I’ve seen high and low—especially low. I’ve tried schoolmastering, bear-leading, newspapering, America, West Indies. I’ve been in every city in Europe. I haven’t been as lucky as Brummell Firmin. He rolls in his coach, he does, and I walk in my highlows. Guineas drop into his palm every day, and are uncommonly scarce in mine, I can tell you; and poor old Tufton Hunt is not much better off at fifty odd than he was when he was an undergraduate at eighteen. How do you do, old gentleman? Air do you good? Here we are at Beaunash Street; hope you’ve got the key, and missis won’t see you.’ A large butler, too well bred to express astonishment at any event which occurred out of doors, opened Mr. Twysden’s, and let in that lamentable gentleman. He was very pale and solemn. He gasped out a few words, intimating his intention to fix a day to ask us to come and dine soon, and taste that wine that Winton liked so. He waved an unsteady hand to us. If Mrs. Twysden was on the stairs to see the condition of her lord, I hope she took possession of the candle. Hunt grumbled as we came out: ‘He might have offered us some refreshment after bringing him all that way home. It’s only half-past one. There’s no good in going to bed so soon as that. Let us go and have a drink somewhere. I know a very good crib close by. No, you won’t? I say’ (here he burst into a laugh which startled the sleeping street), ‘I know what you’ve been thinking all the time in the cab. You are a swell—you are, too! You have been thinking, “This dreary old parson will try and borrow money from me.” But I won’t, my boy. I’ve got a banker. Look here! Fee, faw, fum. You understand. I can get the sovereigns out of my medical swell in Old Parr Street. I prescribe bleeding for him—I drew him to-night. He is a very kind fellow, Brummell Firmin is. He can’t deny such a dear old friend anything. Bless him!’ And as he turned away to some midnight haunt of his own, he tossed up his hand in the air. I

heard him laughing through the silent street, and Policeman X, tramping on his beat, turned round and suspiciously eyed him.

Then I thought of Dr. Firmin's dark melancholy face and eyes. Was a benevolent remembrance of old times the bond of union between these men? All my house had long been asleep, when I opened gently my house door. By the twinkling night-lamp I could dimly see child and mother softly breathing. Oh, blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits! Happy you who have escaped temptation!

I may have been encouraged in my suspicions of the dingy clergyman by Philip's own surmises regarding him, which were expressed with the speaker's usual candor. 'The fellow calls for what he likes at the Firmin Arms,' said poor Phil; 'and when my father's bigwigs assemble, I hope the reverend gentleman dines with them. I should like to see him hobnobbing with old Bumpsher, or slapping the bishop on the back. He lives in Sligo Street, round the corner, so as to be close to our house and yet preserve his own elegant independence. Otherwise, I wonder he has not installed himself in Old Parr Street, where my poor mother's bedroom is vacant. The doctor does not care to use that room. I remember now how silent they were when together, and how terrified she always seemed before him. What has he done! I know of one affair in his early life. Does this Hunt know of any more? They have been accomplices in some conspiracy, sir; I dare say with that young Cinqbars, of whom Hunt is forever bragging; the worthy son of the worthy Ringwood. I say, does wickedness run in the blood? My grandfathers, I have heard, were honest men. Perhaps they were only not found out; and the family taint will show in me some day. There are times when I feel the devil so strong within me that I think some day he must have the mastery. I'm not quite bad yet; but I tremble lest I should go. Suppose I were to drown, and go down? It's not a jolly thing, Pendennis, to have such a father as mine. Don't humbug *me* with your charitable palliations and soothing surmises. You put me in mind of the world then, by Jove, you do! I laugh, and I drink, and I make merry, and sing, and smoke endless tobacco; and I tell you, I always feel as if a little sword was dangling over my skull which will fall some day and split it. Old Parr Street is mined, sir, mined! And some morning we shall be blown into blazes—into blazes, sir; mark my words! That's why I'm so careless and so idle, for which you fellows are always bothering and scolding me. There's no use in settling down until the explosion is over, don't

you see? *Incedo per ignes suppositos*, and, by George! sir, feel my bootsoles already scorching. Poor thing! poor mother!' (he apostrophized his mother's picture, which hung in the room where we were talking), 'were you aware of the secret, and was it the knowledge of that which made your poor eyes always look so frightened? She was always fond of you, Pen. Do you remember how pretty and graceful she used to look as she lay on her sofa upstairs, or smiled out of her carriage as she kissed her hand to us boys? I say, what if a woman marries, and is coaxed and wheedled by a soft tongue, and runs off, and afterward find her husband has a cloven foot?'

'Ah, Philip!'

'What is to be the lot of the son of such a man? Is my hoof cloven, too?' It was on the stove, as he talked, extended in American fashion. 'Suppose there's no escape for me, and I inherit my doom, as another man does gout or consumption? Knowing this fate, what is the use, then, of doing anything in particular? I tell you, sir, the whole edifice of our present life will crumble in and smash.' (Here he flings his pipe to the ground with an awful shatter.) 'And until the catastrophe comes, what on earth is the use of setting to work, as you call it? You might as well have told a fellow, at Pompeii, to select a profession the day before the eruption.'

'If you know that Vesuvius is going to burst over Pompeii,' I said, somewhat alarmed, 'why not go to Naples, or farther if you will?'

'Were there not men in the sentry-boxes at the city gates,' asked Philip, 'who might have run, and yet remained to be burned there? Suppose, after all, the doom isn't hanging over us, and the fear of it is only a nervous terror of mine? Suppose it comes, and I survive it? The risk of the game gives a zest to it, old boy. Besides, there is Honor: and Someone Else is in the case, from whom a man *could* not part in an hour of danger.' And here he blushed a fine red, heaved a great sigh, and emptied a bumper of claret.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILL BE PRONOUNCED TO BE CYNICAL BY THE BENEVOLENT.

GENTLE readers will not, I trust, think the worse of their most obedient humble servant for the confession that I talked to my wife, on my return home, regarding Philip and his affairs. When I choose to be frank, I hope no man can be more open than myself; when I have a mind to be quiet, no fish can be

more mute. I have kept secrets so ineffably that I have utterly forgotten them, until my memory was refreshed by people who also knew them. But what was the use of hiding this one from the being to whom I open all, or almost all—say all, excepting just one or two of the closets of this heart? So I say to her, ‘My love; it is as I suspected. Philip and his cousin Agnes are carrying on together.’

‘Is Agnes the pale one, or the *very* pale one?’ asks the joy of my existence.

‘No, the elder is Blanche. They are both older than Mr. Firmin: but Blanche is the elder of the two.’

‘Well, I am not saying anything malicious, or contrary to the fact, am I, sir?’

No. Only I know by her looks, when another lady’s name is mentioned, whether my wife likes her or not. And I am bound to say, though this statement may meet with a denial, that her countenance does not vouchsafe smiles at the mention of all ladies’ names. ‘You don’t go to the house? You and Mrs. Twysden have called on each other, and there the matter has stopped? Oh, I know! It is because poor Talbot brags so about his wine, and gives such abominable stuff, that you have such an un-Christian feeling for him!’

‘That is the reason, I dare say,’ say the lady.

‘No. It is no such thing. Though you *do* know sherry from port, I believe upon my conscience you do not avoid the Tywsdens because they give bad wine. Many others sin in that way, and you forgive them. You like your fellow-creatures better than wine—some fellow-creatures—and you dislike some fellow-creatures worse than medicine. You swallow them, madam. You say nothing, but your looks are dreadful. You make wry faces; and when you have taken them, you want a piece of sweetmeat to take the taste out of your mouth.’

The lady thus wittily addressed shrugs her lovely shoulders. My wife exasperates me in many things; in getting up at insane hours to go to early church, for instance; in looking at me in a particular way at dinner, when I am about to cat one of those *entrées* which Dr. Goodenough declares disagree with me; in nothing more than in that obstinate silence, which she persists in maintaining sometimes when I am abusing people whom I do not like, whom she does not like, and who abuse me. This reticence makes me wild. What confidence can there be between a man and his wife, if he can’t say to her, ‘Confound So-and-so, I hate him!’ or, ‘What a prig What-d’ye-call-’im is!’ or, ‘What a bloated aristocrat Thingamy has become since he got his place!’ or what you will?

‘No,’ I continue, ‘I know why you hate the Twysdens, Mrs. Pendennis. You hate them because they move in a world which you can only occasionally visit. You envy them because they are hand-in-glove with the great; because they possess an easy grace, and a frank, and noble elegance with which common country people and apothecaries’ sons are not endowed.’

‘My dear Arthur, I do think you are ashamed of being an apothecary’s son; you talk about it so often,’ says the lady. Which was all very well; but you see she was not answering my remarks about the Twysdens.

‘You are right, my dear,’ I say then. ‘I ought not to be censorious, being myself no more virtuous than my neighbor.’

‘I know people abuse you, Arthur; but I think you are a very good sort of man,’ says the lady, over her little tea-tray.

‘And so are the Twysdens very good people—very nice, artless, unselfish, simple, generous, well-bred people. Mrs. Twysden is all heart: Twysden’s conversational powers are remarkable and pleasing; and Philip is eminently fortunate in getting one of those charming girls for a wife.’

‘I’ve no patience with them,’ cries my wife, losing that quality to my great satisfaction: for then I knew I had found the crack in Madam Pendennis’ armor of steel, and had smitten her in a vulnerable little place.

‘No patience with them? Quiet, lady-like young women!’ I cry.

‘Ah,’ sighs my wife, ‘what have they got to give Philip in return for——’

‘In return for his £30,000? They will have £10,000 apiece when their mother dies.’

‘Oh! I wouldn’t have our boy marry a woman like one of those, not if she had £1,000,000. I wouldn’t, my child and my blessing!’ (This is addressed to a little darling who happens to be eating sweet cakes, in a high chair, off the little table by his mother’s side, and who, though he certainly used to cry a good deal at that period, shall be a mute personage in this history.)

‘You are alluding to Blanche’s little affair with——’

‘No, I am not, sir!’

‘How do you know which one I meant, then? Or that notorious disappointment of Agnes, when Lord Farintosh became a widower? If he wouldn’t, she couldn’t, you know, my dear. And I am sure she tried her best: at least, everybody said so.’

‘Ah! I have no patience with the way in which you people of the world treat the most sacred of subjects—the most sacred,

sir. Do you hear me? Is a woman's love to be pledged and withdrawn every day? Is her faith and purity only to be a matter of barter, and rank, and social consideration? I am sorry, because I don't wish to see Philip, who is good, and honest, and generous, and true as yet—however great his faults may be—because I don't wish to see him given up to—— Oh! it's shocking, shocking!

Given up to what? to anything dreadful in this world, or the next? Don't imagine that Philip's relations thought they were doing Phil any harm by condescending to marry him, or themselves any injury. A doctor's son, indeed! Why, the Twysden were far better placed in the world than their kinsmen of Old Parr Street; and went to better houses. The year's levée and drawing room would have been incomplete without Mr. and Mrs. Twysden. There might be families with higher titles, more wealth, higher positions; but the world did not contain more respectable folks than the Twysdens; of this every one of the family was convinced, from Talbot himself down to his heir. If somebody or some Body of savants would write the history of the harm that has been done in the world by people who believe themselves to be virtuous, what a queer, edifying book it would be, and how poor oppressed rogues might look up! Who burn the Protestants?—the virtuous Catholics to be sure. Who roast the Catholics? the virtuous Reformers. Who thinks I am a dangerous character, and avoids me at the club? the virtuous Squaretoes. Who scorns? who persecutes? who doesn't forgive? the virtuous Mrs. Grundy. She remembers her neighbors' peccadilloes to the third and fourth generation; and if she finds a certain man fallen in her path, gathers up her affrighted garments with a shriek, for fear the muddy, bleeding wretch should contaminate her, and passes on.

I do not seek to create even surprise in this modest history, or condescend to keep candid readers in suspense about many matters which might possibly interest them. For instance, the matter of love has interested novel-readers for hundreds of years past, and doubtless will continue so to interest them. Almost all young people read love books and histories with eagerness, as oldsters read books of medicine, and whatever it is—heart-complaint, gout, liver, palsy—cry, 'Exactly so, precisely my case!' Phil's first love affair, to which we are now coming, was false. I own it at once. And in this commencement of his career I believe he was not more or less fortunate than many and many a man and woman in this world. Suppose

the course of true love always did run smooth, and everybody married his or her first love. Ah! what would marriage be?

A generous young fellow comes to market with a heart ready to leap out of his waistcoat, forever thumping and throbbing, and so wild that he can't have any rest till he has disposed of it. What wonder if he falls upon a wily merchant in Vanity Fair, and barter his all for a stale bauble not worth sixpence? Phil chose to fall in love with his cousin; and I warn you that nothing will come of that passion, except the influence which it had upon the young man's character. Though my wife did not love the Twysdens, she loves sentiment, she loves love affairs—all women do. Poor Phil used to bore *me* after dinner with endless rodomontades about his passion and his charmer; but my wife was never tired of listening. 'You are a selfish, heartless, *blasé* man of the world, you are,' he would say. 'Your own immense and undeserved good fortune in the matrimonial lottery has rendered you hard, cold, crass, indifferent. You have been asleep, sir, twice to-night, while I was talking. I will go up and tell madam everything. *She* has a heart.' And presently, engaged with my book or my after-dinner doze, I would hear Phil striding and creaking overhead, and plunging energetic pokers in the drawing-room fire.

Thirty thousand pounds to begin with; a third part of that sum coming to the lady from her mother; all the doctor's savings and property; here certainly was enough in possession and expectation to satisfy many young couples; and as Phil is twenty-two, and Agnes (must I own it?) twenty-five, and as she has consented to listen to the warm outpourings of the eloquent and passionate youth, and exchange for his fresh, new-minted, golden sovereign heart, that used little threepenny-piece, her own—why should they not marry at once, and so let us have an end of them and this history? They have plenty of money to pay the parson and the post-chaise; they may drive off to the country, and live on their means, and lead an existence so humdrum and tolerably happy, that Phil may grow quite too fat, lazy, and unfit for his present post of hero of a novel. But stay—there are obstacles; coy, reluctant, amorous delays. After all Philip is a dear, brave, handsome, wild, reckless, blundering boy, treading upon everybody's dress-skirts, smashing the little Dresden ornaments, and the pretty little decorous gim-cracks of society, life, conversation; but there is time yet. Are you so very sure about that money of his mother's? and how it is that his father, the doctor, has not settled accounts with him yet? *C'est louche*. A family of high position and principle

must look to have the money matters in perfect order, before they consign a darling accustomed to every luxury to the guardianship of a confessedly wild and eccentric, though generous and amiable, young man. Besides—ah! besides—besides!

‘. . . It’s horrible, Arthur! It’s cruel, Arthur! It’s a shame to judge a woman or Christian people so! Oh! my loves! my blessings! would I sell *you?*’ says this young mother, clutching a little belaced, befurbelowed being to her heart, infantine, squalling, with blue shoulder-ribbons, a mottled little arm that has just been vaccinated, and the sweetest red shoes. ‘Would I sell *you?*’ says mamma. Little Arty, I say, squalls; and little Nelly looks up from her bricks with a wondering, whimpering expression.

Well, I am ashamed to say what the ‘besides’ is; but the fact is, that young Woolcomb of the Life Guards Green, who has inherited immense West India property, and, we will say, just a teaspoonful of that dark blood which makes a man naturally partial to blond beauties, has cast his opal eyes very warmly upon the golden-haired Agnes of late; has danced with her not a little; and when Mrs. Twysden’s barouche appears by the Serpentine, you may not unfrequently see a pair of the neatest little yellow kid gloves just playing with the reins, a pair of the prettiest little boots just touching the stirrup, a magnificent horse dancing, and tittupping, and tossing, and performing the most graceful caracoles and gambadoes, and on the magnificent horse a neat little man with a blazing red flower in his bosom, and glancing opal eyes, and a dark complexion, and hair so *very* black and curly that I really almost think in some of the Southern States of America he would be likely to meet with rudeness in a railway car.

But in England we know better. In England Grenville Woolcomb is a man and a brother. Half of Arrowroot Island, they say, belongs to him; besides Mangrove Hall, in Hertfordshire; ever so much property in other counties, and that fine house in Berkeley Square. He is called the Black Prince behind the scenes of many theaters; ladies nod at him from those broughams which, you understand, need not be particularized. The idea of his immense riches is confirmed by the known fact that he is a stingy Black Prince, and most averse to parting with his money, except for his own adornment or amusement. When he receives at his country-house, his entertainments are, however, splendid. He has been flattered, followed, caressed all his life, and allowed by a fond mother to have his own way, and as this has never led him to learning, it must be

owned that his literary acquirements are small, and his writing defective. But in the management of his pecuniary affairs he is very keen and clever. His horses cost him less than any young man's in England who is as well mounted. No dealer has ever been known to get the better of him; and though he is certainly close about money, when his wishes have very keenly prompted him, no sum has been known to stand in his way.

Witness the purchase of the—— But never mind scandal. Let bygones be bygones. A young doctor's son, with a thousand a year for a fortune, may be considered a catch in some circles, but not, *vous concevez*, in the upper regions of society. And dear woman—dear, angelic, highly accomplished, respectable woman—does she not know how to pardon many failings in our sex? Age? psha! She will crown my bare old poll with the roses of her youth. Complexion? What contrast is sweeter or more touching than Desdemona's golden ringlets on swart Othello's shoulder? A past life of selfishness and bad company? Come out from among the swine, my prodigal, and I will purify thee!

This is what is called cynicism, you know. Then I suppose my wife is a cynic, who clutches her children to her pure heart, and prays gracious Heaven to guard them from selfishness, from wordliness, from heartlessness, from wicked greed.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINS ONE RIDDLE WHICH IS SOLVED, AND PERHAPS SOME MORE.

MINE is a modest muse, and as the period of the story arrives when a description of the love-making is justly due my Mnemosyne turns away from the young couple, drops a little curtain over the embrasure where they are whispering, heaves a sigh from her elderly bosom, and lays a finger on her lip. Ah, Mnemosyne dear! we will not be spies on the young people. We will not scold them. We won't talk about their doings much. When we were young, we too, perhaps, were taken in under Love's tent; we have eaten of his salt; and partaken of his bitter, his delicious bread. Now we are padding the hoof lonely in the wilderness, we will not abuse our host, will we? We will couch under the stars, and think fondly of old times, and to-morrow resume the staff and the journey.

And yet, if a novelist may chronicle any passion, its flames, its raptures, its whispers, its assignations, its sonnets, its quarrels, sulks, reconciliations, and so on, the history of such a love as this first of Phil's may be excusable in print, because I don't

believe it was a real love at all, only a little brief delusion of the senses, from which I give you warning that our hero will recover before many chapters are over. What! my brave boy, shall we give your heart away for good and all, for better or for worse, till death do you part? What? my Corydon and sighing swain, shall we irrevocably bestow you upon Phyllis, who, all the time you are piping and paying court to her, has Melibæus in the cupboard, ready to be produced should he prove to be a more eligible shepherd than t'other? I am not such a savage toward my readers or hero as to make them undergo the misery of such a marriage.

Philip was very little of a club or society man. He seldom or ever entered the 'Mcgatherium,' or when there stared and scowled round him savagely, and laughed strangely at the ways of the inhabitants. He made but a clumsy figure in the world, though in person handsome, active, and proper enough, but he would forever put his great foot through the World's flounced skirts, and she would stare and cry out, and hate him. He was the last man who was aware of the Woolcomb flirtation, when hundreds of people, I dare say, were simpering over it.

'Who is that little man who comes to your house, and whom I sometimes see in the Park, aunt—that little man with the very white gloves and the very tawny complexion?' asks Philip.

'That is Mr. Woolcomb, of the Life Guards Green,' aunt remembers.

'An officer, is he?' says Philip, turning round to the girls. 'I should have thought he would have done better for the turban and cymbals.' And he laughs and thinks he has said a very clever thing. Oh, those good things about people and against people! Never, my dear young friend, say them to anybody—not to a stranger, for he will go away and tell; not to the mistress of your affections, for you may quarrel with her, and then *she* will tell; not to your son, for the artless child will return to his schoolfellows and say 'Papa says Mr. Blenkinsop is a muff.' My child, or what not, praise everybody and everybody will smile on you in return, a sham smile, and hold you out a sham hand; and, in a word, esteem you as you deserve. No, I think you and I will take the ups and the downs, the roughs and the smooths of this daily existence and conversation. We will praise those whom we like, though nobody repeat our kind sayings; and say our say about these whom we dislike, though we are pretty sure our own words will be carried by tale-bearers, and increased and multiplied, and remembered long after we have forgotten them. We drop a little stone—

a little stone that is swallowed up and disappears, but the whole pond is set in commotion, and ripples in continually widening circles long after the original little stone has popped down and is out of sight. Don't your speeches of ten years ago—maimed, distorted, bloated it may be out of all recognition—come strangely back to their author?

Phil, five minutes after he had made the joke, so entirely forgot his saying about the Black Prince and the cymbals, that when Captain Woolcomb scowled at him with his fiercest eyes, young Firmin thought that this was the natural expression of the Captain's swarthy countenance, and gave himself no further trouble regarding it. 'By George! sir,' said Phil afterward, speaking of this officer, 'I remarked that he grinned, and chatted, and showed his teeth; and remembering it was the nature of such baboons to chatter and grin, had no idea that this chimpanzee was more angry with me than with any other gentleman. You see, Pen, I am a white-skinned man; I am pronounced even red-wiskered by the ill-natured. It is not the prettiest color. But I had no idea that I was to have a mulatto for a rival. I am not so rich, certainly, but I have enough. I can read and spell correctly, and write with tolerable fluency. I could not, you know, could I, reasonably suppose that I need fear competition, and that the black horse would beat the bay one? Shall I tell you what she used to say to me? There is no kissing and telling, mind you. No, by George. Virtue and prudence were for ever on her lips! She warbled little sermons to me; hinted gently that I should see to safe investments of my property, and that no man, not even a father, should be the sole and uncontrolled guardian of it. She asked me, sir, scores of little sweet, timid, innocent questions about the doctor's property, and how much did I think it was, and how had he laid it out? What virtuous parents that angel had! How they brought her up and educated her dear blue eyes to the main chance! She knows the price of housekeeping, and the value of railway shares; she invests capital for herself in this world and the next. She mayn't do right always, but wrong? Oh, fie, never! I say, Pen, an undeveloped angel with wings folded under her dress; not perhaps your mighty, snow-white, flashing pinions that spread out and soar up to the highest stars, but a pair of good servicable drab dove-colored wings, that will support her gently and equably just over our heads, and help to drop her softly when she condescends upon us. When I think, sir, that I might have been married to a genteel angel and am single still, oh! it's despair, its despair!

But Philip's little story of disappointed hopes and bootless passion must be told in terms less acrimonious and unfair than that gentleman would use, naturally of a sanguine, swaggering talk, prone to exaggerate his own disappointments, and call out, roar—I dare say swear—if his own corn was trodden upon, as loudly as some men who may have a leg taken off.

This I can vouch for Miss Twysden, Mrs. Twysden, and all the rest of the family—that if they, what you call, jilted Philip, they did so without the slightest hesitation or notion that they were doing a dirty action. Their actions never *were* dirty or mean; they were necessary, I tell you, and calmly proper. They ate cheese parings with graceful silence; they cribbed from board-wages; they turned hungry servants out of doors; they remitted no chance in their own favor; they slept gracefully under scanty coverlids; they lighted niggard fires; they locked the caddy with the closest lock, and served the teapot with the smallest and least frequent spoon. But you don't suppose they thought they were mean, or that they did wrong? Ah! it is admirable to think of many, many, ever so many respectable families of your acquaintance and mine, my dear friend, and how they meet together and humbug each other! 'My dear, I have cribbed half an inch of plush out of James' small-clothes.' 'My love, I have saved a halfpenny out of Mary's beer. Isn't it time to dress for the duchess'; and don't you think John might wear that livery of Thomas' who only had it a year, and died of the small-pox? It's a little tight for him, to be sure, but,' etc. What is this? I profess to be an impartial chronicler of poor Phil's fortunes, misfortunes, friendships, and whatnots, and am getting almost as angry with these Twysdens as Philip ever was himself.

Well, I am not mortally angry with poor Traviata tramping the pavement, with the gas-lamp flaring on her poor painted smile, else my indignant virtue and squeamish modesty would never walk Piccadilly or get the air. But Lais, quite moral, and very neatly, primly, and straitly laced; Phryne not the least disheveled, but with a fixture for her hair, and the best stays, fastened by mamma; your High Church or Evangelical Aspasia, the model of all proprieties, and owner of all virgin purity blooms, ready to sell her cheek to the oldest old foggy who has money and a title; *these* are the Unfortunates, my dear brother and sister sinners, whom I should like to see repentant and specially trounced first. Why, some of these are put into reformatories in Grosvenor Square. They wear a prison dress of diamonds and Chantilly lace. Their parents

cry, and thank Heaven as they sell them; and all sorts of revered bishops, clergy, relations, dowagers, sign the book, and ratify the ceremony. Come! let us call a midnight meeting of those who have been sold in marriage, I say, and what a respectable, what a genteel, what a fashionable, what a brilliant, what an imposing, what a multitudinous assembly we will have; and where's the room in all Babylon big enough to hold them?

Look into that grave, solemn, dingy, somewhat naked, but elegant drawing room, in Beaunash Street, and with a little fanciful opera glass you may see a pretty little group or two engaged at different periods of the day. It is after lunch, and before Rotten Row ride time (this story you know, relates to a period ever so remote, and long before folks thought of riding in the Park in the forenoon). After lunch, and before Rotten Row time, saunters into the drawing room, a fair-haired young fellow with large feet and chest, careless of gloves, with auburn whiskers blowing over a loose collar, and—must I confess it? a most undeniable odor of cigars about his person. He breaks out regarding the debate of the previous night, or the pamphlet of yesterday, or the poem of the day previous, or the scandal of the week before, or upon the street-sweeper at the corner, or the Italian and monkey before the Park—upon whatever, in a word, moves his mind for the moment. If Philip has had a bad dinner yesterday (and happens to remember it), he growls, grumbles, nay, I dare say, uses the most blasphemous language against the cook, against the waiters, against the steward, against the committee, against the whole society of the club where he has been dining. If Philip has met an organ-girl with pretty eyes and a monkey in the street, he has grinned and wondered over the monkey; he has wagged his head, and sung all the organ's tunes; he has discovered that the little girl is the most ravishing beauty eyes ever looked on, and that her scoundrelly Savoyard father is most likely an Alpine miscreant who has bartered away his child to a pedlar of the beggarly cheesy valleys, who has sold her to a friend *qui fait la traité des hurdigurdies*, and has disposed of her in England. If he has to discourse on the poem, pamphlet, magazine article—it is written by the greatest genius, or the greatest numskull, that the world now exhibits. *He* write! A man who makes fire rhyme with Marire! This vale of tears and world which we inhabit does not contain such an idiot. Or have you seen Dobbins' poem? Agnes, mark my words for it, there is a genius in Dobbins which some day will show what I have always surmised, what I have always imagined possible, what

I have always felt to be more than probable, what, by George! I feel to be perfectly certain, and any man is a humbug who contradicts it, and a malignant misereant, and the world is full of fellows who will never give another man credit; and I swear that to recognize and feel merit in poetry, painting, music, rope-dancing, anything, is the greatest delight and joy of my existence. I say—what was I saying?

‘You were saying, Philip, that you love to recognize the merits of all men whom you see,’ says gentle Agnes, ‘and I believe you do.’

‘Yes!’ cries Phil, tossing about the fair locks. ‘I think I do. Thank Heaven, I do. I know fellows who can do many things better than I do—everything better than I do.’

‘O Philip!’ sighs the lady.

‘But I don’t hate ’em for it.’

‘You never hated anyone, sir. You are too brave! Can you fancy Philip hating anyone, mamma?’

Mamma is writing: ‘Mr. and Mrs. TALBOT TWYSDEN request the honor of Admiral and Mrs. DAVIS LOCKER’s company at dinner on Thursday the so-and-so.’ ‘Philip what?’ says mamma, looking up from her card. ‘Philip hating anyone! Philip eating anyone! Philip! we have a little dinner on the 24th. We shall ask your father to dine. We must not have too many of the family. Come in afterward, please.’

‘Yes, aunt,’ says downright Phil, ‘I’ll come, if you and the girls wish. You know tea is not my line; and I don’t care about dinners, except in my own way, and with——’

‘And with your own horrid set, sir!’

‘Well,’ says Sultan Philip, flinging himself out on the sofa and lording on the ottoman, ‘I like mine ease and mine inn.’

‘Ah, Philip! you grow more selfish every day. I mean men do,’ sighed Agnes.

You will suppose mamma leaves the room at this juncture. She has that confidence in dear Philip, and the dear girls, that she sometimes *does* leave the room when Agnes and Phil are together. She will leave REUBEN, the eldest born, with her daughters; but my poor dear little younger son of a Joseph, if you suppose she will leave the room and *you* alone in it—Oh, my dear Joseph, you may just jump down the well at once! Mamma, I say, has left the room at last, bowing with a perfect sweetness and calm grace and gravity; and she has slipped down the stairs, scarce more noisy than the shadow that slants over the faded carpet (oh! the faded shadow, the faded sunshine!)—mamma is gone, I say, to the lower regions, and with per-

fect good breeding is torturing the butler on his bottle-rack—is squeezing the housekeeper in her jam-closet—is watching the three cold outlets shuddering in the larder behind the wires—is blandly glancing at the kitchen-maid until the poor wench fancies the piece of bacon is discovered which she gave to the crossing-sweeper—and calmly penetrating John until he feels sure his inmost heart is revealed to her, as it throbs within his worsted-laced waistcoat, and she knows about that pawning of master's old boots (beasty old highlows!) and—and, in fact all the most intimate circumstances of his existence. A wretched maid, who has been ironing collars, or what not, gives her mistress a shuddering courtesy, and slinks away with her laces; and meanwhile our girl and boy are prattling in the drawing room.

About what? About everything on which Philip chooses to talk. There is nobody to contradict him but himself, and then his pretty hearer vows and declares he has not been so very contradictory. He spouts his favorite poems. 'Delightful! Do, Philip, read us some Walter Scott! He is, as you say, the most fresh, the most manly, the most kindly of poetic writers—not of the first class, certainly. In fact, he has written most dreadful bosh, as you call it so drolly; and so has Wordsworth, though he is one of the greatest of men, and has reached sometimes to the very greatest height and sublimity of poetry; but now you put it, I must confess he is often an old bore, and I certainly should have gone to sleep during the 'Excursion,' only you read it so nicely. You don't think the new composers as good as the old ones, and love mamma's old-fashioned playing? Well, Philip, it is delightful, so ladylike, so feminine!' Or, perhaps, Philip has just come from Hyde Park, and says, 'As I passed by Apsley House, I saw the Duke come out, with his old blue frock and white trousers and clear face. I have seen a picture of him in an old *European Magazine*, which I think I like better than all—gives me the idea of one of the brightest men in the world. The brave eyes gleam at you out of the picture; and there's a smile on the resolute lips, which seems to ensure triumph. Agnes, Assaye must have been glorious!'

'Glorious, Philip!' says Agnes, who had never heard of Assaye before in her life. Arbela, perhaps! Salamis, Marathon, Agincourt, Blenheim, Busaco—where dear grandpapa was killed—Waterloo, Armageddon; but Assaye? *Que voulez vous?*

'Think of that ordinarily prudent man, and how greatly he knew how to dare when occasion came! I should like to have died after winning such a game. He has never done anything so exciting since.'

‘A game? I thought it was a battle just now,’ murmurs Agnes in her mind; but there may be some misunderstanding. ‘Ah, Philip,’ she says, ‘I fear excitement is too much the life of all young men now. When will you be quiet and steady, sir?’

‘And go to an office every day, like my uncle and cousin; and read the newspaper for three hours, and trot back and see you.’

‘Well, sir! that ought not to be such very bad amusement,’ says one of the ladies.

‘What a clumsy wretch I am! my foot is always trampling on something or somebody!’ groans Philip.

‘You must come to us, and we will teach you to dance, Bruin!’ says gentle Agnes, smiling on him. I think when very much agitated, her pulse must have gone up to forty. Her blood must have been a light pink. The heart that beat under that pretty white chest, which she exposed so liberally, may have throbbed pretty quickly once or twice with waltzing, but otherwise never rose or fell beyond its natural gentle undulation. It may have had throbs of grief at a disappointment occasioned by the milliner not bringing a dress home; or have felt little fluttering impulse of youthful passion when it was in short frocks, and Master Grimsby at the dancing-school showed some preference for another young pupil out of the nursery. But feelings, and hopes, and blushes, and passions now? Psha! They pass away like nursery dreams. Now there are only proprieties. What is love, young heart? It is two thousand a year at the very lowest computation; and, with the present rise in wages and house-rent, that calculation can’t last very long. Love? Attachment? Look at Frank Maythorn, with his vernal blushes, his leafy whiskers, his sunshiny, laughing face, and all the birds of spring caroling in his jolly voice; and old General Pinwood hobbling in on his cork leg, with his stars and orders, and leering round the room from under his painted eyebrows. Will my modest nymph go to Maythorn, or to yonder leering Satyr, who totters toward her in his white and rouge? Nonsense. She gives her garland to the old man, to be sure. He is ten times as rich as the young one. And so they went on in Arcadia itself, *really*. Not in that namby-pamby ballet and idyl word, where they tripped up to each other in rhythm, and talked hexameters; but in the real downright, no-mistake country—Arcadia—where Tityrus, fluting to Amaryllis in the shade, had his pipe very soon put out when Melibœus (the great grazier) performed on his melodious, exquisite, irresistible cowhorn; and where Daphne’s mother dressed her up with ribbons and drove her to market,

and sold her, and swapped her, and bartered her like any other lamb in the fair. This one has been trotted to the market so long now that she knows the way herself. Her baa has been heard for—do not let us count how many seasons. She has nibbled out of countless hands; frisked in many thousand dances; come quite harmless away from goodness knows how many wolves. Ah, ye lambs and raddled innocents of our Arcadia! Ah, old *Evee!* Is it of your ladyship this fable is narrated? I say it is as old as Cadmus, and man-and-mutton-kind.

So, when Philip comes to Beaunash Street, Agnes listens to him most kindly, sweetly, gently, and affectionately. Her pulse goes up very nearly half a beat when the echo of his horses' heels is heard in the quiet street. It undergoes a corresponding depression when the daily grief of parting is encountered and overcome. Blanche and Agnes don't love each other very passionately. If I may say as much regarding those two lambkins, they butt at each other—they quarrel with each other—but they have secret understandings. During Phil's visits the girls remain together, you understand, or mamma is with the young people. Female friends may come in to call on Mrs. Twysden, and the matrons whisper together, and glance at the cousins, and look knowing. 'Poor orphan boy!' mamma says to a sister matron. 'I am like a mother to him since my dear sister died. His own home is so blank, and ours so merry, so affectionate! There may be intimacy, tender regard, the utmost confidence between cousins—there may be future and even closer ties between them—but you understand, dear Mrs. Matcham, no engagement between them. He is eager, hot-headed, impetuous, and imprudent, as we all know. She has not seen the world enough—is not sure of herself, poor dear child! Therefore every circumspection, every caution is necessary. There must be no engagement, no letters between them. My darling Agnes does not write to ask him to dinner without showing the note to me or her father. My dearest girls respect themselves.' 'Of course, my dear Mrs. Twysden, they are admirable, both of them. Bless you, darlings! Agnes, you look radiant! Ah, Rosa, my child, I wish you had dear Blanche's complexion!'

'And isn't it monstrous keeping that poor boy hanging on until Mr. Woolcomb has made up his mind about coming forward?' says dear Mrs. Matcham to her own daughter, as her brougham door closes on the pair. 'Here he comes! Here in his cab. Maria Twysden is one of the smartest women in England—that she is.'

‘How odd it is, mamma, that the *beau cousin* and Captain Woolcomb are always calling, and never call together!’ remarks the *ingénue*.

‘They might quarrel if they met. They say young Mr. Firmin is very quarrelsome and impetuous!’ says mamma.

‘But how are they kept apart?’

‘Chance, my dear! mere chance!’ says mamma. And they agree to say it is chance—and they agree to pretend to believe one another. And the girl and the mother know everything about Woolcomb’s property, everything about Philip’s property and expectations, everything about all the young men in London, and those coming on. And Mrs. Matcham’s girl fished for Captain Woolcomb last year in Scotland, at Loch-hookey; and stalked him to Paris; and they went down on their knees to Lady Banbury when they heard of the theatricals at the Cross; and pursued that man about until he is forced to say, ‘Confound me! hang me! it’s too bad of that woman and her daughter, it is now, I give you my honor it is! And all the fellows chaff me! And she took a house in Regent’s Park, opposite our barracks, and asked for her daughter to learn to ride in our school—I’m blest if she didn’t, Mrs. Twysden!—and I thought my black mare would have kicked her off one day—I mean the daughter—but she stuck on like grim death; and the fellows call them Mrs. Grim Death and her daughter. Our surgeon called them so, and a doosid rum fellow—and they chaff me about it, you know—ever so many of the fellows do—and *I’m* not going to be had in that way by Mrs. Grim Death and her daughter! No, not as I knows, if you please!’

‘You are a dreadful man, and you gave her a dreadful name, Captain Woolcomb!’ says mamma.

‘It wasn’t me. It was the surgeon, you know, Miss Agnes; a doosid funny and witty fellow, Nixon is—and sent a thing once to *Punch*, Nixon did. I heard him make the riddle in Albany Barracks and it riled Foker so! You’ve no idea how it riled Foker, for he’s in it!’

‘In it?’ asks Agnes, with the gentle smile, the candid blue eyes—the same eyes, expression, lips, that smile and sparkle at Philip.

‘Here it is! Capital! Took it down. Wrote it into my pocket-book at once as Nixon made it. “*All doctors like my first, that’s clear!*” Doctor Firmin does that. Old Parr Street party! Don’t you see, Miss Agnes? FEE! Don’t you see?’

‘Fec! Oh, you droll thing!’ cries Agnes, smiling, radiant, very much puzzled.

‘“My second,” ’ goes on the young officer—‘“*My second gives us Foker’s beer!*” ’

‘“*My whole’s the shortest month in all the year!*” Don’t you see, Mrs. Twysden! FEE-BREWERY, DON’T YOU SEE? February! A doosid good one, isn’t it now, and I wonder *Punch* never put it in. And upon my word, I used to spell it February before, I did; and I dare say ever so many fellows do still. And I know the right way now, and all from that riddle which Nixon made.’

The ladies declare he is a droll man, and full of fun. He rattles on, artlessly telling his little stories of sport, drink, adventure, in which the dusky little man himself is a prominent figure. Not honey-mouthed Plato would be listened to more kindly by those three ladies. A blank, frank smile shines over Talbot Twysden’s noble face, as he comes in from his office, and finds the creole prattling. ‘What! *you* here, Woolcomb? Hay! Glad to see you!’ And the gallant hand goes out and meets and grasps Woolcomb’s tiny kid glove.

‘He has been so amusing, papa! He has been making us die with laughing! Tell papa that riddle you made, Captain Woolcomb.’

‘That riddle I made? That riddle Nixon, our surgeon, made. “All doctors like my first, that’s clear,” ’ etc.

And *da capo*. And the family, as he expounds this admirable rebus, gather round the young officer in a group, and the curtain drops.

As in a theater booth at a fair there are two or three performances in a day, so in Beaunash Street a little genteel comedy is played twice: at four o’clock with Mr. Firmin, at five o’clock with Mr. Woolcomb; and for both young gentlemen, same smiles, same eyes, same voice, same welcome. Ah, bravo! ah, encore!

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH WE VISIT ‘ADMIRAL BYNG.’

FROM long residence in Bohemia, and fatal love of bachelor ease and habits, Master Philip’s pure tastes were so destroyed, and his manners so perverted that, you will hardy believe it, he was actually indifferent to the pleasures of the refined home we have just been describing; and, when Agnes was away, sometimes even when she was at home, was quite relieved to get out of Beaunash Street. He is hardly twenty yards from the door, when out of his pocket there comes a case; out of the case there jumps an aromatic cigar, which is scattering fra-

grance around as he is marching briskly northward to his next house of call. The pace is even more lively now than when he is hastening on what you call the wings of love to Beaunash Street. At the house whither he is now going, he and the cigar are always welcome. There is no need of munching orange chips, or chewing scented pills, or flinging your weed away half a mile before you reach Thornhaugh Street—the low, vulgar place. I promise you Phil may smoke at Brandon's, and find others doing the same. He may set the house on fire, if so minded, such a favorite is he there; and the Little Sister, with her kind, beaming smile, will be there to bid him welcome. How that woman loved Phil, and how he loved her, is quite a curiosity; and both of them used to be twitted with this attachment by their mutual friends, and blush as they acknowledge it. Ever since the little nurse had saved his life as a schoolboy, it was *à la vie à la mort* between them. Phil's father's chariot used to come to Thornhaugh Street sometimes—at rare times—and the doctor descend thence and have colloquies with the Little Sister. She attended a patient or two of his. She was certainly very much better off in her money matters in these late years, since she had known Dr. Firmin. Do you think she took money from him? As a novelist, who knows everything about his people, I am constrained to say, Yes. She took enough to pay some little bills of her weak-minded old father, and send the bailiff's hand from his old collar. But no more. 'I think you owe him as much as that,' she said to the doctor. But as for compliments between them—'Dr. Firmin, I would die rather than be beholden to you for anything,' she said, with her little limbs all in a tremor, and her eyes flashing anger. 'How dare you, sir, after old days, be a coward and pay compliments to me; I will tell your son of you, sir!' and the little woman looked as if she could have stabbed the elderly libertine there as he stood. And he shrugged his handsome shoulders; blushed a little too, perhaps, gave her one of his darkling looks, and departed. She had believed him once. She had married him, as she fancied. He had tired of her; forsaken her; left her—left her even without a name. She had not known his for long years after her trust and his deceit. 'No, sir, I wouldn't have your name now, not if it were a lord's, I wouldn't, and a coronet on your carriage. You are beneath me now, Mr. Brand Firmin!' she had said.

How came she to love the boy so? Years back, in her own horrible extremity of misery, she could remember a week or two of a brief, strange, exquisite happiness, which came to

her in the midst of her degradation and desertion, and for a few days a baby in her arms, with eyes like Philip's. It was taken from her, after a few days—only sixteen days. Insanity came upon her, as her dead infant was carried away: insanity, and fever, and struggle—ah! who knows how dreadful? She never does. There is a gap in her life which she never can recall quite. But George Brand Firmin, Esq., M. D., knows how very frequent are such cases of mania, and that women who don't speak about them often will cherish them for years after they appear to have passed away. The Little Sister says, quite gravely, sometimes, 'They are allowed to come back. They do come back. Else what's the good of little cherubs bein' born, and smilin', and happy, and beautiful—say, for sixteen days, and then an end? I've talked about it to many ladies in grief sim'lar to mine was, and it comforts them. And when I saw that child on his sick-bed, and he lifted his eyes, I *knew him*, I tell you, Mrs. Ridley. I don't speak about it; but I knew him, ma'am; my angel came back again. I know him by the eyes. Look at 'em. Did you ever see such eyes? They look as if they had seen heaven. His father's don't.' Mrs. Ridley believes this theory solemnly, and I think I know a lady, nearly connected with myself, who can't be got quite to disown it. And this secret opinion to women in grief and sorrow over their new-born lost infants Mrs. Brandon persists in imparting. '*I know a case,*' the nurse murmurs, '*of a poor mother who lost her child at sixteen days old; and sixteen years after, on the very day, she saw him again.*'

Philip knows so far of the Little Sister's story, that he is the object of this delusion, and, indeed, it very strangely and tenderly affects him. He remembers fitfully the illness through which the Little Sister tended him, the wild paroxysms of his fever, his head throbbing on her shoulders—cool tamarind drinks which she applied to his lips—great gusty night shadows flickering through the bare school dormitory—the little figure of the nurse gliding in and out of the dark. He must be aware of the recognition, which we know of, and which took place at his bedside, though he has never mentioned it—not to his father, not to Caroline. But he clings to the woman, and shrinks from the man. Is it instinctive love and antipathy? The special reason for his quarrel with his father, the junior Firmin has never explicitly told me then or since. I have known sons much more confidential, and who, when their fathers tripped and stumbled, would bring their acquaintances to jeer at the patriarch in his fall.

One day, as Philip enters Thornhaugh Street, and the Sister's little parlor there, fancy his astonishment on finding his father's dingy friend, the Rev. Tufton Hunt, at his ease by the fireside. 'Surprised to see *me* here, eh?' says the dingy gentleman, with a sneer at Philip's lordly face of wonder and disgust. 'Mrs. Brandon and I turn out to be very old friends.'

'Yes, sir, old acquaintances,' says the Little Sister, very gravely.

'The Captain brought me home from the club at the "Byng." Jolly fellows the Byngs. My service to you, Mr. Gann and Mrs. Brandon.' And the two persons addressed by the gentleman, who is 'taking some refreshment,' as the phrase is, made a bow in acknowledgment of this salutation.

'You should have been at Mr. Philip's call-supper, Captain Gann,' the divine resumes. 'That *was* a night! Tiptop swells—noblemen—first-rate claret. That claret of your father's, Philip, is pretty nearly drunk down. And your song was famous. Did you ever hear him sing, Mrs. Brandon?'

'Who do you mean by *him*?' says Philip, who always boiled with rage before this man.

Caroline divines the antipathy. She lays a little hand on Philip's arm. 'Mr. Hunt has been having too much, I think,' she says. 'I *did* know him ever so long ago, Philip!'

'What does he mean by *Him*?' again says Philip, snorting at Tufton Hunt.

'*Him*?—Dr. Luther's Hymn! 'Wein, Weber, and Gesang,' to be sure!' cries the clergyman, humming the tune. 'I learned it in Germany myself—passed a good deal of time in Germany, Captain Gann—six months in a special shady place—*Quod Strasse*, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine—being persecuted by some wicked Jews there. And there was another poor English chap in the place, too, who used to chirp that song behind the bars, and died there, and disappointed the Philistines. I've seen a deal of life, I have; and met with a precious deal of misfortune; and borne it pretty stoutly, too, since your father and I were at college together, Philip. You don't do anything in this way? Not so early, eh? It's good rum, Gann, and no mistake.' And again the chaplain drinks to the Captain, who waves the dingy hand of hospitality toward his dark guest.

For several months past Hunt had now been a resident in London, and a pretty constant visitor at Dr. Firmin's house. He came and went at his will. He made the place his house of call; and in the doctor's trim, silent, orderly mansion, was perfectly free, talkative, dirty, and familiar. Philip's loath-

ing for the man increased till it reached a pitch of frantic hatred. Mr. Phil, theoretically a Radical, and almost a Republican (in opposition, perhaps, to his father, who, of course, held the highly respectable line of politics)—Mr. Sansculotte Phil was personally one of the most aristocratic and overbearing of young gentlemen; and had a contempt and hatred for mean people, for base people, for servile people, and especially for too familiar people, which was not a little amusing sometimes, which was provoking often, but which he never was at the least pains of disguising. His uncle and cousin Twysden, for example, he treated not half so civilly as their footmen. Little Talbot humbled himself before Phil, and felt not always easy in his company. Young Twysden hated him, and did not disguise his sentiments at the club, or to their mutual acquaintance behind Phil's broad back. And Phil, for his part, adopted toward his cousin a kick-me-down-stairs manner, which I own must have been provoking to that gentleman, who was Phil's senior by three years, a clerk in a public office, a member of several good clubs, and altogether a genteel member of society. Phil would often forget Ringwood Twysden's presence, and pursue his own conversation entirely regardless of Ringwood's observations. He *was* very rude, I own. *Que voulez-vous?* We have all of us our little failings, and one of Philip's was an ignorant impatience of bores, parasites, and pretenders.

So no wonder my young gentleman was not very fond of his father's friend the dingy jail chaplain. I, who am the most tolerant man in the world, as all my friends know, liked Hunt little better than Phil did. The man's presence made me uneasy. His dress, his complexion, his teeth, his leer at women—*Que sçais-je?*—everything was unpleasant about this Mr. Hunt, and his gayety and familiarity more specially disgusting than even his hostility. The wonder was that battle had not taken place between Philip and the jail clergyman, who, I suppose, was accustomed to be disliked, and laughed with cynical good humor at the other's disgust.

Hunt was a visitor of many tavern parlors; and one day, strolling out of the Admiral Byng he saw his friend Dr. Firmin's well-known equipage stopping at a door in Thornhaugh Street, out of which the doctor presently came; 'Brandon' was on the door. Brandon, Brandon? Hunt remembered a dark transaction of more than twenty years ago—of a woman deceived by this Firmin, who then chose to go by the name of Brandon. 'He lives with her still, the old hypocrite, or he has gone back to her,' thought the parson. Oh, you old sinner! And

the next time he called in Old Parr Street on his dear old college friend, Mr. Hunt was specially joecular, and frightfully unpleasant and familiar.

'Saw your trap Tottenham Court Road way,' says the slang parson, nodding to the physieian.

'Have some patients there. People are ill in Tottenham Court Road,' remarks the doctoor.

'*Pallida mors æquo pede*—hay, doctoor? What used Flaccus to say, when we were undergrads?'

'*Æquo pede*,' sighs the doctoor, easting up his fine eyes to the ceiling.

'Sly old fox! Not a word will he say about her!' thinks the clergyman. 'Yes, yes, I remember. And, by Jove!—Gann was the name.'

Gann was also the name of that queer old man who frequented the Admiral Byng, where the ale was so good—the old boy whom they called the Captain. Yes; it was clear now. That ugly business was patched up. The astute Hunt saw it all. The doctoor still kept up a connection with the—the party. And that is her old father, sure enough. 'The old fox, the old fox! I've earthed him, have I? This is a good game. I wanted a little something to do, and this will excite me,' thinks the elergyman.

I am describing what I never could have seen or heard, and can guarantee only verisimilitude, not truth, in my report of the private conversations of these worthies. The end of scores and scores of Hunt's conversations with his friend was the same—an application for money. If it rained when Hunt parted from his college ehum, it was, 'I say, doctoor, I shall spoil my new hat, and I'm blest if I have any money to take a cab. Thank you, old boy. *Au revoir*.' If the day was fine, it was, 'My old blaeks show the white seams so, that you must out of your charity rig me out with a new pair. Not your tailor. He is too expensive. Thank you—a couple of sovereigns will do.' And the doctoor takes two from the mantelpiece, and the divine retires, jingling the gold in his greasy pocket.

The doctoor is going after the few words about *pallida mors*, and has taken up that well-brushed broad hat with that ever fresh lining, which we all admire in him—'Oh, I say, Firmiu!' breaks out the elergyman. 'Before you go out, you must lend me a few sovs, please. They've cleaned me out in Air Street. That confounded roulette! It's a madness with me.'

'By George!' eries the other, with a strong execeration, 'you are too bad, Hunt. Every week of my life you come to me for

money. You have had plenty. Go elsewhere. I won't give it you.'

'Yes, you will, old boy,' says the other, looking at him a terrible look; 'for——'

'For what?' says the doctor, the veins of his tall forehead growing very full.

'For old times' sake,' says the clergyman. 'There's seven of 'em on the table in bits of paper—that'll do nicely. And he sweeps the fees with a dirty hand into a dirty pouch. 'Halloa! Swearin' and cursin' before a clergyman. Don't cut up rough, old fellow! Go and take the air. It'll cool you.'

'I don't think I would like that fellow to attend me, if I was sick,' says Hunt, shuffling away, rolling the plunder in his greasy hand. 'I don't think I'd like to meet him by moonlight alone in a *very* quiet lane. He's a determined chap. And his eyes mean *miching malecho*, his eyes do. Phew!' And he laughs, and makes a rude observation about Dr. Firmin's eyes.

That afternoon the gents who used the Admiral Byng remarked the reappearance of the party who looked in last evening, and who now stood glasses round, and made himself uncommon agreeable to be sure. Old Mr. Ridley says he is quite the gentleman. 'Hevident have been in foring parts a great deal, and speaks the languages. Probbly have 'ad misfortunes, which many 'ave 'ad them. Drinks rum-and-water tremenjous. 'Ave scarce no heppytite. Many get into this way from misfortunes. A plesn man, most well informed on almost every subjeck. Think he's a clergyman. He and Mr. Gann have made quite a friendship together, he and Mr. Gann 'ave. Which they talked of Watloo, and Gann is very fond of that, Gann is, most certny.' I imagine Ridley delivering these sentences, and alternate little volleys of smoke, as he sits behind his sober calumet and prattles in the tavern parlor.

After Dr. Firmin has careered through the town, standing by sick-beds with his sweet sad smile, fondled and blessed by tender mothers who hail him as the savior of their children, touching ladies' pulses with a hand as delicate as their own, patting little fresh cheeks with courtly kindness—little cheeks that owe their roses to his marvelous skill; after he has soothed and comforted my lady, shaken hands with my lord, looked in at the clubs, and exchanged courtly salutations with brother bigwigs, and driven away in the handsome carriage with the noble horses—admired, respecting, respectful, saluted, saluting—so that every man says, 'Excellent man, Firmin. Excellent doctor, excellent man. Safe man. Sound man. Man of

good family. Married a rich wife. Lucky man.' And so on. After the day's triumphant career, I fancy, I see the doctor driving homeward, with those sad eyes, that haggard smile.

He comes whirling up Old Parr Street just as Phil saunters in from Regent Street, as usual, cigar in mouth. He flings away the cigar as he sees his father, and they enter the house together.

'Do you dine at home, Philip?' the father asks.

'Do you, sir? I will if you do,' says the son, 'and if you are alone.'

'Alone. Yes. That is, there'll be Hunt, I suppose, whom you don't like. But the poor fellow has few places to dine at. What? D—— Hunt! That's a strong expression about a poor fellow in misfortune, and your father's old friend.'

I am afraid Philip had used that wicked monosyllable while his father was speaking, and at the mention of the clergyman's detested name. 'I beg your pardon, father. It slipped out in spite of me. I can't help it. I hate the fellow.'

'You don't disguise your likes or dislikes, Philip,' says, or rather groans, the safe man, the sound man, the prosperous man, the lucky man, the miserable man. For years and years he has known that his boy's heart has revolted from him, and detected him and gone from him; and with shame and remorse, and sickening feeling, helies awake in the night-watches and thinks how he is alone—alone in the world. Ah! Love your parents, young ones! O Father Beneficent! strengthen our hearts; strengthen and purify them so that we may not have to blush before our children!

'You don't disguise your likes and dislikes, Philip,' says the father then, with a tone that smites strangely and keenly on the young man.

There is a great tremor in Philip's voice, as he says, 'No, father, I can't bear that man, and I can't disguise my feelings. I have just parted from the man. I have just met him.'

'Where?'

'At—at Mrs. Brandon's, father.' He blushes like a girl as he speaks.

At the next moment he is scared by the execration which hisses from his father's lips, and the awful look of hate which the elder's face assumes—the fatal, forlorn, fallen, lost look which, man and boy, has oftener frightened poor Phil. Philip did not like that look, nor indeed that other one, which his father cast at Hunt, who presently swaggered in.

'What! *you* dine here? We rarely do papa the honor of dining with him,' says the parson with his knowing leer. 'I suppose, doctor, it is to be fatted-calf day now the prodigal has come home. There's worse things than a good fillet of veal, eh?'

Whatever the meal might be, the greasy chaplain leered and winked over it as he gave it his sinister blessing. The two elder guests tried to be lively and gay, as Philip thought, who took such little trouble to disguise his own moods of gloom or merriment. Nothing was said regarding the occurrences of the morning when my young gentleman had been rather rude to Mr. Hunt; and Philip did not need his father's caution to make no mention of his previous meeting with their guest. Hunt, as usual, talked to the butler, made sidelong remarks to the footman, and garnished his conversation with slippery double-entendre and dirty old-world slang. Betting-houses, gambling-houses, Tattersall's fights, and their frequenters, were his cheerful themes, and on these he descanted as usual. The doctor swallowed this dose, which his friend poured out, without the least expression of disgust. On the contrary, he was cheerful; he was for an extra bottle of claret—it never could be in better order than it was now.

The bottle was scarcely put on the table, and tasted and pronounced perfect, when—oh! disappointment! the butler reappears with a note for the doctor. One of his patients. He must go. She has little the matter with her. She lives hard by, in May Fair. 'You and Hunt finish this bottle, unless I am back before it is done; and if it is done, we'll have another,' says Dr. Firmin, jovially. 'Don't stir, Hunt'—and Dr. Firmin is gone, leaving Philip alone with the guest to whom he had certainly been rude in the morning.

'The doctor's patients often grow very unwell about claret time,' growls Mr. Hunt, some few minutes after. 'Never mind. The drink's good—good! as somebody said at your famous call-supper, *Mr. Philip*—won't call you Philip, as you don't like it. You were uncommon crusty to me this morning to be sure. In my time there would have been bottles broke or worse, for that sort of treatment.'

'I have asked your pardon,' Philip said. 'I was annoyed about—no matter what—and had no right to be rude to Mrs. Brandon's guest.'

'I say, did you tell the governor that you saw me in Thornhaugh Street?' asks Hunt.

'I was very rude and ill-tempered, and again I confess I was wrong,' said Phil, boggling and stuttering, and turning very red. He remembered his father's injunction.

'I say again, sir, did you tell your father of our meeting this morning?' demands the clergyman.

'And pray, sir, what right have you to ask me about my

private conversation with my father?' asks Philip, with towering dignity.

'You won't tell me? Then you *have* told him. He's a nice man, your father is, for a moral man.'

'I am not anxious for your opinion about my father's morality, Mr. Hunt,' says Philip, gasping in a bewildered manner and drumming the table. 'I am here to replace him in his absence, and treat his guest with civility.'

'Civility! Pretty civility!' says the other, glaring at him.

'Such as it is, sir, it is my best, and—I—I have no other,' groans the young man.

'Old friend of your father's, a university man, a Master of Arts, a gentleman born, by Jove, a clergyman—though I sink that——'

'Yes, sir, you do sink that,' says Philip.

'Am I a dog,' shrieks out the clergyman, 'to be treated by you in this way? Who are you? Do you know who you are?'

'Sir, I am striving with all my strength to remember,' says Philip.

'Come! I say! don't try any of your confounded airs on *me!*' shrieks Hunt, with a profusion of oaths, and swallowing glass after glass from various decanters before him. 'Hang me, when I was a young man, I would have sent one—two at your nob, though you were twice as tall! Who are you, to patronize your senior, your father's old pal—a university man; you confounded, supercilious——'

'I am here to pay every attention to my father's guest,' says Phil; 'but, if you have finished your wine, I shall be happy to break up the meeting, as early as you please.'

'You shall pay me; I swear you shall,' said Hunt.

'O Mr. Hunt!' cried Philip, jumping, and clenching his great fists, 'I should desire nothing better.'

The man shrank back, thinking Philip was going to strike him (as Philip told me in describing the scene), and made for the bell. But when the butler came, Philip only asked for coffee; and Hunt, uttering a mad oath or two, staggered out of the room after the servant. Brice said he had been drinking before he came. He was often so. And Phil blessed his stars that he had not assaulted his father's guest then and there under his own roof-tree.

He went out into the air. He gasped and cooled himself under the stars. He soothed his feeling by his customary consolation of tobacco. He remembered that Ridley in Thornhaugh Street held a divan that night; and jumped into a cab, and drove to his old friend.

The maid of the house, who came to the door as the cab was driving away, stopped it; and as Phil entered the passage, he found the Little Sister and his father talking together in the hall. The doctor's broad hat shaded his face from the hall-lamp, which was burning with extra brightness, but Mrs. Brandon's was very pale, and she had been crying.

She gave a little scream when she saw Phil. 'Ah! is it you, dear?' she said. She ran up to him, seized both his hands, clung to him, and sobbed a thousand hot tears on his hand. 'I never will. Oh, never, never, never!' she murmured.

The doctor's broad chest heaved as with a great sigh of relief. He looked at the woman and at his son with a strange smile; not a sweet smile.

'God bless you, Caroline,' he said, in his pompous, rather theatrical way.

'Good-night, sir,' said Mrs. Brandon, still clinging to Philip's hand, and making the doctor a little humble courtesy. And when he was gone, again she kissed Philip's hand, and dropped her tears on it, and said, 'Never, my dear; no, never, never!'

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH PHILIP IS VERY ILL-TEMPERED.

PHILIP had long divined a part of his dear little friend's history. An educated young girl had been found, cajoled, deserted by a gentleman of the world. And poor Caroline was the victim, and Philip's own father the seducer. He easily guessed as much as this of the sad little story. Dr. Firmin's part in it was enough to shock his son with a thrill of disgust, and to increase the mistrust, doubt, alienation, with which the father had long inspired the son. What would Philip feel, when all the pages of that black book were opened to him, and he came to hear of a false marriage, and a ruined and outcast woman, deserted for years by the man to whom he himself was most bound? In a word, Philip had considered this as a mere case of early libertinism, and no more; and it was as such, in the very few words which he may have uttered to me respecting this matter, that he had chosen to regard it. I knew no more than my friend had told me of the story as yet; it was only by degrees that I learned it, and as events, now subsequent, served to develop and explain it.

The elder Firmin, when questioned by his old acquaintance, and, as it appeared, accomplice of former days, regarding the end of a certain intrigue at Margate, which had occurred some

four or five and twenty years back, and when Firmin, having reason to avoid his college creditors, chose to live away and bear a false name, had told the clergyman a number of falsehoods which appeared to satisfy him. What had become of that poor little thing about whom he had made such a fool of himself? Oh, she was dead, dead ever so many years before. He had pensioned her off. She had married, and died in Canada—yes, in Canada. Poor little thing! Yes, she was a good little thing, and, at one time, he had been very soft about her. I am sorry to have to state of a respectable gentleman that he told lies, and told lies habitually and easily. But, you see, if you commit a crime, and break a seventh commandment let us say, or an eighth, or choose any number you will—you will probably have to back the lie of action by the lie of the tongue, and so you are fairly warned, and I have no help for you. If I murder a man, and the policeman inquires, ‘Pray, sir, did you cut this here gentleman’s throat?’ I must bear false witness, you see, out of self-defense, though I may be naturally a most reliable truth-telling man. And so with regard to many crimes which gentlemen commit—it is painful to have to say respecting gentlemen, but they become neither more nor less than habitual liars, and have to go lying on through life to you, to me, to the servants, to their wives, to their children, to—— Oh, awful name! I bow and humble myself. May we kneel, may we kneel, nor strive to speak our falsehoods before Thee!

And so, my dear sir, seeing that after committing any infraction of the moral laws, you must tell lies in order to back yourself out of your scrape, let me ask you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, whether you had not better forego the crime, so as to avoid the unavoidable, and unpleasant, and daily recurring necessity of the subsequent perjury? A poor young girl of the lower orders, cajoled, or ruined, more or less, is of course no great matter. The little baggage is turned out of doors—worse luck for her! or she gets a place, or she marries one of her own class, who has not the exquisite delicacy belonging to ‘gentle blood’—and there is an end of her. But if you marry her privately and irregularly yourself, and then throw her off, and then marry somebody else, you are brought to book in all sorts of unpleasant ways. I am writing of quite an old story, be pleased to remember. The first part of the history I myself printed some twenty years ago; and if you fancy I allude to any more modern period, madam, you are entirely out of your conjecture.

It must have been a most unpleasant duty for a man of

fashion, honor, and good family, to lie to a poor tipsy, disreputable bankrupt merchant's daughter, such as Caroline Gann, but George Brand Firmin, Esq., M. D., had no other choice, and when he lied—as in severe cases, when he administered calomel—he thought it best to give the drug freely. Thus he lied to Hunt, saying that Mrs. Brandon was long since dead in Canada; and he lied to Caroline, prescribing for her the very same pill, as it were, and saying that Hunt was long since dead in Canada too. And I can fancy few more painful and humiliating positions for a man of rank and fashion and reputation than to have to demean himself so far as to tell lies to a little low bred person who gets her bread as a nurse of the sick, and has not the proper use of her *h*'s.

'Oh, yes, Hunt!' Firmin had said to the Little Sister, in one of those said little colloquies which sometimes took place between him and his victim, his wife of old days. 'A wild, bad man, Hunt was—in days when I own I was little better! I have deeply repented since, Caroline; of nothing more than of my conduct to you; for you were worthy of a better fate, and you loved me truly—madly.'

'Yes,' says Caroline.

'I was wild then! I was desperate! I had ruined my fortunes, estranged my father from me, was hiding from my creditors under an assumed name—that under which I saw you. Ah, why did I ever come to your house, my poor child? The mark of the demon was upon me. I did not dare to speak of marriage before my father. You have yours, and tend him with your ever constant goodness. Do you know that my father would not see me when he died? Oh, it's a cruel thing to think of!' And the suffering creature slaps his tall forehead with his trembling hand; and some of his grief about his own father, I dare say, is sincere, or he feels the shame and remorse of being alienated from his own son.

As for the marriage—that it was a most wicked and unjustifiable deceit, he owned, but he was wild when it took place, wild with debt and with despair at his father's estrangement from him—but the fact was, it was no marriage.

'I am glad of that!' sighed the poor Little Sister.

'Why?' asked the other eagerly. His love was dead, but his vanity was still hale and well. 'Did you care for somebody else, Caroline? Did you forget your George, whom you used to——'

'No!' said the little woman bravely. 'But I couldn't live with a man who behaved to any woman so dishonest as you behaved to me. I liked you because I thought you was a

gentleman. My poor painter was, who you used to despise and trample to hearth—and my dear, dear Philip is, Mr. Firmin. But gentlemen tell the truth! Gentlemen don't deceive poor innocent girls and desert 'em without a penny!

'Caroline! I was driven by my creditors. I——'

'Never mind. It's over now. I bear you no malice, Mr. Firmin, but I would not marry you, no, not to be doctor's wife to the Queen!'

This had been the Little Sister's language when there was no thought of the existence of Hunt, the clergyman who had celebrated their marriage; and I don't know whether Firmin was most piqued or pleased at the divorce which the little woman pronounced of her own decree. But when the ill-omened Hunt made his appearance, doubt and terrors filled the physician's mind. Hunt was needy, greedy, treacherous, unscrupulous, desperate. He could hold this marriage over the doctor. He could threaten, extort, expose, perhaps invalidate Philip's legitimacy. The first marriage, almost certainly, was null, but the scandal would be fatal to Firmin's reputation and practice. And the quarrel with his son entailed consequences not pleasant to think of. You see George Firmin, Esq., M. D., was a man with a great development of the back head; when he willed a thing, he willed so fiercely that he *must* have it, never mind the consequences. And so he had willed to make himself master of poor little Caroline; and so he had willed, as a young man, to have horses, splendid entertainments, roulette and écarté, and so forth; and the bill came at its natural season, and George Firmin, Esq., did not always like to pay. But for a grand, prosperous, highly bred gentleman in the best society—with a polished forehead and manners, and universally looked up to—to have to tell lies to a poor, little, timid, uncomplaining, sick-room nurse, it *was* humiliating, wasn't it? And I can feel for Firmin.

To have to lie to Hunt was disgusting but somehow not so exquisitely mean and degrading as to have to cheat a little trusting, humble, houseless creature, over the bloom of whose gentle young life his accursed foot had already trampled. But then this Hunt was such a cad and ruffian that there need be no scruple humbugging *him*; and if Firmin had had any humor he might have had a grim sort of pleasure in leading the dirty clergyman a dance thro' bush thro' briar. So, perhaps (of course I have no means of ascertaining the fact), the doctor did not altogether dislike the duty which now devolved on him of hoodwinking his old acquaintance and accomplice. I

don't like to use such a vulgar phrase regarding a man in Doctor Firmin's high social position, as to say of him and the jail-chaplain that it was 'thief catch thief;' but at any rate Hunt is such a low, graceless, friendless vagabond, that if he comes in for a few kicks, or is mystified, we need not be very sorry. When Mr. Thurtell is hung we don't put on mourning. His is a painful position for the moment; but, after all, he has murdered Mr. William Weare.

Firmin was a bold and courageous man, hot in pursuit, fierce in desire, but cool in danger, and rapid in action. Some of his great successes as a physican arose from his daring and successful practice in sudden emergency. While Hunt was only lurching about the town an aimless miscreant, living from dirty hand to dirty mouth, and as long as he could get drink, cards, and shelter, tolerably content, or at least pretty easily appeased by a guinea-dose or two—Firmin could adopt the palliative system; soothe his patient with an occasional bounty; set him to sleep with a composing draught of claret or brandy; and let the day take care of itself. He might die; he might have a fancy to go abroad again; he might be transported for forgery or some other rascaldom, Dr. Firmin would console himself; and he trusted to the chapter of accidents to get rid of his friend. But Hunt, aware that the woman was alive whom he had actually, though unlawfully married to Firmin, became an enemy whom it was necessary to subdue, to cajole, or to bribe, and the sooner the doctor put himself on his defense the better. What should the defense be? Perhaps the most effectual was a fierce attack on the enemy; perhaps it would be better to bribe him. The course to be taken would be best ascertained after a little previous reconnoitering.

'He will try and inflame Caroline,' the doctor thought, 'by representing her wrongs and her rights to her. He will show her that, as my wife, she has a right to my name and a share of my income. A less mercenary woman never lived than this poor little creature. She disdains money, and, except for her father's sake, would have taken none of mine. But to punish me for certainly rather shabby behavior; to claim and take her own right and position in the world as an honest woman, may she not be induced to declare war against me, and stand by her marriage? After she left home, her two Irish half-sisters deserted her and spat upon her; and when she would have returned, the heartless women drove her from the door. Oh, the vixens! And now to drive by them in her carriage, to claim a maintenance from me, and to have a right

to my honorable name, would she not have her dearest revenge over her sisters by so declaring her marriage?’

Firmin’s noble mind misgave him very considerably on this point. He knew women, and how those had treated their little sister. Was it in human nature not to be revenged? These thoughts rose straightway in Firmin’s mind, when he heard that the much dreaded meeting between Caroline and the chaplain had come to pass.

As he ate his dinner with his guest, his enemy, opposite to him, he was determining on his plan of action. The screen was up, and he was laying his guns behind it, so to speak. Of course he was as civil to Hunt as the tenant to his landlord when he comes with no rent. So the doctor laughed, joked, bragged, talked his best, and was thinking the while what was to be done against the danger.

He had a plan which might succeed. He must see Caroline immediately. He knew the weak point of her heart, and where she was most likely to be vulnerable. And he would act against her as barbarians of old acted against their enemies, when they brought the captive wives and children in front of the battle, and bade the foe strike thorough them. He knew how Caroline loved his boy. It was through that love he would work upon her. As he washes his pretty hands for dinner, and bathes his noble brow, he arranges his little plan. He orders himself to be sent for soon after the second bottle of claret—and it appears the doctor’s servants were accustomed to the delivery of these messages from their master to himself. The plan arranged, now let us take our dinner and our wine, and make ourselves comfortable until the moment of action. In his wild-oats days, when traveling abroad with wild and noble companions, Firmin had fought a duel or two, and was always remarkable for his gayety of conversation and the fine appetite which he showed at breakfast before going on to the field. So, perhaps, Hunt, had he not been stupefied by previous drink, might have taken the alarm by remarking Firmin’s extra courtesy and gayety, as they dined together. It was *nunc vinum, cras æquor*.

When the second bottle of claret was engaged, Dr. Firmin starts. He has an advance of half-an-hour at least on his adversary, or on the man who may be his adversary. If the Little Sister is at home, he will see her—he will lay bare his candid heart to her, and make a clean breast of it. The Little Sister was at home.

‘I want to speak to you very particularly about that case of poor Lady Humandhaw,’ says he, dropping his voice.

'I will step out, my dear, and take a little fresh air,' says Captain Gann; meaning that he will be off to the Admiral Byng; and the two are together.

'I have had something on my conscience. I have deceived you, Caroline,' says the doctor, with the beautiful shining forehead and hat.

'Ah, Mr. Firmin,' say she, bending over her work; 'you've used me to that.'

'A man whom you knew once, and who tempted me for his own selfish ends to do a very wrong thing by you—a man whom I thought dead is alive—Tufton Hunt, who performed that—that illegal ceremony at Margate, of which so often and often on my knees I have repented, Caroline!'

The beautiful hands are clasped, the beautiful deep voice thrills lowly through the room; and if a tear or two can be squeezed out of the beautiful eyes, I dare say the doctor will not be sorry.

'He has been here to-day. Him and Mr. Philip was here and quarreled. Philip has told you, I suppose, sir?'

'Before Heaven, "on the word of a gentleman," when I said he was dead, Caroline, I thought he was dead! Yes, I declare, at our college, Maxwell—Dr. Maxwell—who had been at Cambridge with us, told me that our old friend Hunt had died in Canada.' (This, my beloved friends and readers, may not have been the precise long bow which George Firmin, Esq., M. D., pulled; but that he twanged a famous lie out, whenever there was occasion for the weapon, I assure you is an undoubted fact.) 'Yes, Dr. Maxwell told me our old friend was dead—our old friend? My worst enemy and yours! But let that pass. It was he, Caroline, who led me into crimes which I have never ceased to deplore.'

'Ah, Mr. Firmin,' sighs the Little Sister, 'since I've known you, you was big enough to take care of yourself in that way.'

'I have not come to excuse myself, Caroline,' says the deep sweet voice. 'I have done you enough wrong, and I feel it here—at this heart. I have not come to speak about myself, but of some one I love the best of all the world—the only being I *do* love—someone you love, you good and generous soul—about Philip.'

'What is it about Philip?' asks Mrs. Brandon very quickly.

'Do you want harm to happen to him?'

'Oh, my darling boy, no!' cries the Little Sister, clasping her little hands.

'Would you keep him from harm?'

‘Ah, sir, you know I would. When he had the scarlet fever didn’t I pour the drink down his poor throat, and nurse him, and tend him, as if—as if—as a mother would her own child?’

‘You did, you did, you noble, noble woman; and Heaven bless you for it! A father does. I am not all heartless, Caroline, as you deem me, perhaps.’

‘I don’t think it’s much merit, your loving *him*,’ says Caroline, resuming her sewing. And, perhaps, she thinks within herself, ‘What is he a-coming to?’ You see she was a shrewd little person, when her passions and partialities did not overcome her reason; and she had come to the conclusion that this elegant Dr. Firmin, whom she had admired so once, was a—not altogether veracious gentleman. In fact, I heard her myself say afterward, ‘La! he used to talk so fine, and slap his hand on his heart, you know; but I usedn’t to believe him, no more than a man in a play.’ ‘It’s not much merit your loving that boy,’ says Caroline, then. ‘But what about him, sir?’

Then Firmin explained. This man Hunt was capable of any crime for money or revenge. Seeing Caroline was alive—
‘I’s’pose you told him I was dead too, sir,’ says she, looking up from the work.

‘Spare me, spare me! Years ago, perhaps, when I had lost sight of you. I may, perhaps, have thought——’

‘And it’s not to you, George Brandon—it’s not to you,’ cries Caroline, starting up, and speaking with her sweet, innocent, ringing voice; ‘it’s to kind, dear friends—it’s to my good God that I owe my life, which you had flung it away. And I paid you baek by guarding your boy’s dear life, I did, under—under Him who giveth and taketh. And bless His name!’

‘You are a good woman, and I am a bad, sinful man, Caroline,’ says the other. ‘You saved my Philip’s—our Philip’s life, at the risk of your own. Now I tell you that another immense danger menaces him, and may come upon him any day as long as yonder scoundrel is alive. Suppose his character is assailed; suppose, thinking you dead, I married another?’

‘Ah, George, you never thought me dead; though, perhaps, you wished it, sir. Many would have died,’ added the poor Little Sister.

‘Look, Caroline! If I was married to you, my wife—Philip’s mother—was not my wife, and he is her natural son. The property he inherits does not belong to him. The children of his grandfather’s other daughter claim it, and Philip is a beggar. Philip, bred as he has been—Philip, the heir to a mother’s large fortune.’

‘And—and his father’s, too?’ asks Caroline anxiously.

‘I daren’t tell you—though, no, by Heaven! I can trust you with everything. My own great gains have been swallowed up in speculations which have been almost all fatal. There has been a fate hanging over me, Caroline—a righteous punishment for having deserted you. I sleep with a sword hanging over my head, which may fall and destroy me. I walk with a volcano under my feet, which may burst any day and annihilate me. And people speak of the famous Dr. Firmin, the rich Dr. Firmin, the prosperous Dr. Firmin! I shall have a title soon, I believe. I am believed to be happy, and I am alone; and the wretchedest man alive.’

‘Alone, are you?’ said Caroline. ‘There was a woman once who would have kept by you, only you—you flung her away. Look here, George Brandon. It’s over with us. Years and years ago it lies where a cherub was buried. But I love my Philip; and I won’t hurt him, no, never, never, never!’

And as the doctor turned to go away, Caroline followed him wistfully into the hall, and it was there that Philip found them.

Caroline’s tender ‘never,’ ‘never,’ rang in Philip’s memory as he sat at Ridley’s party, amid the artists and authors there assembled. Phil was thoughtful and silent. He did not laugh very loud. He did not praise or abuse anybody outrageously, as was the wont of that most emphatic young gentleman. He scarcely contradicted a single person; and perhaps, when Larkins said Scumble’s last picture was beautiful, or Bunch, the critic of the *Connoisseur*, praised Bowman’s last novel, contented himself with a scornful ‘Ho!’ and a pull at his whiskers, by way of protest and denial. Had he been in his usual fine spirits, and enjoying his ordinary flow of talk, he would have informed Larkins and the assembled company not only that Scumble was an impostor, but that he, Larkins, was an idiot for admiring him. He would have informed Bunch that he was infatuated about that jackass Bowman, that cockey, that wretched ignoramous, who didn’t know his own or any other language. He would have taken down one of Bowman’s stories from the shelf, and proved the folly, the imbecility, and crass ignorance of that author. (Ridley has a simple little stock of novels and poems in an old cabinet in his studio, and reads them still with much artless wonder and respect.) Or, to be sure, Phil would have asserted propositions the exact contrary of those here maintained, and declared that Bowman was a genius, and Scumble a most accomplished artist. But then, you know, somebody else must have commenced by taking the other side. Cer-

tainly a more paradoxical, and provoking, and obstinate, and contradictory disputant than Mr. Phil I never knew. I never met Dr. Johnson, who died before I came up to town; but I do believe Phil Firmin would have stood up and argued even with *him*.

At these Thursday divans the host provided the modest and kindly refreshment, and Betsy the maid, or Virgilio the model, traveled to and fro with glasses and water. Each guest brought his own smoke, and I promise you there were such liberal contributions of the article, that the studio was full of it; and newcomers used to be saluted by a roar of laughter as you heard, rather than saw, them entering, and choking in the fog. It was, 'Hilloa, Prodgers! is that you, old boy?' and the beard of Prodgers (that famous sculptor) would presently loom through the cloud. It was, 'Newcome, how goes?' and Mr. Clive Newcome (a mediocre artist, I must own, but a famous good fellow, with an uncommonly pretty villa and pretty and rich wife at Wimbledon) would make his appearance, and be warmly greeted by our little host. It was, 'Is that you, F. B.? would you like a link, old boy, to see you through the fog?' And the deep voice of Frederick Bayham, Esquire (the eminent critic on Art), would boom out of the tobacco-mist, and would explain, 'A link? I would like a drink.' Ah, ghosts of youth, again ye draw near! Old figures glimmer through the cloud. Old songs echo out of the distance. What were you saying anon about Dr. Johnson, boys? I am sure some of us must remember him. As for me, I am so old, that I might have been at Edial school—the other pupil along with little Davy Garrick and his brother.

We had a bachelor's supper in the Temple so lately that I think that we must pay but a very brief visit to a smoking party in Thornhaugh Street, or the ladies will say that we are too fond of bachelor habits, and keep our friends away from their charming and amiable society. A novel must not smell of cigar much, nor should its refined and genteel page be stained with too frequent brandy and water. Please to imagine, then, the prattle of the artists, authors, and amateurs, assembled at Ridley's divan. Fancy Jarman, the miniature painter, drinking more liquor than any man present, asking his neighbor (*sub voce*) why Ridley does not give his father (the old butler) five shillings to wait; suggesting that perhaps the old man is gone out, and is getting seven and sixpence elsewhere; praising Ridley's picture aloud, and sneering at it in an undertone; and when a man of rank happens to enter the room, shambling up to him and fawning on him, and cringing

to him with fulsome praise and flattery. When the gentleman's back is turned, Jarman can spit epigrams at it. I hope he will never forgive Ridley, and always continue to hate him—for hate him Jarman will, as long as he is prosperous, and curse him as long as the world esteems him. Look at Pym, the incumbent of St. Bronze hard by, coming in to join the literary and artistic assembly, and choking in his white neckcloth to the diversion of all the company who can see him! Sixteen, eighteen, twenty men are assembled. Open the windows or sure they will all be stifled with the smoke! Why, it fills the whole house so, that the Little Sister has to open the parlor window on the ground-floor, and gasp for fresh air.

Phil's head and cigar are thrust out from a window above, and he lolls there, musing about his own affairs, as his smoke ascends to the skies. Young Mr. Philip Firmin is known to be wealthy, and his father gives very good parties in Old Parr Street, so Jarman sidles up to Phil and wants a little fresh air too. He enters into conversation by abusing Ridley's picture that is on the easel.

'Everybody is praising it; what do *you* think of it, Mr. Firmin? Very queer drawing about those eyes, isn't there?'

'Is there?' growls Phil.

'Very loud color.'

'Oh!' says Phil.

'The composition is so clearly prigged from Raphael.'

'Indeed!'

'I beg your pardon. I don't think you know who I am,' continues the other, with a simper.

'Yes, I do,' says Phil, glaring at him. 'You're a painter, and your name is Mr. Envy.'

'Sir!' shrieks the painter; but he is addressing himself to the tails of Phil's coat, the superior half of Mr. Firmin's body is stretching out of the window. Now, you may speak of a man behind his back, but not to him. So Mr. Jarman withdraws, and addresses himself, face to face, to somebody else in the company. I dare say he abuses that upstart, impudent, bumptious young doctor's son. Have I not owned that Philip was often very rude? and to-night he is in a specially bad humor.

As he continues to stare into the street, who is that who has just reeled up to the railings below, and is talking in at Mrs. Brandon's window? Whose blackguard voice and laugh are those which Phil recognizes with a shudder? It is the voice and laugh of our friend Mr. Hunt, whom Philip left not very long since, near his father's house in Old Parr Street, and both

of those familiar sounds are more vinous, more odious, more impudent than they were even two hours ago.

'Hilloa! I say!' he calls out with a laugh and a curse. 'Pst! Mrs. What-d'you-call-em! Hang it! don't shut the window. Let a fellow in!' and he looks toward the upper window, where Philip's head and bust appear dark before the light, Hunt cries out, 'Holloa! what game's up now, I wonder? Supper and ball. Shouldn't be surprised.' And he hiccups a waltz tune, and clatters time to it with his dirty boots.

'Mrs. What-d'you-call-em! Mrs. B—!' the sot then recommences to shriek out. 'Must see you—most particular business. Private and confidential. Hear of something to your advantage.' And rap, rap, rap, he is now thundering at the door. In the clatter of twenty voices, few hear Hunt's noise except Philip; or, if they do, only imagine that another of Ridley's guests is arriving.

At the hall door there is talk and altercation, and the high shriek of a well-known odious voice. Philip moves quickly from his window, shoulders friend Jarman at the studio door, and hustling past him obtains, no doubt, more good wishes from that ingenious artist. Philip is so rude and overbearing that I really have a mind to depose him from his place of hero—only, you see, we are committed. His name is on the page overhead, and we can't take it down and put up another. The Little Sister is standing in her hall by the just opened door, and remonstrating with Mr. Hunt, who appears to wish to force his way in.

'Pooh! shtuff, my dear! If he's here I musht see him—particular business—get out of that!' and he reels forward and against little Caroline's shoulder.

'Get away, you brute, you!' cries the little lady. 'Go home, Mr. Hunt; you are worse than you were this morning.' She is a resolute little woman, and puts out a firm little arm against this odious invader. She has seen patients in hospital raging in fever; she is not frightened by a tipsy man. 'La! is it you, Mr. Philip? Who ever will take this horrid man? He aint fit to go up stairs among the gentlemen; indeed he aint.'

'You said Firmin was here—and it isn't the father. It's the cub! I want the doctor. Where's the doctor?' hiccups the chaplain lurching against the wall; and then he looks at Philip with bloodshot eyes, that twinkle hate. 'Who wantsh you, I shlike to know? Had enough of you already to-day. Conceited brute. Don't look at *me* in that sort away! I aint afraid of you—aint afraid anybody. Time was when I was a young man fight you as soon as look at you. I say, Philip!'

'Go home, now. Do go home, there's a good man,' says the landlady.

'I say! Look here—hic—hi! Philip! On your word as a gentleman, your father's not here? He's a sly old boots, Brummell Firmin is—Trinity man—I'm not a Trinity man—Corpus man. I say, Philip, give us your hand. Bear no malice. Look here—something very particular. After dinner—went into Air Street—you know *rouge gagne, et couleur*—cleaned out. Cleaned out, on the honor of a gentleman and master of arts of the University of Cambridge. So was your father—no, he went out in medicine. I say, Philip, hand us out five sovereigns, and let's try the luck again! What, you won't! It's mean, I say. Don't be mean.'

'Oh, here's five shillings! Go and have a cab. Fetch a cab for him, Virgilio, do!' cries the mistress of the house.

'That's not enough, my dear!' cries the chaplain, advancing toward Mrs. Brandon, with such a leer and air, that Philip, half choked with passion, runs forward, grips Hunt by the collar, and crying out, 'You filthy scoundrel! as this is not my house, I may kick you out of it!'—in another instant has run Hunt through the passage, hurled him down the steps, and sent him sprawling into the kennel.

'Row down below,' says Rosebury placidly, looking from above. 'Personal conflict. Intoxicated individual—in gutter. Our impetuous friend has floored him.'

Hunt, after a moment, sits up and glares at Philip. He is not hurt. Perhaps the shock has sobered him. He thinks, perhaps, Philip is going to strike again. 'Hands off, BASTARD!' shrieks out the prostrate wretch.

'O Philip, Philip! He's mad, he's tipsy!' cries out the Little Sister, running into the street. She puts her arms round Philip. 'Don't mind him, dear—he's mad! Policeman! The gentleman has had too much. Come in, Philip, come in!'

She took him into her little room. She was pleased with the gallantry of the boy. She liked to see him just now, standing over her enemy, courageous, victorious, her champion. 'La! how savage he did look; and how brave and strong you are! But the little wretch aint fit to stand before such as you!' And she passed her little hand down his arm, of which the muscles were all in a quiver from the recent skirmish.

'What did the scoundrel mean by calling me bastard?' said Philip, the wild blue eyes glaring round about with more than ordinary fierceness.

'Nonsense, dear! Who minds anything he says, that beast? His language is always horrid; he's not a gentleman. He had had too much this morning when he was here. What matters

what he says? He won't know anything about it to-morrow. But it was kind of my Philip to rescue his poor little nurse, wasn't it? Like a novel. Come in, and let me make you some tea. Don't go to no more smoking; you have had enough. Come in and talk to me.'

And, as a mother, with sweet pious face, yearns to her little children from her seat, she fondles him, she watches him; she fills her teapot from her singing kettle. She talks—talks in her homely way, and on this subject and that. It is a wonder how she prattles on, who is generally rather silent. She won't see Phil's eyes, which are following her about very strangely and fiercely. And when again he mutters, 'What did he mean by——' 'La, my dear, how cross you are!' she breaks out. 'It's always so; you won't be happy without your cigar. Here's a cheroot, a beauty! Pa brought it home from the club. A China captain gave him some. You must light it at the little end. There!' And if I could draw the picture which my mind sees of her lighting Phil's cheroot for him, and smiling the while, the little innocent Delilah coaxing and wheedling this young Samson, I know it would be a pretty picture. I wish Ridley would sketch it for me.

CHAPTER XII.

DAMOCLES.

ON the next morning, at an hour so early that Old Parr Street was scarce awake, and even the maids who wash the broad steps of the house of the tailors and medical gentlemen who inhabit that region had not yet gone down on their knees before their respective doors, a ring was heard at Dr. Firmin's night-bell, and when the door was opened by the yawning attendant, a little person in a gray gown and a black bonnet made her appearance, handed a note to the servant, and said the case was most urgent and the doctor must come at once. Was not Lady Humandhaw the noble person whom we last mentioned, as the invalid about whom the doctor and the nurse had spoken a few words on the previous evening? The Little Sister, for it was she, used the very same name to the servant, who retired grumbling to waken up his master and deliver the note.

Nurse Brandon sat a while in the great gaunt dining room where hung the portrait of the doctor in his splendid black collar and cuffs, and contemplated this masterpiece until an invasion of housemaids drove her from the apartment, when she took refuge in that other little room to which Mrs. Firmin's portrait had been consigned.

‘That’s like him ever so many years and years ago,’ she thinks. ‘It is a little handsomer; but it has his wicked look that I used to think so killing, and so did my sisters, both of them—they were ready to tear out each other’s eyes for jealousy. And that’s Mrs. Firmin! Well, I suppose the painter haven’t flattered her. If he have she could have been no great things, Mrs. F. couldn’t.’ And the doctor, entering softly by the opened door and over the thick Turkey carpet, comes up to her noiselessly, and finds the Little Sister gazing at the portrait of the departed lady.

‘Oh, it’s you, is it? I wonder whether you treated her no better than you treated me, Dr. F. I’ve a notion she’s not the only one. She don’t look happy, poor thing,’ says the little lady.

‘What is it, Caroline?’ asked the deep-voiced doctor; ‘and what brings you so early?’

The Little Sister then explains to him. ‘Last night after he went away Hunt came, sure enough. He had been drinking. He was very rude, and Philip wouldn’t bear it. Philip had a good courage of his own and a hot blood. And Philip thought Hunt was insulting her, the Little Sister. So he up with his hand and down goes Mr. Hunt on the pavement. Well, when he was down he was in a dreadful way, and he called Philip a dreadful name.’

‘A name? what name?’ Then Caroline told the doctor the name Mr. Hunt had used; and if Firmin’s face usually looked wicked, I dare say it did not seem very angelical when he heard how this odious name had been applied to his son. ‘Can he do Philip a mischief?’ Caroline continued. ‘I thought I was bound to tell his father. Look here, Dr. F., I don’t want to do my dear boy a harm. But suppose what you told me last night isn’t true—as I don’t think you much mind!—mind—saying things that are incorrect you know, when us women are in the case. But suppose when you played the villain, thinking only to take in a poor innocent girl of sixteen, it was you who were took in, and that I was your real wife after all? There would be a punishment!’

‘I should have an honest and good wife, Caroline,’ said the doctor, with a groan.

‘This would be a punishment, not for you, but for my poor Philip,’ the woman goes on. ‘What has he done, that his honest name should be took from him—and his fortune perhaps? I have been lying broad awake all night thinking of him. Ah, George Brandon! Why, why did you come to my poor father’s house, and bring this misery down on me, and on your child unborn?’

'On myself, the worst of all,' says the doctor.

'You deserve it. But it's an innocent that has had, or will have, to suffer most. O George Brandon! Think of a poor child, flung away, and left to starve and die, without even so much as knowing your real name! Think of your boy, perhaps brought to shame and poverty through your fault!'

'Do you suppose I don't often think of my wrong?' says the doctor. 'That it does not cause me sleepless nights, and hours of anguish? Ah, Caroline!' and he looks in the glass; 'I am not shaved, and it's very unbecoming,' he thinks; that is, if I may dare to read his thoughts, as I do to report his unheard words.

'You think of your wrong now it may be found out, I dare say!' says Caroline. 'Suppose this Hunt turns against you? He is desperate; mad for drink and money; has been in jail—as he said this very night to me and my papa. He'll do or say anything. If you treat him hard, and Philip *have* treated him hard—not harder than served him right though—he'll pull the house down and himself under it; but he'll be revenged. Perhaps he drank so much last night that he may have forgot. But I fear he means mischief, and I came here to say so, and hoping that you might be kep' on your guard, Dr. F., and if you have to quarrel with him, I don't know what you ever will do, I am sure—no more than if you had to fight a chimney-sweep in the street. I have been awake all night thinking, and as soon as ever I saw the daylight, I determined I would run and tell you.'

'When he called Philip that name, did the boy seem much disturbed?' asked the doctor.

'Yes; he referred to it again and again—though I tried to coax him out of it. But it was on his mind last night, and I am sure he will think of it the first thing this morning. Ah, yes, doctor! conscience will sometimes let a gentleman doze; but after discovery has come, and opened your curtains, and said, "You desired to be called early!" there's little use in trying to sleep much. You look very much frightened, Dr. F.,' the nurse continues. 'You haven't such a courage as Philip has; or as you had when you were a young man, and came a leading poor girls astray. You used to be afraid of nothing then. Do you remember that fellow on board the steamboat in Scotland in our wedding trip, and, la! I thought you was going to kill him. That poor little Lord Cinqbars told me ever so many stories then about your courage and shooting people. It wasn't very courageous, leaving a poor girl without even a name, and scarce a guinea, was it? But I aint come to call up

old stories—only to warn you. Even in old times, when he married us, and I thought he was doing a kindness, I never could abide this horrible man. In Scotland, when you was away shooting with your poor little lord, the things Hunt used to say and *look* was dreadful. I wonder how ever you, who were gentlemen, could put up with such a fellow! Ah, that was a sad honeymoon of ours! I wonder why I'm a thinking of it now? I suppose it's from having seen the picture of the other one—poor lady!

'I have told you, Caroline, that I was so wild and desperate at that unhappy time, I was scarcely accountable for my actions. If I left you, it was because I had no other resource but flight. I was a ruined, penniless man, but for my marriage with Ellen Ringwood. You don't suppose the marriage was happy? Happy! when have I ever been happy? My lot is to be wretched, and bring wretchedness down on those I love! On you, on my father, on my wife, and my boy—I am a doomed man. Ah, that the innocent should suffer for me!' And our friend looks askance in the glass, at the blue chin, and hollow eyes which make his guilt look the more haggard.

'I never had my lines,' the Little Sister continued, 'I never knew there were papers or writings, or anything but a ring and a clergyman, when you married me. But I've heard tell that people in Scotland don't want a clergyman at all; and if they call themselves man and wife, they are man and wife. Now, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon certainly did travel together in Scotland—witness that man whom you were going to throw into the lake for being rude to your wife—and—la! Don't fly out so! It wasn't me, a poor girl of sixteen, who did wrong. It was you, a man of the world, who was years and years older.'

When Brandon carried off his poor little victim and wife, there had been a journey to Scotland, where Lord Cinqbars, then alive, had sporting quarters. His lordship's chaplain, Mr. Hunt, had been of the party, which fate very soon afterward separated. Death seized on Cinqbars at Naples. Debt caused Firmin—Brandon, as he called himself then—to fly the country. The chaplain wandered from jail to jail. And as for poor little Caroline Brandon, I suppose the husband who had married her under a false name thought that to escape her, leave her, and disown her altogether was an easier and less dangerous plan than to continue relations with her. So one day, four months after their marriage, the young couple being then at Dover, Caroline's husband happened to go out for a walk. But he sent away a portmanteau by the back door when he went out for the walk, and as Caroline was waiting for her

little dinner some hours after, the porter who carried the luggage came with a little note from her dearest G. B., and it was full of little fond expressions of regard and affection, such as gentlemen put into little notes; but dearest G. B. said the bailiffs were upon him, and one of them had arrived that morning, and he must fly; and he took half the money he had, and left half for his little Carry. And he would be back soon, and arrange matters; or tell her where to write and follow him. And she was to take care of her little health, and to write a great deal to her Georgy. And she did not know how to write very well then; but she did her best, and improved a great deal; for, indeed, she wrote a great deal, poor thing. Sheets and sheets of paper she blotted with ink and tears. And then the money was spent; and the next money; and no more came, and no more letters. And she was alone at sea, sinking, sinking, when it pleased Heaven to send that friend who rescued her. It is such a sad, sad little story, that in fact I don't like dwelling on it; not caring to look upon poor, innocent, trusting creatures in pain.

. . . Well, then, when Caroline exclaimed, 'La! don't fly out so, Dr. Firmin!' I suppose the doctor had been crying out, and swearing fiercely, at the recollections of his friend Mr. Brandon, and at the danger which possibly hung over that gentleman. Marriage ceremonies are dangerous risks in jest or in earnest. You can't pretend to marry even a poor old bankrupt lodging-house-keeper's daughter without some risk of being brought subsequently to book. If you have a vulgar wife alive, and afterward choose to leave her and marry an earl's niece, you will come to trouble, however well connected you are and highly placed in society. If you have had thirty thousand pounds with wife No. 2, and have to pay it back on a sudden, the payment may be inconvenient. You may be tried for bigamy, and sentenced, goodness knows to what punishment. At any rate, if the matter is made public, and you are a most respectable man, moving in the highest scientific and social circles, those circles may be disposed to request you to walk out of their circumference. A novelist, I know, ought to have no likes, dislikes, pity, partiality for his characters; but I declare I cannot help feeling a respectable compassion for a gentleman who, in consequence of a youthful, and, I am sure, sincerely regretted folly, may be liable to lose his fortune, his place in society, and his considerable practice. Punishment hasn't a right to come with such a *pede claudo*. There ought to be limitations; and it is shabby and revengeful of

Justice to present her little bill when it has been more than twenty years owing. . . Having had his talk out with the Little Sister, having a long-past crime suddenly taken down from the shelf; having a remorse, long since supposed to be dead and buried, suddenly starting up in the most blustering, boisterous, inconvenient manner; having a rage and terror tearing him within; I can fancy this most respectable physician going about his day's work, and most sincerely sympathize with him. Who is to heal the physician? Is he not more sick at heart than most of his patients that day? He has to listen to Lady Megrim cackling for half an hour at least, and describing her little ailments. He has to listen, and never once to dare to say, 'Confound you, old chatterbox! What are you prating about your ailments to me, who am suffering real torture while I am smirking in your face?' He has to wear the inspiring smile, to breathe the gentle joke, to console, to whisper hope, to administer remedy; and all day, perhaps, he sees no one so utterly sick, so sad, so despairing, as himself.

The first person on whom he had to practice hypocrisy that day was his own son, who chose to come to breakfast—a meal of which son and father seldom now partook in company. 'What does he know, and what does he suspect?' are the father's thoughts; but a louring gloom is on Philip's face, and the father's eyes look into the son's, but cannot penetrate their darkness.

'Did you stay late last night, Philip?' says papa.

'Yes, sir, rather late,' answers the son.

'Pleasant party?'

'No, sir, stupid. Your friend Mr. Hunt wanted to come in. He was drunk, and rude to Mrs. Brandon, and I was obliged to put him out of the door. He was dreadfully violent and abusive.'

'Swore a good deal, I suppose?'

'Fiercely, sir, and called names.'

I dare say Philip's heart beat so when he said these last words, that they were inaudible; at all events, Philip's father did not appear to pay much attention to the words, for he was busy reading the *Morning Post*, and behind that sheet of fashionable news hid whatever expression of agony there might be on his face. Philip afterward told his present biographer of this breakfast meeting and dreary *tete-à-tete*. 'I burned to ask what was the meaning of that scoundrel's words of the past night,' Philip said to his biographer; 'but I did not dare, somehow. You see, Pendennis, it is not pleasant to say point-blank to your father, "Sir, are you a confirmed scoundrel, or are you not? Is it possible that you have made a double mar-

riage, as yonder other rascal hinted; and that my own legitimacy and my mother's fair fame, as well as poor, harmless Caroline's honor and happiness, have been destroyed by your crime?" But I had lain awake all night thinking about that scoundrel Hunt's words, and whether there was any meaning beyond drunken malice in what he said.' So we find that three people had passed a bad night in consequence of Mr. Firmin's evil behavior of five-and-twenty years back, which surely was a most unreasonable punishment for a sin of such old date. I wish, dearly beloved brother sinners, we could take all the punishment for our individual crimes on our individual shoulders; but we drag them all down with us—that is the fact; and when Macheath is condemned to hang, it is Polly and Lucy who have to weep and suffer and wear piteous mourning in their hearts long after the dare-devil rogue has jumped off the Tyburn ladder.

'Well, sir, he did not say a word,' said Philip, recounting the meeting to his friend; 'not a word, at least, regarding the matter both of us had on our hearts. But about fashion, parties, politics, he discoursed much more freely than was usual with him. He said I might have had Lord Ringwood's seat for Whipham, but for my unfortunate politics. What made a Radical of me, he asked, who was naturally one of the most haughty of men? (and that, I think, perhaps I am,' says Phil, 'and a good many liberal fellows are). I should calm down, he was sure—I should calm down, and be of the politics *des hommes du monde*.'

Philip could not say to his father, 'Sir, it is seeing you cringe before great ones that has set my own back up.' There were countless points about which both father and son could not speak; and an invisible, unexpressed, perfectly unintelligible mistrust, always was present when those two were *tete-à-tete*.

Their meal was scarce ended when entered to them Mr. Hunt, with his hat on. I was not present at the time, and cannot speak as a certainty; but I should think at his ominous appearance Philip may have turned red and his father pale. 'Now is the time,' both, I dare say, thought; and the doctor remembered his stormy young days of foreign gambling, intrigue and duel, when he was put on his ground before his adversary, and bidden, at a given signal, to fire. One, two, three! Each man's hand was armed with malice and murder. Philip had plenty of pluck for his part, but I should think on such an occasion might be a little nervous and fluttered, whereas his father's eye was keen, and his aim rapid and steady.

'You and Philip had a difference last night, Philip tells me,' said the doctor.

‘Yes, and I promised he should pay me,’ said the clergyman.

‘And I said I should desire no better,’ says Mr. Phil.

‘He struck his senior, his father’s friend—a sick man, a clergyman,’ gasped Hunt.

‘Were you to repeat what you did last night, I should repeat what I did,’ said Phil. ‘You insulted a good woman.’

‘It’s a lie, sir,’ cries the other.

‘You insulted a good woman, a lady in her own house, and I turned you out of it,’ said Phil.

‘I say again, it is a lie, sir!’ screams Hunt, with a stamp on the table.

‘That you should give me the lie, or otherwise, is perfectly immaterial to me. But whenever you insult Mrs. Brandon, or any harmless woman in my presence, I shall do my best to chastise you,’ cries Philip of the red mustaches, curling them with much dignity.

‘You hear him, Firmin?’ says the parson.

‘Faith, I do, Hunt!’ says the physician; ‘and I think he means what he says, too.’

‘Oh! *you* take that line, do you?’ cries Hunt of the dirty hands, the dirty teeth, the dirty neckcloth.

‘I take what you call that line; and whenever a rudeness is offered to that admirable woman in my son’s hearing, I shall be astonished if he does not resent it,’ says the doctor. ‘Thank you, Philip!’

The father’s resolute speech and behavior gave Philip great momentary comfort. Hunt’s words of the night before had been occupying the young man’s thoughts. Had Firmin been criminal, he could not be so bold.

‘You talk this way in presence of your son? You have been talking over the matter together before?’ asks Hunt.

‘We have been talking over the matter before—yes. We were engaged on it when you came into breakfast,’ says the doctor. ‘Shall we go on with the conversation where we left it off?’

‘Well, do—that is, if you dare,’ said the clergyman, somewhat astonished.

‘Philip, my dear, it is ill for a man to hide his head before his own son; but if I am to speak—and speak I must one day or the other—why not now?’

‘Why at all, Firmin?’ asks the clergyman astonished at the other’s rather sudden resolve.

‘Why? Because I am sick and tired of you, Mr. Tufton Hunt,’ cries the physician, in his most lofty manner, ‘of you and your presence in my house; your blackguard behavior and

your rascal extortions—because you will force me to speak one day or the other—and now, Philip, if you like, shall be the day.’

‘Hang it, I say! Stop a bit!’ cries the clergyman.

‘I understand you want some more money from me.’

‘I did promise Jacobs I would pay him to-day, and that was what made me so sulky last night; and, perhaps, I took a little too much. You see my mind was out of order; and what’s the use of telling a story that is no good to anyone, Firmin—least of all to you,’ cries the parson darkly.

‘Because, you ruffian, I’ll bear with you no more,’ cries the doctor, the veins of his forehead swelling as he looks fiercely at his dirty adversary. ‘In the last nine months, Philip, this man has had nine hundred pounds from me.’

‘The luck has been so very bad, so bad, upon my honor, now,’ grumbles the parson.

‘To-morrow he will want more; and the next day more; and the next day more; and, in fine, I won’t live with this accursed man of the sea round my neck. You shall have the story; and Mr. Hunt shall sit by and witness against his own crime and mine. I had been very wild at Cambridge, when I was a young man. I had quarreled with my father, lived with a dissipated set, and beyond my means; and had had my debts paid so often by your grandfather, that I was afraid to ask for more. He was stern to me; I was not dutiful to him. I own my fault. Mr. Hunt can bear witness to what I say.

‘I was in hiding at Margate under a false name. You know the name.’

‘Yes, sir, I think I know the name,’ Philip said, thinking he liked his father better now than he had ever liked him in his life, and sighing, ‘Ah, if he had always been frank and true with me!’

‘I took humble lodgings with an obscure family.’ [If Dr. Firmin had a prodigious idea of his own grandeur and importance, you see I cannot help it—and he was long held to be such a respectable man.] ‘And there I found a young girl—one of the most innocent beings that ever a man played with and betrayed. Betrayed, I own it, Heaven forgive me! The crime has been the shame of my life, and darkened my whole career with misery. I got a man worse than myself, if that could be. I got Hunt for a few pounds, which he owed me, to make a sham marriage between me and poor Caroline. My money was soon gone. My creditors were after me. I fled the country, and I left her.’

‘A sham marriage! a sham marriage!’ cries the clergyman. ‘Didn’t you make me perform it by holding a pistol to my throat? A fellow won’t risk transportation for nothing. But

I owed him money for cards, and he had my bill, and he said he would let me off, and that's why I helped him. Never mind. I am out of the business now, Mr. Brummell Firmin, and you are in it. I have read the Act, sir. The clergyman who performs the marriage is liable to punishment, if informed against within three years, and it's twenty years or more. But you, Mr. Brummell Firmin, your case is different; and you, my young gentleman, with the fiery whiskers, who strike down old men of a night, you may find some of us know how to revenge ourselves, though we are down.' And with this, Hunt rushed to his greasy hat, and quitted the house, discharging imprecations at his hosts as he passed through the hall.

Son and father sat a while silent after the departure of their common enemy. At last the father spoke.

'This is the sword that has always been hanging over my head, and it is now falling, Philip.'

'What can the man do? Is the first marriage a good marriage?' asked Philip, with alarmed face.

'It is no marriage. It is void to all intents and purposes. You may suppose I have taken care to learn the law about that. Your legitimacy is safe, sure enough. But that man can ruin me, or nearly so. He will try to-morrow, if not to-day. As long as you or I can give him a guinea he will take it to the gambling-house. I had the mania on me myself once. My poor father quarreled with me in consequence, and died without seeing me. I married your mother—Heaven help her, poor soul! and forgive me for being but a harsh husband to her—with a view of mending my shattered fortunes. I wished she had been more happy, poor thing. But do not blame me utterly, Philip. I was desperate, and she wished for the marriage so much! I had good looks and high spirits in those days. People said so.' [And here he glances obliquely at his own handsome portrait.] 'Now I am wreck, a wreck!'

'I conceive, sir, that this will annoy you; but how can it ruin you?' asked Philip.

'What becomes of my practice as a family physician? The practice is not now what it was, between ourselves, Philip, and the expenses greater than you imagine. I have made unlucky speculations. If you count upon much increase of wealth from me, my boy, you will be disappointed; though you were never mercenary, no, never. But the story bruited about by this rascal, of a physician of eminence engaged in two marriages, do you suppose my rivals won't hear it, and take advantage of it—my patients hear it, and avoid me?'

‘Make terms with the man at once, then, sir, and silence him.’

‘To make terms with a gambler is impossible. My purse is always there open for him to thrust his hand into when he loses. No man can withstand such a temptation. I am glad you have never fallen into it. I have quarreled with you sometimes for living with people below your rank; perhaps you were right, and I was wrong. I have liked, always did, I don’t disguise it, to live with persons of station. And these, when I was at the university, taught me play and extravagance; and in the world haven’t helped me much. Who would? Who would?’ and the doctor relapsed into meditation.

A little catastrophe presently occurred, after which Mr. Philip Firmin told me the substance of this story. He described his father’s long acquiescence in Hunt’s demands, and sudden resistance to them, and was at a loss to account for the change. I did not tell my friend in express terms, but I fancied I could account for the change of behavior. Dr. Firmin, in his interviews with Caroline, had had his mind set at rest about one part of his danger. The doctor need no longer fear the charge of a double marriage. The Little Sister resigned her claims, past, present, future.

If a gentleman is sentenced to be hung, I wonder is it a matter of comfort to him or not to know beforehand the day of the operation? Hunt would take his revenge. When and how? Dr. Firmin asked himself. Nay, possibly you will have to learn that this eminent practitioner walked about with more than danger hanging imminent over him. Perhaps it was a rope; perhaps it was a sword; some weapon of execution, at any rate, as we frequently may see. A day passes; no assassin darts at the doctor as he threads the dim opera-colonnade passage on his way to his club. A week goes by; no stiletto is plunged into his well-wadded breast as he steps from his carriage at some noble patient’s door. Philip says he never knew his father more pleasant, easy, good-humored, and affable than during this period, when he must have felt that a danger was hanging over him of which his son at this time had no idea. I dined in Old Parr Street once in this memorable period (memorable it seemed to me from immediately subsequent events). Never was the dinner better served; the wine more excellent; the guests and conversation more gravely respectable than at this entertainment; and my neighbor remarked with pleasure how the father and son seemed to be on much better terms than ordinary. The doctor addressed Philip pointedly once or twice; alluded to his foreign

travels, spoke of his mother's family—it was most gratifying to see the pair together. Day after day passes so. The enemy has disappeared. At least, the lining of his dirty hat is no longer visible on the broad marble table of Dr. Firmin's hall.

But one day—it may be ten days after the quarrel—a little messenger comes to Philip, and says, 'Philip dear, I am sure there is something wrong; that horrible Hunt has been here with a very quiet, soft-spoken old gentleman, and they have been going on with my poor pa about my wrongs and his—his, indeed! and they have worked him up to believe that somebody has cheated his daughter out of a great fortune; and who can that somebody be but your father? And whenever they see me coming, papa and that horrid Hunt go off to the Admiral Byng; and one night when pa came home he said, 'Bless you, bless you, my poor, innocent, injured child; and blessed you *will* be, mark a fond father's words!' They are scheming something against Philip and Philip's father. Mr. Bond, the soft-spoken old gentleman's name is; and twice there has been a Mr. Walls to inquire if Mr. Hunt was at our house.'

'Mr. Bond? Mr. Walls? A gentleman of the name of Bond was uncle Twysden's attorney. An old gentleman, with a bald head, and one eye bigger than the other?'

'Well, this old man has one smaller than the other, I do think,' said Caroline. 'First man who came was Mr. Walls—a rattling young fashionable chap, always laughing, talking about theaters, operas, everything—came home from the Byng long with pa and his new friend—oh! I do hate him, that man, that Hunt! then he brought the old man, this Mr. Bond. What are they scheming against you, Philip? I tell you this matter is all about you and your father.'

Years and years ago, in the poor mother's lifetime, Philip remembered an outbreak of wrath on his father's part, who called uncle Twysden a swindling miser, and this very Mr. Bond a scoundrel who deserved to be hung, for interfering in some way in the management of a part of the property which Mrs. Twysden and her sister inherited from their own mother. That quarrel had been made up, as such quarrels are. The brothers-in-law had continued to mistrust each other; but there was no reason why the feud should descend to the children; and Philip and his aunt, and one of her daughters at least, were on good terms together. Philip's uncle's lawyers engaged with father's debtor and enemy against Dr. Firmin! the alliance boded no good.

'I won't tell you what I think, Philip,' said the father. 'You are fond of your cousin?'

‘Oh! for ev——’

‘For ever, of course! At least until we change our mind, or one of us grows tired, or finds a better mate.’

‘Ah, sir!’ cries Philip, but suddenly stops in his remonstrance.

‘What were you going to say, Philip, and why do you pause?’

‘I was going to say, father, if I might without offending, that I think you judge hardly of women. I know two who have been very faithful to you.’

‘And I a traitor to both of them. Yes; and my remorse, Philip, my remorse!’ says his father in his deepest tragedy voice, clutching his hand over a heart that I believe beat very coolly. But, psha! why am I, Philip’s biographer, going out of the way to abuse Philip’s papa? Is not the threat of bigamy and exposure enough to disturb any man’s equanimity? I say again, suppose there is another sword—a rope, if you will so call it—hanging over the head of our Damocles of Old Parr Street? . . . Howbeit, the father and the son met and parted in these days with unusual gentleness and cordiality. And these were the last days in which they were to meet together. Nor could Philip recall without satisfaction, afterward, that the hand which he took was pressed and given with a real kindness and cordiality.

Why were these the last days son and father were to pass together? Dr. Firmin is still alive. Philip is a very tolerably prosperous gentleman. He and his father parted good friends, and it is the biographer’s business to narrate how and wherefore. When Philip told his father that Messrs. Bond & Selby, his uncle Twysden’s attorneys, were suddenly interested about Mr. Brandon and his affairs, the father instantly guessed, though the son was too simple as yet to understand, how it was that these gentlemen interfered. If Mr. Brandon-Firmin’s marriage with Miss Ringwood was null, her son was illegitimate, and her fortune went to her sister. Painful as such a duty might be to such tender-hearted people as our Twysden acquaintances to deprive a dear nephew of his fortune, yet, after all, duty is duty, and a parent must sacrifice everything for justice and his own children. ‘Had I been in such a ease,’ Talbot Twysden subsequently and repeatedly declared, ‘I should never have been easy a moment if I thought I possessed wrongfully a beloved nephew’s property. I could not have slept in peace; I could not have shown my face at my own club, or to my conscience, had I the weight of such an injustice on my mind.’ In a word, when he found that there was a chance of annexing Philip’s share of the property to his

own, Twysden saw clearly that his duty was to stand by his own wife and children.

The information upon which Talbot Twysden, Esq., acted was brought to him at his office by a gentleman in dingy black, who, after a long interview with him, accompanied him to his lawyer, Mr. Bond, before mentioned. Here, in South Square, Gray's Inn, the three gentlemen held a consultation, of which the results began quickly to show themselves. Messrs. Bond & Selby had an exceedingly lively, cheerful, jovial, and intelligent confidential clerk, who combined business and pleasure with the utmost affability and was acquainted with a thousand queer things, and queer histories about queer people in this town; who lent money; who wanted money; who was in debt; and who was outrunning the constable; whose diamonds were in pawn; whose estates were over-mortgaged; who was over-building himself; who was casting eyes of longing at what pretty opera dancer—about races, fights, bill brokers, *quicquid agunt homines*. This Tom Walls had a deal of information, and imparted it so as to make you die of laughing.

The Rev. Tufton Hunt brought this jolly fellow first to the Admiral Byng, where his amiability won all hearts at the club. At the Byng it was not very difficult to gain Captain Gann's easy confidence. And this old man was, in the course of a very trifling consumption of rum-and-water, brought to see that his daughter had been the object of a wicked conspiracy and was the rightful and most injured wife of a man who ought to clear her fair fame before the world, and put her in possession of a portion of his great fortune.

A great fortune? How great a fortune? Was it three hundred thousand, say? Those doctors, many of them, had fifteen thousand a year. Mr. Walls (who perhaps knew better) was not at liberty to say what the fortune was; but it was a shame that Mrs. Brandon was kept out of her rights, that was clear.

Old Gann's excitement, when this matter was first broached to him (under vows of profound secrecy), was so intense that his old reason tottered on its rickety old throne. He wellnigh burst with longing to speak upon this mystery. Mr. and Mrs. Oves, the esteemed landlord and lady of the Byng, never saw him so excited. He had a great opinion of the judgment of his friend, Mr. Ridley; in fact, he must have gone to Bedlam, unless he had talked to somebody on this most nefarious transaction, which might make the blood of every Briton curdle with horror—as he was free to say.

Old Mr. Riley was of a much cooler temperament, and alto-

gether a more cautious person. The doctor rich? He wished to tell no secrets, nor to meddle in no gentleman's affairs; but he have heard very different statements regarding Dr. Firmin's affairs.

When dark hints about treason, wicked desertion, rights denied, 'and a great fortune which you are kep' out of, my poor Caroline, by a rascally wolf in sheep's clothing, you are; and I always mistrusted him, from the moment I saw him, and said to your mother, "Emily, that Brandon is a bad fellow, Brandon is;" and bitterly, bitterly I've rued ever receiving him under my roof.' When speeches of this nature were made to Mrs. Caroline, strange to say, the little lady made light of them. 'Oh, nonsense, pa! Don't be bringing that sad old story up again. I have suffered enough from it already. If Mr. F. left me, he wasn't the only one who flung me away; and I have been able to live, thank mercy, through it all.'

This was a hard hit, and not to be parried. The truth is, that when poor Caroline, deserted by her husband, had come back, in wretchedness, to her father's door, the man, and the wife who then ruled him, had thought fit to thrust her away. And she had forgiven them; and had been enabled to heap a rare quantity of coals on that old gentleman's head.

When the Captain remarked his daughter's indifference and unwillingness to reopen this painful question of her sham marriage with Firmin, his wrath was moved, and his suspicion excited. 'Ha!' says he, 'have this man been a tampering with you again?'

'Nonsense, pa!' once more says Caroline. 'I tell you, it is this fine-talking lawyers' clerk has been tampering with *you*. You're made a tool of, pa! and you've been made a tool of all your life!'

'Well, now, upon my honor, my good madam,' interposes Mr. Walls.

'Don't talk to me, sir! I don't want any lawyers' clerks to meddle in my business!' cries Mrs. Brandon, very briskly. 'I don't know what you're come about. I don't want to know, and I'm most certain it is for no good.'

I suppose it was the ill success of his ambassador that brought Mr. Bond himself to Thornhaugh Street; and a more kind, fatherly little man never looked than Mr. Bond, although he may have had one eye smaller than the other. 'What is this, my dear madam, I hear from my confidential clerk, Mr. Walls?' he asked of the Little Sister. 'You refuse to give him your confidence because he is only a clerk? I wonder whether you will accord it to me as a principle?'

'She may, sir, she may—every confidence!' says the Captain,

laying his hand on that snuffy satin waistcoat which all his friends so long admired on him. 'She *might* have spoken to Mr. Walls.'

'Mr. Walls is not a family man. I am. I have children at home, Mrs. Brandon, as old as you are,' says the benevolent Bond. 'I would have justice done them, and for you too.'

'You're very good to take so much trouble about me all of a sudden, to be sure,' says Mrs. Brandon demurely. 'I suppose you don't do it for nothing.'

'I should not require much fee to help a good woman to her rights; and a lady I don't think needs much persuasion to be helped to her advantage,' remarks Mr. Bond.

'That depends who the helper is.'

'Well if I can do you no harm, and help you possibly to a name, to a fortune, to a high place in the world, I don't think you need be frightened. I don't look very wicked or very artful, do I?'

'Many is that don't look so. I've learned as much as that about you gentlemen,' remarks Mrs. Brandon.

'You have been wronged by one man, and doubt all.'

'Not all. Some, sir!'

'Doubt about me if I can by any possibility injure you. But how and why should I? Your good father knows what has brought me here. I have no secret from him. Have I, Mr. Gann, or Captain Gann, as I have heard you addressed?'

'Mr., sir—plain Mr.—No, sir; your conduct have been most open, honorable, and like a gentleman. Neither would you, sir, do aught to disparage Mrs. Brandon; neither would I, her father. No ways, I think, would a parent do harm to his own child. May I offer you any refreshment, sir?' and a shaky, a dingy, but a hospitable hand, is laid upon the glossy cupboard, in which Mrs. Brandon keeps her modest little store of strong waters.

'Not one drop, thank you! You trust me, I think, more than Mrs. Firm—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Brandon, is disposed to do.'

At the utterance of that monosyllable *Firm* Caroline became so white, and trembled so, that her interlocutor stopped, rather alarmed at the effect of his word—his word—his syllable of a word.

The old lawyer recovered himself with much grace.

'Pardon me, madam,' he said; 'I know your wrongs; I know your most melancholy history; I know your name, and was going to use it, but it seemed to renew painful recollections to you, which I would not needlessly recall.'

Captain Gann took out a snuffy pocket-handkerchief, wiped

two red eyes and a shirt-front and winked at the attorney, and gasped in a pathetic manner.

'You know my story and names, sir, who are a stranger to me. Have you told this old gentleman all about me and my affairs, pa?' asks Caroline, with some asperity. 'Have you told him that my ma never gave me a word of kindness—that I toiled for you and her like a servant—and when I came back to you, after being deceived and deserted, that you and ma shut the door in my face? You did! you did! I forgive you; but a hundred thousand billion years can't mend that injury, father, while you broke a poor child's heart with it that day! My pa has told you all this, Mr. What's-your-name? I'm s'prized he didn't find something pleasanter to talk about, I'm sure!'

'My love!' interposed the captain.

'Pretty love! to go and tell a stranger in a public-house, and ever so many there besides, I suppose, your daughter's misfortunes, pa. Pretty love! That's what I've had from you!'

'Not a soul, on the honor of a gentleman, except me and Mr. Walls.'

'Then what do you come to talk about me at all for? and what scheme on *hearth* are you driving at? and what brings this old man here?' cries the landlady of Thornhaugh Street, stamping her foot.

'Shall I tell you frankly, my good lady? I called you Mrs. Firmin now, because, on my honor and word, I believe such to be your rightful name—because you are the lawful wife of George Brand Firmin. If such be your lawful name, others bear it who have no right to bear it—and inherit property to which they can lay no just claim. In the year 1827, you, Caroline Gann, a child of sixteen, were married by a clergyman whom you know, to George Brand Firmin, calling himself George Brandon. He was guilty of deceiving you; but you were guilty of no deceit. He was a hardened and wily man; but you were an innocent child out of a schoolroom. And though he thought the marriage was not binding upon him, binding it is by Act of Parliament and judge's decision; and you are as assuredly George Firmin's wife, madam, as Mrs. Bond is mine!'

'You have been cruelly injured, Caroline,' says the Captain, wagging his old nose over his handkerchief.

Caroline seemed to be very well versed in the law of the transaction. 'You mean, sir,' she said slowly, 'that if me and Mr. Brandon was married to each other, he knowing that he was only playing at marriage, and me believing that it was all for good, we are really married.'

‘Undoubtedly you are, madam—my client has—that is, I have had advice on the point.’

‘But if we both knew that it was—was only a sort of a marriage—an irregular marriage, you now?’

‘Then the Act says that to all intents and purposes the marriage is null and void.’

‘But you didn’t know, my poor innocent child!’ cries Mr. Gann. ‘How should you? How old was you? She was a child in the nursery, Mr. Bond, when the villain inveigled her away from her poor old father. *She* knew nothing of irregular marriages.’

‘Of course she didn’t, the poor creature,’ cries the old gentleman, rubbing his hands together with perfect good-humor. ‘Poor young thing, poor young thing!’

As he was speaking, Caroline, very very pale and still, was sitting looking at Ridley’s sketch of Philip, which hung in her little room. Presently she turned round on the attorney, folding her little hands over her work.

‘Mr. Bond,’ she said, ‘girls, though they may be ever so young, know more than some folks fancy. I was more than sixteen when that—that business happened. I wasn’t happy at home, and eager to get away. I knew that a gentleman of his rank wouldn’t be likely really to marry a poor Cinderella out of a lodging-house, like me. If the truth must be told, I—I knew it was no marriage—never thought it was a marriage—not for good, you know.’

And she folds her little hands together as she utters the words, and I dare say once more looks at Philip’s portrait.

‘Gracious goodness, madam, you must be under some error!’ cries the attorney. ‘How should a child like you know that the marriage was irregular?’

‘Because I had no lines!’ cries Caroline quickly. ‘Never asked for none! And our maid we had then said to me, “Miss Carry, where’s your lines? And it’s no good without.” And I knew it wasn’t! And I’m ready to go before the Lord Chancellor to-morrow and say so!’ cries Caroline, to the bewilderment of her father and her cross-examinant.

‘Pause, pause! my good madam!’ exclaims the meek old gentleman, rising from his chair.

‘Go and tell this to them as sent you, sir!’ cries Caroline, very imperiously, leaving the lawyer amazed, and her father’s face in a bewilderment, over which we will fling his snuffy old pocket-handkerchief.

‘If such is unfortunately the case—if you actually mean to abide by this astonishing confession—which deprives you of a

high place in society—and—and casts down the hope we had formed of redressing your injured reputation—I have nothing for it! I take my leave, madam! Good-morning, Mr. Hum!—Mr. Gann!’ And the old lawyer walks out of the Little Sister’s room.

‘She won’t own to the marriage! She is fond of someone else—the little suicide!’ thinks the old lawyer, as he clatters down the street to a neighboring house, where his anxious principal was in waiting. ‘She’s fond of someone else!’

Yes. But the someone else whom Caroline loved was Brand Firmin’s son; and it was to save Philip from ruin that the poor Little Sister chose to forget her marriage to his father.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

WHILE the battle is raging, the old folks and ladies peep over the battlements, to watch the turns of the combat, and the behavior of the knights. To princesses in old days, whose lovely hands were to be bestowed upon the conqueror, it must have been a matter of no small interest to know whether the slim young champion with the lovely eyes on the milk white steed should vanquish, or the dumpy, elderly, square-shouldered, squinting, carrotty whisker and of a warrior who was laying about him so savagely; and so in this battle, on the issue of which depended the keeping or losing of poor Philip’s inheritance, there were several non-combatants deeply interested. Or suppose we withdraw the chivalrous simile (as in fact the conduct and views of certain parties engaged in the matter were anything but what we call chivalrous), and imagine a wily old monkey who engages a cat to take certain chestnuts out of the fire, and pussy putting her paw through the bars, seizing the nut and then dropping it? Jacko is disappointed and angry, shows his sharp teeth, and bites if he dares. When the attorney went down to do battle for Philip’s patrimony, some of those who wanted it were spectators of the fight, and lurking up a tree hard by. When Mr. Boud came forward to try and seize Phil’s chestnuts, there was a wily old monkey who thrust the cat’s paw out, and proposed to gobble up the smoking prize.

If you have ever been at the Admiral Byng, you know, my dear madam, that the parlor where the club meets is just behind Mrs. Oves’ bar, so that by lifting up the sash of the window which communicates between the two apartments, that good-natured woman may put her face into the club-room, and actually be one of the society. Sometimes for company

old Mr. Ridley goes and sits with Mrs. O. in her bar, and reads the paper there. He is slow at his reading. The long words puzzle the worthy gentleman. As he has plenty of time to spare, he does not grudge it to the study of his paper.

On the day when Mr. Bond went to persuade Mrs. Brandon in Thornhaugh Street to claim Dr. Firmin for her husband, and to disinherit poor Philip, a little gentleman wrapt most solemnly and mysteriously in a great cloak appeared at the bar of the Admiral Byng, and said in an aristocratic manner, 'You have a parlor, show me to it.' And being introduced to the parlor (where there are fine pictures of Oves, Mrs. O., and 'Spotty-nose,' their favorite defunct bull-dog), sat down and called for a glass of sherry and a newspaper.

The civil and intelligent potboy of the Byng took the party *The Advertiser* of yesterday (which to-day's paper was in 'and) and when the gentleman began to swear over the old paper, Frederic gave it as his opinion to his mistress that the newcomer was a harbitrary gent; as, indeed, he was, with the omission, perhaps, of a single letter; a man who bullied everybody who would submit to be bullied. In fact, it was our friend Talbot Twysden, Esq., Commissioner of the Powder and Pomatum Office; and I leave those who know him to say whether *he* is arbitrary or not.

To him presently came that bland old gentleman, Mr. Bond, who also asked for the parlor and some sherry-and-water; and this is how Philip and his veracious and astute biographer came to know for a certainty that dear uncle Talbot was the person who wished to—to have Philip's chestnuts.

Mr. Bond and Mr. Twysden had been scarcely a minute together, when such a storm of imprecations came clattering through the glass window which communicates with Mrs. Oves' bar, that I dare say they made the jugs and tumblers clatter on the shelves, and Mr. Ridley, a very modest-spoken man, reading his paper, lay it down with a scared face, and say—'Well, I never!' Nor did he often, I dare to say.

This volley was fired by Talbot Twysden, in consequence of his rage at the news which Mr. Bond brought him.

'Well, Mr. Bond; well, Mr. Bond! What does she say?' he asked of his emissary.

'She will have nothing to do with the business, Mr. Twysden. We can't touch it; and I don't see how we can move her. She denies the marriage as much as Firmin does; says she knew it was a mere sham when the ceremony was performed.'

'Sir, you didn't bribe her enough,' shrieked Mr. Twysden. 'You have bungled this business; by George you have, sir.'

‘Go and do it yourself, sir, if you are not ashamed to appear in it,’ says the lawyer. ‘You don’t suppose I did it because I liked it; or want that poor young fellow’s inheritance from him, as you do.’

‘I wish justice and the law, sir. If I were wrongfully detaining his property I would give it up. I would be the first to give it up. I desire justice and law, and employ you because you are a law agent. Are you not?’

‘And I have been on your errand, and shall send in my bill in due time; and there will be an end of my connection with you as your law agent, Mr. Twysden,’ cried the old lawyer.

‘You know, sir, how badly Firmin acted to me in the last matter.’

‘Faith, sir, if you ask my opinion as a law agent, I don’t think there was much to choose between you. How much is the sherry-and-water? keep the change. Sorry I’d no better news to bring you, Mr. T., and, as you are dissatisfied, again recommend you to employ another law agent.’

‘My good sir, I——’

‘My good sir, I have had other dealings with your family, and am no more going to put up with your highti-tightness than I would with Lord Ringwood’s when I was one of *his* law agents. I am not going to tell Mr. Philip Firmin that his uncle and aunt propose to ease him of his property; but if anybody else does—that good little Mrs. Brandon—or that old goose Mr. What-d’ye-call-um, her father—I don’t suppose he will be over well pleased. I am speaking as a gentleman now, not as a law agent. You and your nephew had each a half share of Mr. Philip Firmin’s grandfather’s property, and you wanted it all, that’s the truth, and set a law agent to get it for you; and swore at him because he could not get it from its right owner. And so, sir, I wish you a good-morning, and recommend you to take your papers to some other agent, Mr. Twysden.’ And with this, *exit* Mr. Bond. And now, I ask you, if that secret could be kept which was known through a trembling glass door to Mrs. Oves of the Admiral Byng, and to Mr. Ridley, the father of J. J., and the obsequious husband of Mrs. Ridley? On that very afternoon, at tea-time, Mrs. Ridley was made acquainted by her husband (in his noble and circumlocutory manner) with the conversation which he had overheard. It was agreed that an embassy should be sent to J. J. on the business, and his advice taken regarding it; and J. J.’s opinion was that the conversation certainly should be reported to Mr. Philip Firmin, who might afterward act upon it as he should think best.

What? His own aunt, cousins, and uncle agreed in a scheme to overthrow his legitimacy, and deprive him of his grandfather's inheritance? It seemed impossible. Big with the tremendous news, Philip came to his adviser, Mr. Pendennis of the Temple, and told him what had occurred on the part of father, uncle, and Little Sister. Her abnegation had been so noble, that you may be sure Philip appreciated it; and a tie of friendship was formed between the young man and the little lady even more close and tender than that which had bound them previously. But the Twysdens, his kinsfolk, to employ a lawyer in order to rob him of his inheritance!—Oh, it was dastardly! Philip bawled, and stamped, and thumped his sense of the wrong in his usual energetic manner. As for his cousin Ringwood Twysden, Phil had often entertained a strong desire to wring his neck and pitch him down stairs. 'As for Uncle Talbot; that he is an old pump, that he is a pompous old humbug, and the queerest old sycophant, I grant you; but I couldn't have believed him guilty of this. And as for the girls—oh, Mrs. Pendennis, you who are good, you who are kind, although you hate them, I know you do—you can't say, you won't say, that they were in the conspiracy?'

'But suppose Twysden was asking only for what he conceives to be his rights?' asked Mr. Pendennis. 'Had your father been married to Mrs. Brandon, you would not have been Dr. Firmin's legitimate son. Had you not been his legitimate son, you had no right to a half-share of your grandfather's property. Uncle Talbot acts only the part of honor and justice in the transaction. He is Brutus, and he orders you off to death, with a bleeding heart.'

'And he orders his family out of the way,' roars Phil, 'so that they mayn't be pained by seeing the execution! I see it all now. I wish somebody would send a knife through me at once, and put an end to me. I see it all now. Do you know that for the last week I have been to Beaunash Street, and found nobody? Agnes had the bronchitis, and her mother was attending to her; Blanche came for a minute or two, and was as cool—as cool as I have seen Lady Iceberg be cool to her. Then they must go away for change of air. They have been gone these three days; while Uncle Talbot and that viper of a Ringwood have been closeted with their nice new friend, Mr. Hunt. Oh, conf——! I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I know you always allow for the energy of my language.'

'I should like to see that Little Sister, Mr. Firmin. She has not been selfish, or had any scheme but for your good,' remarks my wife.

‘A little angel who drops her h’s—a little heart, so good and tender that I melt as I think of it,’ says Philip, drawing his big hand over his eyes. ‘What have men done to get the love of some women? We don’t earn it; we don’t deserve it, perhaps. We don’t return it. They bestow it on us. I have given nothing back for all this love and kindness, but I look a little like my father of old days, for whom—for whom she had an attachment. And see now how she would die to serve me! You are wonderful, women are! your fidelities and your ficklenesses alike marvelous. What can any woman have found to adore in the doctor? Do you think my father could ever have been adorable, Mrs. Pendennis? And yet I have heard my poor mother say she was obliged to marry him. She knew it was a bad match, but she couldn’t resist it. In what was my father so irresistible? He is not to *my* taste. Between ourselves, I think he is a—well, never mind what.’

‘I think we had best not mind what?’ says my wife with a smile.

‘Quite right—quite right; only I blurt out everything that is on my mind. Can’t keep it in,’ cries Phil, gnawing his mustachios. ‘If my fortune depended on my silence I should be a beggar, that’s the fact. And, you see, if you had such a father as mine, you yourself would find it rather difficult to hold your tongue about him. But now, tell me; this ordering away of the girls and Aunt Twysden, while the little attack upon my property is being carried on—isn’t it queer?’

‘The question is at an end,’ said Mr. Pendennis. ‘You are restored to your *atavis regibus* and ancestral honors. Now that Uncle Twysden can’t get the property without you; have courage, my boy—he may take it, along with the encumbrance.’

Poor Phil had not known—but some of us, who are pretty clearsighted when our noble selves are not concerned, had perceived that Philip’s dear aunt was playing fast and loose with the lad, and when his back was turned was encouraging a richer suitor for her daughter.

Hand on heart I can say of my wife, that she meddles with her neighbors as little as any person I ever knew; but when treacheries in love affairs are in question, she fires up at once, and would persecute to death almost the heartless male or female criminal who would break love’s sacred laws. The idea of a man or woman trifling with that holy compact awakens in her a flame of indignation. In certain confidences (of which let me not vulgarize the arcana) she had given me her mind about some of Miss Twysden’s behavior with that odious blackamoor, as she chose to call Captain Woolcomb,

who, I own, had a very slight tinge of complexion; and when, quoting the words of Hamlet regarding his father and mother, I asked, 'Could she on this fair mountain leave to feed, and batten on this Moor?' Mrs. Pendennis cried out that this matter was all too serious for jest, and wondered how her husband could make word plays about it. Perhaps she has not the exquisite sense of humor possessed by some folks; or is it that she has more reverence? In her creed, if not in her church, marriage is a sacrament, and the fond believer never speaks of it without awe.

Now, as she expects both parties to the marriage engagement to keep that compact holy, she no more understands trifling with it than she could comprehend laughing and joking in a church. She has no patience with flirtations as they are called. 'Don't tell me, sir,' says the enthusiast; 'a light word between a man and a married woman ought not to be permitted.' And this is why she is harder on the woman than the man, in cases where such dismal matters happen to fall under discussion. A look, a word from a woman, she says, will check a libertine thought or word in a man; and these cases might be stopped at once if the woman but showed the slightest resolution. She is thus more angry (I am only mentioning the peculiarities, not defending the ethics of this individual moralist)—she is, I say, more angrily disposed toward the woman than the man in such delicate cases; and, I am afraid, considers that women are for the most part only victims because they choose to be so.

Now, we had happened during this season to be at several entertainments, routs, and so forth, where poor Phil, owing to his unhappy Bohemian preferences and love of tobacco, etc., was not present—and where we saw Miss Agnes Twysden carrying on such a game with the tawny Woolcomb as set Mrs. Laura in a tremor of indignation. What though Agnes' blue-eyed mamma sat near her blue-eyed daughter and kept her keen clear orbs perfectly wide open and cognizant of all that happened? So much the worse for her, the worse for both. It was a shame and a sin that a Christian English mother should suffer her daughter to deal lightly with the most holy, the most awful of human contracts; should be preparing her child who knows for what after misery of mind and soul. Three months ago, you saw how she encouraged poor Philip and now see her with this mulatto!

'Is he not a man, and a brother, my dear?' perhaps at this Mr. Pendennis interposes.

‘Oh, for shame, Pen, no levity on this—no sneers and laughter on this the most sacred subject of all.’ And here, I dare say the woman falls to caressing her own children and hugging them to her heart as her manner was when moved. *Que voulez vous?* There are some women in the world to whom love and truth are all in all here below. Other ladies there are who see the benefit of a good jointure, a town and country house, and so forth, and who are not so very particular as to the character, intellect, or complexion of gentlemen who are in a position to offer their dear girls these benefits. In fine, I say, that regarding this blue-eyed mother and daughter, Mrs. Laura Penedennis was in such a state of mind that she was ready to tear their blue eyes out.

Nay, it was with no little difficulty that Mrs. Laura could be induced to hold her tongue upon the matter and not give Philip her opinion. ‘What?’ she would ask, ‘the poor young man is to be deceived and eajoled; to be taken or left as it suits these people; to be made miserable for life certainly if she married him; and his friends are not to dare to warn him? The cowards! The cowardice of you men, Pen, upon matters of opinion, of you masters and lords of creation, is really despicable, sir! You dare not have opinions, or holding them you dare not declare them and act by them. You compromise with crime every day because you think it would be officious to declare yourself and interfere. You are not afraid of outraging morals, but of inflicting *ennui* upon society, and losing your popularity. You are as cynical as—as, what was the name of the horrid old man who lived in the tub—Demosthenes? well, Diogenes, then, and the name does not matter a pin, sir. You are as cynical, only you wear fine ruffled shirts and wristbands, and you carry your lantern dark. It is not right to “put your oar in,” as you say in your jargon (and even your slang is a sort of cowardice, sir, for you are afraid to speak the feelings of your heart); it is not right to meddle and speak the truth, not right to rescue a poor soul who is drowning—of course not. What eall have you fine gentlemen of the world to put your oar in? Let him perish! What did he in that galley? That is the language of the world, baby, darling. And, my poor, poor child, when you are sinking, nobody is to stretch out a hand to save you!’ As for that wife of mine, when she sets forth the maternal plea, and appeals to the exuberant school of philosophers, I know there is no reasoning with her. I retire to my books, and leave her to kiss out the rest of the argument over the children.

Philip did not know the extent of the obligation which he owed to his little friend and guardian, Caroline; but he was aware that he had no better friend than herself in the world; and I dare say, returned to her, as the wont is in such bargains between man and woman—woman and man, at least—as a sixpence for that pure gold treasure, her sovereign affection. I suppose Caroline thought her sacrifice gave her a little authority to counsel Philip; for she it was who, I believe, first bid him to inquire whether that engagement which he had virtually contracted with his cousin was likely to lead to good, and was to be binding upon him but not her? She brought Ridley to add his doubts to her remonstrances. She showed Philip that not only his uncle's conduct, but his cousin's, was interested, and set him to inquire into it further.

That peculiar form of bronchitis under which poor dear Agnes was suffering was relieved by absence from London. The smoke, the crowded parties and assemblies, the late hours, and perhaps, the gloom of the house in Beaunash Street, distressed the poor dear child; and her cough was very much soothed by that fine, cutting east wind, which blows so liberally along the Brighton cliffs, and which is so good for coughs as we all know. But there was one fault in Brighton which could not be helped in her bad case; it is too near London. The air, that chartered libertine, can blow down from London quite easily; or people can come from London to Brighton, bringing, I dare say, the insidious London fog along with them. At any rate, Agnes, if she wished for quiet, poor thing, might have gone farther and fared better. Why, if you owe a tailor a bill, he can run down and present it in a few hours. Vulgar, inconvenient acquaintances thrust themselves upon you at every moment and corner. Was ever such a *tohubohu* of people as there assembles? You can't be tranquil, if you will. Organs pipe and scream without cease at your windows. Your name is put down in the papers when you arrive; and everybody meets everybody ever so many times a day.

On finding that his uncle had set lawyers to work, with the charitable purpose of ascertaining whether Philip's property was legitimately his own, Philip was a good deal disturbed in mind. He could not appreciate that high sense of moral obligation by which Mr. Twysden was actuated. At least, he thought that these inquiries should not have been secretly set a-foot; and as he himself was perfectly open—a great deal too open, perhaps—in his words and his actions, he was hard with those who attempted to hoodwink or deceive him.

It could not be; ah! no, it never could be, that Agnes the pure and gentle was privy to this conspiracy. But then, how very—very often of late she had been from home; how very, very cold Aunt Twysden's shoulder had somehow become. Once, when he reached the door, a fishmonger's boy was leaving a fine salmon at the kitchen—a salmon and a tub of ice. Once, twice, at five o'clock, when he called, a smell of cooking pervaded the hall—that hall which culinary odors very seldom visited. Some of those noble Twysden dinners were on the *tapis*, and Philip was not asked. Not to be asked was no great deprivation; but who were the guests? To be sure, these were trifles light as air; but Philip smelt mischief in the steam of those Twysden dinners. He chewed that salmon with a bitter sauce as he saw it sink down the area steps and disappear with its attendant lobster in the dark kitchen region.

Yes; eyes were somehow averted that used to look into his very frankly; a glove somehow had grown over a little hand which once used to lie very comfortably in his broad palm. Was anybody else going to seize it, and was it going to paddle in that blackamoor's unblest fingers? Ah, fiends and tortures! a gentleman may cease to love, but does he like a woman to cease to love him? People carry on ever so long for fear of that declaration that all is over. No confession is more dismal to make. The sun of love has set. We sit in the dark. I mean you, dear madam, and Corydon, or I and Amaryllis; uncomfortably, with nothing more to say to one another; with the night dew falling, and a risk of catching cold, drearily contemplating the fading west, with 'the cold remains of luster gone, of fire long past away.' Sink, fire of love! Rise, gentle moon, and mists of chilly evening. And my good Madam Amaryllis, let us go home to some tea and a fire.

So Philip determined to go and seek his cousin. Arrived at his hotel (and if it were the — I can't conceive Philip in much better quarters), he had the opportunity of inspecting those delightful newspaper arrivals, a perusal of which has so often edified us at Brighton. Mr. and Mrs. Penfold, he was informed, continued their residence, No. 96 Horizontal Place; and it was with those guardians he knew his Agnes was staying. He speeds to Horizontal Place. Miss Twysden is out. He heaves a sigh, and leaves a card. Has it ever happened to you to leave a card at *that* house—that house which was once THE house—almost your own; where you were ever welcome; where the kindest hand was ready to grasp yours, the brightest eye to greet you? And now your friendship has dwindled

away to a little bit of pasteboard, shed once a year, and poor dear Mrs. Jones (it is with J. you have quarreled) still calls on the ladies of your family and slips her husband's ticket upon the hall table. Oh, life and time, that it should have come to this! Oh, gracious powers! Do you recall the time when Arabella Thompson was Arabella Briggs? You call and talk *fadaises* to her (at first she is rather nervous, and has the children in); you talk rain and fine weather; the last novel; the next party; Thompson in the City? Yes, Mr. Thomson is in the City. He's pretty well, thank you. Ah! Daggers, ropes, and poisons, has it come to this? You are talking about the weather, and another man's health, and another man's children, of which she is mother, to *her*? Time was the weather was all a burning sunshine, in which you and she basked; or if clouds gathered, and a storm fell, such a glorious rainbow haloed round you, such delicious tears fell and refreshed you, that the storm was more ravishing than the calm. And now another man's children are sitting on her knee—their mother's knee; and once a year Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson request the honor of Mr. Brown's company at dinner; and once a year you read in *The Times*, 'In Nursery Street, the wife of J. Thompson, Esq., of a son.' To come to the once-beloved one's door, and find the knocker tied up with a white kid glove, is humiliating—say what you will, it is humiliating.

Philip leaves his card, and walks on to the Cliff, and of course, in three minutes, meets Clinker. Indeed who ever went to Brighton for half an hour without meeting Clinker?

'Father pretty well? His old patient, Lady Geminy, is down here with the children; what a number of them there are, to be sure? Come to make any stay? See your cousin, Miss Twysden, is here with the Penfolds. Little party at the Grigson's last night; she looked uncommonly well; danced ever so many times with the Black Prince, Woolcomb of the Greens. Suppose I may congratulate you. Six thousand five hundred a year now, and thirteen thousand when his grandmother dies; but those negresses live forever. I suppose the thing is settled. I saw them on the pier just now, and Mrs. Penfold was reading a book in the arbor. Book of sermons it was—pious woman, Mrs. Penfold. I dare say they are on the pier still.' Striding with hurried steps Philip Firmin makes for the pier. The breathless Clinker cannot keep alongside of his face. I should like to have seen it when Clinker said that 'the thing' was settled between Miss Twysden and the cavalry gentleman.

There were a few nursery governesses, maids, and children,

paddling about at the end of the pier; and there was a fat woman reading a book in one of the arbors—but no Agnes, no Woolcomb. Where can they be? Can they be weighing each other? or buying those mad pebbles, which people are known to purchase? or having their *silhouettes* done in black? Ha, ha! Woolcomb would hardly have *his* face done in black? The idea would provoke odious comparisons. I see Philip is in a dreadfully bad sarcastic humor.

Up there comes from one of those trap doors which lead down from the pier-head to the green sea-waves ever restlessly jumping below—up there comes a little Skye-terrier dog with a red collar, who as soon as she sees Philip, sings, squeaks, whines, runs, jumps, *flumps* upon him, if I may use the expression, kisses his hands, and with eyes, tongue, paws, and tail shows him a thousand marks of welcome and affection. ‘What, Brownie, Brownie!’ Philip is glad to see the dog, an old friend who has many a time licked his hand and bounced upon his knee.

The greeting over, Brownie, wagging her tail with prodigious activity, trots before Philip—trots down an opening, down the steps under which the waves shimmer greenly, and into quite a quiet remote corner just over the water, whence you may command a most beautiful view of the sea, the shore, the Marine Parade, and the Albion Hotel, and where, were I five-and-twenty say, with nothing else to do, I would gladly pass a quarter of an hour talking about ‘Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Deep’ with the object of my affections.’

Here, among the labyrinth of piles, Brownie goes flouncing along till she comes to a young couple who are looking at the view just described. In order to view it better, the young man has laid his hand, a pretty little hand most delicately gloved, on the lady’s hand; and Brownie comes up and muzzles against her, and whines and talks as much as to say, ‘Here’s somebody,’ and the lady says, ‘Down, Brownie, miss.’

‘It’s no good, Agnes, that dog,’ says the gentleman (he has very curly, not say wooly hair, under his natty little hat). ‘I’ll give you a pug with a nose you can hang your hat on. I do know of one now. My man Rummins knows of one. Do you like pugs?’

‘I adore them,’ says the lady.

‘I’ll give you one, if I have to pay fifty pounds for it. And they fetch a good figure, the real pugs do, I can tell you. Once in London there was an exhibition of ’em, and——’

‘Brownie, Brownie, down!’ cries Agnes. The dog was jumping at a gentleman, a tall gentleman with a red mustache

and beard, who advances through the checkered shade, under the ponderous beams, over the translucent sea.

'Pray don't mind, Brownie won't hurt me,' says a perfectly well-known voice, the sound of which sends all the color shuddering out of Miss Agnes' pink cheeks.

'You see I gave my cousin this dog,' Captain Woolcomb, says the gentleman; 'and the little slut remembers me. Perhaps Miss Twysden prefers the pug better.'

'Sir!'

'If it has a nose you can hang your hat on, it must be a very pretty dog, and I suppose you intend to hang your hat on it a good deal.'

'O Philip!' says the lady; but an attack of that dreadful coughing stops further utterance.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTAINS TWO OF PHILIP'S MISHAPS.

You know that, in some parts of India, infanticide is the common custom. It is part of the religion of the land, as, in other districts, widow-burning used to be. I can't imagine that ladies like to destroy either themselves or their children, though they submit with bravery, and even cheerfulness, to the decrees of that religion which orders them to make away with their own or their young one's lives. Now, suppose you and I, as Europeans, happened to drive up where a young creature was just about to roast herself, under the advice of her family and the highest dignitaries of her church; what could we do? Rescue her? No such thing. We know better than to interfere with her, and the laws and usages of her country. We turn away with a sigh from the mournful scene; we pull out our pocket-handkerchiefs, tell coachman to drive on, and leave her to her sad fate.

Now about poor Agnes Twysden; how, in the name of goodness, can we help her? You see she is a well-brought-up and religious young woman of the Brahminical sect. If she is to be sacrificed, that old Brahmin, her father, that good and devout mother, that most special Brahmin her brother, and that admirable girl her straitlaced sister, all insist upon her undergoing the ceremony, and deck her with flowers ere they lead her to that dismal altar flame. Suppose, I say, she has made up her mind to throw over poor Philip, and take on with someone else? What sentiment ought our virtuous bosoms to entertain toward her? Anger? I have just been holding a

conversation with a young fellow in rags and without shoes, whose bed is commonly a dry arch, who has been repeatedly in prison, whose father and mother were thieves, and whose grandfathers were thieves; are we to be angry with him for following the paternal profession? With one eye brimming with pity, the other steadily keeping watch over the family spoons, I listen to his artless tale. I have no anger against that child; nor toward thee, Agnes, daughter of Talbot the Brahmin.

For though duty is duty, when it comes to the pinch, it is often hard to do. Though dear papa and mamma say that here is a gentleman with ever so many thousands a year, an undoubted part in So-and-So-shire, and whole islands in the Western Main, who is wildly in love with your fair skin and blue eyes, and is ready to fling all his treasures at your feet; yet, after all, when you consider that he is very ignorant, though very cunning; very stingy, though very rich; very ill-tempered, probably, if faces and eyes and mouths can tell truth; and as for Philip Firmin—though actually his legitimacy is dubious, as we have lately heard, in which case his maternal fortune is ours—and as for his paternal inheritance, we don't know whether the doctor is worth £30,000 or a shilling; yet, after all—as for Philip—he is a man; he is a gentleman; he has brains in his head, and a great honest heart of which he has offered to give the best feelings to his cousin; I say, when a poor girl has to be off with that old love, that honest and fair love, and be on with the new one, the dark one, I feel for her; and though the Brahmins are, as we know, the most genteel sect in Hindostan, I rather wish the poor child could have belonged to some lower and less rigid sect. Poor Agnes! to think that he has sat for hours, with mamma and Blanche or the governess, of course, in the room (for, you know, when she and Philip were quite wee, wee things dear mamma had little amiable plans in view); has sat for hours by Miss Twysden's side pouring out his heart to her, has had, mayhap, little precious moments of confidential talk—little hasty whispers in corridors, on stairs behind window-curtains, and—and so forth in fact. She must remember all this past; and can't, without some pang, listen on the same sofa, behind the same window-curtains, to her dark suitor pouring out his artless tales of barracks, boxing, horse-flesh, and the tender passion. He is dull, he is mean, he is ill-tempered, he is ignorant, and the other was—but she will do her duty; oh, yes! she will do her duty! Poor Agnes! *C'est à fendre le cœur*. I declare I quite feel for her.

When Philip's temper was roused, I have been compelled,

as his biographer, to own how very rude and disagreeable he could be; and you must acknowledge that a young man has some reason to be displeased, when he finds the girl of his heart hand-in-hand with another young gentleman in an occult and shady recess of the woodwork of Brighton Pier. The green waves are softly murmuring; so is the officer of the Life-Guards Green. The 'waves are kissing the beach.' Ah, agonizing thought! I will not pursue the simile, which may be but a jealous man's mad fantasy. Of this I am sure, no pebble on that beach is cooler than polished Agnes. But, then, Philip drunk with jealousy is not a reasonable being like Philip sober. 'He had a dreadful temper,' Philip's dear aunt said of him afterward—'I trembled for my dear gentle child, united forever to a man of that violence. Never, in my secret mind, could I think that their union could be a happy one. Besides, you know, the nearness of their relationship. My scruples on that score, dear Mrs. Candour, never, never could be quite got over.' And these scruples came to weigh whole tons, when Mangrove Hall, the House in Berkeley Square, and Mr. Woolcomb's West India island were put into the scale along with them.

Of course there was no good in remaining among those damp, reeking timbers, now that the pretty little *tête-à-tête* was over. Little Brownie hung fondling and whining round Philip's ankles, as the party ascended to the upper air. 'My child, how pale you look!' cries Mrs. Penfold, putting down her volume. Out of the Captain's open eyeballs shot lurid flames, and hot blood burned behind his yellow cheeks. In a quarrel, Mr. Philip Firmin could be particularly cool and self-possessed. When Miss Agnes rather piteously introduced him to Mrs. Penfold, he made a bow as polite and gracious as any performed by his royal father. 'My little dog knew me,' he said, caressing the animal. 'She is a faithful little thing, and she led me down to my cousin; and—Captain Woolcomb, I think, is your name, sir?'

As Philip curls his mustache and smiles blandly, Captain Woolcomb pulls his and scowls fiercely. 'Yes, sir,' he mutters, 'my name is Woolcomb.' Another bow and a touch of the hat from Mr. Firmin. A touch? a gracious wave of the hat; acknowledged by no means so gracefully by Captain Woolcomb.

To these remarks Mrs. Penfold says, 'Oh!' In fact, 'Oh!' is about the best thing that could be said under the circumstances.

'My cousin, Miss Twysden, looks so pale because she was out very late dancing last night. I hear it was a very pretty ball. But ought she to keep such late hours, Mrs. Penfold,

with her delicate health? Indeed, you ought not, Agnes! Ought she to keep late hours, Brownie? There—don't, you little foolish thing! I gave my cousin the dog; and she's very fond of me—the dog is—still. You were saying, Captain Woolcomb, when I came up, that you would give Miss Twysden a dog on whose nose you could hang your—— I beg pardon?

Mr. Woolecomb, as Philip made this second allusion to the peculiar nasal formation of the pug, ground his little white teeth together, and let slip a most improper monosyllable. More acute bronchial suffering was manifested on the part of Miss Twysden. Mrs. Penfold said, 'The day is clouding over. I think, Agnes, I will have my chair, and go home.'

'May I be allowed to walk with you as far as your house?' says Philip, twiddling a little locket which he wore at his watch-chain. It was a little gold locket, with a little pale hair inside. Whose hair could it have been that was so pale and fine? As for the pretty, hieroglyphical 'A. T.' at the back, those letters might indicate Alfred Tennyson, or Anthony Trollope, who might have given a lock of *their* golden hair to Philip, for I know he is an admirer of their works.

Agnes looked guiltily at the little locket. Captain Woolcomb pulled his mustache so, that you would have thought he would have pulled it off; and his opal eyes glared with fearful confusion and wrath.

'Will you please to fall back and let me speak to you, Agnes? Pardon me, Captain Woolcomb, I have a private message for my cousin; and I came from London expressly to deliver it.'

'If Miss Twysden desires me to withdraw, I fall back in one moment,' says the Captain, elenching the little lemon-colored gloves.

'My cousin and I have lived together all our lives, and I bring her a family message. Have you any particular claim to hear it, Captain Woolcomb?'

'Net if Miss Twysden don't want me to hear it. D—— the little brute.'

'Don't kiek poor little harmless Brownie! He shan't kiek you, shall he, Brownie?'

'If the brute comes between my shins, I'll kiek her!' shrieks the Captain. 'Hang her, I'll throw her into the sea!'

'Whatever you do to my dog, I swear I will do to you!' whispers Philip to the Captain.

'Where are you staying?' shrieks the Captain. 'Hang you, you shall hear from me.'

'Quiet—Bedford Hotel. Easy, or I shall think you want the ladies to overhear.'

‘Your conduct is horrible, sir,’ says Agnes rapidly, in the French language. ‘Monsieur does not comprehend it.’

‘——it! If you have any secrets to talk, I’ll withdraw fast enough, Miss Agnes,’ says Othello.

‘O Grenville! can I have any secrets from you? Mr. Firmin is my first-cousin. We have lived together all our lives; Philip, I—I don’t know whether mamma announced to you—my—my engagement with Captain Grenville Woolcomb.’ The agitation has brought on another severe bronchial attack. Poor, poor little Agnes! What it is to have a delicate throat!

The pier tosses up to the skies, as though it had left its moorings—the houses on the cliff dance and reel, as though an earthquake was driving them—the sea walks up into the lodging-houses—and Philip’s legs are falling from under him; it is only for a moment. When you have a large, tough double tooth out, doesn’t the chair go up to the ceiling, and your head come off, too? But, in the next instant, there is a grave gentleman before you, making you a bow, and concealing something in his right sleeve. The crash is over. You are a man again. Philip clutches hold of the chain pier for a minute; it does not sink under him. The houses, after reclining for a second or two, reassume the perpendicular, and bulge their bow-windows toward the main. He can see the people looking from the windows, the carriages passing, Prof. Spurrier riding on the cliff with eighteen young ladies, his pupils. In long after-days he remembers those absurd little incidents with a curious tenacity.

‘This news,’ Philip says, ‘was not—not altogether unexpected. I congratulate my cousin, I am sure. Captain Woolcomb, had I known this for certain, I should not have interrupted you. You were going, perhaps, to ask me to your hospitable house, Mrs. Penfold?’

‘Was she, though?’ cries the Captain.

‘I have asked a friend to dine with me at the Bedford, and shall go to town, I hope, in the morning. Can I take anything for you, Agnes? Good-by;’ and he kisses his hand in quite a *dégagé* manner, as Mrs. Penfold’s chair turns eastward, and he goes to the west. Silently the tall Agnes sweeps along, a fair hand laid upon her friend’s chair.

It’s over! it’s over! She has done it. He was bound, and kept his honor, but she did not; it was she who forsook him. And I fear very much Mr. Philip’s heart leaps with pleasure, and an immense sensation of relief at thinking he is free. He meets half-a-dozen acquaintances on the cliff. He laughs, jokes, shakes hands, invites two or three to dinner in the gay-

est manner. He sits down on that green, not very far from his inn, and is laughing to himself, when he suddenly feels something nestling at his knees—rubbing, and nestling, and whining plaintively. ‘What, is that you?’ It is little Brownie, who has followed him. Poor little rogue!

Then Philip bent down his head over the dog, and as it jumped on him, with little bleats, and whines, and innocent caresses, he broke out into a sob, and a great refreshing rain of tears fell from his eyes. Such a little illness! Such a mild fever! Such a speedy cure! Some people have the complaint so mildly that they are scarcely ever kept to their beds. Some bear its scars forever.

Philip sat resolutely at the hotel all night, having given special orders to the porter to say that he was at home, in case any gentleman should call. He had a faint hope, he afterward owned, that some friend of Captain Woolcomb might wait on him on that officer’s part. He had a faint hope that a letter might come explaining that treason—as people will have a sick, gnawing, yearning, foolish desire for letters—letters which contain nothing—which never did contain anything—letters, which, nevertheless, you—— You know, in fact, about those letters, and there is no earthly use in asking to read Philip’s. Have we not all read those love letters which, after love-quarrels, come into court sometimes? We have all read them; and how many have written them? Nine o’clock. Ten o’clock. Eleven o’clock. No challenge from the Captain; no explanation from Agnes. Philip declares he slept perfectly well. But poor little Brownie the dog made a piteous howling all night in the stables. She was not a well-bred dog. You could not have hung the least hat on her nose.

We compared anon our dear Agnes to a Brahmin lady, meekly offering herself up to sacrifice according to the practice used in her highly respectable caste. Did we speak in anger or in sorrow? surely in terms of respectful grief and sympathy. And if we pity her, ought we not likewise to pity her highly respectable parents? When the notorious Brutus ordered his sons to execution, you can’t suppose he was such a brute as to be pleased? All three parties suffered by the transaction; the sons, probably, even more than their austere father; but it stands to reason that the whole trio were very melancholy. At least, were I a poet or musical composer, I certainly should make them so. The sons, piping in a very minor key indeed; the father’s manly basso, accompanied by deep wind instruments, and interrupted by appropriate sobs. Though pretty fair Agnes is being led to execution, I don’t

suppose she likes it, or that her parents are happy, who are compelled to order the tragedy.

That the rich young proprietor of Mangrove Hall should be fond of her was merely a coincidence, Mrs. Twysden afterward always averred. Not for mere wealth—ah, no! not for mines of gold—would they sacrifice their darling child. But when that sad Firmin affair happened, you see it also happened that Captain Woolcomb was much struck by dear Agnes, whom he met everywhere. Her scapegrace of a cousin would go nowhere. He preferred his bachelor associates, and horrible smoking and drinking habits, to the amusements and pleasures of more refined society. He neglected Agnes. There is not the slightest doubt he neglected and mortified her, and his willful and frequent absence showed how little he cared for her. Would you blame the dear girl for coldness to a man who himself showed such indifference to her? 'No, my good Mrs. Candour. Had Mr. Firmin been ten times as rich as Mr. Woolcomb, I should have counseled my child to refuse him. I take the responsibility of the measure entirely on myself—I, and her father, and her brother.' So Mrs. Twysden afterward spoke, in circles where an absurd and odious rumor ran, that the Twysdens had forced their daughter to jilt young Mr. Firmin in order to marry a wealthy quadroon. People will talk, you know, *de me, de te*. If Woolcomb's dinners had not gone off so after his marriage, I have little doubt the scandal would have died away, and he and his wife might have been pretty generally respected and visited.

Nor must you suppose, as we have said, that dear Agnes gave up her first love without a pang. That bronchitis showed how acutely the poor thing felt her position. It broke out very soon after Mr. Woolcomb's attentions became a little particular; and she actually left London in consequence. It is true that he could follow her without difficulty, but so, for the matter of that, could Philip, as we have seen when he came down and behaved so rudely to Captain Woolcomb. And before Philip came, poor Agnes could plead, 'My father pressed me sair,' as in the case of the notorious Mrs. Robin Gray.

Father and mother both pressed her sair. Mrs. Twysden, I think I have mentioned, wrote an admirable letter, and was aware of her accomplishment. She used to write reams of gossip regularly every week to dear uncle Ringwood when he was in the country; and when her daughter Blanche married, she is said to have written several of her new son's sermons. As a Christian mother, was she not to give her daughter her

advice at this momentous period of her life? That advice went against poor Philip's chances with his cousin, who was kept acquainted with all the circumstances of the controversy of which we have just seen the issue. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Twysden gave an impartial statement of the case. What parties in a lawsuit do speak impartially on their own side or their adversaries?' Mrs. Twysden's view, as I have learned subsequently, and as imparted to her daughter, was this: That most unprincipled man, Dr. Firmin, who had already attempted, and unjustly, to deprive the Twysdens of a part of their property, had commenced in quite early life his career of outrage and wickedness against the Ringwood family. He had led dear Lord Ringwood's son, poor dear Lord Cinquars, into a career of vice and extravagance which caused the premature death of that unfortunate young nobleman. Mr. Firmin had then made a marriage, in spite of the tears and entreaties of Mrs. Twysden, with her late unhappy sister, whose whole life had been made wretched by the doctor's conduct. But the climax of outrage and wickedness was, that when he—he, a low, penniless adventurer—married Col. Ringwood's daughter, he was married already, as could be sworn by the repentant clergyman who had been forced, by threats of punishment which Dr. Firmin held over him, to perform the rite! 'The mind'—Mrs. Tablot Twysden's fine mind—'shuddered at the thought of such wickedness.' But most of all (for to think ill of anyone whom she had once loved gave her pain) there was reason to believe that the unhappy Philip Firmin was his *father's accomplice* and that he knew of his *own illegitimacy*, which he was determined to set aside by any *fraud or artifice*—(she trembled, she wept to have to say this; O Heaven! that there should be such perversity in thy creatures!) And so little store did Philip set by *his mother's honor*, that he actually visited the abandoned woman who acquiesced in her own infamy, and had brought such unspeakable disgrace on the Ringwood family! The thought of this crime had caused Mrs. Twysden and her dear husband nights of sleepless anguish—had made them *years and years* older—had stricken their hearts with a grief which must endure to the *end of their days*. With people so unscrupulous, so grasping, so artful as Dr. Firmin and (must she say?) his son, they were bound to be *on their guard*; and though they had *avoided* Philip, she had deemed it right, on the rare occasions when she and the young man whom she must now call her *illegitimate* nephew met, to behave as though she knew nothing of this most dreadful controversy.

‘And now, dearest child’—surely the moral is obvious? The dearest child ‘must see at once that any foolish plans which were formed in childish days and under *former delusions* must be cast aside forever as impossible, as unworthy of a Twysden—of a Ringwood. Be not concerned for the young man himself,’ wrote Mrs. Twysden—‘I blush that he should bear that dear father’s name who was slain in honor on Busaco’s glorious field. P. F. has *associates* among whom he has ever been much more at home than in our refined circle, and habits which will cause him to forget you only too easily. And if near you is one whose ardor shows itself in his every word and action, whose wealth and property may raise you to a place worthy of my child, need I say, a mother’s, a father’s blessing go with you.’ This letter was brought to Miss Twysden, at Brighton, by a special messenger; and the superscription announced that it was ‘honored by Captain Grenville Woolcomb.’

Now when Miss Agnes has had a letter to this effect (I may at some time tell you how I came to be acquainted with its contents); when she remembers all the abuse her brother lavishes against Philip as, Heaven bless some of them! dear relatives can best do; when she thinks how cold he has of late been—how he *will* come smelling of cigars—how he won’t conform to the usages *du monde*, and has neglected all the decencies of society—how she often can’t understand his strange rhapsodies about poetry, painting, and the like, nor how he can live with such associates as those who seem to delight him—and now how he is showing himself actually *unprincipled* and abetting his horrid father; when we consider mither pressing sair, and all these points in mither’s favor, I don’t think we can order Agnes to instant execution for the resolution to which she is coming. She will give him up—she will give him up. Good-by, Philip. Good-by the past. Be forgotten, be forgotten, foud words spoken in not unwilling ears! Be still and breathe not, eager lips, that have trembled so near to one another! Unlock hands, and part for ever, that seemed to be formed for life’s long journey! Ah, to part for ever is hard; but harder and more humiliating still to part without regret!

That papa and mamma had influenced Miss Twysden in her behavior my wife and I could easily imagine, when Philip, in his wrath and grief, came to us and poured out the feelings of his heart. My wife is a repository of men’s secrets, an untiring consoler and comforter; and she knows many a sad story which we are not at liberty to tell, like this one of which this person, Mr. Firmin, has given us possession.

'Father and mother's orders,' shouts Philip, 'I dare say, Mrs. Pendennis; but the wish was father to the thought of parting, and it was for the blackamoor's parks and acres that the girl jilted me. Look here. I told you just now that I slept perfectly well on that infernal night after I had said farewell to her. Well, I didn't. It was a lie. I walked ever so many times the whole length of the cliff, from Hove to Rottingdean almost, and then went to bed afterward, and slept a little out of sheer fatigue. And as I was passing by Horizontal Terrace (—I happened to pass by there two or three times in the moonlight, like a great jackass—) you know those verses of mine which I have hummed here sometimes?' (hummed! he used to *roar* them!) '“When the locks of burnished gold, lady, shall to silver turn!” Never mind the rest. You know the verses about fidelity and old age? She was singing them on that night to that negro. And I heard the beggar's voice say, “Bravo!” through the open windows.'

'Ah, Philip! it was cruel,' says my wife, heartily pitying our friend's anguish and misfortune. 'It was cruel indeed. I am sure we can feel for you. But think what certain misery a marriage with such a person would have been! Think of your warm heart given away forever to that heartless creature.'

'Laura, Laura, have you not often warned me not to speak ill of people?' says Laura's husband.

'I can't help it sometimes,' cries Laura in a transport. 'I try and do my best not to speak ill of my neighbors; but the worldliness of those people shocks me so that I can't bear to be near them. They are so utterly tied and bound by conventionalities, so perfectly convinced of their own excessive high breeding, that they seem to me more odious and more vulgar than quite low people; and I'm sure Mr. Philip's friend, the Little Sister, is infinitely more ladylike than this dreary aunt or either of his supercilious cousins!' Upon my word, when this lady did speak her mind, there was no mistaking her meaning.

I believe Mr. Firmin took a considerable number of people into his confidence regarding this love affair. He is one of those individuals who can't keep their secrets; and when hurt he roars so loudly that all his friends can hear. It has been remarked that the sorrows of such persons do not endure very long; nor surely was there any great need in this instance that Philip's heart should wear a lengthened mourning. Ere long he smoked his pipes, he played his billiards, he shouted his songs; he rode in the park for the pleasure of severely cutting his aunt and cousins when their open carriage passed, or

of riding down Captain Woolcomb or his cousin Ringwood, should either of those worthies come in his way.

One day, when the old Lord Ringwood came to town for his accustomed spring visit, Philip condescended to wait upon him, and was announced to his lordship just as Talbot Twysden and Ringwood his son were taking leave of their kinsman. Philip looked at them with a flashing eye and a distended nostril, according to his swaggering wont. I dare say they on their part bore a very mean and hangdog appearance; for my lord laughed at their discomfiture, and seemed immensely amused as they slunk out of the door when Philip came hectoring in.

‘So, sir, there has been a family row. Heard all about it; at least, their side. Your father did me the favor to marry my niece, having another wife already?’

‘Having no other wife already, sir—though my dear relations were anxious to show that he had.’

‘Wanted your money; £30,000 is not a trifle. Ten thousand apiece for those children. And no more need of any confounded pinching and scraping, as they have to do at Beau-nash Street. Affair off between you and Agnes? Absurd affair. So much the better.’

‘Yes, sir, so much the better.’

‘Have ten thousand apiece. Would have twenty thousand if they got yours. Quite natural to want it.’

‘Quite.’

‘Woolcomb a sort of negro, I understand. Fine property here; besides the West India rubbish. Violent man—so people tell me. Luckily Agnes seems a cool, easy-going woman, and must put up with the rough as well as the smooth in marrying a property like that. Very lucky for you that the woman persists there was no marriage with your father. Twysden says the doctor bribed her. Take it he’s not got much money to bribe, unless you gave some of yours.’

‘I don’t bribe people to bear false witness, my lord—and if—’

‘Don’t be in a huff; I didn’t says so—Twysden says so—perhaps think so. When people are at law they believe anything of one another.’

‘I don’t know what other people may do, sir. If I had another man’s money, I should not be easy until I had paid him back. Had my share of my grandfather’s property not been lawfully mine—and for a few hours I thought it was not—please God, I would have given it up to its rightful owners—at least, my father would.’

‘Why, hang it all, man, you don’t mean to say your father has not settled with you!’

Philip blushed a little. He had been rather surprised that there had been no settlement between him and his father.

‘I am only of age a few months, sir. I am not under any apprehension. I get my dividends regularly enough. One of my grandfather’s trustees, General Baynes, is in India. He is to return almost immediately, or we should have sent a power of attorney out to him. There’s no hurry about the business.’

Philip’s maternal grandfather, and Lord Ringwood’s brother, the late Colonel Philip Ringwood, had died possessed of but trifling property of his own; but his wife had brought him a fortune of £60,000, which was settled on their children, and in the names of trustees—Mr. Briggs, a lawyer, and Colonel Baynes, an East India officer, and friend of Mrs. Philip Ringwood’s family. Colonel Baynes had been in England some eight years before; and Philip remembered a kind old gentleman coming to see him at school, and leaving tokens of his bounty behind. The other trustee, Mr. Briggs, a lawyer of considerable county reputation, was dead long since, having left his affairs in an involved condition. During the trustee’s absence and the son’s minority, Philip’s father received the dividends on his son’s property, and liberally spent them on the boy. Indeed, I believe that for some little time at college, and during his first journeys abroad, Mr. Philip spent rather more than the income of his maternal inheritance, being freely supplied by his father, who told him not to stint himself. He was a sumptuous man, Dr. Firmin—open-handed—subscribing to many charities—a lover of a solemn good cheer. The doctor’s dinners and the doctor’s equipages were models in their way; and I remember the sincere respect with which my uncle the Major (the family guide in such matters) used to speak of Dr. Firmin’s taste. ‘No duchess in London, sir,’ he would say, ‘drove better horses than Mrs. Firmin. Sir George Warrender, sir, could not give a better dinner, sir, than that to which we sat down yesterday.’ And for the exercise of these civic virtues the doctor had the hearty respect of the good Major.

‘Don’t tell me, sir,’ on the other hand, Lord Ringwood would say; ‘I dined with the fellow once—a swaggering fellow, sir; but a servile fellow. The way he bowed and flattered was perfectly absurd. Those fellows think we like it—and we may. Even at my age, I like flattery—any quantity of it; and not what you call delicate, but strong, sir. I like a man to kneel down and kiss my shoe-strings. I have my own opinion of him afterward, but that is what I like—what all men like; and that is what Firmin gave in quantities. But

you could see that his house was monstrously expensive. His dinner was excellent, and you saw it was good every day—not like your dinners, my good Maria; not like your wines, Twysden, which, hang it, I can't swallow, unless I send 'em in myself. Even at my own house, I don't give that kind of wine on common occasions which Firmin used to give. I drink the best myself, of course, and give it to some who know; but I don't give it to common fellows, who come to hunting dinners, or to girls and boys who are dancing at my balls.'

'Yes; Mr. Firmin's dinners were very handsome—and a pretty end came of the handsome dinners!' sighed Mrs. Twysden.

'That's not the question; I am only speaking about the fellow's meat and drink, and they were both good. And it's my opinion, that fellow will have a good dinner wherever he goes.'

I had the fortune to be present at one of these feasts, which Lord Ringwood attended, and at which I met Philip's trustee, General Baynes, who had just arrived from India. I remember now the smallest details of the little dinner, the brightness of the old plate, on which the doctor prided himself, and the quiet comfort, not to say splendor, of the entertainment. The General seemed to take a great liking to Philip, whose grandfather had been his special friend and comrade in arms. He thought he saw something of Philip Ringwood in Philip Firmin's face.

'Ah, indeed!' growls Lord Ringwood.

'You aint a bit like him,' says the downright General. 'Never saw a handsomer or more open-looking fellow than Philip Ringwood.'

'Oh! I dare say I looked pretty open myself forty years ago,' said my lord; 'now I'm shut, I suppose. I don't see the least likeness in this young man to my brother.'

'That is some sherry as old as the century,' whispered the host; 'it is the same the Prince Regent liked so at a Mansion House dinner, five-and-twenty years ago.'

'Never knew anything about wine; was always tipping liqueurs and punch. What do you give for this sherry, doctor?'

The doctor sighed, and looked up to the chandelier. 'Drink it while it lasts, my good lord; but don't ask me the price. The fact is, I don't like to say what I gave for it.'

'You need not stint yourself in the price of sherry, doctor,' cries the General gayly; 'you have but one son, and he has a fortune of his own, as I happen to know. You haven't dipped it, Master Philip?'

'I fear, sir, I may have exceeded my income sometimes, in the last three years; but my father has helped me.'

‘Exceeded £900 a year! Upon my word! When I was a sub, my friends gave me fifty pounds a year, and I never was a shilling in debt! What are men coming to now?’

‘If doctors drink Prince Regent’s sherry at ten guineas a dozen, what can you expect of their sons, General Baynes?’ grumbles my lord.

‘My father gives you his best, my lord,’ says Philip gayly; ‘if you know of any better, he will get it for you. *Si non his utere mecum!* Please to pass me that decanter, Pen!’

I thought the old lord did not seem ill pleased at the young man’s freedom; and now, as I recall it, think I can remember that a peculiar silence and anxiety seemed to weigh upon our host—upon him whose face was commonly so anxious and sad.

The famous sherry, which had made many voyages to Indian climes before it acquired its exquisite flavor, had traveled some three or four times round the doctor’s polished table, when Brice, his man, entered with a letter on a silver tray. Perhaps Philip’s eyes and mine exchanged glances in which ever so small a scintilla of mischief might sparkle. The doctor often had letters when he was entertaining his friends; and his patients had a knack of falling ill at awkward times.

‘Gracious Heavens!’ cries the doctor, when he read the despatch—it was a telegraphic message. ‘The poor Grand Duke!’

‘What Grand Duke?’ asks the surly lord of Ringwood.

‘My earliest patron and friend—the Grand Duke of Gröningen! Seized this morning at eleven at Potzendorff! Has sent for me. I promised to go to him if ever he had need of me. I must go! I can save the night train yet. General! our visit to the City must be deferred till my return. Get a portmanteau, Brice; and call a cab at once. Philip will entertain my friend for the evening. My dear lord, you won’t mind an old doctor leaving you to attend an old patient? I will write from Gröningen. I shall be there on Friday morning. Farewell, gentleman! Brice, another bottle of that sherry! I pray, don’t let anybody stir! God bless you, Philip, my boy!’ And with this the doctor went up, took his son by the hand, and laid the other very kindly on the young man’s shoulder. Then he made a bow round the table to his guests—one of his graceful bows, for which he was famous. I can see the sad smile on his face now, and the light from the chandelier over the dining-table glancing from his shining forehead, and casting deep shadows on to his cheek from his heavy brows.

The departure was a little abrupt, and of course cast some what of a gloom upon the company.

‘My carriage aint ordered till ten—must go on sitting here, I suppose. Confounded life doctor’s must be! Called up any hour in the night! Get their fees! Must go!’ growled the great man of the party.

‘People are glad enough to have them when they are ill, my lord. I think I have heard that once when you were at Ryde——’

The great man started back as if a little shock of cold water had fallen on him; and then looked at Philip with not unfriendly glances. ‘Treated for gout—so he did. Very well, too!’ said my lord; and whispered, not inaudibly, ‘Cool hand, that boy!’ And then his lordship fell to talk with General Baynes about his campaigning, and his early acquaintance with his own brother, Philip’s grandfather.

The General did not care to brag about his own feats of arms, but was loud in praises of his old comrade. Philip was pleased to hear his grandsire so well spoken of. The General had known Dr. Firmin’s father also, who likewise had been a colonel in the famous old Peninsular army. ‘A Tartar that fellow was, and no mistake!’ said the good officer. ‘Your father has a strong look of him; and you have a glance of him at times. But you remind me of Philip Ringwood not a little; and you could not belong to a better man.’

‘Ha!’ says my lord. There had been differences between him and his brother. He may have been thinking of days when they were friends. Lord Ringwood now graciously asked if General Baynes was staying in London? But the General had only come to do this piece of business, which must now be delayed. He was too poor to live in London. He must look out for a country place, where he and his six children could live cheaply. ‘Three boys at school, and one at college, Mr. Philip—you know what that must cost; though, thank my stars, my college boy does not spend nine hundred a year. Nine hundred! Where should we be if he did?’ In fact, the days of nabobs are long over, and the General had come back to his native country with only very small means for the support of a great family.

When my lord’s carriage came, he departed, and the other guests presently took their leave. The General, who was a bachelor for the nonce, remained a while, and we three prattled over cheroots in Philip’s smoking room. It was a night like a hundred I have spent there, and yet how well I remember it! We talked about Philip’s future prospects, and he communicated his intentions to us in his lordly way. As for practising at the bar; ‘No, sir,’ he said, in reply to General Baynes’

queries; 'he should not make much hand of that; shouldn't if he were ever so poor. He had his own money, and his father's;' and he condescended to say that 'he might, perhaps, try for Parliament should an eligible opportunity offer.' 'Here's a fellow born with a silver spoon in his mouth,' says the General as we walked together. 'A fortune to begin with; a fortune to inherit. My fortune was £2000 and the price of my two first commissions; and when I die my children will not be quite so well off as their father was when he began!'

Having parted with the old officer at his modest sleeping quarters near his club, I walked to my own home, little thinking that yonder cigar, of which I had shaken some of the ashes in Philip's smoking room, was to be the last tobacco I ever should smoke there. The pipe was smoked out. The wine was drunk. When that door closed on me, it closed for the last time—at least was never more to admit me as Philip's, as Dr. Firmin's, guest and friend. I pass the place often now. My youth comes back to me as I gaze at those blank, shining windows. I see myself a boy and Philip a child; and his fair mother; and his father, the hospitable, the melancholy, the magnificent. I wish I could have helped him. I wish somehow he had borrowed money. He never did. He gave me his often. I have never seen him since that night when his own door closed upon him.

On the second day after the doctor's departure, as I was at breakfast with my family, I received the following letter:

MY DEAR PENDENNIS: Could I have seen you in private on Tuesday night, I might have warned you of the calamity which was hanging over my house. But to what good end? That you should know a few weeks, hours, before what all the world will ring with to-morrow? Neither you nor I, nor one whom we both love, would have been the happier for knowing my misfortunes a few hours sooner. In four-and-twenty hours every club in London will be busy with talk of the departure of the celebrated Dr. Firmin—the wealthy Dr. Firmin; a few months more and (I have strict and *confidential* reason to believe) hereditary rank would have been mine, but Sir George Firmin would have been an insolvent man, and his son Sir Philip a beggar. Perhaps the thought of this honor has been one of the reasons which has determined me on expatriating myself sooner than I otherwise needed to have done.

George Firmin, the honored, the wealthy physician, and his son a beggar? I see you are startled at the news! You wonder how, with a great practice, and no great ostensible expenses, such ruin should come upon me—upon him. It has seemed as if for years past Fate has been determined to make war upon George Brand Firmin, and who can battle against Fate? A man universally admitted to be of good judgment, I have embarked in mercantile speculations the most promising. Everything upon which I laid my hand has crumbled to ruin; but I can say with the Roman bard '*Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*' And, almost penniless, almost aged, an exile driven from my country, I seek another where I do not despair—I *even have a firm belief* that I shall be enabled to repair my shattered fortunes! My race has never been deficient in courage, and Philip and *Philip's father* must use all theirs, so as to be enabled to face the dark times which menace them. *Si celeres quatit pennas Fortuna,* we must resign what she gave us, and bear our calamity with unshaken hearts!

There is a man, I own to you, whom I cannot, I must not face. General Baynes has just come from India, with but very small savings, I fear; and these are jeopardized by his imprudence and my most cruel and unexpected misfortune. I need not tell you that *my all* would have been my boy's. My will, made long since, will be found in the tor-

toiseshell secretaire standing in my consulting room under the picture of Abraham offering up Isaac. In it you will see that everything, except annuities to old and deserving servants and a legacy to one excellent and faithful woman whom I own I have wronged—my all, which once was considerable, *is left to my boy.*

I am now worth less than nothing, and have compromised Philip's property along with my own. As a man of business, General Baynes, Colonel Ringwood's old companion in arms, was culpably careless, and I—alas! that I must own it—deceived him. Bring the only surviving trustee (Mrs. Philip Ringwood's other trustee was an unprincipled attorney who has been long dead), General B. signed a paper authorizing, as he imagined, my bankers to receive Philip's dividends, but, in fact, giving me the power to dispose of the capital sum. On my honor, as a man, as a gentleman, as a father, Pendennis, I hoped to replace it! I took it; I embarked it in speculations in which it sank down with ten times the amount of my own private property. Half-year after half-year, with straitened means and with the *greatest difficulty to myself*, my poor boy has had his dividend; and *he* at least has never known what was want or anxiety until now. Want? Anxiety? Pray Heaven he never may suffer the sleepless anguish, the racking care which has pursued me! '*Post equitem sedet atra cura,*' our favorite poet says. Ah! how truly, too, does he remark, '*Patriæ quis exul se quoque fugit?*' Think you where I go grief and remorse will not follow me? They will never leave me until I shall return to this country—for that I *shall* return, my heart tells me—until I can reimburse General Baynes, who stands indebted to Phillip through his incantiousness and my overpowering necessity; and my heart—an erring but fond *father's* heart—tells me that my boy will not eventually lose a penny by my misfortune.

I own, between ourselves, that this illness of the Grand Duke of Gröningen was a pretext which I put forward. You will hear of me ere long from the place whither for some time past I have determined on bending my steps. I placed £100 on Saturday to Philip's credit, at his banker's. I take little more than that sum with me; depressed, yet *full of hope*; having done wrong, yet *determined* to retrieve it, and *vowing* that ere I die my poor boy shall not have to blush at having to bear the name of

GEORGE BRAND FIRMIN.

Good-by, dear Philip! Your old friend will tell you of my misfortunes. When I write again, it will be to tell you where to address me; and wherever I am, or whatever misfortunes oppress me, think of me always as your fond

FATHER.

I had scarce read this awful letter when Philip Firmin himself came into our breakfast-room looking very much disturbed.

CHAPTER XV.

SAMARITANS.

THE children trotted up to their friend with outstretched hands and their usual smiles of welcome. Philip patted their heads, and sat down with very woe-begone aspect at the family table. 'Ah, friends,' said he, 'do you know all?'

'Yes, we do,' said Laura sadly, who has ever compassion for other's misfortunes.

'What! is it all over the town already?' asked poor Philip.

'We have a letter from your father this morning.' And we brought the letter to him, and showed him the affectionate special message for himself.

'His last thought was for you, Philip!' cries Laura. 'See here, those last kind words!'

Philip shook his head. 'It is not untrue, what is written here; but it is not all the truth.' And Philip Firmin dismayed us by the intelligence which he proceeded to give. There was an execution in the house in Old Parr Street. A hundred clamorous creditors had appeared there. Before going away, the

doctor had taken considerable sums from those dangerous financiers to whom he had been of late resorting. They were in possession of numberless lately signed bills, upon which the desperate man had raised money. He had professed to share with Philip, but he had taken the great share, and left Philip £200 of his own money. All the rest was gone. All Philip's stock had been sold out. The father's fraud had made him master of the trustee's signature; and Philip Firmin, reputed to be so wealthy, was a beggar, in my room. Luckily he had few, or very trifling, debts. Mr. Philip had a lordly impatience of indebtedness, and, with a good bachelor-income, had paid for all his pleasures as he enjoyed them.

Well! He must work. A young man ruined at two-and-twenty, with a couple of hundred pounds yet in his pocket, hardly knows that he is ruined. He will sell his horses—live in chambers—has enough to go on for a year. 'When I am very hard put to it,' says Philip, 'I will come and dine with the children at one. I dare say you haven't dined much at Williams' in the Old Bailey? You can get a famous dinner there for a shilling—beef, bread, potatoes, beer, and a penny for the waiter.' Yes, Philip seemed actually to enjoy his discomforture. It was long since we had seen him in such spirits. 'The weight is off my mind now. It has been throttling me for some time past. Without understanding why or wherefore, I have always been looking out for this. My poor father had ruin written in his face; and when those bailiffs made their appearance in Old Parr Street yesterday, I felt as if I had known them before. I had seen their hooked beaks in my dreams.'

'That unlucky General Baynes, when he accepted your mother's trust, took it with its consequences. If the sentry falls asleep on his post he must pay the penalty,' says Mr. Pendennis, very severely.

'Great powers, you would not have me come down on an old man with a large family, and ruin them all?' cries Philip.

'No; I don't think Philip will do that,' says my wife, looking exceedingly pleased.

'If men accept trusts they must fulfil them, my dear,' cries the master of the house.

'And I must make that old gentleman suffer for my father's wrong? If I do, may I starve! there!' cries Philip.

'And so that poor Little Sister has made her sacrifice in vain!' sighed my wife. 'As for the father—O Arthur! I can't tell you how odious that man was to me. There was something dreadful about him. And in his manner to women—oh!—'

‘If he had been a black draught, my dear, you could not have shuddered more naturally.’

‘Well, he was horrible; and I know Philip will be better now he is gone.’

Women often make light of ruin. Give them but the beloved objects, and poverty is a trifling sorrow to bear. As for Philip, he, as we have said, is gayer than he has been for years past. The doctor’s flight occasions not a little club talk; but now he is gone, many people see quite well that they were aware of his insolvency, and always knew it must end so. The case is told, is canvassed, is exaggerated as such cases will be. I daresay it forms a week’s talk. But people know that poor Philip is his father’s largest creditor, and eye the young man with no unfriendly looks when he comes to his club after his mishap, with burning cheeks, and a tingling sense of shame, imagining that all the world will point at and avoid him as the guilty fugitive’s son.

No; the world takes very little heed of his misfortune. One or two old acquaintances are kinder to him than before. A few say his ruin, and his obligation to work, will do him good. Only a very, very few avoid him, and look unconscious as he passes them by. Among these cold countenances, you, of course, will recognize the faces of the whole Twysden family. Three statues, with marble eyes, could not look more stony-calm than Aunt Twysden and her two daughters, as they pass in the stately barouche. The gentlemen turn red when they see Philip. It is rather late times for Uncle Twysden to begin blushing, to be sure. ‘Hang the fellow! he will, of course, be coming for money. Dawkins, I am not at home, mind, when young Mr. Firmin calls.’ So says Lord Ringwood, regarding Philip fallen among thieves. Ah, thanks to Heaven, travelers find Samaritans as well as Levites on life’s hard way! Philip told us with much humor of a rencontre which he had had with his cousin, Ringwood Twysden, in a public place. Twysden was enjoying himself with some young clerks at his office; but as Philip advanced upon him, assuming his fiercest scowl and most hectoring manner, the other lost heart, and fled. And no wonder. ‘Do you suppose,’ says Twysden, ‘I will willingly sit in the same room with that cad, after the manner in which he has treated my family! No, sir!’ And so the tall door in Beaunash Street is to open for Philip Firmin no more.

The tall door in Beaunash Street flies open readily enough for another gentleman. A splendid cab-horse reins up before it every day. A pair of varnished boots leap out of the cab, and spring up the broad stairs, where somebody is waiting

with a smile of genteel welcome—the same smile—on the same sofa—the same mamma at her table writing her letters. And beautiful bouquets from Covent Garden decorate the room. And after half an hour mamma goes out to speak to the housekeeper *vous comprenez*. And there is nothing particularly new under the sun. It will shine to-morrow upon pretty much the same flowers, sports, pastimes, etc., which it illuminated yesterday. And when your love-making days are over, miss, and you are married, and advantageously established, shall not your little sisters, now in the nursery, trot down and play their little games? Would you, on your conscience, now—you who are rather inclined to consider Miss Agnes Twysden's conduct as heartless—would you, I say, have her cry her pretty eyes out about a young man who does not care much for her, for whom she never did care much herself, and who is now, moreover, a beggar, with a ruined and disgraced father and a doubtful legitimacy? Absurd! that dear girl is like a beautiful fragrant bower-room at the Star and Garter at Richmond, with honeysuckles mayhap trailing round the windows, from which you behold one of the most lovely and pleasant of wood and river scenes. The tables are decorated with flowers, rich wine-cups sparkle on the board, and Captain Jones' party have everything they can desire. Their dinner over, and that company gone, the same waiters, the same flowers, the same cups and crystals, array themselves for Mr. Brown and *his* party. Or, if you won't have Agnes Twysden compared to the Star and Garter tavern, which must admit mixed company, liken her to the chaste moon who shines on shepherds of all complexions, swarthy or fair.

When, oppressed by superior odds, a commander is forced to retreat, we like him to show his skill by carrying off his guns, treasure, and camp equipages. Dr. Firmin, beaten by fortune and compelled to fly, showed quite a splendid skill and coolness in his manner of decamping, and left the very smallest amount of spoils in the hands of the victorious enemy. His wines had been famous among the grave epicures with whom he dined; he used to boast, like a worthy *bon-vivant* who knows the value of wine-conversation after dinner, of the quantities which he possessed, and the rare bins which he had in store; but when the executioners came to arrange his sale, there was found only a beggarly account of empty bottles, and I fear some of the unprincipled creditors put in a great quantity of bad liquor which they endeavored to foist off on the public as the genuine and carefully selected stock of a well-known connoisseur. News of this dishonest proceed-

ing reached Dr. Firmin presently in his retreat; and he showed by his letter a generous and manly indignation at the manner in which his creditors had tampered with his honest name and reputation as a *bon-vivant*. *He* have bad wine! For shame! He had the best from the best wine-merchant, and, paid, or rather owed, the best prices for it; for of late years the doctor had paid no bills at all; and the wine-merchant appeared in quite a handsome group of figures in his schedule. In like manner his books were pawned to a book auctioneer; and Brice, the butler, had a bill of sale for the furniture. Firmin retreated, we will not say with the honors of war, but as little harmed as possible by defeat. Did the enemy want the plunder of his city? He had smuggled almost all his valuable goods over the wall. Did they desire his ships? He had sunk them; and when at length the conquerors poured into his stronghold, he was far beyond the reach of their shot. Don't we often hear still that Nana Sahib is alive and exceedingly comfortable? We do not love him; but we can't help having a kind of admiration for that slippery fugitive who has escaped from the dreadful jaws of the lion. In a word, when Firmin's furniture came to be sold, it was a marvel how little his creditors benefited by the sale. Contemptuous brokers declared there never was such a shabby lot of goods. A friend of the house and poor Philip bought in his mother's picture for a few guineas; and as for the doctor's own state portrait, I am afraid it went for a few shillings only, and in the midst of a roar of Hebrew laughter. I saw in Wardour Street, not long after, the doctor's sideboard, and what dealers cheerfully call the sarcophagus cellaret. Poor doctor! his wine was all drunken; his meat was eaten up; but his own body had slipped out of the reach of the hook-beaked birds of prey.

We had spoken rapidly in undertones, innocently believing that the young people round about us were taking no heed of our talk. But in a lull of the conversation, Mr. Pendennis junior, who had always been a friend to Philip, broke out with—'Philip! if you are so *very* poor, you'll be hungry, you know, and you may have my piece of bread and jam. And I don't want it, mamma,' he added; 'and you know Philip has often and often given me things.'

Philip stooped down and kissed this good little Samaritan. 'I'm not hungry, Arty, my boy,' he said; 'and I'm not so poor but I have got—look here—a fine new shilling for Arty!'

'O Philip, Philip!' cried mamma.

'Don't take the money, Arthur,' cried papa.

And the boy, with a rueful face but a manly heart, prepared to give back the coin. 'It's quite a new one; and it's a very pretty one; but I won't have it, Philip, thank you,' he said, turning very red.

'If he won't, I vow I will give it to the cabman,' said Philip.

'Keeping a cab all this while? O Philip, Philip!' again cries mamma, the economist.

'Loss of time is loss of money, my dear lady,' says Philip, very gravely. 'I have ever so many places to go to. When I am set in for being ruined, you shall see what a screw I will become! I must go to Mrs. Brandon, who will be very uneasy, poor dear, until she knows the worst.'

'O Philip, I should like so to go with you!' cries Laura. 'Pray, give her our very best regards and respects.'

'*Merci!*' said the young man, and squeezed Mrs. Pendennis' hand in his own big one. 'I will take your message to her, Laura. *J'aime qu'on l'aime, savez-vous?*'

'That means, I love those who love her,' cries little Laura; 'but, I don't know,' remarked this little person afterward to her paternal confidant, 'that I like *all* people to love my mamma. That is, I don't like *her* to like them, papa—only you may, papa, and Ethel may, and Arthur may, and, I think, Philip may, now he is poor and quite, quite alone—and we will take care of him, won't we? And, I think, I'll buy him something with my money which Aunt Ethel gave me.'

'And I'll give him my money,' cries a boy.

'And I'll div him my—my——' Psha! what matters what the little sweet lips prattle in their artless kindness? But the soft words of love and pity smote the mother's heart with an exquisite pang of gratitude and joy; and I know where her thanks were paid for those tender words and thoughts of her little ones.

Mrs. Pendennis made Philip promise to come to dinner, and also to remember not to take a cab—which promise Mr. Firmin had not much difficulty in executing, for he had but a few hundred yards to walk across the Park from his club; and I must say that my wife took a special care of our dinner that day, preparing for Philip certain dishes which she knew he liked, and enjoining the butler of the establishment (who also happened to be the owner of the house) to fetch from his cellar the very choicest wine in his possession.

I have previously described our friend and his boisterous, impetuous, generous nature. When Philip was moved, he called to all the world to witness his emotion. When he was angry, his enemies were all the rogues and scoundrels in the world. He

vowed he would have no mercy on them, and desired all his acquaintances to participate in his anger. How could such an open-mouth son have such a close spoken father? I dare say you have seen very well-bred young people, the children of vulgar and ill-bred parents; the swaggering father have a silent son; the loud mother a modest daughter. Our friend is not Amadis or Sir Charles Grandison; and I don't set him up for a moment as a person to be revered or imitated; but try to draw him faithfully, and as nature made him. As nature made him, so he was. I don't think he tried to improve himself much. Perhaps few people do. They suppose they do; and you read, in apologetic memoirs, and fond biographies, how this man cured his bad temper, and t'other worked and strove until he grew to be almost faultless. Very well and good, my good people. You can learn a language; you can master a science; I have heard of an old squaretoes of sixty who learned, by study and intense application, very satisfactorily to dance; but can you, by taking thought, add to your moral stature? Ah me! the doctor who preaches is only taller than most of us by the height of the pulpit; and when he steps down, I dare say he cringes to the duchess, growls at his children, scolds his wife about the dinner. All is vanity, look you; and so the preacher is vanity, too.

Well, then, I must again say that Philip roared his griefs; he shouted his laughter; he bellowed his applause; he was extravagant in his humility as in his pride, in his admiration of his friends and contempt for his enemies; I dare say not a just man, but I have met juster men not half so honest; and certainly not a faultless man, though I know better men not near so good. So, I believe, my wife thinks; else why should she be so fond of him? Did we not know boys who never went out of bounds, and never were late for school, and never made a false concord or quantity, and never came under the ferule; and others who were always playing truant, and blundering, and being whipped; and yet, somehow, was not Master Naughtyboy better liked than Master Goodchild? When Master Naughtyboy came to dine with us on the first day of his ruin, he bore a face of radiant happiness—he laughed, he bounced about, he caressed the children; now he took a couple on his knees; now he tossed the baby to the ceiling; now he sprawled over a sofa, and now he rode upon a chair; never was a penniless gentleman more cheerful. As for his dinner, Phil's appetite was always fine, but on this day an ogre could scarcely play a more terrible knife and fork. He asked for more and more, until his entertainers wondered to behold him.

‘Dine for to-day and to-morrow too; can’t expect such fare as this every day, you know. This claret, how good it is! May I pack some up in paper, and take it home with me?’ The children roared with laughter at this admirable idea of carrying home wine in a sheet of paper. I don’t know that it is always at the best jokes that children laugh; children and wisemen too.

When we three were by ourselves, and freed from the company of servants and children, our friend told us the cause of his gayety. ‘By George!’ he swore, ‘it is worth being ruined to find such good people in the world. My dear, kind Laura’—here the gentleman brushes his eyes with his fist—‘it was as much as I could do this morning to prevent myself from hugging you in my arms, you were so generous, and—and so kind, and so tender, and so good, by George. And after leaving you, where do you think I went?’

‘I think I can guess, Philip,’ says Laura.

‘Well,’ says Philip, winking his eyes again, and tossing off a great bumper of wine, ‘I went to her, of course. I think she is the best friend I have in the world. The old man was out and I told her about everything that had happened. And what do you think she has done? She says she has been expecting me—she has; and she has gone and fitted up a room with a nice little bed at the top of the house, with everything as neat and trim as possible; and she begged and prayed I would go and stay with her—and I said I would, to please her. And then she takes me down to her room; and she jumps up to a cupboard, which she unlocks; and she opens and takes three-and-twenty pounds out of a—out of a tea—out of a tea-caddy—confound me! and she says, “Here, Philip,” she says, and—Boo! what a fool I am!’ and here the orator fairly broke down in his speech.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH PHILIP SHOWS HIS METTLE.

WHEN the poor Little Sister proffered her mite, her all, to Philip, I dare say some sentimental passages occurred between them which are much too trivial to be narrated. No doubt her pleasure would have been at that moment to give him not only that gold which she has been saving up against rent-day, but the spoons, the furniture, and all the valuables of the house, including, perhaps, J. J.’s bric-à-brac, cabinets, china, and so forth. To perform a kindness, an act of self-sacrifice; are not these the most delicious privileges of female tenderness? Philip checked his little friend’s enthusiasm. He showed her

a purse full of money, at which sight the poor little soul was rather disappointed. He magnified the value of his horses, which, according to Philip's calculation, were to bring him at least £200 more than the stock which he had already in hand; and the master of such a sum as this, she was forced to confess, had no need to despair. Indeed, she had never in her life possessed the half of it. Her kind dear little offer of a home in her house he would accept sometimes and with gratitude. Well, there was a little consolation in that. In a moment that active little housekeeper saw the room ready; flowers on the mantelpiece; his looking-glass, which her father could do quite well with the little one, as he was always shaved by the barber now; the quilted counterpane, which she had herself made; I know not what more improvements she devised; and I fear that at the idea of having Philip with her, this little thing was as extravagantly and unreasonably happy as we have just now seen Philip to be. What was that last dish which Pætus and Arria shared in common? I have lost my Lempriere's dictionary (that treasury of my youth), and forget whether it was a cold dagger *au naturel*, or a dish of hot coals *à la Romaine* of which they partook; but whatever it was, she smiled, and delightedly received it, happy to share the beloved one's fortune.

Yes; Philip would come home to his Little Sister sometimes; sometimes of a Saturday, and they would go to church on Sunday, as he used to do when he was a boy at school. 'But then, you know,' says Phil, 'law is law; study is study. I must devote my whole energies to my work—get up very early.'

'Don't tire your eyes, my dear,' interposes Mr. Philip's soft, judicious friend.

'There must be no trifling with work,' says Philip, with awful gravity. 'There's Benton the Judge; Benton and Burbage, you know.'

'Oh, Benton and Burbage!' whispered the Little Sister, not a little bewildered.

'How do you suppose he became a judge before forty?'

'Before forty who? law, bless me!'

'Before *he* was forty, Mrs. Carry. When he came to work, he had his own way to make; just like me. He had a small allowance from his father; that's not like me. He took chambers in the Temple. He went to a pleader's office. He read fourteen, fifteen hours every day. He dined on a cup of tea and a mutton-chop.'

'La, bless me, child! I wouldn't have you to do that, not to be Lord Chamberlain—Chancellor what's his name? Destroy

your youth with reading, and your eyes, and go without your dinner? You're not used to that sort of thing, dear; and it would kill you!

Philip smoothed his fair hair off his ample forehead, and nodded his head, smiling sweetly. I think his inward monitor hinted to him that there was not much danger of his killing himself by overwork. 'To succeed at the law, as in all other professions,' he continued, with much gravity, 'requires the greatest perseverance, and industry, and talent; and then, perhaps, you don't succeed. Many have failed who have had all these qualities.'

'But they haven't talents like my Philip, I know they haven't. And I had to stand up in a court once, and was cross-examined by a vulgar man before a horrid deaf old judge; and I'm sure if your lawyers are like them I don't wish you to succeed at all. And now, look! there's a nice loin of pork coming up. Pa loves roast pork; and you must come and have some with us; and every day and all days, my dear, I should like to see you seated there.' And the Little Sister frisked about here, and bustled there, and brought a cunning bottle of wine from some corner, and made the boy welcome. So that, you see, far from starving, he actually had two dinners on that first day of his ruin.

Caroline consented to a compromise regarding the money, on Philip's solemn vow and promise that she should be his banker whenever necessity called. She rather desired his poverty for the sake of its precious reward. She hid away a little bag of gold for her darling's use whenever he should need it. I dare say she pinched and had shabby dinners at home, so as to save yet more, and so caused the Captain to grumble. Why, for that boy's sake, I believe she would have been capable of shaving her lodger's legs of mutton, and levying a tax on their tea-caddies and baker's stuff. If you don't like unprincipled attachments of this sort, and only desire that your womankind should love you for yourself, and according to your deserts, I am your very humble servant. Hereditary bondswomen! you know, that were you free, and did you strike the blow, my dears, you were unhappy for your pain, and eagerly would claim your bonds again. What poet has uttered that sentiment? It is perfectly true, and I know will receive the cordial approbation of the dear ladies.

Philip has decreed in his own mind that he will go and live in those chambers in the Temple where we have met him. Van-john, the sporting gentleman, had determined for special reasons to withdraw from law and sport in this country, and Mr.

Firmin took possession of his vacant sleeping-chamber. To furnish a bachelor's bedroom need not be a matter of much cost; but Mr. Philip was too good-natured a fellow to haggle about the valuation of Vanjohn's bedsteads and chests of drawers, and generously took them at twice their value. He and Mr. Cassidy now divided the rooms in equal reign. Ah, happy rooms, bright rooms, rooms near the sky, to remember you is to be young again! for I would have you to know that when Philip went to take possession of his share of the fourth floor in the Temple, his biographer was still comparatively juvenile, and in one or two very old-fashioned families was called 'young Pendennis.'

So Philip Firmin dwelt in a garret; and the fourth part of a laundress and the half of a boy now formed the domestic establishment of him who had been attended by housekeepers, butlers, and obsequious liveried menials. To be freed from that ceremonial and etiquette of plush and worsted lace was an immense relief to Firmin. His pipe need not lurk in crypts or back closets now; its fragrance breathed over the whole chambers, and rose up to the sky, their near neighbor.

The first month or two after being ruined, Philip vowed, was an uncommonly pleasant time. He had still plenty of money in his pocket; and the sense that, perhaps, it was imprudent to take a cab or drink a bottle of wine, added a zest to those enjoyments which they by no means possessed when they were easy and of daily occurrence. I am not certain that a dinner of beef and porter did not amuse our young man almost as well as banquets much more costly to which he had been accustomed. He laughed at the pretensions of his boyish days, when he and other solemn young epicures used to sit down to elaborate tavern banquets, and pretend to criticise vintages, and sauces, and turtle. As yet there was not only content with his dinner, but plenty therewith; and I do not wish to alarm you by supposing that Philip will ever have to encounter any dreadful extremities of poverty or hunger in the course of his history. The wine in the jug was very low at times, but it never was quite empty. This lamb was shorn, but the wind was tempered to him.

So Philip took possession of his rooms in the Temple, and began actually to reside there just as the long vacation commenced, which he intended to devote to a course of serious study of the law and private preparation, before he should venture on the great business of circuit and the bar. Nothing is more necessary for desk-men than exercise, so Philip took a good deal; especially on the water, where he pulled a famous

oar. Nothing is more natural after exercise than refreshment; and Mr. Firmin, now he was too poor for claret, showed a great capacity for beer. After beer and bodily labor, rest of course is necessary; and Firmin slept nine hours, and looked as rosy as a girl in her first season. Then such a man, with such a frame and health, must have a good appetite for breakfast. And then every man who wishes to succeed at the bar, in the senate, on the bench, in the House of Peers, on the Woolsack, must know the quotidian history of his country; so, of course, Philip read the newspaper. Thus, you see, his hours of study were perforce curtailed by the necessary duties which distracted him from his labors.

It has been said that Mr. Firmin's companion in chambers, Mr. Cassidy, was a native of the neighboring kingdom of Ireland, and engaged in literary pursuits in this country. A merry, shrewd, silent, observant little man, he, unlike some of his compatriots, always knew how to make both ends meet; feared no man alive in the character of a dun; and out of small earnings managed to transmit no small comforts and subsidies to old parents living somewhere in Munster. Of Cassidy's friends was Finucane, now editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; he married the widow of the late eccentric and gifted Captain Shandon, and Cass himself was the fashionable correspondent of the *Gazette*, chronicling the marriages, deaths, births, dinner-parties of the nobility. These Irish gentlemen knew other Irish gentlemen, connected with other newspapers, who formed a little literary society. They assembled at each other's rooms, and at haunts where social pleasure was to be purchased at no dear rate. Philip Firmin was known to many of them before his misfortunes occurred, and when there was gold in plenty in his pocket, and never-failing applause for his songs.

When Pendennis and his friends wrote in this newspaper, it was impertinent enough, and many men must have heard the writers laugh at the airs which they occasionally thought proper to assume. The tone which they took amused, annoyed, tickled, was popular. It was continued, and, of course, caricatured by their successors. They worked for very moderate fees; but paid themselves by impertinence, and the satisfaction of assailing their betters. Three or four persons were reserved from their abuse; but somebody was sure every week to be tied up at their post, and the public made sport of the victim's contortions. The writers were obscure barristers, ushers, and college men, but they had omniscience at their pens' end, and were ready to lay down the law on any given subject—to teach

any man his business, were it a bishop in his pulpit, a Minister in his place in the House, a captain on his quarter-deck, a tailor on his shop-board, or a jockey in his saddle.

Since those early days of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when old Shandon wielded his truculent tomahawk, and Messrs. W-rr-ngt-n and P-nd-nn-s followed him in the war path, the *Gazette* had passed through several hands; and the victims who were immolated by the editors of to-day were very likely the objects of the best puffery of the last dynasty. To be flogged in what was your own schoolroom—that, surely, is a queer sensation; and when my Report was published on the decay of the sealing wax trade in the three kingdoms (owing to the prevalence of gummed envelopes, as you may see in that masterly document) I was horsed up and smartly whipped in the *Gazette* by some of the rods which had come out of pickle since my time. Was not good Dr. Guillotin executed by his own neat invention? I don't know who was the M. Sanson who operated on me; but have always had my idea that Digges, of Corpus, was the man to whom my flagellation was entrusted. His father keeps a ladies' school at Hackney; but there is an air of fashion in everything which Digges writes, and a chivalrous conservatism which makes me pretty certain that D. was my scarifier. All this, however, is naught. Let us turn away from the author's private griefs and egotisms to those of the hero of the story.

Does anyone remember the appearance some twenty years ago of a little book called 'Trumpet Calls,' a book of songs and poetry, dedicated to his brother officers by Cornet Canterton? His trumpet was very tolerably melodious, and the cornet played some small airs on it with some little grace and skill. But this poor Canterton belonged to the Life-Guards Green, and Philip Firmin would have liked to have the lives of one or two troops at least of that corps. Entering into Mr. Cassidy's room, Philip found the little volume. He set to work to exterminate Canterton. He rode him down, trampled over his face and carcass, knocked the 'Trumpet Calls' and all the teeth down the trumpeter's throat. Never was such a smashing article as he wrote. And Mugford, Mr. Cassidy's chief and owner, who likes always to have at least one man served up and hashed small in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, happened at this very juncture to have no other victim ready in his larder. Philip's review appeared there in print. He rushed off with immense glee to Westminster, to show us his performance. Nothing must content him but to give a dinner at Greenwich on his success. O Philip! We wished that this had not been

his first fee; and that sober law had given it to him, and not the graceless and fickle muse with whom he had been flirting. For, truth to say, certain wise old heads which wagged over his performance could see but little merit in it. His style was coarse, his wit clumsy and savage. Never mind characterizing either now. He has seen the error of his ways, and divorced with the muse whom he never ought to have wooed.

The shrewd Cassidy not only could not write himself, but knew he could not—or, at least, pen more than a plain paragraph, or a brief sentence to the point, but said he would carry this paper to his chief. ‘His Excellency’ was the nickname by which this chief was called by his familiars. Mugford—Frederick Mugford was his real name—and putting out of sight that little defect in his character, that he committed a systematic literary murder once a week, a more worthy good-natured little murderer did not live. He came of the old school of the press. Like French marshals, he had risen from the ranks, and retained some of the manners and oddities of the private soldier. A new race of writers had grown up since he enlisted as a printer’s boy—men of the world, with the manners of other gentlemen. Mugford never professed the least gentility. He knew that his young men laughed at his peculiarities, and did not care a fig for their scorn. As the knife with which he conveyed his victuals to his mouth went down his throat at the plenteous banquets which he gave, he saw his young friends wince and wonder, and rather relished their surprise. Those lips never cared in the least about placing his *h*’s in right places. They used bad language with great freedom—to hear him bullying a printing office was a wonder of eloquence—but they betrayed no secrets, and the words which they uttered you might trust. He had belonged to two or three parties, and had respected them all. When he went to the Under-Secretary’s office he was never kept waiting; and once or twice Mrs. Mugford, who governed him, ordered him to attend the Saturday reception of the Ministers’ ladies, where he might be seen, with dirty hands, it is true, but a richly embroidered waistcoat and fancy satin tie. His heart, however, was not in these entertainments. I have heard him say that he only came because Mrs. M. would have it; and he frankly owned that he ‘would rather ’ave a pipe, and a drop of something ’ot, than all your ices and rubbish.’

Mugford had a curious knowledge of what was going on in the world, and of the affairs of countless people. When Cass brought Philip’s article to his Excellency, and mentioned the

author's name, Mugford showed himself to be perfectly familiar with the histories of Philip and his father. 'The old chap has nobbled the young fellow's money, almost every shilling of it, I hear. Knew he never would carry on. His discounts would have killed any man. Seen his paper about this, ten year. Young one is a gentleman—passionate fellow, hawhaw fellow, but kind to the poor. Father never was a gentleman, with all his fine airs and fine waistcoats. I don't set up in that line myself, Cass, but I tell you I know 'em when I see 'em.'

Philip had friends and private patrons whose influence was great with the Mugford family and of whom he little knew. Every year Mrs. M. was in the habit of contributing a Mugford to the world. She was one of Mrs. Brandon's most regular clients; and year after year, almost from his first arrival in London, Ridley, the painter, had been engaged as portrait-painter to this worthy family. Philip and his illness; Philip and his horses, splendors, and entertainments; Philip and his lamentable downfall and ruin, had formed the subject of many an interesting talk between Mrs. Mugford and her friend the Little Sister; and as we know Caroline's infatuation about the young fellow, we may suppose that his good qualities lost nothing in the description. When that article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared, Nurse Brandon took the omnibus to Haverstock Hill, where, as you know, Mugford had his villa; arrived at Mrs. Mugford's, *Gazette* in hand, and had a long and delightful conversation with that lady. Mrs. Brandon bought I don't know now many copies of that *Pall Mall Gazette*. She now asked for it repeatedly in her walks at sundry ginger beer shops, and of all sorts of news-vendors. I have heard that when the Mugfords first purchased the *Gazette*, Mrs. M. used to drop bills from her pony chaise, and distribute placards setting forth the excellence of the journal. 'We keep our carriage, but we aint above our business, Brandon,' that good lady would say. And the business prospered under the management of these worthy folks; and the pony chaise unfolded into a noble barouche; and the pony increased and multiplied, and became a pair of horses; and there was not a richer piece of gold-lace round any coachman's hat in London than now decorated John, who had grown with the growth of his master's fortunes, and drove the chariot in which his worthy employers rode on the way to Hampstead, honor, and prosperity.

'All this pitching into the poet is very well, you know, Cassidy,' says Mugford to his subordinate. 'It's like shooting a butterfly with a blunderbuss; but if Firmin likes that

kind of sport, I don't mind. There won't be any difficulty about taking his copy at our place. The duchess knows another old woman who is a friend of his' ('the duchess' was the title which Mr. Mugford was in the playful habit of conferring upon his wife). 'It's my belief young F. had better stick to the law, and leave the writing rubbish alone. But he knows his own affairs best, and, mind you, the duchess is determined we shall give him a helping hand.'

Once, in the days of his prosperity, and in J. J.'s company, Philip had visited Mrs. Mugford and her family—a circumstance which the gentleman had almost forgotten. The painter and his friend were taking a Sunday walk, and came upon Mugford's pretty cottage and garden, and were hospitably entertained there by the owners of the place. It has disappeared, and the old garden has long since been covered by terraces and villas, and Mugford, and Mrs. M., good souls, where are they? But the lady thought she had never seen such a fine-looking young fellow as Philip; cast about in her mind which of her little female Mugfords should marry him; and insisted upon offering her guest champagne. Poor Phil! So, you see, while, perhaps, he was rather pluming himself upon his literary talent, and imagining that he was a clever fellow, he was only the object of a job on the part of two or three good folks, who knew his history, and compassionated his misfortunes.

Mugford recalled himself to Philip's recollection, when they met after the appearance of Mr. Phil's first performance in the *Gazette*. If he still took a sundry walk, Hampstead way, Mr. M. requested him to remember that there was a slice of beef and a glass of wine at the old shop. Philip remembered it well enough now; the ugly room, the ugly family, the kind worthy people. Ere long he learned what had been Mrs. Brandon's connection with them, and the young man's heart was softened and grateful as he thought how this kind, gentle creature had been able to befriend him. She, we may be sure, was not a little proud of her *protégé*. I believe she grew to fancy that the whole newspaper was written by Philip. She made her fond parent read it aloud as she worked. Mr. Ridley, senior, pronounced it was remarkably fine, really now; without, I think, entirely comprehending the meaning of the sentiments which Mr. Gann gave fourth in his rich loud voice, and often dropping asleep in his chair during this sermon.

In the autumn, Mr. Firmin's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pendenis, selected the romantic seaport town of Boulogne for their holiday residence; and having roomy quarters in the old town,

we gave Mr. Philip an invitation to pay us a visit whenever he could tear himself away from literature and law. He came in high spirits. He amused us by imitations and descriptions of his new proprietor and master, Mr. Mugford—his blunders, his bad language, his good heart. One day, Mugford expected a celebrated literary character to dinner, and Philip and Cassidy were invited to meet him. The great man was ill, and was unable to come. 'Don't dish up the side-dishes,' called out Mugford to his cook, in the hearing of his other guests. 'Mr. Lyon aint a coming.' They dined quite sufficiently without the side-dishes, and were perfectly cheerful in the absence of the lion. Mugford patronized his young men with amusing good-nature. 'Firmin, cut the goose for the duchess, will you? Cass can't say Bo! to one, he can't. Ridley, a little of the stuffing. It'll make your hair curl.' And Philip was going to imitate a frightful act with the cold steel (with which I have said Philip's master used to convey food to his mouth), but our dear innocent third daughter uttered a shriek of terror, which caused him to drop the dreadful weapon. Our darling little Florence is a nervous child, and the sight of an edged tool causes her anguish, ever since our darling little Tom nearly cut his thumb off with his father's razor.

Our main amusement in this delightful place was to look at the sea-sick landing from the steamers; and one day, as we witnessed this phenomenon, Philip sprang to the ropes which divided us from the arriving passengers, and with a cry of 'How do you do, General?' greeted a yellow-faced gentleman, who started back, and, to my thinking, seemed but ill inclined to reciprocate Philip's friendly greeting. The General was fluttered, no doubt, by the bustle and interruptions incidental to the landing. A pallid lady, the partner of his existence probably, was calling out, 'Noof et doo domestiques, Doo!' to the sentries who kept the line, and who seemed little interested by this family news. A governess, a tall young lady, and several more male and female children, followed the pale lady, who, as I thought, looked strangely frightened when the gentleman addressed as General communicated to her Philip's name. 'Is that him?' said the lady in questionable grammar; and the tall young lady turned a pair of large eyes upon the individual designated as 'him,' and showed a pair of dank ringlets, out of which the envious sea-nymphs had shaken all the curl.

The general turned out to be Gen. Baynes; the pale lady was Mrs. General B.; the tall young lady was Miss Charlotte Baynes, the General's eldest child; and the other six, forming nine, or

'noof,' in all, as Mrs. General B. said, were the other members of the Baynes family. And here I may as well say why the General looked alarmed on seeing Philip and why the General's lady frowned at him. In action, one of the bravest of men, in common life Gen. Baynes was timorous and weak. Specially he was afraid of Mrs. General Baynes, who ruled him with a vigorous authority. As Philip's trustee, he had allowed Philip's father to make away with the boy's money. He learned with a ghastly terror that he was answerable for his own remissness and want of care. For a long while he did not dare to tell his commander-in-chief of this dreadful penalty which was hanging over him. When at last he ventured upon this confession, I do not envy him the scene which must have ensued between him and his commanding officer. The morning after the fatal confession, when the children assembled for breakfast and prayers, Mrs. Baynes gave their young ones their porridge; she and Charlotte poured out the tea and coffee for the elders, and then addressing her eldest son Ochterlony, she said, 'Ocky, my boy, the General has announced a charming piece of news this morning.'

'Bought that pony, sir?' says Ocky.

'Oh, what jolly fun!' says Moira the second son.

'Dear, dear papa! what's the matter, and why do you look so?' cries Charlotte, looking behind her father's paper.

That guilty man would fain have made a shroud of his *Morning Herald*. He would have flung the sheet over his whole body, and lain hidden there from all eyes.

'The fun, my dears, is that your father is ruined; that's the fun. Eat your porridge now, little ones. Charlotte, pop a bit of butter in Carrick's porridge; for you mayn't have any to-morrow.'

'Oh, gammon,' cries Moira.

'You'll soon see whether it is gammon or not, sir, when you'll be starving, sir. Your father has ruined us—and a very pleasant morning's work, I am sure.'

And she calmly rubs the nose of her youngest child who is near her, and too young, and innocent, and careless, perhaps, of the world's censure as yet to keep in a strict cleanliness her own dear little snub nose and dappled cheeks.

'We are only ruined, and shall be starving soon, my dears, and if the General has bought a pony—as I dare say he has; he is quite capable of buying a pony when we are starving—the best thing we can do is to eat the pony. Macgrigor, don't laugh. Starvation is no laughing matter. When we were at Dumdum, in '36, we ate some colt. Don't you remember Jubber's colt—Jubber of the Horse Artillery, General? Never tasted any—'

thing more tender in all my life. Charlotte, take Jany's hands out of the marmalade! We are all ruined, my dears, as sure as our name is Baynes.' Thus did the mother of the family prattle on in the midst of her little ones, and announce to them the dreadful news of impending starvation. 'General Baynes, by his carelessness, had allowed Dr. Firmin to make away with the money over which the General had been set as sentinel. Philip might recover from the trustee, and no doubt would. Perhaps he would not press his claim? My dear, what can you expect from the son of such a father? Depend on it, Charlotte, no good fruit can come from a stock like that. The son is a bad one, the father is a bad one, and your father, poor dear soul, is not fit to be trusted to walk the street without someone to keep him from tumbling. Why did I allow him to go to town without me? We were quartered at Colechester then; and I could not move on account of your brother Macgrigor. 'Baynes,' I said to your father, 'as sure as I let you go away to town without me, you will come to mischief.' And go he did, and come to mischief he did. And through his folly I and my poor children must go and beg our bread in the streets—I and my seven poor, robbed, penniless little ones. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!

Indeed, one cannot fancy a more dismal prospect for this worthy mother and wife than to see her children without provision at the commencement of their lives and her luckless husband robbed of his life's earnings, and ruined just when he was too old to work.

What was to become of them? Now poor Charlotte thought, with pangs of a keen remorse, how idle she had been, and how she had snubbed her governesses, and how little she knew, and how badly she played the piano. Oh, neglected opportunities! Oh, remorse, now the time was past and irrevocable! Does any young lady read this who, perchance, ought to be doing her lessons? My dear, lay down the story-book at once. Go up to your schoolroom, and practice your piano for two hours this moment; so that you may be prepared to support your family, should ruin in any case fall upon *you*. A great girl of sixteen, I pity Charlotte Baynes' feelings of anguish. She can't write a very good hand; she can scarcely answer any question to speak of in any educational books; her pianoforte playing is very very so-so indeed. If she is to go out and get a living for the family, how, in the name of goodness, is she to set about it? What are they to do with the boys, and the money that has been put away for Ochterlony when he goes to college, and for Moira's commission? 'Why, we can't afford to keep

them at Dr. Pybus', where they were doing so well; and ever so much better and more gentlemanlike than Colonel Chandler's boys; and to lose the army will break Moira's heart, it will. And the little ones, my little blue-eyed Carrick, and my darling Jany, and my Mary, that I nursed almost miraculously out of her scarlet fever. God help them! God help us all!' thinks the poor mother. No wonder that her nights are wakeful, and her heart in a tumult of alarm at the idea of the impending danger.

And the father of the family? The stout old General whose battles and campaigns are over, who has come home to rest his war-worn limbs, and make his peace with Heaven ere it calls him away—what must be his feelings when he thinks that he has been entrapped by a villain into committing an imprudence which makes his children penniless and himself dishonored and a beggar? When he found what Dr. Firmin had done, and how he had been cheated, he went away, aghast, to his lawyer, who could give him no help. Philip's mother's trustee was answerable to Philip for his property. It had been stolen through Baynes' own carelessness, and the law bound him to replace it. General Baynes' man of business could not help him out of his perplexity at all; and I hope my worthy reader is not going to be too angry with the General for what he did.

You never would, my dear sir, I know. No power on earth would induce *you* to depart one inch from the path of rectitude; or, having done an act of imprudence, to shrink from bearing the consequence. The long and short of the matter is, that poor Baynes and his wife, after holding agitated, stealthy councils together—after believing that every strange face they saw was a bailiff's coming to arrest them on Philip's account—after horrible days of remorse, misery, guilt—I say the long and the short of the matter was that these poor people determined to run away. They would go and hide themselves anywhere—in an impenetrable pine forest in Norway—up an inaccessible mountain in Switzerland. They would change their names; dye their mustaches and honest old white hair; fly with their little ones away, away, away, out of the reach of law and Philip; and the first flight lands them on Boulogne Pier, and there is Mr. Philip holding out his hand and actually eying them as they get out of the steamer! Eying them? It is the eye of Heaven that is on those criminals. Holding out his hand to them? It is the hand of fate that is on their wretched shoulders. No wonder they shuddered and turned pale. That which I took for seasickness, I am sorry to say was a guilty conscience; and where is the steward, my dear friends, who can relieve us of that?

As this party came staggering out of the Custom-house, poor Baynes still found Philip's hand stretched out to catch hold of him, and saluted him with a ghastly cordiality. 'These are your children, General, and this is Mrs. Baynes?' says Philip, smiling, and taking off his hat.

'Oh, yes! I'm Mrs. General Baynes!' says the poor woman; 'and these are the children—yes, yes. Charlotte, this is Mr. Firmin, of whom you have heard us speak; and these are my boys, Moira and Ochterlony.'

'I have had the honor of meeting General Baynes at Old Parr Street. Don't you remember, sir?' says Mr. Pendennis, with great affability to the General.

'What, *another* who knows me?' I dare say the poor wretch thinks; and glances of a dreadful meaning pass between the guilty wife and the guilty husband.

'You are going to stay at any hotel?'

'Hôtel des Bains?' 'Hôtel du Nord!' 'Hotel d'Angleterre!' here cry twenty commissioners in a breath.

'Hotel? Oh, yes! That is, we have not made up our mind whether we shall go on to-night or whether we shall stay,' say those guilty ones, looking at one another, and then down to the ground; on which one of the children, with a roar, says:

'Oh, ma, what a story! You said you'd stay to-night; and I was so sick in the beastly boat and I *won't* travel any more!' And tears choke his artless utterance. 'And you said Bang to the man who took your keys, you know you did,' resumes the innocent, as soon as he can gasp a further remark.

'Whotold *you* to speak?' cried mamma, giving the boy a shake.

'This is the way to the Hôtel des Bains,' says Philip, making Miss Baynes another of his best bows. And Miss Baynes makes a courtesy, and her eyes look up at the handsome young man—large brown honest eyes in a comely round face, on each side of which depend two straight wisps of brown hair that were ringlets when they left Folkestone a few hours since.

'Oh, I say, look at those women with the short petticoats! and wooden shoes, by George! Oh! it's jolly, aint it?' cries one young gentleman.

'By George, there's a man with earrings on! There is, Ocky, upon my word!' calls out another. And the elder boy, turning round to his father, points to some soldiers. 'Did you ever see such little beggars?' he says, tossing his head up. 'They wouldn't take such fellows into our line.'

'I am not at all tired, thank you,' says Charlotte. 'I am accustomed to carry him.' I forgot to say that the young lady

had one of the children asleep on her shoulder; and another was toddling at her side, holding by his sister's dress, and admiring Mr. Firmin's whiskers, that flamed and curled very luminously and gloriously, like to the rays of the setting sun.

'I am very glad we met, sir,' says Philip, in the most friendly manner, taking leave of the General at the gate of his hotel. 'I hope you won't go away to-morrow, and that I may come and pay my respects to Mrs. Baynes.' Again he salutes that lady with a *coup de chapeau*. Again he bows to Miss Baynes. She makes a pretty courtesy enough, considering that she has a baby asleep on her shoulder. And they enter the hotel, the excellent Marie marshaling them to fitting apartments, where some of them, I have no doubt, will sleep very soundly. How much more comfortably might poor Baynes and his wife have slept had they known what were Philip's feelings regarding them!

We both admired Charlotte, the tall girl who carried her little brother, and around whom the others clung. And we spoke loudly in Miss Charlotte's praises to Mrs. Pendennis when we joined that lady at dinner. In the praise of Mrs. Baynes we had not a great deal to say, further than that she seemed to take command of the whole expedition, including the general officer, her husband.

Though Marie's beds at the Hôtel des Bains are as comfortable as any beds in Europe, you see that admirable chambermaid cannot lay out a clean, easy conscience upon the clean, fragrant pillow-case; and General and Mrs. Baynes owned, in after days, that one of the most dreadful nights they ever passed was that of their first landing in France. What refugee from his country can fly from himself? Railways were not as yet in that part of France. The General was too poor to fly with a couple of private carriages, which he must have had for his family of 'noof,' his governess, and two servants. Encumbered with such a train, his enemy would speedily have pursued and overtaken him. It is a fact that immediately after landing at his hotel, he and his commanding officer went off to see when they could get places for—never mind the name of the place where they really thought of taking refuge. They never told, but Mrs. General Baynes had a sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter (married to MacW. of the Bengal Cavalry), and the sisters loved each other very affectionately, especially by letter, for it must be owned that they quarreled frightfully when together; and Mrs. MacWhirter never could bear that her younger sister should be taken out to dinner before her, because she was married to a superior officer. Well, their little

differences were forgotten when the two ladies were apart. The sisters wrote to each other prodigious long letters, in which household affairs, the children's puerile diseases, the relative prices of veal, eggs, chickens, the rent of lodging and houses in various places, were fully discussed. And as Mrs. Baynes showed a surprising knowledge of Tours, the markets, rents, clergymen, society there, and as Major and Mrs. Mac. were staying there, I have little doubt, for my part, from this and another not unimportant circumstance, that it was to that fair city our fugitives were wending their way, when events occurred which must now be narrated, and which caused Gen. Baynes at the head of his domestic regiment to do what the King of France with 20,000 men is said to have done in old times.

Philip was greatly interested about the family. The truth is, we were all very much bored at Boulogne. We read the feeblest London papers at the reading room with frantic assiduity. We saw all the boats come in; and the day was lost when we missed the Folkestone boat or the London boat. We consumed much time and absinthe at cafés; and trampled leagues upon that old pier every day. Well, Philip was at the Hôtel des Bains at a very early hour next morning, and there he saw the General, with a woe-worn face, leaning on his stick, and looking at his luggage, as it lay piled in the portecochère of the hotel. There they lay, thirty-seven packages in all, including washing-tubs, and a child's India sleeping-cot; and all these packages were ticketed M. LE GEN. BAYNES, OFFICIER ANGLAIS, TOURS, TOURAINE, FRANCE. I say, putting two and two together; calling to mind Mrs. General's singular knowledge of Tours and familiarity with the place and its prices; remembering that her sister Emily—Mrs. Major MacWhirter, in fact—was there; and seeing thirty-seven trunks, bags, and portmanteaus, all directed 'M. le Général Baynes, Officier Anglais, Tours, Touraine,' am I wrong in supposing that Tours was the General's destination? On the other hand, we have the old officer's declaration to Philip that he did not know where he was going. Oh, you sly old man! Oh, you gray old fox, beginning to double and to turn at sixty-seven years of age! Well? The General was in retreat, and he did not wish the enemy to know upon what lines he was retreating. What is the harm of that, pray? Besides, he was under the orders of his commanding officer, and when Mrs. General gave her orders, I should have liked to see any officer of hers disobey. 'What a pyramid of portmanteaus! You are not thinking of moving to-day, General?' says Philip.

‘It is Sunday, sir,’ says the General; which, you will perceive, was not answering the question; but, in truth, except for a very, very great emergency, the good General would not travel on that day.

‘I hope the ladies slept well after their windy voyage.’

‘Thank you. My wife is an old sailor, and has made two voyages out and home to India.’ Here, you understand, the man is again eluding his interlocutor’s artless queries.

‘I should like to have some talk with you, sir, when you are free,’ continues Philip, not having leisure as yet to be surprised at the other’s demeanor.

‘There are other days besides Sunday for talk on business,’ says that piteous sly-boots of an old officer. Ah, conscience! conscience! Twenty-four Sikhs, sword in hands, two dozen Pindarries, Mahrattas, Ghóorkas, what you please—that old man felt that he would rather have met them than Philip’s unsuspecting blue eyes. These, however, now lighted up with rather an angry, ‘Well, sir, as you don’t talk business on Sunday, may I call on you to-morrow morning?’

And what advantage had the poor old fellow got by all this doubling and hesitating and artfulness? a respite until to-morrow morning! Another night of horrible wakefulness and hopeless guilt, and Philip waiting ready the next morning with his little bill, and, ‘Please pay me the £30,000 which my father spent and you owe me. Please turn out into the streets with your wife and family, and beg and starve. Have the goodness to hand me out your last rupee. Be kind enough to sell your children’s clothes and your wife’s jewels, and hand over the proceeds to me. I’ll call to-morrow. Bye, bye.’

Here there came tripping over the marble pavement of the hall of the hotel a tall young lady in a brown silk dress and rich curling ringlets falling upon her fair young neck—beautiful brown curling ringlets, *vous comprenez*, not whisps of moistened hair, and a broad clear forehead, and two honest eyes shining below it, and cheeks not pale as they were yesterday; and lips redder still; and she says, ‘Papa, papa, won’t you come to breakfast? The tea is——’ What the precise state of the tea is I don’t know—none of us ever shall—for here she says, ‘Oh, Mr. Firmin!’ and makes a courtesy.

To which remark Philip replied, ‘Miss Baynes, I hope you are very well this morning and not the worse for yesterday’s rough weather.’

‘I am quite well, thank you,’ was Miss Baynes’ instant reply. The answer was not witty to be sure; but I don’t know

that under the circumstances she could have said anything more appropriate. Indeed, never was a pleasanter picture of health and good-humor than the young lady presented; a difference more pleasant to note than Miss Charlotte's pale face from the steamboat on Saturday, and shining, rosy, happy, and innocent, in the cloudless Sabbath morn.

A Madame,
Madame le Major MacWhirter,
à Tours, Touraine, France.

Tintelleries, Boulogne sur-Mer, Wednesday, August 24, 18—.

DEAREST EMILY : After suffering *more dreadfully* in the *two hours'* passage from Folkestone to this place than I have in four passages out and home from India, except in that terrible storm off the Cape, in September, 1824, when I certainly did suffer most cruelly on board that horrible troopship, we reached this place last Saturday evening, having a *full determination* to proceed immediately on our route. *Now*, you will perceive that our minds are changed. We found this place pleasant, and the lodgings besides most neat, comfortable, and well found in everything, *more reasonable* than you proposed to get for us at Tours, which I am told also is damp, and might bring on the General's *jungle fever again*. Owing to the whooping-cough having just been in the house, which, praised be mercy, all my dear ones have had it, including dear baby, who is quite well through it, and recommended sea air, we got this house *more reasonable* than prices you mention at Tours. A whole house; little room for two boys; nursery; nice little room for Charlotte, and a *den for the General*. I don't know how *ever* we should have brought our party safe all the way to Tours. *Thirty-seven* articles of luggage, and Miss Flixby, who announced herself as perfect French governess, acquired at Paris—perfect, *but perfectly useless*. She can't understand the French people when they speak to her, and goes about the house *in a most bewildering way*. *I am the interpreter*; poor Charlotte is much too timid to speak when I am by. I have rubbed up the old French which we learned at Chiswick at Miss Pinkerton's; and I find *my Hindostanee* of great help; which I use it when we are at a loss for a word, and it answers *extremely well*. We pay for lodgings, the whole house—francs per month. Butcher's meat and poultry plentiful but dear. A grocer in the Grande Rue sells excellent wine at fifteenpence per bottle; and groceries pretty much at English prices. Mr. Blowman at the English chapel of the Tintelleries has a fine voice, and appears to be a *most excellent clergyman*. I have heard him only once, however on Sunday evening, when I was so agitated and so *unhappy in my mind* that I own I took little note of his sermon.

The cause of that agitation *you know*, having imparted it to you in my letters of July, June, and 24 of May, ult. My poor simple guileless Baynes, was trustee to Mrs. Dr. Firmin, before she married that most unprincipled man. When we were at home last, and exchanged to the 120th from the 99th, my poor husband was inveigled by the horrid man into signing a paper which put the doctor in possession of *all his wife's property*; whereas Charles thought he was only signing a power of attorney, enabling him to receive his son's dividends. Dr. F., *after the most atrocious deceit, forgery, and criminality of every kind*, fled the country; and Hunt and Pegler, our solicitors, informed us that the General was answerable *for the wickedness of this miscreant*. He is *so weak* that he has been *many and many* times on the point of going to young Mr. F. and giving *up everything*. It was only by my prayers, by my *commands*, that I have been enabled to keep him quiet; and, indeed, Emily, the effort has *almost killed him*. Brandy repeatedly I was obliged to administer on the *dreadful night* of our arrival here.

For the *first person* we met on landing was Mr. Phillip Firmin, *with a pert friend of his*, Mr. Pendennis, whom I don't at all like, though his wife is an amiable person like Emma Fletcher of the Horse Artillery; not with Emma's *style*, however, but still amiable, and disposed to be most civil. Charlotte has taken a great fancy to her, as she always does to every new person. Well, fancy our state on landing, when a young gentleman calls out, 'How do you do, General?' and turns out to be Mr. Firmin! I thought I should have lost Charles in the night. I have seen him before going into action as calm, and sleep and smile as sweet, as *any babe*. It was all I could do to keep up his courage; and, but for me, but for my prayers, but for *my agonies*, I think he would have jumped out of bed, and gone to Mr. F. *that night*, and said, 'Take everything I have.'

The young man I own has behaved in the *most honorable way*. He came to see us *before breakfast* on Sunday, when the poor General was so ill that I thought he would have *fainted over his tea*. He was too ill to go to church, where I went alone, with my dear ones, having, as I own, but very small comfort in the sermon; but, O Emily, fancy, on our return, when I went into our room, I found my General on his knees with his Church service before him, crying, crying like a baby! You know I am hasty in my temper sometimes, and his is *indeed an angel's*—and I said to him, 'Charles Baynes, be a man, and don't cry like a child?' 'Ah,' says he, 'Eliza, do *you* kneel, and thank

God too'; on which I said that I thought I did not require instruction *in my religion* from him or any man, except a clergyman, and many of these are *but poor instructors, as you know.*

'He has been here,' says Charles; when I said, 'Who has been here?' 'That noble young fellow,' says my General; 'that noble, noble Philip Firmin.' Which noble his conduct I own it has been. 'While you were at church he came again—here into this very room, where I was sitting, doubting and despairing, with the Holy Book before my eyes, and no comfort out of it. And he said to me, 'General, I want to talk to you about my grandfather's will. You don't suppose that because my father has deceived you and ruined me, I will carry the ruin farther, and visit his wrong upon children and innocent people?' Those were the young man's words,' my General said; and, 'O Eliza!' says he, 'what pangs of remorse I felt when I remembered we had used hard words about him,' which I own we had, for his manners are rough and haughty, and I *have heard things* of him which I do believe now can't be true.

All Monday my poor man was obliged to keep his bed with a smart attack of his fever. But yesterday he was quite bright *and well again*, and the Pendennis party took Charlotte for a drive, and showed themselves *most polite*. She reminds me of Mrs. Tom Fletcher of the Horse Artillery, but that I think I have mentioned before. My paper is full; and with our best to MacWhirter and the children, I am always my dearest Emily's affectionate sister,

ELIZA BAYNES.

CHAPTER XVII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

NEVER, General Baynes afterward declared, did fever come and go so pleasantly as that attack to which we have seen the Mrs. General advert in her letter to her sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter. The cold fit was merely a lively, pleasant chatter and rattle of the teeth; the hot fit an agreeable warmth; and though the ensuing sleep, with which I believe such aguish attacks are usually concluded, was enlivened by several dreams of death, demons, and torture, how felicitous it was to wake and find that dreadful thought of ruin removed which had always, for the last few months, ever since Dr. Firmin's flight and the knowledge of his own imprudence, pursued the good-natured gentleman! What! this boy might go to college, and that get his commission; and their meals need be embittered by no more dreadful thoughts of the morrow, and their walks no longer were dogged by imaginary bailiffs, and presented a jail in the vista! It was too much bliss; and again and again the old soldier said his thankful prayers, and blessed his benefactor.

Philip thought no more of his act of kindness, except to be very grateful, and very happy that he had rendered other people so. He could no more have taken the old man's all, and plunged that innocent family into poverty, than he could have stolen the forks off my table. But other folks were disposed to rate his virtue much more highly; and among these was my wife, who chose positively to worship this young gentleman, and I believe would have let him smoke in her drawing room if he had been so minded and though her genteel acquaintances were in the room. Goodness knows what a noise and what piteous looks are produced if ever the master of the house

chooses to indulge in a cigar after dinner; but then, you understand, I have never declined to claim mine and my children's right because an old gentleman would be inconvenienced; and this is what I tell Mrs. Pen. If I order a coat from my tailor, must I refuse to pay him because a rogue steals it, and ought I to expect to be let off? Women won't see matters of fact in a matter-of-fact point of view, and justice, unless it is tinged with a little romance, gets no respect from them.

So, forsooth, because Philip has performed this certainly most generous, most dashing, most reckless piece of extravagance, he is to be held up as a perfect *preux chevalier*. The most riotous dinners are ordered for him. We are to wait until he comes to breakfast, and he is pretty nearly always late. The children are to be sent round to kiss Uncle Philip, as he is now called. The children? I wonder the mother did not jump up and kiss him too. *Elle en était capable*. As for the osculations which took place between Mrs. Pendennis and her new-found young friend, Miss Charlotte Baynes, they were perfectly ridiculous; two school children could not have behaved more absurdly; and I don't know which seemed to be the younger of these two. There were colloquies, assignations, meetings on the ramparts, on the pier, where know I? and the servants and little children of the two establishments were perpetually trotting to and fro with letters from dearest Laura to dearest Charlotte and dearest Charlotte to her dearest Mrs. Pendennis. Why, my wife absolutely went the length of saying that dearest Charlotte's mother, Mrs. Baynes, was a worthy, clever woman, and a good mother—a woman whose tongue never ceased clacking about the regimen, and all the officers, and all the officers' wives; of whom, by the way, she had very little good to tell.

'A worthy mother is she, my dear?' I say. 'But, oh, mercy! Mrs. Baynes would be an awful mother-in-law!'

I shuddered at the thought of having such a commonplace, hard, ill-bred woman in a state of quasi authority over me.

On this Mrs. Laura must break out in quite a petulant tone—'Oh, how *stale* this kind of thing is, Arthur, from a man *qui veut passer pour un homme d'esprit!* You are always attacking mothers-in-law!'

'Witness Mrs. Mackenzie, my love—Clive Newcome's mother-in-law. That's a nice creature; not selfish, not wicked, not——'

'Not nonsense, Arthur!'

'Mrs. Baynes knew Mrs. Mackenzie in the West Indies, as she knew all the female army. She considers Mrs. Mackenzie was a most elegant, handsome, dashing woman—only a little too

fond of the admiration of our sex. There was, I own, a fascination about Captain Goby. Do you remember, my love, that man with the stays and dyed hair, who——'

'O Arthur! When our girls marry, I suppose you will teach their husbands to abuse, and scorn, and mistrust *their* mother-in-law. Will he, my darlings? will he, my blessings?' (This apart to the children, if you please.) 'Go! I have no patience with such talk!'

'Well, my love, Mrs. Baynes is a most agreeable woman; and, when I have heard that story about the Highlanders at the Cape of Good Hope a few times more' (I do not tell it here, for it has nothing to do with the present history), 'I dare say I shall begin to be amused by it.'

'Ah! here comes Charlotte, I'm glad to say. How pretty she is! What a color! What a dear creature!'

To all which of course I could not say a contradictory word, for a prettier, fresher lass than Miss Baynes, with a sweeter voice, face, laughter, it was difficult to see.

'Why does mamma like Charlotte better than she likes us?'—says our dear and justly indignant eldest girl.

'I could not love her better if I were her *mother-in-law*,' says Laura, running to her young friend, casting a glance at me over her shoulder; and that kissing nonsense begins between the two ladies. To be sure the girl looks uncommonly bright and pretty with her pink cheeks, her bright eyes, her slim form, and that charming white India shawl which her father brought home for her.

To this osculatory party enters presently Mr. Philip Firmin, who has been dawdling about the ramparts ever since breakfast. He says he has been reading law there. He has found a jolly quiet place to read law, has he? And much good may it do him! Why has he not gone back to his law and his reviewing?

'You must—you *must* stay on a little longer. You have only been here five days. Do, Charlotte, ask Philip to stay a little.'

All the children sing in a chorus, 'Oh, do, Uncle Philip, stay a little longer!' Miss Baynes says, 'I hope you will stay, Mr. Firmin,' and looks at him.

'Five days has he been here? Five years. Five lives. Five hundred years. What do you mean? In that little time of—let me see, 120 hours, and, at least, a half of them for sleep and dinner (for Philip's appetite was very fine)—do you mean that in that little time, his heart, cruelly stabbed by a previous monster in female shape, has healed, got quite well, and actually begun to be wounded again? Have two walks on the

pier, as many visits to the Tintalleries (where he hears the story of the Highlanders at the Cape of Good Hope with respectful interest), a word or two about the weather, a look or two, a squeezekin, perhaps, of a little handykin—I say, do you mean that this absurd young idiot, and that little round-faced girl, pretty, certainly, only just out of the schoolroom—do you mean to say that they have—— Upon my word, Laura, this is too bad. Why, Philip has not a penny piece in the world.’

‘Yes, he has £100, and expects to sell his mare for ninety at least. He has excellent talents. He can easily write three articles a week in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am sure no one writes so well, and it is much better done and more amusing than it used to be. That is £300 a year. Lord Ringwood must be applied to, and must and shall get him something. Don’t you know that Captain Baynes stood by Colonel Ringwood’s side at Busaco, and that they were the closest friends? And pray how did *we* get on, I should like to know? How did *we* get on, baby?’

‘How did we det on?’ says the baby.

‘Oh, woman! woman!’ yells the father of the family. ‘Why, Philip Firmin has all the habits of a rich man with the pay of a mechanic. Do you suppose he ever sat in a second-class carriage in his life, or denied himself any pleasure to which he had a mind? He gave five francs to a beggar-girl yesterday.’

‘He had always a noble heart,’ says my wife. ‘He gave a fortune to a whole family a week ago; and’ (out comes the pocket-handkerchief—oh, of course, the pocket-handkerchief)—‘and—God loves a cheerful giver!’

‘He is careless; he is extravagant; he is lazy; I don’t know that he is remarkably clever——’

‘Oh, yes! he is your friend of course. Now, abuse him—*do*, Arthur!’

‘And pray when did you become acquainted with this astounding piece of news?’ I inquire.

‘When? From the very first moment when I saw Charlotte looking at him, to be sure. The poor child said to me only yesterday, “O Laura! he is our preserver!” And their preserver he has been, under Heaven.’

‘Yes. But he has not got a five-pound note!’ I cry.

‘Arthur, I am surprised at you. Oh, men are awfully worldly! Do you suppose Heaven will not send him help at its good time, and be kind to him who has rescued so many from ruin? Do you suppose the prayers, the blessings of that father, of those little ones, of that dear child will not avail him? Suppose he has to wait a year, ten years, have they not time, and will not the good day come?’

Yes. This was actually the talk of a woman of good sense and discernment, when her prejudices and romance were not in the way, and she looked forward to the marriages of those folks some ten years hence, as confidently as if they were both rich, and going to St. George's to-morrow.

As for making a romantic story of it, or spinning out love conversations between Jenny and Jessamy, or describing moonlight raptures and passionate outpourings of two young hearts and so forth—excuse me, *s'il vous plait*. I am a man of the world, and of a certain age. Let the young people fill in this outline, and color it as they please. Let the old folks who read lay down the book a minute, and remember. It is well remembered, isn't it, that time? Yes, good John Anderson, and Mrs. John. Yes, good Darby and Joan. The lips won't tell now what they did once. To-day is for the happy, and to-morrow for the young, and yesterday, is not that dear and here too?

I was in the company of an elderly gentleman, not very long since, who was perfectly sober, who is not particularly handsome, or healthy, or wealthy, or witty; and who, speaking of his past life, volunteered to declare that he would gladly live every minute of it over again. Is a man who can say that a hardened sinner, not aware how miserable he ought to be by rights, and therefore really in a most desperate and deplorable condition; or is he *fortunatus nimium*, and ought his statue to be put up in the most splendid and crowded thoroughfares of the town? Would you, who are reading this, for example, like to live *your* life over again? What has been its chief joy? What are to-day's pleasures? Are they so exquisite that you would prolong them forever? Would you like to have the roast beef on which you have dined brought back again to the table, and have more beef, and more, and more? Would you like to hear yesterday's sermon over and over again—eternally voluble? Would you like to get on the Edinburgh mail, and travel outside for fifty hours as you did in your youth? You might as well say you would like to go into the flogging room, and take a turn under the rods; you would like to be thrashed over again by your bully at school; you would like to go to the dentist's, where your dear parents were in the habit of taking you; you would like to be taking hot Epsom salts, with a piece of dry bread to take away the taste; you would like to be jilted by your first love; you would like to be going in to your father to tell him you had contracted debts to the amount of $x+y+z$, while you were at the university. As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, the weariness and sameness of shaving, the

agony of corns, and the thousand other ills to which flesh is heir, I cheerfully say it for one, I am not anxious to wear it forever. No. I do not want to go to school again. I do not want to hear Trotman's sermon over again. Take me out and finish me. Give me the cup of hemlock at once. Here's a health to you, my lads. Don't weep, my Simmias. Be cheerful, my Phædon. Ha! I feel the co-o-oid stealing, stealing upward. Now it is in my ankles—no more gout in my foot; now my knees are numb. What is—is that poor executioner crying too? Good-by. Sacrifice a cock to Æscu—to Æscula—Have you ever read the chapter in 'Grote's History?' Ah! When the Sacred Ship returns from Delos, and is telegraphed as entering into port, may we be at peace and ready!

What is this funeral chant, when the pipes should be playing gayly as Love, and Youth, and Spring, and Joy are dancing under the windows? Look you. Men not so wise as Socrates have their demons, who will be heard to whisper in the queerest times and places. Perhaps I shall have to tell of a funeral presently, and shall be outrageously cheerful; or of an execution, and shall split my sides with laughing. Arrived at my time of life, when I see a penniless young friend falling in love and thinking of course of committing matrimony, what can I do but be melancholy? How is a man to marry who has not enough to keep ever so miniature a brougham—ever so small a house—not enough to keep himself, let alone a wife and family! Gracious powers! is it not blasphemy to marry without £1500 a year? Poverty, debt, protested bills, duns, crime, fall assuredly on the wretch who has not fifteen—say at once two thousand a year; for you can't live decently in London for less. And a wife whom you have met a score of times at balls or breakfasts, and with her best dresses and behavior at a country house; how do you know how she will turn out; what her temper is; what her relations are likely to be? Suppose she has poor relations, or loud, coarse brothers who are always dropping in to dinner? What is her mother like? and can you bear to have that woman meddling and domineering over your establishment? Old General Baynes was very well; a weak, quiet and presentable old man; but Mrs. General Baynes, and that awful Mrs. Major Mac Whirter, and those hobbledehos of boys in creaking shoes, hectoring about the premises? As a man of the world I saw all these dreadful liabilities impending over the husband of Miss Charlotte Baynes, and could not view them without horror. Gracefully and slightly, but wittily and in my sarcastic way, I thought it my duty to show up the oddities of the Baynes family

to Philip. I mimicked the boys, and their clumping blucher-boots. I touched off the dreadful military ladies, very smartly and cleverly as I thought, and as if I never supposed that Philip had any idea of Miss Baynes. To do him justice, he laughed once or twice; then he grew very red. His sense of humor is very limited; that even Laura allows. Then he came out with a strong expression, and said it was a confounded shame, and strode off with his cigar. And when I remarked to my wife how susceptible he was in some things, and how little in the matter of joking, she shrugged her shoulders and said, 'Philip not only understood perfectly well what I said, but would tell it all to Mrs. General and Mrs. Major on the first opportunity.' And this was the fact, as Mrs. Baynes took care to tell me *afterward*. She was aware who was her *enemy*. She was aware who spoke ill of her, and her blessed darling *behind our backs*. And 'do you think it was to see *you* or anyone belonging to your *stuck-up house*, sir, that we came to you so often, which we certainly did, day and night, breakfast and supper, and no thanks to you? No, sir! ha, ha!' I can see her flaunting out of my sitting room as she speaks, with a strident laugh, and snapping her dingily gloved fingers at the door. O Philip, Philip! To think that you were such a coward as to go and tell her! But I pardon him. From my heart I pity and pardon him.

For the step which he is meditating you may be sure that the young man himself does not see the smallest need of pardon or pity. He is in a state of happiness so crazy that it is useless to reason with him. Not being at all of a poetical turn originally, the wretch is actually perpetrating verse in secret, and my servant found fragments of his manuscript on the dressing-table in his bedroom. *Heart and art, sever and forever*, and so on; what stale rhymes are these? I do not feel at liberty to give in entire the poem which our maid found in Mr. Philip's room, and brought sniggering to my wife, who only said, 'Poor thing!' The fact is, it was too pitiable. Such maundering rubbish! such stale rhymes, and such old thoughts! But then, says Laura, 'I dare say all people's love-making is not amusing to their neighbors; and I know who wrote not very wise love-verses when he was young.' No, I won't publish Philip's verses, until some day he shall mortally offend me. I can recall some of my own written under similar circumstances with twinges of shame; and shall drop a veil of decent friendship over my friend's folly.

Under that veil, meanwhile, the young man is perfectly contented, nay, uproariously happy. All earth and natures miles

round about him. 'When Jove meets his Juno, in Homer, sir,' says Philip, in his hectoring way, 'don't immortal flowers of beauty spring up around them, and rainbows of celestial hues bend over their heads? Love, sir, flings a halo round the loved one. Where she moves rise roses, hyacinths, and ambrosial odors. Don't talk to me about poverty, sir! He either fears his fate too much or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch and win or lose it all! Haven't I endured poverty? Am I not as poor now as a man can be—and what is there in it? Do I want for anything? Haven't I got a guinea in my pocket? Do I owe any man anything? Isn't there manna in the wilderness for those who have faith to walk in it? That's where you fail, Pen. By all that is sacred, you have no faith; your heart is cowardly, sir; and if you are to escape, as perhaps you may, I suspect it is by your wife that you will be saved. Laura has a trust in Heaven, but Arthur's morals are a genteel atheism. Just reach me that claret—the wine's not bad. I say your morals are a genteel atheism, and I shudder when I think of your condition. Talk to *me* about a brougham being necessary for the comfort of a woman! A broomstick to ride to the moon! And I don't say that a brougham is not a comfort, mind you; but that, when it is a necessity, mark you, Heaven will provide it! Why, sir, hang it, look at me! Aint I suffering in the most abject poverty? I ask you is there a man in London so poor as I am? And since my father's ruin do I want for anything? I want for shelter for a day or two. Good. There's my dear Little Sister ready to give it me. I want for money. Does not that sainted widow's cruse pour its oil out for me? Heaven bless and reward her. Boo!' (Here, for reasons which need not be named, the orator squeezes his fists into his eyes.) 'I want shelter; aint I in good quarters? I want work; haven't I got work, and did you not get it for me? You should just see, sir, how I polished off that book of travels this morning. I read some of the article to Char——, to Miss——, to some friends, in fact. I don't mean to say that they are very intellectual people, but your common humdrum average audience is the public to try. Recollect Molière and his housekeeper, you know.'

'By the housekeeper, do you mean Mrs. Baynes?' I ask, in my *amontillado* manner. (By the way, who ever heard of *amontillado* in the early days of which I write?) 'In manner she would do, and I dare say in accomplishments; but I doubt about her temper.'

'You're almost as worldly as the Twysdens, by George, you

are! Unless persons are of a certain *monde*, you don't value them. A little adversity would do you good, Pen; and I heartily wish you might get it, except for the dear wife and children. You measure your morality by Mayfair standard; and if an angel unawares came to you in pattens and a cotton umbrella you would turn away from her. *You* would never have found out the Little Sister. A duchess—God bless her! A creature of an imperial generosity, and delicacy, and intrepidity, and the finest sense of humor; but she drops her *h's* often and how could you pardon such a crime? Sir, you are my better in wit and a dexterous application of your powers; but I think, sir,' says Phil, curling the flaming mustache, 'I am your superior in a certain magnanimity; though, by Jove, old fellow, man and boy, you have always been one of the best fellows in the world to P. F.; one of the best fellows, and the most generous, and the most cordial, that you have; only you *do* rile me when you sing in that confounded Mayfair twang.'

Here one of the children summoned us to tea—and 'Papa was laughing, and Uncle Philip was flinging his hands about and pulling his beard off,' said the little messenger.

'I shall keep a fine lock of it for you, Nelly, my dear,' says Uncle Philip. On which the child said, 'Oh, no! I know whom you'll give it to, don't I, mamma?' And she goes up to her mamma, and whispers.

Miss Nelly knows? At what age do those little match makers begin to know and how soon do they practice the use of their youngeyes, their little smiles, wiles, and ogles? This young woman, I believe, coquetted while she was yet a baby in arms, over her nurse's shoulder. Before she could speak, she could be proud of her new vermilion shoes, and would point out the charms of her blue sash. She was jealous in the nursery, and her little heart had beat for years and years before she left off pinafores.

For whom will Philip keep a lock of that red, red gold which curls round his face? Can you guess? Of what color is the hair in that little locket which the gentleman himself occultly wears? A few months ago, I believe, a pale straw-colored wisp of hair occupied that place of honor; now it is a chestnut-brown, as far as I can see, of precisely the same color as that which waves round Charlotte Baynes' pretty face, and tumbles in clusters on her neck, very nearly the color of Mrs. Paynter's this last season. So, you see, we chop and we change; straw gives place to chestnut, and chestnut is succeeded by ebony; and, for our own parts, we defy time; and if you want a lock of my hair, Belinda, take this pair of scissors, and look in that

cupboard, in the bandbox marked No. 3, and cut off a thick glossy piece, darling, and wear it, dear, and my blessings go with thee! What is this? Am I sneering because Corydon and Phyllis are wooing and happy? You see I pledged myself not to have any sentimental nonsense. To describe love-making is immoral and immodest; you know it is. To describe it as it really is, or would appear to you and me as lookers-on, would be to describe the most dreary farce, to chronicle the most tautological twaddle. To take a note of sighs, hand-squeezes, looks at the moon, and so forth—does this business become our dignity as historians? Come away from those foolish young people—they don't want us; and dreary as their farce is, and tautological as their twaddle, you may be sure that it amuses them, and that they are happy enough without us. Happy? Is there any happiness like it, pray? Was it not rapture to watch the messenger, to seize the note, and fee the bearer? to retire out of sight of all prying eyes, and read: 'Dearest! Mamma's cold is better this morning. The Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang. I did not enjoy it, as my dear was at his *horrid dinner*, where I hope he amused himself. Send me a word by Buttles who brings this, if only to say you are your Lousia's own, own, etc., etc., etc. That used to be the kind of thing. In such coy lines artless Innocence used to whisper its little vows. So she used to smile; so she used to warble; so she used to prattle. Young people, at present engaged in the pretty sport, be assured your middle-aged parents have played the game, and remember the rules of it. Yes, under papa's bow-window of a waistcoat is a heart which took very violent exercise when that waist was slim. Now he sits tranquilly in his tent, and watches the lads going in for their innings. Why, look at grandmamma in her spectacles reading that sermon. In *her* old heart there is a corner as romantic still as when she used to read the 'Wild Irish Girl' or the 'Scottish Chiefs' in the days of her misshood. And as for your grandfather, my dears, to see him now you would little suppose that that calm, polished, dear old gentleman was once as wild—as wild as Orson. . . Under my windows, as I write, there passes an itinerant flower merchant. He has his roses and geraniums on a cart, drawn by a quadruped—a little long-eared quadruped which lifts up its voice, and sings after its manner. When I was young, donkeys used to bray precisely the same way; and others will heehaw so, when we are silent and our ears hear no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRUM IST'S SO WOHL MIR IN DER WELT.

OUR new friends lived for a while contentedly enough at Boulogne, where they found comrades and acquaintances gathered together from those many regions which they had visited in the course of their military career. Mrs. Baynes, out of the field, was the commanding officer over the General. She ordered his clothes for him, tied his neckcloth into a neat bow, and on tea-party nights pinned his brooch into his shirt-frill. She gave him to understand when he had had enough to eat or drink at dinner, and explained, with great frankness, how this or that dish did not agree with him. If he was disposed to exceed, she would call out, in a loud voice: 'Remember, General, what you took this morning!' Knowing his constitution, as she said, she knew the remedies which were necessary for her husband, and administered them to him with great liberality. Resistance was impossible, as the veteran officer acknowledged. 'The boys have fought about the medicine since we came home,' he confessed, 'but she has me under her thumb, by George. She really is a magnificent physician, now. She has got some invaluable prescriptions, and in India she used to doctor the whole station.' She would have taken the present writer's little household under her care, and proposed several remedies for my children, until their alarmed mother was obliged to keep them out of her sight. I am not saying this was an agreeable woman. Her voice was loud and harsh. The anecdotes which she was forever narrating related to military personages in foreign countries, with whom I was unacquainted and whose history failed to interest me. She took her wine with much spirit, while engaged in this prattle. I have heard talk not less foolish in much finer company, and known people delighted to listen to anecdotes of the duchess and the marchioness who would yawn over the history of Captain Jones' quarrels with his lady, or Mrs. Major Wolfe's monstrous flirtation with young Eusign Kyd. My wife, with the mischievousness of her sex, would mimic the Baynes' conversation very drolly, but always insisted that she was not more really vulgar than many much greater persons.

For all this, Mrs. General Baynes did not hesitate to declare that we were 'stuck up' people; and from the very first setting eyes on us she declared that she viewed us with a constant darkling suspicion. Mrs. P. was a harmless, washed-out crea-

ture, with nothing in her. As for that high and mighty Mr. P. and *his* airs, she would be glad to know if the wife of a British general officer who had seen service in *every part of the globe*, and met the *most distinguished* governors, generals, and their ladies, several of whom *were noblemen*—she would be glad to know whether such people were not good enough for, etc., etc. Who has not met with these difficulties in life and who can escape them? ‘Hang it, sir,’ Phil would say, twirling the red mustache, ‘I like to be hated by some fellows;’ and it must be owned that Mr. Philip got what he liked. I suppose Mr. Philip’s friend and biographer had something of the same feeling. At any rate, in regard of this lady the hypocrisy of politeness was very hard to keep up; wanting us for reasons of her own, she covered the dagger with which she would have stabbed us; but we knew it was there clenched in her skinny hand in her meager pocket. She would pay us the most fulsome compliments with anger raging out of her eyes—a little hate-bearing woman, envious, malicious, but loving her cubs, and nursing them, and clutching them in her lean arms with a jealous strain. It was ‘Good-by, darling! I shall leave you here with your friends. Oh, how kind you are to her, Mrs. Pendennis! How can I ever thank you, and Mr. P., I am sure;’ and she looked as if she could poison both of us, as she went away, courtesying and darting dreary parting smiles.

This lady had an intimate friend and companion in arms, Mrs. Colonel Bunch, in fact, of the —th Bengal Cavalry, who was now in Europe with Bunch and their children, who were residing at Paris for the young folk’s education. At first as we have heard Mrs. Baynes’ predilection had been all for Tours, where her sister was living, and lodgings were cheap and food reasonable in proportion. But Bunch happening to pass through Bolougne on his way to his wife at Paris, and meeting his old comrade, gave General Baynes such an account of the cheapness and the pleasures of the French capital as to induce the General to think of bending his steps thither. Mrs. Baynes would not hear of such a plan. She was all for her dear sister and Tours; but when, in the course of conversation, Colonel Bunch described a ball at the Tuileries, where he and Mrs. B. had been received with the most flattering politeness, by the royal family, it was remarked that Mrs. Bayne’s mind underwent a change. When Bunch went on to aver that the balls at Government House at Calcutta were nothing compared to those at the Tuileries or the Prefecture of the Seine; that the English were invited and respected everywhere; that the ambassador was

most hospitable; that the clergymen were admirable; and that at their boarding-house, kept by Mme. le Générale Baronne de Smolensk, at the Petit Château d'Espange, Avenue de Valmy, Champs Elysées, they had balls twice a month, the most comfortable apartments, the most choice society, and every comfort and luxury at so many francs per month, with an allowance for children—I say Mrs. Baynes was very greatly moved. 'It is not,' she said, 'in consequence of the balls at the Ambassador's or the Tuileries, for I am an old woman; and in spite of what you say, Colonel, I can't fancy, after Government House, anything more magnificent in any French palace. It is not for *me*, goodness knows, I speak! but the children should have education, and my Charlotte an entrée into the world; and what you say of the invaluable clergyman, Mr. X——, I have been thinking of it all night; but above all, above all, of the chances of education for my darlings. Nothing should give way to that—nothing!' On this a long and delightful conversation and calculation took place. Bunch produced his bills at the Baroness de Smolensk's. The two gentlemen jotted up accounts, and made calculations all through the evening. It was hard even for Mrs. Baynes to force the figures into such a shape as to make them accord with the General's income; but, driven away by one calculation after another, she returned again and again to the charge, until she overcame the stubborn arithmetical difficulties, and the pounds, shillings, and pence lay prostrate before her. They could save upon this point; they could screw upon that; they *must*, must make a sacrifice to educate the children. 'Sarah Bunch and her girls go to Court, indeed! Why shouldn't mine go?' she asked. On which her General said, 'By George, Eliza, that's the point you are thinking of.' On which Eliza said 'No,' and repeated 'No' a score of times, growing more angry as she uttered each denial. And she declared before Heaven she did *not* want to go to any Court. Had she not refused to be presented at home, though Mrs. Colonel Flack went, because she did not choose to go to the wicked expense of a train? And it was base of the General, *base* and *mean* of him to say so. And there was a fine scene, as I am given to understand; not that I was present at this family fight; but my informant was Mr. Firmin; and Mr. Firmin had his information from a little person who, about this time, had got to prattle out all the secrets of her young heart to him; who would have jumped off the pier-head with her hand in his if he had said 'Come,' without his hand if he had said 'Go'; a little person whose whole life had been

changed—changed for a month past—changed in one minute, that minute when she saw Philip's fiery whiskers and heard his great big voice saluting her father among the commissioners on the *quai* before the custom-house.

Tours was, at any rate, 150 miles farther off than Paris from—from a city where a young gentleman lived in whom Miss Charlotte Baynes felt an interest; hence, I suppose arose her delight that her parents had determined upon taking up their residence in the larger and nearer city. Besides, she owned, in the course of her artless confidences to my wife, that, when together, mamma and aunt MacWhirter quarreled unceasingly and had once caused the old boys, the Major and the General, to call each other out. She preferred, then, to live away from aunt Mac. She had never had such a friend as Laura, never. She had never been so happy as at Boulogne, never. She should always love everybody in our house, that she should, forever, and ever—and so forth, and so forth. The ladies meet; cling together, osculations are carried round the whole family circle, from our wandering eldest boy, who cries, 'I say, hullo! what are you kissing me so about?' to darling baby, crowing and sputtering unconscious in the rapturous young girl's embraces. I tell you, these two women were making fools of themselves, and they were burning with enthusiasm for the 'preserver' of the Baynes family, as they called that big fellow yonder, whose biographer I have aspired to be. The lazy rogue lay basking in the glorious warmth and sunshine of early love. He would stretch his big limbs out in our garden; pour out his feelings with endless volubility; call upon *hominum divumque voluptas, alma Venus*; vow that he had never lived or been happy until now; declared that he laughed poverty to scorn and all her ills; and fume against his masters of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because they declined to insert certain love verses which Mr. Philip now composed almost every day. Poor little Charlotte! And didst thou receive those treasures of song; and wonder over them, not perhaps comprehending them altogether; and lock them up in thy heart's inmost casket as well as in thy little desk; and take them out in quiet hours, and kiss them, and bless Heaven for giving thee such jewels? I dare say. I can fancy all this, without seeing it. I can read the little letters in the little desk, without picking lock or breaking seal. Poor little letters! Sometimes they are not spelt right, quite; but I don't know that the style is worse for that. Poor little letters! You are flung to the winds sometimes and forgotten with all your sweet secrets and loving artless confessions; but not al-

ways—no, not always. As for Philip, who was the most careless creature alive and left all his clothes and haberdashery sprawling on his bedroom floor, he had at this time a breast-pocket stuffed out with papers which crackled in the most ridiculous way. He was always looking down at this precious pocket, and putting one of his great hands over it as though he would guard it. The pocket did not contain bank-notes, you may be sure of that. It contained documents stating that mamma's cold is better; the Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang, etc. Ah, friend, however old you are now, however cold you are now, however tough, I hope you, too, remember how Julia sang, and the Joneses came to tea.

Mr. Philip stayed on week after week, declaring to my wife that she was a perfect angel for keeping him so long. Bunch wrote from his boarding-house more and more enthusiastic reports about the comforts of the establishment. For his sake, Mme. la Baronne de Smolensk would make unheard-of sacrifices, in order to accommodate the General and his distinguished party. The balls were going to be perfectly splendid that winter. There were several old Indians living near; in fact they could form a regular little club. It was agreed that Baynes should go and reconnoiter the ground. He did go. Mme. de Smolensk, a most elegant woman, had a magnificent dinner for him—quite splendid, I give you my word, but only what they have every day. Soup, of course, my love; fish, capital wine, and, I should say some five or six and thirty made dishes. The General was quite enraptured. Bunch had put his boys to a famous school, where they might 'whop' the French boys, and learn all the modern languages. The little ones would dine early; the baroness would take the whole family at an astonishingly cheap rate. In a word, the Baynes' column got the route for Paris shortly before our family party was crossing the seas to return to London fogs and duty.

You have, no doubt, remarked how, under certain tender circumstances, women will help one another. They help where they ought not to help. When Mr. Darby ought to be separated from Miss Joan, and the best thing that could happen for both would be a *lettre de cachet* to whip off M. Darby to the Bastille for five years, and an order from her parents to lock up Mlle. Jeanne in a convent, some aunt, some relative, some pitying female friend is sure to be found, who will give the pair a chance of meeting, and turn her head away while those unhappy lovers are warbling endless good-bys close up to each other's ears. My wife, I have said, chose to feel this absurd sympathy for the

young people about whom we have been just talking. As the days for Charlotte's departure drew near, this wretched, misguiding matron would take the girl out walking into I know not what unfrequented by-lanes, quiet streets, rampart-nooks, and the like; and la! by the most singular coincidence, Mr. Philip's hulking boots would assuredly come tramping after the women's little feet. What will you say, when I tell you, that I myself, the father of the family, the renter of the old-fashioned house, Rue Roucoule, Haute Ville, Boulogne-sur-Mer—as I am going into my own study—am met at the threshold by Helen, my eldest daughter, who puts her little arms before the glass door at which I was about to enter, and says, 'You must not go in there, papa! Mamma says we none of us are to go in there.'

'And why, pray?' I ask.

'Because Uncle Philip and Charlotte are talking secrets there; and nobody is to disturb them—*nobody!*'

Upon my word, wasn't this too monstrous? Am I Sir Pandarus of Troy become? Am I going to allow a penniless young man to steal away the heart of a young girl who has not two-pence halfpenny to her fortune? Shall I, I say, lend myself to this most unjustifiable intrigue?

'Sir,' says my wife (we happened to have been bred up from childhood together, and I own to have had one or two foolish initiatory flirtations before I settled down to matrimonial fidelity)—'Sir,' says she, 'when you were so wild—so spoony, I think is your elegant word—about Blanche, and used to put letters into a hollow tree for her at home, I used to see the letters, and I never disturbed them. These two people have much warmer hearts, and are a great deal fonder of each other, than you and Blanche used to be. I should not like to separate Charlotte from Philip now. It is too late, sir. She can never like anybody else as she likes him. If she lives to be a hundred, she will never forget him. Why should not the poor thing be happy a little, while she may?'

An old house, with a green old courtyard and an ancient mossy wall, through breaks of which I can see the roofs and gables of the quaint old town, the city below, the shining sea, and the white English cliffs beyond; a green old courtyard, and a tall old stone house rising up in it, grown over with many a creeper on which the sun casts flickering shadows; and under the shadows, and through the glass of a tall gray window, I can just peep into a brown twilight parlor, and there I see two hazy figures by a table. One slim figure has brown hair and one has flame-colored whiskers. Look, a ray of

sunshine has just peered into the room, and is lighting the whiskers up!

‘Poor little thing,’ whispers my wife, very gently. ‘They are going away to-morrow. Let them have their talk out. She is crying her little eyes out, I am sure. Poor little Charlotte!’

While my wife was pitying Miss Charlotte in this pathetic way, and was going, I dare say, to have recourse to her own pocket-handkerchief, as I live there came a burst of laughter from the darkling chamber where the two lovers were billing and cooing. First came Mr. Philip’s great boom (such a roar—such a haw-haw, or hee-haw, I never heard any other *two* legged animal perform). Then follows Miss Charlotte’s tinkling peal; and presently that young person comes out into the garden, with her round face not bedewed with tears at all, but perfectly rosy, fresh, dimpled, and good-humored. Charlotte gives me a little courtesy, and my wife a hand and a kind glance. They retreat through the open casement, twining round each other, as the vine does round the window; though which is the vine and which is the window in this simile, I pretend not to say—I can’t see through either of them, that is the truth. They pass through the parlor, and into the street beyond, doubtless; and as for Mr. Philip, I presently see *his* head popped out of his window in the upper floor with his great pipe in his mouth. He can’t ‘work’ without his pipe, he says; and my wife believes him. Work indeed!

Miss Charlotte paid us another little visit that evening, when we happened to be alone. The children were gone to bed. The darlings! Charlotte must go up and kiss them. Mr. Philip Firmin was out. She did not seem to miss him in the least, nor did she make a single inquiry for him. We had been so good to her—so kind. How could she ever forget our great kindness? She had been so happy—oh, so happy! She had never been so happy before. She would write often and often, and Laura would write constantly—wouldn’t she? ‘Yes, dear child!’ says my wife. And now a little more kissing, and it is time to go home to the Tintilleries. What a lovely night! Indeed the moon was blazing in full round in the purple heavens and the stars were twinkling by myriads.

‘Good-by, dear Charlotte; happiness go with you!’ I seize her hand. I feel a paternal desire to kiss her fair, round face. Her sweetness, her happiness, her artless good-humor and gentleness has endeared her to us all. As for me, I love her with a fatherly affection. ‘Stay, my dear!’ I cry, with a happy gallantry, ‘I’ll go home with you to the Tintilleries.’

You should have seen the fair round face *then!* Such a piteous expression came over it! She looked at my wife; and as for that Mrs. Laura she pulled the tail of my coat.

‘What do you mean, my dear?’ I ask.

‘Don’t go out on such a dreadful night. You’ll catch cold!’ says Laura.

‘Cold, my love!’ I say. ‘Why, it’s as fine a night as ever——’

‘Oh! you—you *stupid!*’ says Laura, and begins to laugh. And there goes Miss Charlotte tripping away from us without a word more.

Philip came in about half an hour afterward. And do you know I very strongly suspect that he had been waiting round the corner. Few things escape *me*, you see, when I have a mind to be observant. And, certainly, if I had thought of that possibility and that I might be spoiling sport, I should not have proposed to Miss Charlotte to walk home with her.

At a very early hour on the next morning my wife arose, and spent, in my opinion, a great deal of unprofitable time, bread, butter, cold beef, mustard and salt, in compiling a heap of sandwiches, which were tied up in a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That persistence in making sandwiches, in providing cakes and other refreshments for a journey, is a strange infatuation in women; as if there was not always enough to eat to be had at road inns and railway stations! What a good dinner we used to have at Montreuil in the old days, before railways were, and when the *diligence* spent four or six and twenty cheerful hours on its way to Paris! I think the finest dishes are not to be compared to that well-remembered fricandeau of youth, nor do wines of the most dainty vintage surpass the rough, honest, blue ordinaire which was served at the plenteous inn-table. I took our bale of sandwiches down to the office of the Messageries, whence our friends were to start. We saw six of the Baynes family packed into the interior of the *diligence* and the boys climb cheerily into the rotonde. Charlotte’s pretty lips and hands wafted kisses to us from her corner. Mrs. General Baynes commanded the column, pushed the little ones into their places in the ark, ordered the General and young ones hither and thither with her parasol, declined to give the grumbling porters any but the smallest gratuity, and talked a shrieking jargon of French and Hindostanee to the people assembled round the carriage. My wife has that command over me that she actually made me demean myself so far as to deliver the sandwich parcel to one of the Baynes boys. I said, ‘Take this,’ and the poor wretch held out his hand eagerly, evidently expect-

ing that I was about to tip him with a five-franc piece or some such coin. *Fouette, cocher!* The horses squeal. The huge machine jingles over the road, and rattles down the street. Farewell, pretty Charlotte, with your sweet face and sweet voice and kind eyes! But why, pray, is Mr. Philip Firmin not here to say farewell too?

Before the *diligence* had got under way, the Baynes boys had fought, and quarreled, and wanted to mount on the imperial or cabriolet of the carriage, where there was only one passenger as yet. But the conductor called the lads off, saying that the remaining place was engaged by a gentleman whom they were to take up on the road. And who should this turn out to be? Just outside the town a man springs up to the imperial; his light luggage, it appears, was on the coach already, and that luggage belonged to Philip Firmin. Ah, monsieur! and that was the reason, was it, why they were so merry yesterday—the parting day? Because thy were not going to part just then. Because, when the time of execution drew near they had managed to smuggle a little reprieve! Upon my conscience, I never heard of such imprudence in the whole course of my life! Why, it is starvation—a certain misery to one and the other. ‘I don’t like to meddle in other people’s affairs,’ I say to my wife; ‘but I have no patience with such folly, or with myself for not speaking to General Baynes on the subject. I shall write to the General.’

‘My dear, the General knows all about it,’ says Charlotte’s, Philip’s (in my opinion), most injudicious friend. ‘We have talked about it, and, like a man of sense, the General makes light of it. “Young folks will be young folks,” he says; “and, by George! ma’am, when I married—I should say, when Mrs. B. ordered me to marry her—she had nothing, and I but my captain’s pay. People get on, somehow. Better for a young man to marry, and keep out of idleness and mischief; and I promise you, the chap who marries my girl gets a treasure. I like the boy for the sake of my old friend Phil Ringwood. I don’t see that the fellows with the rich wives are much the happier, or that men should wait to marry until they are gouty old rakes.”’ And, it appears, the General instanced several officers of his own acquaintance; some of whom had married when they were young and poor; some who had married when they were old and sulky; some who had never married at all. And he mentioned his comrade, my own uncle, the late Major Pendennis, whom he called a selfish old creature, and hinted that the Major had jilted some lady in early life, whom he would have done much better to marry.

And so Philip is actually gone after his charmer, and is pursuing her *summa diligentia*? The Baynes family has allowed this penniless young law student to make love to their daughter, to accompany them to Paris, to appear as the almost recognized son of the house. 'Other people, when they were young, wanted to make imprudent marriages,' says my wife (as if that wretched *tu quoque* were any answer to my remark!) 'This penniless law student might have had a good sum of money if he chose to press the Baynes family to pay him what, after all, they owe him.' And so poor little Charlotte was to be her father's ransom! To be sure little Charlotte did not object to offer herself up in payment of her papa's debt! And though I objected as a moral man and a prudent man, and a father of a family, I could not be very seriously angry. I am secretly of the disposition of the time-honored *père de famille* in the comedies, the irascible old gentleman in the crop wig and George-the-Second coat, who is always menacing 'Tom the young Dog' with his cane. When the deed is done, and Miranda (the little sly-boots!) falls before my square-toes and shoe-buckles, and Tom, the young dog, kneels before me in his white ducks, and they cry out in a pretty chorus, 'Forgive us, grandpapa!' I say, 'Well, you rogue, boys will be boys. Take her, sirrah! Be happy with her; and hark ye! in this pocket-book you will find ten thousand,' etc., etc. You all know the story; I cannot help liking it, however old it may be. In love, somehow, one is pleased that young people should dare a little. Was not Bessy Eldon famous as an economist, and Lord Eldon celebrated for wisdom and caution? and did not John Scott marry Elizabeth Surtees when they had scarcely twopence a year between them? 'Of course, my dear,' I say to the partner of my existence, 'now this madcap fellow is utterly ruined, now is the very time he ought to marry. The accepted doctrine is that a man should spend his own fortune, then his wife's fortune, and then he may begin to get on at the bar. Philip has a £100, let us say; Charlotte has nothing; so that in about six weeks we may look to hear of Philip being in successful practice——'

'Successful nonsense!' cries the lady. 'Don't go on like a cold-blooded calculating machine! You don't believe a word of what you say, and a more imprudent person never lived than you yourself were as a young man.' This was departing from the question, which women will do. 'Nonsense!' again says my romantic being of a partner-of-existence. 'Don't tell ME, sir. They WILL be provided for! Are we to be forever taking care of the morrow, and not trusting that we shall be

cared for? *You may call your way of thinking prudence. I call it sinful worldliness, sir.* When my life-partner speaks in a certain strain, I know that remonstrance is useless, and argument unavailing, and I generally resort to cowardly subterfuges, and sneak out of the conversation by a pun, a side joke, or some other flippancy. Besides, in this case, though I argue against my wife, my sympathy is on her side. I know Mr. Philip is imprudent and headstrong, but I should like him to succeed, and be happy. I own he is a scapegrace, but I wish him well.

So, just as the *diligence* of Lafitte and Caillard is clearing out of Boulogne town, the conductor causes the carriage to stop, and a young fellow has mounted up on the roof in a twinkling; and the postilion says 'Hi!' to his horses, and away those squealing grays go clattering. And a young lady, happening to look out of one of the windows of the *intérieur*, has perfectly recognized the young gentleman who leaped up to the roof so nimbly; and the two boys who were in the *rotonde* would have recognized the gentleman, but that they were already eating the sandwiches which my wife had provided. And so the *diligence* goes on, until it reaches that hill, where the girls used to come and offer to sell you apples; and some of the passengers descend and walk, and the tall young man on the roof jumps down, and approaches the party in the interior, and a young lady cries out 'La!' and her mamma looks impenetrably grave and not in the least surprised; and her father gives a wink of one eye and says, 'It's him, is it, by George!' and the two boys coming out of the *rotonde*, their mouths full of sandwich, cry out, 'Hullo! It's Mr. Firmin.'

'How do you do, ladies?' he says, blushing as red as an apple, and his heart thumping—but that may be from walking up hill. And he puts a hand toward the carriage window, and a little hand comes out and lights on his. And Mrs. General Baynes, who is reading a religious work, looks up and says, 'Oh! how do you do, Mr. Firmin?' And this is the remarkable dialogue that takes place. It is not very witty; but Philip's tones send a rapture into one young heart; and when he is absent, and has climbed up to his place in the *cabriolet*, the kick of his boots on the roof gives the said young heart inexpressible comfort and consolation. Shine stars and moon. Shriek gray horses through the calm night. Snore sweetly papa and mamma, in your corners, with your pocket-handkerchiefs tied round your old fronts! I suppose, under all the stars of heaven, there is nobody more happy than that child in that carriage—that wakeful girl, in sweet maiden meditation—who has given her heart to the keeping of the champion who is so near her.

Has he not been always their champion and preserver? Don't they owe to his generosity everything in life? One of the little sisters wakes wildly, and cries in the night, and Charlotte takes the child into her arms and soothes her. 'Hush, dear! He's there—he's there,' she whispers, as she bends over the child. Nothing wrong can happen with *him* there, she feels. If the robbers were to spring out from yonder dark pines, why, he would jump down, and they would all fly before him! The carriage rolls on through sleeping villages, and as the old team retires all in a halo of smoke, and the fresh horses come clattering up to their pole, Charlotte sees a well-known white face in the gleam of the carriage lanterns. Through the long avenues the great vehicle rolls on its course. The dawn peers over the poplars; the stars quiver out of sight; the sun is up in the sky, and the heaven is all in a flame. The night is over—the night of nights. In all the round world, whether lighted by stars or sunshine, there were not two people more happy than these had been.

A very short time afterward, at the end of October, our own little sea-side sojourn came to an end. That astounding bill for broken glass, chairs, crockery, was paid. The London steamer takes us all on board on a beautiful, sunny autumn evening and lands us at the Custom-house Quay in the midst of a deep, dun fog, through which our cabs have to work their way over greasy pavements, and bearing two loads of silent and terrified children. Ah, that return, if but after a fortnight's absence and holiday! Oh, that heap of letters lying in a ghastly pile, and yet so clearly visible in the dim twilight of master's study! We cheerfully breakfast by candlelight for the first two days after my arrival at home, and I have the pleasure of cutting a part of my chin off because it is too dark to shave at nine o'clock in the morning.

My wife can't be so unfeeling as to laugh and be merry because I have met with an accident which temporarily disfigures me. If the dun fog makes her jocular, she has a very queer sense of humor. She has a letter before her, over which she is perfectly radiant. When she is especially pleased I can see by her face and a particular animation and affectionateness toward the rest of the family. On this present morning her face beams out of the fog-clouds. The room is illuminated by it, and perhaps by the two candles which are placed one on either side of the urn. The fire crackles, and flames, and spits most cheerfully; and the sky without, which is of the hue of brown paper, seems to set off the brightness of the little interior scene.

‘A letter from Charlotte, papa,’ cries one little girl, with an air of consequence. ‘And a letter from Uncle Philip, papa!’ cries another, ‘and they like Paris so much,’ continues the little reporter.

‘And there, sir, didn’t I tell you?’ cries the lady, handing me over a letter.

‘Mamma always told you so,’ echoes the child, with an important nod of the head; ‘and I shouldn’t be surprised if he were to be *very rich*, should you, mamma?’ continues this arithmetician.

I would not put Miss Charlotte’s letter into print if I could, for do you know that little person’s grammar was frequently incorrect; there were three or four words spelt wrongly; and the letter was so *scored* and *marked* with *dashes* under *every* other *word*, that it is clear to me her education had been neglected; and as I am very fond of her, I do not wish to make fun of her. And I can’t print Mr. Philip’s letter, for I haven’t kept it. Of what use keeping letters? I say, Burn, burn, burn. No heart pangs. No reproaches. No yesterday. Was it happy, or miserable? To think of it is always melancholy. Go to! I dare say it is the thought of that fog, which is making this sentence so dismal. Meanwhile there is Mme. Laura’s face smiling out of the darkness, as pleased as may be; and no wonder, she is always happy when her friends are so.

Charlotte’s letter contained a full account of the settlement of the Baynes family at Mme. Smolensk’s boarding-house, where they appear to have been really very comfortable, and to have lived at a very cheap rate. As for Mr. Philip, he made his way to a crib, to which his artist friends had recommended him, on the Faubourg St. Germain side of the water—the Hotel Poussin, in the street of that name, which lies, you know, between the Mazarin Library and the Musée des Beaux Arts. In former days, my gentleman had lived in state and bounty in the English hotels and quarter. Now he found himself very handsomely lodged for thirty francs per month, and with five or six pounds, he has repeatedly said since, he could carry through the month very comfortably. I don’t say, my young traveler, that *you* can be so lucky nowadays. Are we not telling a story of twenty years ago? Aye, marry. Ere steam-coaches had begun to scream on French rails; and when Louis Philippe was king.

As soon as Mr. Philip Firmin is ruined he must needs fall in love. In order to be near the beloved object, he must needs follow her to Paris, and give up his promised studies for the bar at home; where, to do him justice, I believe the fellow

would never have done any good. And he has not been in Paris a fortnight when that fantastic jade Fortune, who had seemed to fly away from him, gives him a smiling look of recognition, as if to say, 'Young gentleman, I have not quite done with you.'

The good fortune was not much. Do not suppose that Philip suddenly drew a £20,000 prize in a lottery. But being in much want of money, he suddenly found himself enabled to earn some in a way pretty easy to himself.

In the first place, Philip found his friends Mr. and Mrs. Mugford in a bewildered state in the midst of Paris, in which city Mugford would never consent to have a *laquais de place*, being firmly convinced to the day of his death that he knew the French language quite sufficiently for all purposes of conversation. Philip, who had often visited Paris before, came to the aid of his friends in a two-franc dining-house, which he frequented for economy's sake; and they, because they thought the banquet there provided not only cheap, but most magnificent and satisfactory. He interpreted for them, and rescued them from their perplexity, whatever it was. He treated them handsomely to coffee on the bullyvard, as Mugford said on returning home and in recounting the adventure to me. 'He can't forget that he has been a swell; and he does do things like a gentleman, that Firmin does. He came back with us to our hotel—Meurice's,' said Mr. Mugford, 'and who should drive into the yard and step out of his carriage but Lord Ringwood—you know Lord Ringwood? everybody knows him. As he gets out of his carriage—"What! is that you, Philip?"' says his lordship, giving the young fellow his hand. "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning." And away he goes most friendly.'

How came it to pass that Lord Ringwood, whose instinct of self-preservation was strong—who, I fear, was rather a selfish nobleman—and who, of late, as we have heard, had given orders to refuse Mr. Philip entrance at his door—should all of a sudden turn round and greet the young man with cordiality? In the first place, Philip had never troubled his lordship's knocker at all; and second, as luck would have it, on this very day of their meeting his lordship had been to dine with that well-known Parisian resident and *bon-vivant*, my Lord Viscount Trim, who had been governor of the Sago Islands when Colonel Baynes was there with his regiment, the gallant 100th. And the General and his old West India governor meeting at church, my Lord Trim straightway asked General Baynes to dinner, where Lord Ringwood was present, along with other distinguished company, whom at present we need not particularize. Now it has

been said that Philip Ringwood, my lord's brother, and Captain Baynes in early youth had been close friends, and that the Colonel had died in the Captain's arms. Lord Ringwood, who had an excellent memory when he chose to use it, was pleased on this occasion to remember General Baynes and his intimacy with his brother in old days. And of those old times they talked; the General waxing more eloquent, I suppose, than his wont over Lord Trim's excellent wine. And in the course of conversation Philip was named, and the General, warm with drink, poured out a most enthusiastic eulogium on his young friend, and mentioned how noble and self-denying Philip's conduct had been in his own case. And perhaps Lord Ringwood was pleased at hearing the praises of his brother's grandson; and perhaps he thought of old times, when he had a heart, and he and his brother loved each other. And though he might think Philip Firmin an absurd young blockhead for giving up any claims which he might have on General Baynes, at any rate I have no doubt his lordship thought, 'This boy is not likely to come begging money from me!' Hence, when he drove back to his hotel on the very night after this dinner, and in the courtyard saw that Philip Firmin, his brother's grandson, the heart of the old nobleman was smitten with a kindly sentiment, and he bade Philip to come and see him.

I have described some of Philip's oddities, and among these was a very remarkable change in his appearance, which ensued very speedily after his ruin. I know that the greater number of story readers are young, and those who are ever so old remember that their own young days occurred but a very, very short while ago. Don't you remember, most potent, grave, and reverend senior, when you were a junior, and actually rather pleased with new clothes? Does a new coat or a waistcoat cause you any pleasure now? To a well-constituted middle-aged gentleman, I rather trust a smart new suit causes a sensation of uneasiness—not from the tightness of the fit, which may be a reason—but from the gloss and splendor. When my late kind friend, Mrs. ——, gave me the emerald tabinet waistcoat, with the gold shamrocks, I wore it once to go to Richmond to dine with her; but I buttoned myself so closely in an upper coat, that I am sure nobody in the omnibus saw what a painted vest I had on. Gold sprigs and emerald tabinet, what a gorgeous raiment! It has formed for ten years the chief ornament of my wardrobe; and though I have never dared to wear it since, I always think with a secret pleasure of possessing that treasure. Do women, when they are sixty, like hand-

some and fashionable attire, and a youthful appearance? Look at Lady Jezebel's blushing cheek, her raven hair, her splendid garments! But this disquisition may be carried to too great a length. I want to note a fact which has occurred not seldom in my experience—that men who have been great dandies will often and suddenly give up their long accustomed splendor of dress, and walk about, most happy and contented, with the shabbiest of coats and hats. No. The majority of men are not vain about their dress. For instance, within a very few years, men used to have pretty feet. See in what a resolute way they have kicked their pretty boots off almost to a man, and wear great, thick, formless, comfortable walking boots, of shape scarcely more graceful than a tub!

When Philip Firmin first came on the town, there were dandies still; there were dazzling waistcoats of velvet and brocade, and tall stocks and cataracts of satin; there were pins, studs, neck-chains, I know not what fantastic splendors of youth. His varnished boots grew upon forests of trees. He had a most resplendent silver-gilt dressing-case presented to him by his father (for which, it is true, the doctor neglected to pay, leaving that duty to his son). 'It is a mere ceremony,' said the worthy doctor, 'a cumbrous thing you may fancy at first; but take it about with you. It looks well on a man's dressing-table at a country-house. It *poses* a man, you understand. I have known women come in and peep at it. A trifle you may say, my boy; but what is the use of flinging any chance in life away?' Now, when misfortune came, young Philip flung away all these magnificent follies. He wrapped himself *virtute sua*; and I am bound to say a more queer-looking fellow than friend Philip seldom walked the pavement of London or Paris. He could not wear the nap off all his coats, or rub his elbows into rags in six months; but as he would say of himself with much simplicity, 'I do think I run to seed more quickly than any fellow I ever knew. All my socks in holes, Mrs. Pendenis; all my shirt-buttons gone, I give you my word. I don't know how the things hold together, and why they don't tumble to pieces. I suspect I must have a bad laundress.' Suspect! My children used to laugh and crow as they sowed buttons on for him. As for the Little Sister, she broke into his apartments in his absence, and said that it turned her hair gray to see the state of his poor wardrobe. I believe that Mrs. Brandon put surreptitious linen into his drawers. He did not know. He wore the shirts in a contented spirit. The glossy boots began to crack and then to burst, and Philip wore them with perfect

equanimity. Where were the beautiful lavender and lemon gloves of last year? His great naked hands (with which he gesticulates so grandly) were as brown as an Indian's now. We had liked him heartily in his days of splendor; we loved him now in his threadbare suit.

I can fancy the young man striding into the room where his lordship's guests were assembled. In the presence of great or small, Philip has always been entirely unconcerned, and he is one of the half-dozen men I have seen in my life upon whom rank made no impression. It appears that, on occasion of this breakfast, there were one or two dandies present who were aghast at Philip's freedom of behavior. He engaged in conversation with a famous French statesman; contradicted him with much energy in his own language; and when the statesman asked whether monsieur was *membre du Parlement*? Philip burst into one of his roars of laughter, which almost breaks the glasses on a table, and said, '*Je suis journaliste, monsieur à vos ordres!*' Young Timbury of the embassy was aghast at Philip's insolence; and Dr. Botts, his lordship's traveling physician, looked at him with a terrified face. A bottle of claret was brought, which almost all the gentlemen present began to swallow, until Philip, tasting his glass, called out, 'Faugh! It's corked!' 'So it is, and very badly corked,' growls my lord with one of his usual oaths. 'Why didn't some of you fellows speak? Do you like corked wine?' There were gallant fellows round that table who would have drunk corked black dose, had his lordship professed to like senna. The old host was tickled and amused. 'Your mother was a quiet soul and your father used to bow like a dancing-master. You aint much like him. I dine at home most days. Leave word in the morning with my people, and come when you like, Philip,' he growled. A part of this news Philip narrated to us in his letter, and the other part was given verbally by Mr. and Mrs. Mugford on their return to London. 'I tell you, sir,' says Mugford, 'he has been taken by the hand by some of the tiptop people, and I have booked him at three guineas a week for a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.'

And this was the cause of my wife's exultation and triumphant 'Didn't I tell you!' Philip's foot was on the ladder; and who so capable of mounting to the top? When happiness and a fond and lovely girl were waiting for him there, would he lose heart, spare exertion, or be afraid to climb? He had no truer well-wisher than myself, and no friend who liked him better, though, I dare say, many admired him much more than I did. But these were women for the most part; and women

become so absurdly unjust and partial to persons whom they love, when these latter are in misfortune, that I am surprised Mr. Philip did not quite lose his head in his poverty, with such fond flatterers and sycophants round about him. Would you grudge him the consolation to be had from these sweet uses of adversity! Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of past griefs; when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands, now cold, were eager to soothe and succor.

CHAPTER XIX.

QU'ON EST BIEN A VINGT ANS.

A FAIR correspondent—and I would parenthetically hint that all correspondents are *not* fair—points out the discrepancy existing between the text and the illustrations of our story; and justly remarks that the story dated more than twenty years back, while the costumes of the actors of our little comedy are of the fashion of to-day.

My dear madam, these anachronisms must be, or you would scarcely be able to keep any interest for our characters. What would be a woman without a crinoline petticoat, for example? an object ridiculous, hateful, I suppose hardly proper. What would you think of a hero who wore a large high black-satin stock cascading over a figured silk waistcoat; and a blue dress-coat, with brass buttons, mayhap? If a person so attired came up to ask you to dance, could you refrain from laughing? Time was when young men so decorated found favor in the eyes of damsels who had never beheld hooped petticoats, except in their grandmothers' portraits. Persons who flourished in the first part of the century never thought to see the hoops of our ancestor's age rolled downward to our contemporaries and children. Did we ever imagine that a period would arrive when our young men would part their hair down the middle, and wear a piece of tape for a neckcloth? As soon should we have thought of their dyeing their bodies with woad, and arraying themselves like ancient Britons. So the ages have their dress and undress; and the gentlemen and ladies of Victoria's time are satisfied with their manner of raiment; as no doubt in Boadicea's court they looked charming tattooed and painted blue.

The times of which we write, the times of Louis Philippe the king, are so altered from the present, that when Philip Firmin went to Paris it was absolutely a cheap place to live in; and he has often bragged in subsequent days of having lived well during a month for five pounds, and bought a neat waist-

coat with a part of the money. 'A capital bedroom, *au premier*, for a franc a day, sir,' he would call all persons to remark, 'a bedroom as good as yours, my lord, at Meurice's. Very good tea or coffee breakfast, twenty francs a month, with lots of bread and butter. Twenty francs a month for washing, and fifty for dinner and pocket-money—that's about the figure. The dinner, I own, is shy, unless I come and dine with my friends; and then I make up for banyan days.' And so saying Philip would call out for more truffled partridges, or affably filled his goblet with my Lord Ringwood's best Sillery. 'At those shops,' he would observe, 'where I dine, I have beer! I can't stand the wine. And you see, I can't go to the cheap English ordinaries, of which there are many, because English gentlemen's servants are there, you know, and it's not pleasant to sit with a fellow who waits on you the day after.'

'Oh! the English servants go to the cheap ordinaries, do they?' asks my lord, greatly amused, 'and you drink *biere de Mars* at the shop where you dine?'

'And dine very badly, too, I can tell you. Always come away hungry. Give me some champagne—the dry, if you please. They mix very well together—sweet and dry. Did you ever dine at Flicoteau's, Mr. Pecker?'

'I dine at one of your horrible two-franc houses?' cries Mr. Pecker, with a look of terror. 'Do you know, my lord, there are actually houses where people dine for two francs?'

'Two francs! Seventeen sous!' bawls out Mr. Firmin. 'The soup, the beef, the rôti, the salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. It's not a good dinner, certainly—in fact, it is a dreadful bad one. But to dine so would do some fellows a great deal of good.'

'What do you say, Pecker? Flicoteau's; seventeen sous. We'll make a little party and try, and Firmin shall do the honors of his restaurant,' says my lord, with a grin.

'Mercy!' gasps Mr. Pecker.

'I had rather dine here, if you please, my lord,' says the young man. 'This is cheaper, and certainly better.'

My lord's doctor, and many of the guests at his table, my lord's henchmen, flatterers, and led captains, looked aghast at the freedom of the young fellow in the shabby coat. If they dared to be familiar with their host, there came a scowl over that noble countenance which was awful to face. They drank his corked wine in meekness of spirit. They laughed at his jokes trembling. One after another, they were the objects of his satire: and each grinned piteously, as he took his turn of pun-

ishment. Some dinners are dear, though they cost nothing. At some great tables are not toads served along with the *entrées*? Yes, and many amateurs are exceedingly fond of the dish.

How do Parisians live at all? is a question which has often set me wondering. How do men in public offices, with 15,000 francs, let us say, for a salary—and this, for a French official, is a high salary—live in handsome apartments; give genteel entertainments; clothe themselves and their families with much more sumptuous raiment than English people of the same station can afford; take their country holiday, a six week's sojourn, *aux eaux*; and appear cheerful and to want for nothing? Paterfamilias, with six hundred a year in London, knows what a straitened life his is, with rent high, and beef at a shilling a pound. Well, in Paris, rent is higher, and meats dearer; and yet madame is richly dressed when you see her; monsieur has always a little money in his pocket for his club or his café; and something is pretty surely put away every year for the marriage portion of the young folks. 'Sir,' Philip used to say, describing this period of his life, on which and on most subjects regarding himself, by the way, he was wont to be very eloquent, 'when my income was raised to 5000 francs a year, I give you my word I was considered to be rich by my French acquaintance. I gave four sous to the waiter at our dining-place; in that respect I was always ostentatious; and I believe they called me Milor. I should have been poor in the Rue de la Paix; but I was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. Don't tell me about poverty, sir! Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her or truckle to her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man. You saw how my poor father was afraid of her, and thought the world would come to an end if Dr. Firmin did not keep his butler and his footman, and his fine house, and fine chariot and horses? He was a poor man, if you please. He must have suffered agonies in his struggles to make both ends meet. Everything he bought must have cost him twice the honest price; and when I think of nights that must have been passed without sleep—of that proud man having to smirk and cringe before creditors—to coax butchers, by George, and wheedle tailors—I pity him; I can't be angry any more. That man has suffered enough. As for me, haven't you remarked that since I have not got a guinea in the world, I swagger, and am a much greater swell than before?' And the truth is that a Prince Royal could not have called for his *gens* with a more magnificent air than Mr. Philip when he summoned the waiter, and paid for his *petit verre*.

Talk of poverty, indeed! That period, Philip vows, was the

happiest of his life. He liked to tell in after days of the choice acquaintance of Bohemians which he had formed. Their jug, he said, though it contained but small beer, was always full. Their tobacco, though it bore no higher rank than that of caporal, was plentiful and fragrant. He knew some admirable medical students; some artists who only wanted talent and industry to be at the height of their profession; and one or two of the magnates of his own calling, the newspaper correspondents, whose houses and tables were open to him. It was wonderful what secrets of politics he learned and transmitted to his own paper. He pursued French statesmen of those days with prodigious eloquence and vigor. At the expense of that old king he was wonderfully witty and sarcastical. He reviewed the affairs of Europe, settled the destinies of Russia, denounced the Spanish marriages, disposed of the Pope, and advocated the Liberal cause in France with an untiring eloquence. 'Absinthe used to be my drink, sir,' so he was good enough to tell his friends. 'It makes the ink run, and imparts a fine eloquence to the style. Mercy upon us, how I would belabor that poor King of the French under the influence of absinthe, in that café opposite the Bourse where I used to make my letter! Who knows, sir, perhaps the influence of these letters precipitated the fall of the Bourbon dynasty! Before I had an office, Gilligan, of the *Century*, and I, used to do our letters at that café; we compared notes and pitched into each other amicably.'

Gilligan of the *Century*, and Firmin of the *Pall Mall Gazette* were, however, very minor personages among the London newspaper correspondents. Their seniors of the daily press had handsome apartments, gave sumptuous dinners, were closeted with minister's secretaries, and entertained members of the Chamber of Deputies. Philip, on perfectly easy terms with himself and the world, swaggering about the embassy balls—Philip, the friend and relative of Lord Ringwood—was viewed by his professional seniors and superiors with an eye of favor, which was not certainly turned on all gentlemen following his calling. Certainly poor Gilligan was never asked to those dinners, which some of the newspaper ambassadors gave, whereas Philip was received not inhospitably. Gilligan received but a cold shoulder at Mrs. Morning Messenger's Thursdays; and as for being asked to dinner, 'Bedad, that fellow Firmin has an air with him which will carry him through anywhere!' Phil's brother correspondent owned. 'He seems to patronize an ambassador when he goes up and speaks to him; and he says to a secretary, 'My good fellow, tell your master that

Mr. Firmin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette* wants to see him, and will thank him to step over to the Café de la Bourse.' I don't think Philip, for his part, would have seen much matter of surprise in a Minister stepping over to speak to him. To him all folks were alike, great and small; and it is recorded of him that when, on one occasion, Lord Ringwood paid him a visit at his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, Philip affably offered his lordship a *cornet* of fried potatoes, with which, and plentiful tobacco of course, Philip and one or two of his friends were regaling themselves when Lord Ringwood chanced to call on his kinsman.

A crust and a *carafon* of small beer, a correspondence with a weekly paper, and a remuneration such as that we have mentioned,—was Philip Firmin to look for no more than this pittance, and not to seek for more permanent and lucrative employment? Some of his friends at home were rather vexed at what Philip chose to consider his good fortune; namely, his connection with the newspaper, and the small stipend it gave him. He might quarrel with his employer any day. Indeed no man was more likely to fling his bread and butter out of window than Mr. Philip. He was losing precious time at the bar; where he, as hundreds of other poor gentlemen had done before him, might make a career for himself. For what are colonies made? Why do bankruptcies occur? Why do people break the peace and quarrel with policemen, but that barristers may be employed as judges, commissioners, magistrates? A reporter to a newspaper remains all his life a newspaper reporter. Philip, if he would but help himself, had friends in the world who might aid effectually to advance him. So it was we pleaded with him, in the language of moderation, urging the dictates of common sense. As if moderation and common sense could be got to move that mule of a Philip Firmin; as if any persuasion of ours could induce him to do anything but what he liked to do best himself!

'That *you* should be worldly, my poor fellow' (so Philip wrote to his present biographer)—'that you should be thinking of money and the main chance, is no matter of surprise to me. You have suffered under that curse of manhood, that destroyer of generosity in the mind, that parent of selfishness—a little fortune. You have your wretched hundreds' (my candid correspondent stated the sum correctly enough; and I wish it were double or treble; but that is not here the point) 'paid quarterly. The miserable pittance numbs your whole existence. It prevents freedom of thought and caution. It makes

a serew of a man who is certainly not without generous impulses, as I know, my poor old *harpagon*; for hast thou not offered to open thy purse to me? I tell you I am siek of the way in which people in London, espeecially good people, think about money. You live up to your income's edge. You are miserably poor. You brag and flatter yourselves that you owe no man anything; but your estate has ereditors upon it as insatiable as any usurer, and as hard as any bailiff. You eall me reekless, and prodigal, and idle, and all sorts of names, because I live in a single room, do as little work as I ean, and go about with holes in my boots; and you flatter yourself you are prudent, because you have a genteel house, a grave flunkey out of livery, and two greengrocers to wait when you give your half-dozen dreary dinner-parties. Wretched man! You are a slave; not a man. You are a pauper, with a good house and clothes. You are so miserably prudent, that all your money is spent for you, except the few wretched shillings which you allow yourself for pocket-money. You tremble at the expense of a eab. I believe you actually look at half-a-crown before you spend it. The landlord is your master. The livery-stable-keeper is your master. A train of ruthless, useless servants are your pitiless creditors, to whom you have to pay exorbitant dividends every day. I, with a hole in my elbow, who live upon a shilling dinner, and walk on eracked boot soles, am ealled extravagant, idle, reekless, I don't know what; while you, forsooth, consider yourself prudent. Miserable delusion! You are flinging away heaps of money on useless flunkeys, on useless maid-servants, on useless lodgings, on useless finery—and you say, "Poor Phil! what a sad idler he is! how he flings himself away! in what a wretched, disreputable manner he lives!" Poor Phil is as rieh as you are, for he has enough, and is eontent. Poor Phil can afford to be idle, and you can't. You must work in order to keep that great hulking footman, that great rawbone eook, that army of babbling nursery-maids, and I don't know what more. And if you choose to submit to the slavery and degradation inseparable from your eondition; the wretched inspektion of candle ends, which you eall order; the mean self-denials, which you must daily praetice—I pity you, and don't quarrel with you. But I wish you would not be so insufferably virtuous, and ready with your blame and pity for *me*. If I am happy, pray need you be disquieted? Suppose I prefer independence, and shabby boots? Are not these better than to be pinched by our abominable varnished conventionalism, and to be denied the liberty of free aetion? My

poor fellow, I pity you from my heart; and it grieves me to think how those fine honest children—honest, and hearty, and frank and open as yet—are to lose their natural good qualities, and to be swathed, and swaddled, and stifled out of health and honesty by that obstinate worldling their father. Don't tell *me* about the world; I know it. People sacrifice the next world to it, and are all the while proud of their prudence. Look at my miserable relations, steeped in respectability. Look at my father. There is a chance for him, now he is down and in poverty. I have had a letter from him, containing more of that dreadful worldly advice which you Pharisees give. If it weren't for Laura and the children, sir, I heartily wish you were ruined like your affectionate—P. F.

'N. B., P. S.—O Pen! I am so happy! She is such a little darling! I bathe in her innocence, sir! I strengthen myself in her purity. I kneel before her sweet goodness and unconsciousness of guile. I walk from my room, and see her every morning before seven o'clock. I see her every afternoon. She loves you and Laura. And you love her, don't you? And to think that six months ago I was going to marry a woman without a heart! Why, sir, blessings be on the poor old father for spending our money, and rescuing me from that horrible fate! I might have been like that fellow in the "Arabian Nights," who married Amina—the respectable woman, who dined upon grains of rice, but supped upon cold dead body. Was it not worth all the money I ever was heir to to have escaped from that ghoul? Lord Ringwood says he thinks I was well out of that. He calls people by Anglo-Saxon names, and uses very expressive monosyllables; and of Aunt Twysden, of Uncle Twysden, of the girls, and their brother, he speaks in a way which makes me see he has come to just conclusions about them.

'P. S. No. 2.—Ah, Pen! She is such a darling. I think I am the happiest man in the world.'

And this was what came of being ruined! A scapegrace, who, when he had plenty of money in his pocket, was ill-tempered, imperious, and discontented; now that he is not worth twopence, declares himself the happiest fellow in the world! Do you remember, my dear, how he used to grumble at our claret, and what wry faces he made when there was only cold meat for dinner? The wretch is absolutely contented with bread and cheese and small beer, even that bad beer which they have in Paris!

Now and again, at this time and as our mutual avocations permitted, I saw Philip's friend, the Little Sister. He wrote to her dutifully from time to time. He told her of his love

affair with Miss Charlotte; and my wife and I could console Caroline, by assuring her that this young man's heart was given to a worthy mistress. I say console, for the news, after all, was sad for her. In the little chamber which she always kept ready for him, he would lie awake, and think of some one dearer to him than a hundred poor Carolines. She would devise something that should be agreeable to the young lady. At Christmas time there came to Miss Baynes a wonderfully worked cambric pocket-handkerchief, with 'Charlotte' most beautifully embroidered in the corner. It was this poor widow's mite of love and tenderness, which she meekly laid down in the place where she worshipped. 'And I have six for him, too, ma'am,' Mrs. Brandon told my wife. 'Poor fellow! his shirts was in a dreadful way when he went away from here, and that you know, ma'am.' So you see this wayfarer, having fallen among undoubted thieves, yet found many kind souls to relieve him, and many a good Samaritan ready with his twopence, if need were.

The reason why Philip was the happiest man in the world of course you understand. French people are very early risers; and at the little hotel where Mr. Philip lived, the whole crew of the house were up hours before lazy English masters and servants think of stirring. At ever so early an hour Phil had a fine bowl of coffee and milk and bread for his breakfast; and he was striding down to the Invalides, and across the bridge to the Champs Elysées, and the fumes of his pipe preceded him with a pleasant odor. And a short time after passing the Rond Point in the Elysian fields, where an active fountain was flinging up showers of diamonds to the sky, after, I say, leaving the Rond Point on his right, and passing under umbrageous groves in the direction of the present Castle of Flowers, Mr. Philip would see a little person. Sometimes a young sister or brother came with the little person. Sometimes only a blush fluttered on her cheek, and a sweet smile beamed in her face as she came forward to greet him. For the angels were scarce purer than this young maid; and Una was no more afraid of the lion, than Charlotte of her companion with the loud voice and the tawny mane. I would not have envied that reprobate's lot who should have dared to say a doubtful word to this Una; but the truth is, she never thought of danger, or met with any. The workmen were going to their labor; the dandies were asleep; and considering their age, and the relationship in which they stood to one another, I am not surprised at Philip for announcing that this was the happiest time of his life. In later days, when two



MORNING GREETINGS.

gentlemen of mature age happened to be in Paris together, what must Mr. Philip Firmin do but insist upon walking me sentimentally to the Champs Elysées, and looking at an old house there, a rather shabby old house in a garden. 'That was the place,' sighs he. 'That was Mme. de Smolensk's. That was the window, the third one with the green jalousie. By Jove, sir, how happy and how miserable I have been behind that green blind!' And my friend shakes his large fists at the somewhat dilapidated mansion, whence Mme. de Smolensk and her boarders have long since departed.

I fear that baroness had engaged in her enterprise with insufficient capital or conducted it with such liberality that her profits were eaten up by her boarders. I could tell dreadful stories impugning the baroness' moral character. People said she had no right to the title of baroness at all, or to the noble foreign name of Smolensk. People are still alive who knew her under a different name. The baroness herself was what some amateurs call a fine woman, especially at dinner-time, when she appeared in black satin and with cheeks that blushed up as far as the eyelids. In her *peignoir* in the morning, she was perhaps the reverse of fine. Contours which were round at night, in the forenoon appeared lean and angular. Her roses only bloomed half an hour before dinner-time on a cheek which was quite yellow until five o'clock. I am sure it is very kind of elderly and ill-complexioned people to supply the ravages of time or jaundice, and present to our view a figure blooming and agreeable, in place of an object faded and withered. Do you quarrel with your opposite neighbor for painting his house front or putting roses in his balcony? You are rather thankful for the adornment. Mme. de Smolensk's front was so decorated of afternoons. Geraniums were set pleasantly under those first-floor windows, her eyes. Carcel lamps beamed from those windows; lamps which she had trimmed with her own scissors, and into which that poor widow poured the oil which she got somehow and anyhow. When the dingy breakfast *papillotes* were cast of an afternoon what beautiful black curls appeared round her brow! The dingy *papillotes* were put away in the drawer; the *peignoir* retired to its hook behind the door; the satin raiment came forth, the shining, the ancient, the well-kept, the well-wadded; and at the same moment the worthy woman took that smile out of some cunning box on her scanty toilet-table—that smile which she wore all the evening along with the rest of her toilet, and took out of her mouth when she went to bed and to think—to think how both ends were to be made to meet.

Philip said he respected and admired that woman; and worthy of respect she was in her way. She painted her face and grinned at poverty. She laughed and rattled with care gnawing at her side. She had to coax the milkman out of his human kindness; to pour oil—his own oil—upon the stormy *épiciier's* soul; to melt the buttermilk; to tap the wine-merchant; to mollify the butcher; to invent new pretexts for the landlord; to reconcile the lady boarders, Mrs. General Baynes, let us say, and the Honorable Mrs. Boldero, who were always quarreling; to see that the dinner, when procured, was cooked properly; that François, to whom she owed ever so many months' wages, was not too rebellious or intoxicated; that Auguste, also her creditor, had his glass clean and his lamps in order. And this work done and the hour of six o'clock arriving, she had to carve and be agreeable to her table; not to hear the growls of the discontented (and at what table-d'hôte are there not grumblers?) to have a word for everybody present; a smile and a laugh for Mrs. Bunch (with whom there had been very likely a dreadful row in the morning); a remark for the Colonel; a polite phrase for the General's lady; and even a good word and compliment for sulky Auguste, who just before dinner-time had unfolded the napkin of mutiny about his wages.

Was not this enough work for a woman to do? To conduct a great house without sufficient money, and make soup, fish, roasts, and half a dozen entrées out of wind as it were? to conjure up wine in a piece and by the dozen? to laugh and joke without the least gayety? to receive scorn, abuse, rebuffs, insolence, with gay good-humor? and then to go to bed wearied at night, and have to think about figures and that dreadful, dreadful sum in arithmetic—given £5 to pay £6. Lady Macbeth is supposed to have been a resolute woman; and great, tall, loud, hectoring females are set to represent the character. I say No. She was a weak woman. She began to walk in her sleep, and blab after one disagreeable little incident had occurred in her house. She broke down, and got all the people away from her own table in the most abrupt and clumsy manner, because that driveling epileptic husband of hers fancied he saw a ghost. In Lady Smolensk's place Mme. de Macbeth would have broken down in a week, and Smolensk lasted for years. If twenty gibbering ghosts had come to the boarding-house dinner, madame would have gone on carving her dishes, and smiling and helping the live guests, the paying guests; leaving the dead guests to gibber away and help themselves. 'My poor father had to keep up appearances,' Phil would say, recounting these things in

after days; 'but how? You know he always looked as if he was going to be hung.' Smolensk was the gayest of the gay always. That widow would have tripped up to her funeral pile and kissed her hands to her friends with a smiling '*Bon jour!*'

'Pray, who was M. de Smolensk?' asks a simple lady who may be listening to our friend's narrative.

'Ah, my dear lady! there was a pretty disturbance in the house when *that* question came to be mooted, I promise you,' says our friend, laughing, as he recounts his adventures. And, after all, what does it matter to you and me and this story who Smolensk was? I am sure this poor lady had hardships enough in her life campaign, and that Ney himself could not have faced fortune with a constancy more heroic.

Well. When the Bayneses first came to her house, I tell you Smolensk and all round her smiled, and our friends thought they were landed in a real rosy Elysium in the Champs of that name. Madame had a *Charrick à l'Indienne* prepared in compliment to her guests. She had had many Indians in her establishment. She adored Indians. *N'était ce la polygamie*—they were most estimable people the Hindus. *Surtout*, she adored Indian shawls. That of Mme. la Générale was ravishing. The company at Madame's was pleasant. The Hon. Mrs. Boldero was a dashing woman of fashion and respectability, who had lived in the best world—it was easy to see that. The young ladies' duets were very striking. The Hon. Mr. Boldero was away shooting in Scotland at his brother's, Lord Strongitharm's, and would take Gaberlunzie Castle and the duke's on his way south. Mrs. Baynes did not know Lady Estridge, the ambassadress? When the Estridges returned from Chantilly, the Hon. Mrs. B. would be delighted to introduce her. 'Your pretty girl's name is Charlotte? So is Lady Estridge's—and very nearly as tall; fine girls the Estridges; fine long necks—large feet—but your girl, Lady Baynes, has beautiful feet. Lady Baynes, I said? Well, you must be Lady Baynes soon. The General *must* be a K. C. B. after his services. What, you know Lord Trim? He will, and must, do it for you. If not, my brother Strongitharm shall.' I have no doubt Mrs. Baynes was greatly elated by the attentions of Lord Strongitharm's sister; and looked him out in the *Peerage*, where his Lordship's arms, pedigree, and residence of Gaberlunzie Castle are duly recorded. The Hon. Mrs. Boldero's daughters, the Misses Minna and Brenda Boldero, played some rattling sonatas on a piano which was a good deal fatigued by their exertions, for the young ladies' hands were very powerful. And

madame said, 'Thank you,' with her sweetest smile; and Auguste handed about on a silver tray—I say silver, so that the *convenances* may not be wounded—well, say silver that was blushing to find itself copper—handed about on a tray a white drink which make the Baynes boys cry out, 'I say, mother, what's this beastly thing?' On which madame, with the sweetest smile, appealed to the company, and said, 'They love orgeat, these dear infants!' and resumed her picquet with old M. Bidois—that odd old gentleman in the long brown coat, with the red ribbon, who took so much snuff and blew his nose so often and so loudly. One, two, three rattling sonatas Minna and Brenda played; Mr. Clancy, of Trinity College, Dublin (M. de Clanci, madame called him), turning over the leaves, and presently being persuaded to sing some Irish melodies for the ladies. I don't think Miss Charlotte Baynes listened to the music much. She was listening to another music which she and Mr. Firmin were performing together. Oh, how pleasant that music used to be! There was a sameness in it, I dare say, but still it was pleasant to hear the air over again. The pretty little duet *à quatre mains*, where the hands cross over, and hop up and down the keys, and the heads get so close, so close. Oh, duets, oh, regrets! Psha! no more of this. Go down stairs, old dotard. Take your hat and umbrella and go walk by the sea-shore, and whistle a toothless old solo. 'These are our quiet nights,' whispers M. de Clanci to the Baynes ladies, when the evening draws to an end. 'Madame's Thursdays are, I promise ye, much more fully attended.' Good-night, good-night. A squeeze of a little hand, a hearty hand-shake from papa and mamma, and Philip is striding through the dark Elysian fields and over the Place of Concord to his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain. Oh, stay! What is that glowworm beaming by the wall opposite Mme. de Smolensk's house—a glowworm that wafts an aromatic incense and odor? I do believe it is Mr. Philip's cigar. And he is watching, watching a window by which a slim figure flits now and again. Then darkness falls on the little window. The sweet eyes are closed. Oh, blessings, blessings be upon them! The stars shine overhead. And homeward stalks Mr. Firmin, talking to himself, and brandishing a great stick.

I wish that poor Mme. Smolensk could sleep as well as the people in her house. But care, with the cold feet, gets under the coverlid, and says, 'Here I am; you know that bill is coming due to-morrow.' Ah, *atra cura!* can't you leave the poor thing a little quiet? Hasn't she had work enough all day?

CHAPTER XX.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

WE beg the gracious reader to remember that Mr. Philip's business at Paris was only with a weekly London paper as yet; and hence that he had on his hands a great deal of leisure. He could glance over the state of Europe; give the latest news from the salons imparted to him, I do believe, for the most part by some brother hireling scribes; be present at all the theaters by deputy; and smash Louis Philippe or MM. Guizot and Thiers in a few easily turned paragraphs, which cost but a very few hours' labor to that bold and rapid pen. A wholesome though humiliating thought it must be to great and learned public writers that their eloquent sermons are but for the day; and that, having read what the philosophers say on Tuesday or Wednesday, we think about their yesterday's sermons or essays no more. A score of years hence, men will read the papers of 1861 for the occurrences narrated—births, marriages, bankruptcies, elections, murders, deaths, and so forth; and not for the leading articles. 'Though there were some of my letters,' Mr. Philip would say, in after times, 'that I fondly fancied the world would not willingly let die. I wanted to have them or see them reprinted in a volume, but I could find no publisher willing to undertake the risk. A fond being, who fancies there is genius in everything I say or write, would have had me reprint my letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but I was too timid, or she, perhaps, was too confident. The letters never were republished. Let them pass.' They *have* passed. And he sighs, in mentioning this circumstance; and I think tries to persuade himself, rather than others, that he is an unrecognized genius.

'And then, you know,' he pleads, 'I was in love, sir, and spending all my days at Omphale's knees. I didn't do justice to my powers. If I had had a daily paper, I still think I might have made a good public writer; and that I had the stuff in me—the stuff in me, sir!'

The truth is that, if he had had a daily paper, and ten times as much work as fell to his lot, Mr. Philip would have found means of pursuing his inclination, as he ever through life has done. The being whom a young man wishes to see, he sees. What business is superior to that of seeing her? 'Tis a little Hellespontine matter keeps Leander from his Hero? He would die rather than not see her. Had he swum out of that difficulty on that stormy night, and carried on a few months later, it

might have been, 'Beloved! my cold and rheumatism are so severe that the doctor says I must not *think* of cold bathing at night;' or, 'Dearest! we have a party at tea, and you mustn't expect your ever fond Leander to-night,' and so forth, and so forth. But in the heat of his passion water could not stay him; tempests could not frighten him; and in one of them he went down, while poor Hero's lamp was twinkling and spending its best flame in vain. So Philip came from Sestos to Abydos daily—across one of the bridges, and paying a halfpenny toll very likely—and, late or early, poor little Charlotte's virgin lamps were lighted in her eyes, and watching for him.

Philip made many sacrifices, mind you; sacrifices which all men are not in the habit of making. When Lord Ringwood was in Paris, twice, thrice, he refused to dine with his lordship, until that nobleman smelt a rat, as the saying is—and said: 'Well, youngster, I suppose you are going where there is metal more attractive. When you come to twelve lusters, my boy, you'll find vanity and vexation in that sort of thing, and a good dinner better, and cheaper, too, than the best of them.' And when some of Philip's rich college friends met him in his exile, and asked him to the Rocher or the Trois Frères, he would break away from those banquets; and as for meeting at those feasts doubtful companions, whom young men will sometimes invite to their entertainments, Philip turned from such with scorn and anger. His virtue was loud, and he proclaimed it loudly. He expected little Charlotte to give him credit for it, and told her of his self-denial. And she believed anything he said; and delighted in everything he wrote; and copied out his articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and treasured his poems in her desk of desks; and there never was in all Sestos, in all Abydos, in all Europe, in all Asia Minor or Asia Major, such a noble creature as Leander, Hero thought; never, never! I hope, young ladies, you may all have a Leander on his way to the tower where the light of your love is burning steadfastly. I hope, young gentlemen, you have each of you a beacon in sight, and may meet with no mishap in swimming to it.

From my previous remarks regarding Mrs. Baynes, the reader has been made aware that the General's wife was no more faultless than the rest of her fellow-creatures; and having already candidly informed the public that the writer and his family were no favorites of this lady, I have now the pleasing duty of recording my own opinions regarding *her*. Mrs. General B. was an early riser. She was a frugal woman; fond of her young, or, let us say, anxious to provide for their main-

tenance; and here, with my best compliments, I think the catalogue of her good qualities is ended. She had a bad, violent temper; a disagreeable person, attired in very bad taste; a shrieking voice; and two manners, the respectful and the patronizing which were both alike odious. When she ordered Baynes to marry her, gracious powers! why did he not run away? Who dared first to say that marriages are made in heaven? We know that there are not only blunders, but roguery in the marriage office. Do not mistakes occur every day, and are not the wrong people coupled? Had heaven anything to do with the bargain by which young Miss Blushrose was sold to old Mr. Hoarfrost? Did heaven order Miss Tripper to throw over poor Tom Spooner, and marry the wealthy Mr. Bung? You may as well say that horses are sold in heaven, as you know, are groomed, are doctored, are chanted on to the market, and warranted by dexterous horse-venders as possessing every quality of blood, pace, temper, age. Against these Mr. Greenhorn has his remedy sometimes; but against a mother who sells you a warranted daughter, what remedy is there? You have been jockeyed by false representations into bidding for the Cecilia, and the animal is yours for life. She shies, kicks, stumbles, has an infernal temper, is a crib biter—and she was warranted to you by her mother as the most perfect, good-tempered creature, whom the most timid might manage! You have bought her. She is yours. Heaven bless you! Take her home, and be miserable for the rest of your days. You have no redress. You have done the deed. Marriages were made in heaven, you know; and in yours you were as much sold as Moses Primrose was when he bought the gross of green spectacles.

I don't think poor General Baynes ever had a proper sense of his situation, or knew how miserable he ought by rights to have been. He was not uncheerful at times; a silent man, liking his rubber and his glass of wine; a very weak person in the common affairs of life, as his best friends must own; but, as I have heard, a very tiger in action. 'I know your opinion of the General,' Philip used to say to me, in his grandiloquent way. 'You despise men who don't bully their wives; you do, sir! You think the General weak, I know, I know. Other brave men were so about women, as I dare say you have heard. This man, so weak at home, was mighty on the war-path; and in his wigwam are the scalps of countless warriors.'

'In his wig *what?*' say I. The truth is, on his meek head the General wore a little curling chestnut topknot, which looked very queer and out of place over that wrinkled and war-worn face.

‘If you choose to laugh at your joke, pray do,’ says Phil majestically. ‘I make a noble image of a warrior. You prefer a barber’s pole. *Bon!* Pass me the wine. The veteran whom I hope to salute as father ere long—the soldier of twenty battles; who saw my own brave grandfather die at his side—die at Busaeo, by George; you laugh at on account of his wig. It’s a capital joke.’ And here Phil seowled and slapped the table, and passed his hand across his eyes, as though the death of his grandfather, which occurred long before Philip was born, caused him a very serious pang of grief. Philip’s newspaper business brought him to London on occasions. I think it was on one of these visits that we had our talk about General Baynes. And it was at the same time Philip described the boarding house to us, and its inmates, and the landlady, and the doings there.

For that struggling landlady, as for all women in distress, our friend had a great sympathy and liking; and she returned Philip’s kindness by being very good to Mlle. Charlotte, and very forbearing with the General’s wife and his other children. The appetites of those little ones were frightful, the temper of Mme. la Générale was almost intolerable, but Charlotte was an angel, and the General was a mutton—a true mutton. Her own father had been so. The brave are often muttons at home. I suspect that, though Madame could have made but little profit by the General’s family, his monthly payments were very welcome to her meager little exchequer. ‘Ah, if all my *locataires* were like him!’ sighed the poor lady. ‘That Mme. Boldero, whom the Generals treat always as Honorable, I wish I was as sure of her! And others again!’

I never kept a boarding house, but I am sure there must be many painful duties attendant on that profession. What can you do if a lady or gentleman doesn’t pay his bill? Turn him or her out? Perhaps the very thing that lady or gentleman would desire. They go. Those trunks which you have insanely detained, and about which you have made a fight and a scandal, do not contain a hundred franc’s worth of goods, and your debtors never come back again. You do not like to have a row in a boarding house any more than you would like to have a party with scarlet fever in your best bedroom. The scarlet-fever party stays, and the other boarders go away. What, you ask, do I mean by this mystery? I am sorry to have to give up names, and titled names. I am sorry to say the Honorable Mrs. Boldero did not pay her bill. She was waiting for remittances, which the Honorable Boldero was dreadfully remiss in sending. A dreadful man! He was still at his Lordship’s at

Gaberlunzie Castle, shooting the wild deer and hunting the roe. And though the Honorable Mrs. B.'s heart was in the Highlands, of course how could she join her Highland chief without the money to pay Madame? The Highlands, indeed! One dull day it came out that the Honorable Boldero was amusing himself in the Highlands of Hesse Homburg; and engaged in the dangerous sport which is to be had in the green plains about Loch Badenbadenoeh!

'Did you ever hear of such depravity? The woman is a desperate and unprincipled adventuress! I wonder Madame dares to put me and my children and my General down at table with such people as those, Philip!' cries Mme. la Générale. 'I mean those opposite—that woman and her two daughters who haven't paid Madame a shilling for three months—who owes me 500 francs, which she borrowed until next Tuesday, expecting a remittance—a pretty remittance indeed—from Lord Strongitharm, I dare say! And she pretends to be most intimate at the embassy; and that she would introduce us there, and at the Tuileries; and she told me Lady Garterton had the small-pox in the house and when I said all ours had been vaccinated, and I didn't mind, she fobbed me off with some other excuse; and it's my belief that the woman's a *humbug*. Overhear me! I don't care if she *does* overhear me. No. You may look as much as you like, my *Honorable* Mrs. Boldero; and I don't care if you do overhear me. Ogoost! Pomdytare pour le Générale! How tough Madame's boof is, and it's boof, boof, boof every day, till I'm sick of boof. Ogoost! why won't you attend to my children?' And so forth.

By this report of the worthy woman's conversation, you will see that the friendship which had sprung up between the two ladies had come to an end, in consequence of painful pecuniary disputes between them; that to keep a boarding house can't be a very pleasant occupation; and that even to dine in a boarding house must be only bad fun when the company is frightened and dull, and when there are two old women at table ready to fling the dishes at each other's fronts. At the period of which I now write, I promise you, there was little of the piano duet business going on after dinner. In the first place, everybody knew the girls' pieces; and when they began, Mrs. General Baynes would lift up a voice louder than the jingling old instrument, thumped Minna and Brenda ever so loudly. 'Perfect strangers to me, Mr. Clancy, I assure you. Had I known her, you don't suppose I would have lent her the money. Honorable Mrs. Boldero, indeed! Five weeks she has owed me 500 frongs. Bong

swor, M. Bidois! Sang song frong pas payy encor! Prommy pas payy!’ Fancy, I say what a dreary life that must have been at the select boarding house, where these two parties were doing battle daily after dinner! Fancy, at the select *soirées*, the General’s lady seizing upon one guest after another, and calling out her wrongs, and pointing to the wrong-doer; and poor Mme. Smolensk, smirking and smiling, and flying from one end of the salon to the other, and thanking M. Pivoine for his charming romance, and M. Brumm for his admirable performance on the violoncello, and even asking those poor Misses Boldero to perform their duet—for her heart melted toward them. Not ignorant of evil, she had learned to succor the miserable. She knew what poverty was, and had to coax scowling duns and wheedle vulgar creditors. ‘*Tenez, M. Philippe,*’ she said, ‘the Générale is too cruel. There are others here who might complain, and are silent.’ Philip felt all this; the conduct of his future mother-in-law filled him with dismay and horror. And sometime after these remarkable circumstances, he told me, blushing as he spoke, a humiliating secret. ‘Do you know, sir,’ says he, ‘that that autumn I made a pretty good thing out of it with one thing or another. I did my work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and Smith of the *Daily Intelligencer*, wanting a month’s holiday, gave me his letter and ten francs a day. And at that very time I met Redman, who had owed me twenty pounds ever since we were at college, and who was just coming back flush from Homburg, and paid me. Well, now. Swear you won’t tell. Swear on your faith as a Christian man! With this money I went, sir, privily to Mrs. Boldero. I said if she would pay the dragon—I mean Mrs. Baynes—I would lend her the money. And I *did* lend her the money, and the Boldero never paid back Mrs. Baynes. Don’t mention it. Promise me you won’t tell Mrs. Baynes. I never expected to get Redman’s money, you know, and am no worse off than before. One day of the Grandes Eaux we went to Versailles, I think, and the Honorable Mrs. Boldero gave us the slip. She left the poor girls behind her in pledge, who, to do them justice, cried and were in a dreadful way; and when Mrs. Baynes, on her return, began shrieking about her sang song frong,’ Mme. Smolensk fairly lost patience for once, and said, “*Mais, Madame, vous nous fatiguez, avec vos cinq cent francs,*” on which the other muttered something about “*Ansolong,*” but was briskly taken up by her husband, who said, “By George, Eliza, Madame is quite right. And I wish the 500 francs were in the sea.”’

Thus, you understand, if Mrs. General Baynes thought some

people were 'stuck-up people,' some people can—and hereby do by these presents—pay off Mrs. Baynes, by furnishing the public with a candid opinion of that lady's morals, manners, and character. How could such a shrewd woman be dazzled so repeatedly by ranks and titles? There used to dine at Mme. Smolensk's boarding house a certain German baron, with a large finger ring, upon a dingy finger, toward whom the lady was pleased to cast the eye of favor, and who chose to fall in love with her pretty daughter; young Mr. Clancy, the Irish poet, was also smitten with the charms of the fair young lady; and this intrepid mother encouraged both suitors, to the unspeakable agonies of Philip Firmin, who felt often that while he was away at his work these inmates of Mme. Smolensk's house were near his charmer—at her side at lunch, ever handing her the cup at breakfast, on the watch for her when she walked forth in the garden; and I take the pangs of jealousy to have formed a part of those unspeakable sufferings which Philip said he endured in the house whither he came courting.

Little Charlotte, in one or two of her letters to her friends in Queen Square, London, meekly complained of Philip's tendency to jealousy. 'Does he think, after knowing him, I can think of these horrid men?' she asked. 'I don't understand what Mr. Clancy is talking about, when he comes to me with his "pomes and potry"; and who can read poetry like Philip himself? Then the German baron—who does not call even himself baron; it is mamma who will insist upon calling him so—has such very dirty things, and smells so of cigars, that I don't like to come near him. Philip smokes too, but his cigars are quite pleasant. Ah, dear friend, how *could* he ever think such men as these were to be put in comparison with him! And he scolds so; and scowls at the poor men in the evening when he comes! and his temper is so high! Do say a *word* to him—quite cautiously and gently, you know—in behalf of your fondly attached and most happy—only he will make me unhappy sometimes; but you'll prevent him, won't you?—CHARLOTTE B.'

I could fancy Philip hectoring through the part of Othello, and his poor young Desdemona not a little frightened at his black humors. Such sentiments as Mr. Philip felt strongly, he expressed with an uproar. Charlotte's correspondent, as usual, made light of these little domestic confidences and grievances. 'Women don't dislike a jealous scolding,' she said. 'It may be rather tiresome, but it is always a compliment. Some husbands think so well of themselves, that they can't condescend to be jealous.' 'Yes,' I say, 'women prefer to have

tyrants over them. A scolding you think is a mark of attention. Hadn't you better adopt the Russian system at once, and go out and buy me a whip, and present it to me with a courtesy, and your compliments; and a meek prayer that I should use it.' 'Present you a whip! present you a goose!' says the lady, who encourages scolding in other husbands, it seems, but won't suffer a word from her own.

Both disputants had set their sentimental hearts on the marriage of this young man and this young woman. Little Charlotte's heart was so bent on the match, that it would break, we fancied, if she were disappointed; and in her mother's behavior we felt, from the knowledge we had of the woman's disposition, there was a serious cause for alarm. Should a better offer present itself, Mrs. Baynes, we feared, would fling over poor Philip; or it was in reason and nature, that he would come to a quarrel with her, and in the course of the pitched battle which must ensue between them, he would fire off expressions mortally injurious. Are there not many people, in everyone's acquaintance, who as soon as they have made a bargain repent of it? Philip, as 'preserver' of General Baynes, in the first fervor of family gratitude for that act of self-sacrifice on the young man's part, was very well. But gratitude wears out; or suppose a woman says, 'It is my duty to my child to recall my word; and not allow her to fling herself away on a beggar.' Suppose that you and I, strongly inclined to do a mean action, get a good, available, and moral motive for it? I tremble for poor Philip's course of true love, and little Charlotte's chances, when these surmises crossed my mind. There was a hope still in the honor and gratitude of General Baynes. *He* would not desert his young friend and benefactor. Now, General Baynes was a brave man of war, and so was John of Marlborough a brave man of war; but it is certain that both were afraid of their wives.

We have said by whose invitation and encouragement General Baynes was induced to bring his family to the boarding house at Paris; the instigation, namely, of his friend and companion in arms, the gallant Colonel Bunch. When the Baynes family arrived, the Bunches were on the steps of Madame's house, waving a welcome to the newcomers. It was, 'Here we are, Bunch, my boy.' 'Glad to see you, Baynes. Right well you're looking, and so's Mrs. B.' And the General replies, 'And so are you, Bunch; and so do *you*, Mrs. B.' 'How do, boys? How d'you do, Miss Charlotte? Come to show the Paris fellows what a pretty girl is, hey? Blooming like a rose, Baynes!' 'I'm telling the General,' cries the Colonel to the General's lady, 'the

girl's the very image of her mother.' In this case poor Charlotte must have looked like a yellow rose, for Mrs. Baynes was of a bilious temperament and complexion, whereas Miss Charlotte was as fresh pink and white as—what shall we say? as the very freshest strawberries mingled with the very nicest cream.

The two old soldiers were of very great comfort to one another. They toddled down to Galignani's together daily, and read the paper there. They went and looked at the reviews in the Carrousel, and once or twice to the Champ de Mars; recognizing here and there the numbers of the Regiments against which they had been engaged in the famous ancient wars. They did not brag in the least about their achievements, they winked and understood each other. They got their old uniforms out of their old boxes, and took a *voiture de remise*, by Jove! and went to be presented to Louis Philippe. They bought a catalogue, and went to the Louvre, and wagged their honest old heads before the pictures; and, I dare say, winked and nudged each other's brave old sides at some of the nymphs in the statue gallery. They went out to Versailles with their families; loyally stood treat to the ladies at the restaurateur's. (Bunch had taken down a memorandum in his pocket-book from Benyon, who had been the duke's aid-de-camp in the last campaign, to 'go to Beauvillier's,' only Beauvillier's had been shut up for twenty years.) They took their families and Charlotte to the Théâtre Français, to a tragedy; and they had books; and they said it was the most confounded nonsense they ever saw in their lives; and I am bound to say that Bunch, in the back of the box, snored so, that, though in retirement, he created quite a sensation. 'Corneal,' he owns, was too much for him; give him Shakspeare; give him John Kemble; give him Mrs. Siddons; give him Mrs. Jordan. But as for this sort of thing? 'I think our play days are over, Baynes, hey?' And I also believe that Miss Charlotte Baynes, whose knowledge of the language was imperfect as yet, was very much bewildered during the tragedy, and could give but an imperfect account of it. But then Philip Firmin was in the orchestra stalls; and had he not sent three bouquets for the three ladies, regretting that he could not come to see somebody in the Champs Élysées, because it was his post day, and he must write his letter for the *Pall Mall Gazette*? There he was, *her* Cid; her peerless champion; and to give up father and mother for *him*? our little Chiméne thought such a sacrifice not too difficult. After that dismal attempt at the theater, the experiment was not repeated. The old gentlemen preferred their whist to those pompous Al-

exandrines, sung through the nose, which Colonel Bunch, a facetious little Colonel, used to imitate, and, I am given to understand, very badly.

The good gentlemen's ordinary amusement was a game of cards after dinner; and they compared Madame's to an East Indian ship, quarrels and all. Sarah went on just in that way on board the *Burrumpooter*. Always rows about precedence and the services, and the deuce knows what. Women always will. Sarah Bunch went on in that way: and Eliza Baynes also went on in that way; but I should think, from the most trustworthy information, that Eliza was worse than Sarah.

'About any person with a title, that woman will make a fool of herself to the end of the chapter,' remarked Sarah of her friend. 'You remember how she used to go on at Barrackpore about that little shrimp, Stony Battersby, because he was an Irish viscount's son? See how she flings herself at the head of this Mrs. Boldero, with her airs, and her paint, and her black front! I can't bear the woman! I know she has not paid Madame. I know she is no better than she should be—and to see Eliza Baynes coaxing her, and sidling up to her, and flattering her; it's too bad, that it is! A woman who owes ever so much to Madame! a woman who doesn't pay her washerwoman!'

'Just like the *Burrumpooter* over again, my dear,' cries Colonel Bunch. 'You and Eliza Baynes were always quarreling, that's the fact. Why did you ask her to come here? I knew you would begin again, as soon as you met.' And the truth was that these ladies were always fighting and making up again.

'So you and Mrs. Bunch were old acquaintances?' asked Mrs. Boldero of her new friend. My dear Mrs. Baynes! I should hardly have thought it; your manners are so different! Your friend, if I may be so free as to speak, has the camp manner. You have not the camp manner at all. I should have thought you—excuse me the phrase, but I'm so open, and always speak my mind out—you haven't the camp manner at all. You seem as if you were one of us. Minna! doesn't Mrs. Baynes put you in mind of Lady Hm——?' (The name is inaudible, in consequence of Mrs. Boldero's exceeding shyness in mentioning names—but the girls see the likeness to dear Lady Hm—— at once.) 'And when you bring your dear girl to London you'll know the lady I mean, and judge for yourself. I assure you I am not disparaging you, my dear Mrs. Baynes, in comparing you to her!'

And so the conversation goes on. If Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours chose to betray secrets, she could give extracts from

her sister's letters to show how profound was the impression created in Mrs. General Baynes' mind by the professions and conversations of the Scotch lady.

'Didn't the General shoot and love deer-stalking? The dear General must come to Gaberlunzie Castle, where she would promise him a Highland welcome. Her brother Strongitharm was the most amiable of men; *adored* her and her girls; there was talk even of marrying Minna to the Captain, but she, for her part, could not *endure* the marriage of first-cousins. There was a tradition against such marriages in their family. Of three Bolderos and Strongitharms who married their first-cousins, one was drowned in Gaberlunzie lake three weeks after marriage; one lost his wife by a galloping consumption, and died a monk at Rome; and the third married a fortnight before the battle of Culloden, where he was slain at the head of the Strongitharms. Mrs. Baynes had *no idea* of the splendor of Gaberlunzie Castle; seventy bedrooms and thirteen company-rooms, besides the picture gallery! In Edinburgh, the Strongitharm had the right to wear his bonnet in the presence of his sovereign.' 'A bonnet! how very odd, my dear! But with ostrich plumes, I dare say it may look well, especially as the Highlanders wear frocks, too.' 'Lord Strongitharm had no house in London, having almost ruined himself in building his princely castle in the North. Mrs. Baynes *must* come there and meet their noble relatives and all the Scottish nobility.' 'Nor do I care about these vanities, my dear, but to bring my sweet Charlotte into the world; is it not a mother's duty?'

Not only to her sister, but likewise to Charlotte's friends of Queen Square, did Mrs. Baynes impart this delightful news. But this is in the first ardor of the friendship which arises between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero, and before those unpleasant money disputes of which we have spoken.

Afterward when the two ladies have quarreled regarding the memorable 'sang song frong,' I think Mrs. Bunch came round to Mrs. Boldero's side. 'Eliza Baynes is too hard on her. It is too cruel to insult her before those two unhappy daughters. The woman is an odious woman, and a vulgar woman, and a schemer, and I always said so. But to box her ears before her daughters—her honorable friend of last week! it's a shame of Eliza!'

'My dear, you'd better tell her so!' says Bunch dryly. 'But if you do, tell her when I'm out of the way, please!' And accordingly, one day when the two old officers return from their stroll, Mrs. Bunch informs the Colonel that she has had it out with Eliza; and Mrs. Baynes, with a heated face, tells the

General that she and Mrs. Colonel Bunch have quarreled; and she is determined it shall be for the last time. So that poor Mme. de Smolensk has to interpose between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero; between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Bunch, and to sit surrounded by glaring eyes, and hissing inuendoes, and in the midst of feuds unhealable. Of course, from the women the quarreling will spread to the gentlemen. That always happens. Poor Madame trembles. Again Bunch gives his neighbor his word that it is like the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman—the *Burrumpooter* in very bad weather, too.

‘At any rate *we* won’t be lugged into it, Baynes, my boy!’ says the Colonel, who is of a sanguine temperament, to his friend.

‘Hey, hey! don’t be too sure, Bunch; don’t be too sure,’ sighs the other veteran, who, it may be, is of a more desponding turn, as, after a battle at luncheon, in which the Amazons were fiercely engaged, the two old warriors take their walk to Galignani’s.

Toward his Charlotte’s relatives poor Philip was respectful by duty and a sense of interest, perhaps. Before marriage, especially, men are very kind to the relatives of the beloved object. They pay compliments to mamma; they listen to papa’s old stories; and laugh appositely; they bring presents for the innocent young ones, and let the little brothers kick their shins. Philip endured the juvenile Bayneses very kindly; he took the boys to Franconi’s, and made his conversation as suitable as he could to the old people. He was fond of the old General, a simple and worthy old man; and had, as we have said, a hearty sympathy and respect for Mme. Smolensk, admiring her constancy and good-humor under her many trials. But those who have pursued his memoirs are aware that Mr. Firmin could make himself, on occasions, not a little disagreeable. When sprawling on a sofa, engaged in conversation with his charmer, he would not budge when other ladies entered the room. He scowled at them, if he did not like them. He was not at the least trouble to conceal his likes or dislikes. He had a manner of fixing his glass in his eye, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and talking and laughing very loudly at his own jokes or conceits, which was not pleasant or respectful to ladies.

‘Your loud young friend, with the cracked boots, is very *mauvais ton*, my dear Mrs. Baynes,’ Mrs. Boldero remarked to her new friend, in the first ardor of their friendship. ‘A relative of Lord Ringwood’s, is he? Lord Ringwood is a very queer person. A son of that dreadful Dr. Firmin, who ran away after cheating everybody? Poor young man! He can’t help having such a father, as you say, and most good, and kind, and

generous of you to say so. And the General and the Honorable Philip Ringwood were early companions together, I dare say. But having such an unfortunate father as Dr. Firmin, I think Mr. Firmin might be a little less *prononcé*, don't you? And to see him in cracked boots, sprawling over the sofas, and hear him, when my loves are playing their duets, laughing and talking so very loud—I confess isn't pleasant to me. I am not used to that kind of *monde*, nor are my dear loves. You are under great obligations to him, and he has behaved nobly, you say? Of course. To get into your society an unfortunate young man will be on his best behavior, though he certainly does not condescend to be civil to us. But—What! that young man engaged to that lovely, innocent, charming child, your daughter? My dear creature, you frighten me! A man, with such a father! and, excuse me, with such a manner; and without a penny in the world, engaged to Miss Baynes! Goodness, powers! It must never be. It shall not be, my dear Mrs. Baynes. Why, I have written to my nephew Lenox to come over, Strongitharm's favorite son and my favorite nephew. I have told him that there is a sweet young creature here, whom he must and ought to see. How well that dear child would look presiding at Strongitharm Castle? And you are going to give her to that dreadful young man with the loud voice and cracked boots—that smoky young man—oh, impossible!

Madame had, no doubt, given a very favorable report of her new lodgers to the other inmates of her house; and she and Mrs. Boldero had concluded that all general officers returning from India were immensely rich. To think that her daughter might be the Honorable Mrs. Strongitharm, Baroness Strongitharm, and walk in a coronation in robes, with a coronet in her hand! Mrs. Baynes yielded in loyalty to no woman, but I fear her wicked desires compassed a speedy royal demise, as this thought passed through her mind of the Honorable Lenox Strongitharm. She looked him out in the *Peerage*, and found that young nobleman designated as the Captain of Strongitharm. Charlotte might be the Honorable Mrs. Captain of Strongitharm! When poor Phil stalked in after dinner that evening in his shabby boots and smoky paletot, Mrs. Baynes gave him but a grim welcome. He went and prattled unconsciously by the side of his little Charlotte, whose tender eyes dwelt upon his, and whose fair cheeks flung out their blushes of welcome. He prattled away. He laughed out loud while Minna and Brenda were thumping their duet. '*Taisez-vous donc, M. Philippe,*' cries Madame, putting her finger to her lip. The Honorable Mrs. Boldero

looked at dear Mrs. Baynes, and shrugged her shoulders. Poor Philip! would he have laughed so loudly (and so rudely, too, as I own), had he known what was passing in the minds of those women? Treason was passing there; and before that glance of knowing scorn, shot from the Honorable Mrs. Boldero's eyes, dear Mrs. General Baynes faltered. How very curt and dry she was with Philip! how testy with Charlotte! Poor Philip, knowing that his charmer was in the power of her mother, was pretty humble to this dragon; and attempted, by uncouth flatteries, to soothe and propitiate her. She had a queer, dry humor, and loved a joke; but Phil's fell very flat this night. Mrs. Baynes received his pleasantries with an 'Oh, indeed! She was sure she heard one of the children crying in their nursery. Do, pray, go and see, Charlotte, what that child is crying about.' And away goes poor Charlotte, having but dim presentiment of misfortune as yet. Was not mamma often in an ill humor; and were they not all used to her scoldings?

As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, I am sorry to say that, up to this time, Philip was not only no favorite with her, but was heartily disliked by that lady. I have told you our friend's faults. He was loud; he was abrupt; he was rude often; and often gave just cause of annoyance by his laughter, his disrespect, and his swaggering manner. To those whom he liked he was as gentle as a woman; and treated them with an extreme tenderness and touching rough respect. But those persons about whom he was indifferent, he never took the least trouble to conciliate or please. If they told long stories, for example, he would turn on his heel, or interrupt them by observations of his own on some quite different subject. Mrs. Colonel Bunch, then, positively disliked that young man, and I think had very good reasons for her dislike. As for Bunch, Bunch said to Baynes, 'Cool hand, that young fellow!' and winked. And Baynes said to Bunch, 'Queer chap. Fine fellow, as I have reason to know pretty well. I play a club. No club? I mark honor; and two tricks.' And the game went on. Clancy hated Philip; a meek man whom yet Firmin had managed to offend. 'That man,' the poet Clancy remarked, 'has a manner of treading on me corrans which is intolerable to me!'

The truth is, Philip was always putting his foot on some other foot, and trampling it. And as for the Boldero clan, Mr. Firmin treated them with the most amusing insolence, and ignored them as if they were out of existence altogether. So you see the poor fellow had not with his poverty learned the least lesson of humility, or acquired the very earliest rudiment

of the art of making friends. I think his best friend in the house was its mistress, Mme. Smolensk. Mr. Philip treated her as an equal; which mark of affability he was not in the habit of bestowing on all persons. Some great people, some rich people, some would-be-fine people, he would patronize with an insufferable audacity. Rank or wealth do not seem somehow to influence this man, as they do common mortals. He would tap a bishop on the waistcoat, and contradict a duke at their first meeting. I have seen him walk out of church during a stupid sermon, with an audible remark perhaps to that effect, and as if it were a matter of course that he should go. If the company bored him at dinner, he would go to sleep in the most unaffected manner. At home we were always kept in a pleasant state of anxiety, not only by what he did and said, but by the idea of what he might do or say next. He did not go to sleep at Madame's boarding house, preferring to keep his eyes open to look at pretty Charlotte's. And were there ever such sapphires as his? she thought. And hers? Ah, if they have tears to shed, I hope a kind fate will dry them quickly!

CHAPTER XXI.

TREATS OF DANCING, DINING, DYING.

OLD schoolboys remember how, when pious Æneas was compelled by painful circumstances to quit his country, he and his select band of Trojans founded a new Troy, where they landed; raising temples to the Trojan gods; building streets with Trojan names; and endeavoring, to the utmost of their power, to recall their beloved native place. In like manner, British Trojans and French Trojans take their Troy everywhere. Algiers I have only seen from the sea; but New Orleans and Leicester Square I have visited; and have seen a quaint old France still lingering on the banks of the Mississippi; a dingy modern France round that great Globe of Mr. Wyld's, which they say is coming to an end. There are French cafés, billiards, estaminets, waiters, markers, poor Frenchmen, and rich Frenchmen, in a new Paris—shabby and dirty, it is true—but offering the emigrant the dominos, the chopine, the petit-verre of the patrie. And do not British Trojans, who emigrate to the continent of Europe, take their Troy with them? You all know the quarters of Paris which swarm with us Trojans. From Peace Street to the Arch of the Star are collected thousands of refugees from our Ilium. Under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli you meet, at certain hours, as many of our Trojans as of the natives. In

the Trojan inns of Meurice, the Louvre, etc., we swarm. We have numerous Anglo-Trojan doctors and apothecaries, who give us the dear pills and doses of Pergamus. We go to Mrs. Guerre or kind Mrs. Colombin, and can purchase the sandwiches of Troy, the pale ale and sherry of Troy, and the dear, dear muffins of home. We live for years never speaking any language but our native Trojan; except to our servants, whom we instruct in the Trojan way of preparing toast for breakfast; Trojan bread-sauce for fowls and partridges; Trojan corned beef, etc. We have temples where we worship according to the Trojan rites. A kindly sight is that which one beholds of a Sunday in the Elysian fields and the St. Honoré quarter, of processions of English grown people and children, stalwart, red-checked, marching to their churches, their gilded prayer books in hand, to sing in a stranger's land the sacred songs of their Zion. I am sure there are many English in Paris who never speak to any native above the rank of a waiter or shopman. Not long since I was listening to a Frenchman at Folkestone, speaking English to the waiters and acting as interpreter for his party. He spoke pretty well and very quickly. He was irresistibly comical. I wonder how we maintained our gravity. And you and I, my dear friend, when *we* speak French, I dare say we are just as absurd. As absurd! And why not? Don't you be discouraged, young fellow. *Courage, mon jeune ami!* Remember, Trojans have a conquering way with them. When Æneas landed at Carthage, I dare say he spoke Carthaginian with a ridiculous Trojan accent; but, for all that, poor Dido fell desperately in love with him. Take example by the son of Anchises, my boy. Never mind the grammar or the pronunciation, but tickle the lady, and speak your mind to her as best you can.

This is the plan which the Vicomte de Loisy used to adopt. He was following a *course* of English according to the celebrated *methode Jobson*. The *cours* assembled twice a week; and the Vicomte, with laudable assiduity, went to all English parties to which he could gain an introduction, for the purpose of acquiring the English language, and marrying *une Anglaise*. This industrious young man even went *au Temple* on Sundays for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the English language; and as he sat under Dr. Murrough Macmanus of T. C. D., a very eloquent preacher at Paris in those days, the Vicomte acquired a very fine pronunciation. Attached to the cause of unfortunate monarchy all over the world, the Vicomte had fought in the Spanish-Carlist armies. He waltzed well; and Madame thought his cross looked nice at her parties. Will

it be believed that Mrs. General Baynes took this gentleman into special favor; talked with him at *soirée* after *soirée*; never laughed at his English; encouraged her girl to waltz with him (which he did to perfection, whereas poor Philip was but a hulking and clumsy performer); and showed him the very greatest favor, until one day, on going into Mr. Bonus', the house-agent (who lets lodgings, and sells British pickles, tea, sherry, and the like), she found the Vicomte occupying a stool as clerk in Mr. Bonus' establishment, where for 1200 francs a year he gave his invaluable services during the day! Mrs. Baynes took poor Madame severely to task for admitting such a man to her assemblies. Madame was astonished. Monsieur was a gentleman of ancient family who had met with misfortunes. He was earning his maintenance. To sit in a bureau was not a dishonor. Knowing that *boutique* meant shop and *garçon* meant boy, Mrs. Baynes made use of the words *boutique garçon* the next time she saw the Vicomte. The little man wept tears of rage and mortification. There was a very painful scene, at which, thank mercy, poor Charlotte thought, Philip was not present. Were it not for the General's *cheveux blancs* (by which phrase the Vicomte very kindly designated General Baynes' chestnut top-knot), the Vicomte would have had reason from him. 'Charming miss,' he said to Charlotte, 'your respectable papa is safe from my sword! Madame your mamma has addressed me words which I qualify not. But you—you are too 'and some, too good, to despise a poor soldier, a poor gentleman!' I have heard the Vicomte still dances at boarding houses and is still in pursuit of an *Anglaise*. He must be a wooer now almost as elderly as the good General whose scalp he respected.

Mrs. Baynes was, to be sure, a heavy weight to bear for poor Madame, but her lean shoulders were accustomed to many a burden; and if the General's wife was quarrelsome and odious, he, as Madame said, was as soft as a mutton; and Charlotte's pretty face and manuers were the admiration of all. The yellow Misses Boldero, those hapless elderly orphans left in pawn, might bite their lips with envy, but they never could make them as red as Miss Charlotte's smiling mouth. To the honor of Madame Smolensk be it said, that, never by word or hint, did she cause those unhappy young ladies any needless pain. She never stinted them of any meal. No full-priced pensioner of Madame's could have breakfast, luncheon, dinners served more regularly. The day after their mother's flight, that good Mme. Smolensk took early cups of tea to the girl's rooms, with her own hands; and I believe helped to do the hair of one of them, and otherwise

to sooth them in their misfortune. They could not keep their secret. It must be owned that Mrs. Baynes never lost an opportunity of deploring their situation on acquainting all newcomers with their mother's flight and transgression. But she was good-natured to the captives in her grim way; and admired Madame's forbearance regarding them. The two old officers were now especially polite to the poor things; and the General rapped one of his boys over the knuckles for saying to Miss Brenda, 'If your uncle is a lord, why doesn't he give you any money?' 'And these girls used to hold their heads above mine, and their mother used to give herself such airs!' cried Mrs. Baynes. 'And Eliza Baynes used to flatter those poor girls and their mother, and fancy they were going to make a woman of fashion of her!' said Mrs. Bunch. 'We all have our weaknesses. Lords are not yours, my dear. Faith, I don't think you know one,' says stout little Colonel Bunch. 'I wouldn't pay a duchess such court as Eliza paid that woman!' cried Sarah; and she made sarcastic inquiries of the General, whether Eliza had heard from her friend the Honorable Mrs. Boldero? But for all this, Mrs. Bunch pitied the young ladies, and I believe gave them a little supply of coin from her private purse. A word as to their private history. Their mamma became the terror of boarding house keepers; and the poor girls practised their duets all over Europe. Mrs. Boldero's noble nephew, the present Strongitharm (as a friend who knows the fashionable world informs me), was victimized by his own uncle, and a most painful affair occurred between them at a game at 'blind hookey.' The Honorable Mrs. Boldero is living in the precincts of Holy-wood; one of her daughters is happily married to a minister; and the other to an apothecary who was called in to attend her in quinsy. So I am inclined to think that phrase about 'select' boarding houses is a mere complimentary term; and as for the strictest references being given and required, I certainly should not lay out extra money for printing *that* expression in my advertisement, were I going to set up an establishment myself.

Old college friends of Philip's visited Paris from time to time; and rejoiced in carrying him off to Borel's or the Trois Frères, and hospitably treating him who had been so hospitable in his time. Yes, thanks be to Heaven, there are good Samaritans in pretty large numbers in this world, and hands ready enough to succor a man in misfortune. I could name two or three gentlemen who drive about in chariots and look at people's tongues and write queer figures and queer Latin on note-paper, who occultly made a purse containing some seven or ten score fees,

and sent them out to Dr. Firmin in his banishment. The poor wretch had behaved as ill as might be, but he was without a penny or a friend. I dare say Dr. Goodenough, among other philanthropists, put his hands into his pocket. Having heartily disliked and mistrusted Firmin in prosperity, in adversity he melted toward the poor fugitive wretch; he even could believe that Firmin had some skill in his profession, and in his practice was not quite a quack.

Philip's old college and school cronies laughed at hearing that, now his ruin was complete, he was thinking about marriage. Such a plan was of a piece with Mr. Firmin's known prudence and foresight. But they made an objection to his proposed union, which had struck us at home previously. Papa-in-law was well enough, or at least inoffensive; but ah, ye powers! what a mother-in-law was poor Phil laying up for his future days! Two or three of our mutual companions made this remark on returning to work and chambers after their autumn holiday. We never had too much charity for Mrs. Baynes; and what Philip told us about her did not serve to increase our regard.

About Christmas Mr. Firmin's own affairs brought him on a brief visit to London. We were not jealous that he took up quarters with his little friend of Thornhaugh Street, who was contented that he should dine with us, provided she could have the pleasure of housing him under her kind shelter. High and mighty people as we were—for under what humble roofs does not Vanity hold her sway? we, who know Mrs. Brandon's virtues, and were aware of her early story, would have condescended to receive her into our society; but it was the little lady herself who had her pride, and held aloof. 'My parents did not give me the education you have had, ma'am,' Caroline said to my wife. 'My place is not here, I know very well; unless you should be took ill, and *then*, ma'am, you'll see that I will be glad enough to come. Philip can come and see *me*; and a blessing it is to me to set eyes on him. But I shouldn't be happy in your drawing room, nor you in having me. The dear children look surprised at my way of talking; and no wonder; and they laugh sometimes to one another, God bless 'em! I don't mind. My education was not eared for. I scarce had any schooling but what I taught myself. My pa hadn't the means of learning me much; and it is too late to go to school at forty odd. I've got all his stockings and things darned; and his linen, poor fellow! beautiful; I wish they kep' it as nice in France, where he is! You'll give my love to the young lady, won't you, ma'am? and oh, its a blessing to me

to hear how good and gentle she is! He has a high temper, Philip have; but them he likes can easy manage him. You have been his best kind friends; and so will she be, I trust; and they may be happy though they're poor. But they've time to get rich, haven't they? And it's not the richest that's the happiest, that I can see in many a fine house where Nurse Brandon goes and has her eyes open, though she don't say much, you know.' In this way Nurse Brandon would prattle on to us when she came to see us. She would share our meal, always thanking by name the servant who helped her. She insisted on calling our children 'Miss' and 'Master,' and I think those young satirists did not laugh often or unkindly at her peculiarities. I know they were told that Nurse Brandon was very good; and that she took care of her father in his old age; and that she had passed through very great griefs and trials; and that she had nursed Uncle Philip when he had been very ill indeed, and when many people would have been afraid to come near him; and that her life was spent in tending the sick, and in doing good to her neighbor.

One day during Philip's stay with us we happened to read in the paper Lord Ringwood's arrival in London. My lord had a grand town house of his own which he did not always inhabit. He liked the cheerfulness of a hotel better. Ringwood House was too large and too dismal. He did not care to eat a solitary mutton-chop in a great dining room surrounded by ghostly images of dead Ringwoods—his dead son, a boy who had died in his boyhood; his dead brother, attired in the uniform of his day (in which picture there was no little resemblance to Philip Firmin, the Colonel's grandson); Lord Ringwood's dead self, finally, as he appeared still a young man, when Lawrence painted him, and when he was the companion of the Regent and his friends. 'Ah! that's the fellow I least like to look at,' the old man would say, scowling at the picture, and breaking out into the old-fashioned oaths which garnished many conversations in his young days. 'That fellow could ride all day; and sleep all night, or go without sleep as he chose; and drink his four bottles and never have a headache; and break his collar-bone, and see the fox killed three hours after. That was once a man, as old Marlborough said, looking at his own picture. Now my doctor's my master; my doctor and the infernal gout over him. I live upon pap and puddens, like a baby; only I've shed all my teeth, hang 'em. If I drink three glasses of sherry, my butler threatens me. You young fellow, who haven't twopence in your pocket, by George, I would like

to change with you. Only you wouldn't, hang you, you wouldn't. Why, I don't believe Todhunter would change with me; would you, Todhunter? and you're about as fond of a great man as any fellow I ever knew. Don't tell me. You *are*, sir. Why, when I walked with you on Ryde sands one day, I said to that fellow, "Todhunter, don't you think I could order the sea to stand still?" I did. And you had never heard of King Canute, hanged if you had, and never read any book except the Stud-book and Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, hanged if you did.' Such remarks and conversations of his relative has Philip reported to me. Two or three men about town had very good imitations of this toothless, growling, blasphemous old cynic. He was splendid and penurious; violent and easily led; surrounded by flatterers and utterly lonely. He had old-world notions, which I believe have passed out of the manners of great folks now. He thought it beneath him to travel by railway, and his post chaise was one of the last on the road. The tide rolled on in spite of this old Canute, and has long since rolled over him and his post chaise. Why, almost all his imitators are actually dead; and only this year, when old Jack Mummers gave an imitation of him at Bays' (where Jack's mimicry used to be received with shouts of laughter but a few years since), there was a dismal silence in the coffee room, except from two or three young men at a near table, who said, 'What is the old fool mumbling and swearing at now? An imitation of Lord Ringwood, and who was he?' so our names pass away, and are forgotten; and the tallest statues, do not the sands of time accumulate and overwhelm *them*? I have not forgotten my lord; any more than I have forgotten the cock of my school, about whom, perhaps, you don't care to hear. I see my lord's bald head, and hooked beak, and bushy eyebrows, and tall velvet collar, and brass buttons, and great black mouth, and trembling hand, and trembling parasites around him, and I can hear his voice, and great oaths, and laughter. You parasites of to-day are bowing to other great people; and this great one, who was alive only yesterday, is as dead as George IV. or Nebuchadnezzar.

Well, we happen to read that Philip's noble relative Lord Ringwood has arrived at — Hotel, while Philip is staying with us; and I own that I counsel my friend to go and wait upon his lordship. He had been very kind at Paris; he had evidently taken a liking to Philip. Firmin ought to go and see him. Who knows? Lord Ringwood might be inclined to do something for his brother's grandson.

This was just the point which anyone who knew Philip should

have hesitated to urge upon him. To try and make him bow and smile on a great man with a view to future favors, was to demand the impossible from Firmin. The king's men may lead the king's horses to the water, but the king himself can't make them drink. I own that I came back to the subject, and urged it repeatedly on my friend. 'I *have* been,' said Philip sulkily. 'I have left a card upon him. If he wants me, he can send to No. 120 Queen Square, Westminster, my present hotel. But if you think he will give me anything beyond a dinner, I tell you you are mistaken.'

We dined that day with Philip's employer, worthy Mr. Mugford of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was profuse in his hospitalities, and especially gracious to Philip. Mugford was pleased with Firmin's letters; and you may be sure that severer criticisms did not contradict their friend's good-natured patron. We drove to the suburban villa at Hampstead and steaming odors of soup, mutton, onions, rushed out into the hall to give us welcome, and to warn us of the good cheer in store for the party. *This* was not one of Mr. Mugford's days for countermending side dishes, I promise you. Men in black with noble white cotton gloves were in waiting to receive us; and Mrs. Mugford, in a rich blue satin and feathers, a profusion of flounes, laces, marabouts, jewels and eau-de-Cologne, rose to welcome us from a stately sofa, where she sat surrounded by her children. These, too, were in brilliant dresses, with shining new combed hair. The ladies, of course, instantly began to talk about their children, and my wife's unfeigned admiration for Mrs. Mugford's last baby I think won that worthy lady's good-will at once. I made some remark regarding one of the boys as being the picture of his father, which was not lucky. I don't know why, but I have it from her husband's own admission that Mrs. Mugford always thinks I am 'chaffing' her. One of the boys frankly informed me there was goose for dinner; and when a cheerful eloop was heard from a neighboring room, told me that was Pa drawing the corks. Why should Mrs. Mugford reprove the outspoken child and say, 'James, hold your tongue, do now?' Better wine than was poured forth, when those corks were drawn, never flowed from bottle. I say, I never saw better wine nor more bottles. If ever a table may be said to have groaned, that expression might with justice be applied to Mugford's mahogany. Talbot Twysden would have feasted forty people with the meal here provided for eight by our most hospitable entertainer. Though Mugford's editor was present, who thinks himself a very fine fellow, I assure you, but whose name I am

not at liberty to divulge, all the honors of the entertainment were for the *Paris Correspondent*, who was specially requested to take Mrs. M. to dinner. As an earl's grand nephew, and a lord's great-grandson, of course we felt that this place of honor was Firmin's rights. How Mrs. Mugford pressed him to eat! She carved—I am very glad she would not let Philip carve for her, for he might have sent the goose into her lap—she carved, I say, and I really think she gave him more stuffing than to any of us, but that may have been mere envy on my part. Allusions to Lord Ringwood were repeatedly made during dinner. 'Lord R. has come to town, Mr. F., I perceive,' says Mugford, winking. 'You've been to see him, of course?' Mr. Firmin glared at me very fiercely, he had to own he *had* been to call on Lord Ringwood. Mugford led the conversation to the noble lord so frequently that Philip madly kicked my shins under the table. I don't know how many times I had to suffer from that foot which in its time has trampled on so many persons; a kick for each time Lord Ringwood's name, houses, parks, properties, were mentioned, was a frightful allowance. Mrs. Mugford would say, 'May I assist you to a little pheasant, Mr. Firmin? I dare say they are not as good as Lord Ringwood's' (a kick from Philip); or Mugford would exclaim, 'Mr. F., try that 'oek! Lord Ringwood hasn't better wine than that.' (Dreadful punishment upon my tibia under the table.) 'John! Two 'oeks, me and Mr. Firmin. Join us, Mr. P.,' and so forth. And after dinner, to the ladies—as my wife, who betrayed their mysteries, informed me—Mrs. Mugford's conversation was incessant regarding the Ringwood family and Firmin's relationship to that noble house. The meeting of the old lord and Firmin in Paris was discussed with immense interest. 'His lordship called him Philip, most affable! he was very fond of Mr. Firmin.' A little bird had told Mrs. Mugford that somebody else was very fond of Mr. Firmin. She hoped it would be a match, and that his lordship would do the handsome thing by his *nephew*. What? My wife wondered that Mrs. Mugford should know about Philip's affairs? (and wonder indeed she did). A little bird had told Mrs. M., a friend of both ladies, that dear, good little nurse Brandon, who was engaged—and here the conversation went off into mysteries which I certainly shall not reveal. Suffice it that Mrs. Mugford was one of Mrs. Brandon's best, kindest, and most constant patrons—or might I be permitted to say matrons? and had received a most favorable report of us from the little nurse. And here Mrs. Pen-dennis gave a verbatim report not only of our hostess's speech,

but of her manner and accent. 'Yes, ma'am,' says Mrs. Mugford to Mrs. Pendennis, 'our friend Mrs. B. has told me of *a certain gentleman* whose name shall be nameless. His manner is cold, not to say 'aughty. He seems to be laughing at people sometimes—don't say No; I saw him once or twice at dinner, both him and Mr. Firmin. But he is a true friend, Mrs. Brandon says he is. And when you know him, his heart is good.' Is it? Amen. A distinguished writer has composed, in not very late days, a comedy of which the cheerful moral is, that we are 'not so bad as we seem.' Aren't we? Amen, again. Give us thy hearty hand, Iago! Tartuffe, how the world has been mistaken in you! Macbeth! put that little affair of the murder out of your mind. It was a momentary weakness; and who is not weak at times? Blifil, a more maligned man than you does not exist! O humanity! how we have been mistaken in you! Let us expunge the vulgar expression 'miserable sinners' out of all prayer books; open the port-holes of all hulks; break the chains of all convicts; and unlock the boxes of all spoons.

As we discussed Mr. Mugford's entertainment on our return home, I improved the occasion with Philip; I pointed out the reasonableness of the hopes which he might entertain of help from his wealthy kinsman, and actually forced him to promise to wait upon my lord next day. Now when Philip Firmin did a thing against his will, he did it with a bad grace. When he is not pleased, he does not pretend to be happy; and when he is sulky, Mr. Firmin is a very disagreeable companion. Though he never once reproached me afterward with what happened, I own that I have had cruel twinges of conscience since. If I had not sent him on that dutiful visit to his grand-uncle, what occurred might never, perhaps, have occurred at all. I acted for the best, and that I aver; however I may grieve for the consequences which ensued when the poor fellow followed my advice.

If Philip held aloof from Lord Ringwood in London, you may be sure Philip's dear cousins were in waiting on his lordship, and never lost an opportunity of showing their respectful sympathy. Was Lord Ringwood ailing? Mr. Twysden, or Mrs. Twysden, or the dear girls, or Ringwood their brother, were daily in his lordship's ante-chamber asking for news of his health. They bent down respectfully before Lord Ringwood's major-domo. They would have given him money as they always averred, only what sum could they give to such a man as Rudge? They actually offered to bribe Mr. Rudge with their wine, over which he made horrible faces. They fawned and smiled before him always. I should like to have seen that calm

Mrs. Twysden, that serene, high-bred woman, who would cut her dearest friend if misfortune befell her, or the world turned its back; I should like to have seen, and *can* see her in my mind's eye, simpering and coaxing, and wheedling this footman. She made cheap presents to Mr. Rudge; she smiled on him and asked after his health. And of course Talbot Twysden flattered him too in Talbot's jolly way. It was a wink and nod, and a hearty 'How do you do?' and (after due inquiries made and answered about his lordship) it would be, 'Rudge! I think my housekeeper has a good glass of port-wine in her room, if you happen to be passing that way, and my lord don't want you!' And with a grave courtesy, I can fancy Mr. Rudge bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Twysden, and thanking them and descending to Mrs. Blenkinsop's skinny room where the port-wine is ready—and if Mr. Rudge and Mrs. Blenkinsop are confidential, I can fancy their talking over the characters and peculiarities of the folks upstairs. Servants sometimes actually do; and if master and mistress are humbugs, these wretched menials sometimes find them out.

Now, no duke could be more lordly and condescending in his bearing than Mr. Philip Firmin toward the menial throng. In those days when he had money in his pockets, he gave Mr. Rudge out of his plenty; and the man remembered his generosity when he was poor; and declared—in a select society, and in the company of the relative of a person from whom I have the information—declared in the presence of Captain Gann at the Admiral B—ng Club in fact, that Mr. Heff was always a swell; but since he was done, he, Rudge, 'was blest if that young chap warn't a greater swell than hever.' And Rudge actually liked this poor young fellow better than the family in Beaunash Street, whom Mr. R. pronounced to be 'a shabby lot.' And in fact it was Rudge as well as myself, who advised that Philip should see his lordship.

When at length Philip paid his second visit, Mr. Rudge said 'My lord will see you, sir, I think. He has been speaking of you. He's very unwell. He's going to have a fit of the gout, I think. I'll tell him you are here.' And coming back to Philip, after a brief disappearance, and with rather a scared face, he repeated the permission to enter, and again cautioned him, saying, that 'my lord was very queer.'

In fact, as we learned afterward, through the channel previously indicated, my lord, when he heard that Philip had called, 'He *has*, has he? Hang him, send him in;' using, I am constrained to say, in place of the monosyllable 'hang,' a much stronger expression.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' says my lord. 'You have been in London ever so long. Twysden told me of you yesterday.'

'I have called before, sir,' said Philip very quietly.

'I wonder you have the face at all, sir!' cries the old man, glaring at Philip. His lordship's countenance was of a gambogecolor; his noble eyes were blood-shot and starting; his voice, always very harsh and strident, was now specially unpleasant; and from the crater of his mouth, shot loud exploding oaths.

'Face, my lord?' says Philip, still very meek.

'Yes, if you call that a face which is covered over with hair like a baboon!' growled my lord, showing his tusks. 'Twysden was here last night, and tells me some pretty news about you.'

Philip blushed; he knew what the news most likely would be.

'Twysden says that now you are a pauper, by George, and living by breaking stones in the street, you have been such an infernal driveling, hanged fool, as to engage yourself to another pauper!'

Poor Philip turned white from red; and spoke slowly; 'I beg your pardon, my lord, you said——'

'I said you were a hanged fool, sir!' roared the old man; 'can't you hear?'

'I believe I am a member of your family, my lord,' says Philip, rising up. In a quarrel, he would sometimes lose his temper, and speak out his mind; or sometimes, and then he was most dangerous, he would be especially calm and Grandisonian.

'Some hanged adventurer, thinking you were to get money from me, has hooked you for his daughter, has he?'

'I have engaged myself to a young lady, and I am the poorer of the two,' says Philip.

'She thinks you will get money from me,' continues his lordship.

'Does she? I never did!' replied Philip.

'By Heaven, you shan't, unless you give up this rubbish.'

'I shan't give her up, sir, and I shall do without the money,' said Mr. Firmin very boldly.

'Go to Tartarus!' screamed the old man.

On which Philip told us, 'I said, "*Seniores priores*, my lord," and turned on my heel. So you see if he was going to leave me something, and he nearly said he was, that chance is passed now, and I have made a pretty morning's work.' And a pretty morning's work it was; and it was I who had set him upon it! My brave Philip not only did not rebuke me for having sent him on this errand, but took the blame of the business on himself. 'Since I have been engaged,' he said, 'I am growing



A QUARREL.

dreadfully avaricious, and am almost as sordid about money as those Twysdens. I cringed to that old man; I crawled before his gouty feet. Well, I could crawl from here to Saint James' Palace to get some money for my little Charlotte.' Philip cringe and crawl! If there were no posture masters more supple than Philip Firmin, kotowing would be a lost art, like the *Menuet de la Cour*. But fear not, ye great! Men's backs were made to bend, and the race of parasites is still in good repute.

When our friend told us how his brief interview with Lord Ringwood had begun and ended, I think those who counseled Philip to wait upon his grand-uncle felt rather ashamed of their worldly wisdom and the advice which they had given. We ought to have known our Huron sufficiently to be aware that it was a dangerous experiment to set him bowing in lords' ante-chambers. Were not his elbows sure to break some courtly china, his feet to trample and tear some lace train? So all the good we had done was to occasion a quarrel between him and his patron. Lord Ringwood avowed that he had intended to leave Philip money; and by trusting the poor fellow into the old nobleman's sick-chamber, we had occasioned a quarrel between the relatives, who parted with mutual threats and anger. 'Oh, dear me!' I groaned in connubial colloquies. 'Let us get him away. He will be boxing Mugford's ears next, and telling Mrs. Mugford that she is vulgar, and a bore.' He was eager to get back to his work, or rather to his lady-love at Paris. We did not try to detain him. For fear of further accidents we were rather anxious that he should be gone. Crestfallen and sad, I accompanied him to the Boulogne boat. He paid for his place in the second cabin, and stoutly bade us adieu. A rough night; a wet, slippery deck; a crowd of frowzy fellow-passengers; and poor Philip in the midst of them in a thin cloak, his yellow hair and beard blowing about; I see the steamer now, and left her with I know not what feelings of contrition and shame. Why had I sent Philip to call upon that savage, over-bearing old patron of his? Why compelled him to that bootless act of submission? Lord Ringwood's brutalities were matters of common notoriety. A wicked, dissolute, cynical old man; and we must try to make friends with this mammon of unrighteousness and set poor Philip to bow before him and flatter him! Ah, *mea culpa, mea culpa!* The wind blew hard that winter night, and many tiles and chimney-pots blew down; and as I thought of poor Philip tossing in the frowzy second cabin, I rolled about my own bed very uneasily.

'I looked into Bays' Club the day after, and there fell on

both the Twysdens. The parasite of a father was clinging to the button of a great man when I entered; the little reptile of a son came to the club in Captain Woolcomb's brougham, and in that distinguished mulatto officer's company. They looked at me in a peculiar way. I was sure they did. Talbot Twysden, pouring his loud braggart talk in the ear of poor Lord Lepel, eyed me with a glance of triumph, and talked and swaggered so that I should hear. Ringwood Twysden and Woolcomb, drinking absinthe to whet their noble appetites, exchanged glances and grins. Woolcomb's eyes were of the color of the absinthe he swallowed. I did not see that Twysden tore off one of Lord Lepel's buttons, but that nobleman, with a scared countenance, moved away rapidly from his little persecutor. 'Hang him, throw him over, and come to me!' I heard the generous Twysden say. 'I expect Ringwood and one or two more.' At this proposition, Lord Lepel, in a tremulous way, muttered that he could not break his engagement, and fled out of the club.

Twysden's dinners, the polite reader has been previously informed, were notorious; and he constantly bragged of having the company of Lord Ringwood. Now it so happened that on this very evening, Lord Ringwood, with three of his followers, henchmen, or led captains, dined at Bays' Club, being determined to see a pantomime in which a very pretty young Columbine figured, and someone in the house joked with his lordship, and said, 'Why, you are going to dine with Talbot Twysden. He said, just now, that he expected you.'

'Did he?' said his lordship. 'Then Talbot Twysden told a hanged lie!' And little Tom Eaves, my informant, remembered these remarkable words, because of a circumstance which now almost immediately followed.

A very few days after Philip's departure, our friend, the Little Sister, came to us at our breakfast-table, wearing an expression of much trouble and sadness on her kind little face; the causes of which sorrow she explained to us, as soon as our children had gone away to their schoolroom. Among Mrs. Brandon's friends, and one of her father's constant companions was the worthy Mr. Ridley, father of the celebrated painter of that name, who was himself of much too honorable and noble a nature to be ashamed of his humble paternal origin. Companionship between father and son could not be very close or intimate; especially as in the younger Ridley's boyhood, his father, who knew nothing of the fine arts, had looked upon the child as a sickly, halfwitted creature, who would be to his

parents but a grief and a burden. But when J. J. Ridley, Esq., began to attain eminence in his profession, his father's eyes were opened; in place of neglect and contempt, he looked up to his boy with a sincere, *naïve* admiration, and often, with tears, has narrated the pride and pleasure which he felt on the day when he waited on John James at his master Lord Todmorden's table. Ridley senior now felt that he had been unkind and unjust to his boy in the latter's early days, and with a very touching humility the old man acknowledged his previous injustice, and tried to atone for it by present respect and affection.

Though fondness for his son, and delight in the company of Captain Gann, often drew Mr. Ridley to Thornhaugh Street, and to the Admiral Byng Club, of which both were leading members, Ridley senior belonged to other clubs at the West End, where Lord Todmorden's butler consorted with the confidential butlers of others of the nobility; and I am informed that in those clubs Ridley continued to be called 'Todmorden' long after his connection with that venerable nobleman had ceased. He continued to be called Lord Todmorden, in fact, just as Lord Popinjoy is still called by his old friends Popinjoy, though his father is dead, and Popinjoy, as everybody knows, is at present Earl of Pintado.

At one of these clubs of their order, Lord Todmorden's man was in the constant habit of meeting Lord Ringwood's man, when their lordship (master and man were) in town. These gentlemen had a regard for each other; and when they met, communicated to each other their views of society, and their opinions of the characters of the various noble lords and influential commoners whom they served. Mr. Rudge knew everything about Philip Firmin's affairs, about the Doctor's flight, about Philip's generous behavior. 'Generous! I call it admiral!' old Ridley remarked, while narrating this trait of our friend's—and his present position. And Rudge contrasted Philip's manly behavior with the conduct of some *sneaks* which he would not name them, but which they were always speaking ill of the poor young fellow behind his back, and sneaking up to my lord, and greater skinflints and meaner humbugs never were; and there was no accounting for tastes, but he, Rudge, would not marry *his* daughter to a black man.

Now; that day when Mr. Firmin went to see my Lord Ringwood was one of my lord's very worst days, when it was almost as dangerous to go near him as to approach a Bengal tiger. When he is going to have a fit of gout, his lordship (Mr. Rudge remarked) 'was hawful.' 'He curse and swear, he do,

at everybody; even the elergy or the ladies—all's one. On that very day when Mr. Firmin ealled he had said to Mr. Twysden, "Get out, and don't come slandering, and backbiting, and bullying that poor devil of a boy any more. It's blackguardly, by George, sir—it's blackguardly." And Twysden came out with his tail between his legs, and he says to me—"Rudge," says he, "my lord's uneommon bad to-day." Well, he hadn't been gone an hour when pore Philip eomes, bad luek to him, and my lord, who had just heard from Twysden all about that young woman—that party at Paris, Mr. Ridley—and it *is* about as great a pieee of folly as ever I heard tell of—my lord turns upon the pore young fellar and call him names worse than Twysden. But Mr. Firmin aint that sort of man, he isn't. He won't suffer any man to call *him* names; and I suppose he gave my lord his own baek again, for I heard my lord swear at him tremendous, I did, with my own ears. When my lord has the gout flying about I told you he is awful. When he takes his colchicum he's worse. Now, we have got a party at Whipham at Christmas, and at Whipham we must be. And he took his colchicum night before last and to-day he was in such a tremendous rage of swearing, eursing, and blowing up everybody that it was as if he was *red hot*. And when Twysden and Mrs. Twysden called that day—(if you kiek that fellar out at the hall door, I'm blest if he won't come smirking down the ehimney)—he wouldn't see any of them. And he bawled out after me, "If Firmin comes, kiek him downstairs; do you hear?" with ever so many oaths and eurses against the poor fellar while he vowed he would never see his hanged impudent faee again. But this wasn't all, Ridley. He sent for Bradgate, his lawyer, that very day. He had back his will, which I signed myself as one of the witnesses—me and Wilcox, the master of the hotel—and I know he had left Firmin something in it. Take my word for it. To that poor young fellow he means mischief.' A full report of this eonversation Mr. Ridley gave to his little friend Mrs. Brandon, knowing the interest which Mrs. Brandon took in the young gentleman; and with these unpleasant news Mrs. Brandon came off to advise with those who—the good nurse was pleased to say—were Philip's best friends in the world. We wished we eould give the Little Sister eomfort; but all the world knew what a man Lord Ringwood was—how arbitrary, how revengeful, how cruel!

I knew Mr. Bradgate the lawyer, with whom I had business, and ealled upon him, more anxious to speak about Philip's affairs than my own. I suppose I was too eager in coming to my

point, for Bradgate saw the meaning of my questions, and declined to answer them. 'My client and I are not the dearest friends in the world,' Bradgate said, 'but I must keep his counsel, and must not tell you whether Mr. Firmin's name is down in his lordship's will or not. How should I know? He may have altered his will. He may have left Firmin money; he may have left him none. I hope young Firmin does not count on a legacy. That's all. He may be disappointed if he does. Why, *you* may hope for a legacy from Lord Ringwood, and you may be disappointed. I know scores of people who do hope for something, and who won't get a penny.' And this was all the reply I could get at that time from the oracular little lawyer.

I told my wife, as of course every dutiful man tells everything to every dutiful wife; but, though Bradgate discouraged us, there was somehow a lurking hope still that the old nobleman would provide for our friend. Then Philip would marry Charlotte. Then he would earn ever so much more money by his newspaper. Then he would be happy ever after. My wife counts eggs not only before they are hatched, but before they are laid. Never was such an obstinate hopefulness of character. I, on the other hand, take a rational and despondent view of things; and if they turn out better than I expect, as sometimes they will, I affably own that I have been mistaken.

But an early day came when Mr. Bradgate was no longer needful, or when he thought himself released from the obligations of silence with regard to his noble client. It was two days before Christmas, and I took my accustomed afternoon saunter to Bays' where other *habitués* of the club were assembled. There was no little buzzing and excitement among the frequenters of the place. Talbot Twysden always arrived at Bays' at ten minutes past four, and scuffled for the evening paper, as if its contents were matter of great importance to Talbot. He would hold men's buttons and discourse to them the leading article out of that paper with an astounding emphasis and gravity. On this day, some ten minutes after his accustomed hour, he reached the club. Other gentlemen were engaged in perusing the evening journal. The lamp on the tables lighted up the bald heads, the gray heads, dyed heads, and the wig of many assembled fogies—murmurs went about the room; 'Very sudden.' 'Gout in the stomach.' 'Dined here only four days ago.' 'Looked very well.' 'Very well? No! Never saw a fellow look worse in my life.' 'Yellow as a guinea.' 'Couldn't eat.' 'Swore dreadfully at the waiters, and at Tom Eaves, who dined with him.' 'Seventy-six, I see.

—Born in the same year with the Duke of York.’ ‘Forty thousand a year.’ ‘Forty? Fifty-eight thousand three hundred, I tell you. Always been a saving man.’ ‘Estate goes to his cousin, Sir John Ringwood; not a member here—member of Boodle’s. ‘Hated each other furiously. Very violent temper, the old fellow was. Never got over the Reform Bill, they used to say.’ ‘Wonder whether he’ll leave anything to old bow-wow Twys—’ Here enters Talbot Twysden, Esq.—‘Ha, Colonel! How are you? What’s the news to-night? Kept late at my office, making up accounts. Going down to Whipham to-morrow to pass Christmas with my wife’s uncle—Ringwood, you know. Always go down to Whipham at Christmas. Keeps the pheasants for us. No longer a hunting man myself. Lost my nerve, by George.’

While the braggart little creature indulged in this pompous talk, he did not see the significant looks which were fixed upon him, or if he remarked them, was perhaps pleased by the attention which he excited. ‘Bays’ had long echoed with Twysden’s account of Ringwood, the pheasants, his own loss of nerve in hunting, and the sum which their family would inherit at the death of their noble relative.

‘I think I have heard you say Sir John Ringwood inherits after your relatives?’ asked Mr. Hookham.

‘Yes; the estate, not the title. The earldom goes to my lord and his heirs—Hookham. Why shouldn’t he marry again? I often say to him, “Ringwood, why don’t you marry, if it’s only to disappoint that Whig fellow, Sir John? You are fresh and hale, Ringwood. You may live twenty years, five-and-twenty years. If you leave your niece and my children anything we’re not in a hurry to inherit,” I say; “why don’t you marry?”’

‘Ah! Twysden, he’s past marrying,’ groans Mr. Hookham.

‘Not at all. Sober man now. Stout man. Immense powerful man. Healthy man, but for gout. I often say to him, “Ringwood! I say——”’

‘Oh, for mercy’s sake, stop this!’ groans old Mr. Tremlett, who always begins to shudder at the sound of poor Twysden’s voice. ‘Tell him, somebody.’

‘Haven’t you heard, Twysden? Haven’t you seen? Don’t you know?’ asks Mr. Hookham solemnly.

‘Heard, seen, known—what?’ cries the other.

‘An accident has happened to Lord Ringwood. Look at the paper. Here it is.’ And Twysden pulls out his great gold eyeglasses, holds the paper as far as his little arm will reach and—and merciful Powers!—but I will not venture to depict

the agony on that noble face. Like Timanthes the painter I hide this Agamemnon with a veil. I cast the *Globe* newspaper over him. *Illabatur orbis*; and let imagination depict our Twysden under the ruins.

What Twysden read in the *Globe* was a mere curt paragraph; but in next morning's *Times* there was one of those obituary notices to which noblemen of eminence must submit from the mysterious necrographer engaged by that paper.

CHAPTER XXII.

PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

‘THE first and only Earl of Ringwood has submitted to the fate which peers and commoners are alike destined to undergo. Hastening to his magnificent seat of Whipham Market, where he proposed to entertain an illustrious Christmas party, his lordship left London scarcely recovered from an attack of gout to which he has been for many years a martyr. The disease must have flown to his stomach, and suddenly mastered him. At Turreys Regum, thirty miles from his own princely habitation, where he had been accustomed to dine on his almost royal progresses to his home, he was already in a state of dreadful suffering, to which his attendants did not pay the attention which his condition ought to have excited; for when laboring under this most painful malady his outcries were loud, and his language and demeanor exceedingly violent. He angrily refused to send for medical aid at Turreys, and insisted on continuing his journey homeward. He was one of the old school, who would never enter a railway carriage (though his fortune was greatly increased by the passage of the railway through his property); and his own horses always met him at Popper's Tavern, an obscure hamlet, seventeen miles from his princely seat. He made no sign on arriving at Poppers, and spoke no word, to the now serious alarm of his servants. When they came to light his carriage-lamps, and look into his post chaise, the lord of many thousand acres, and, according to report, of immense wealth, was dead. The journey from Turreys had been the last stage of a long, prosperous, and, if not a famous, at least a notorious and magnificent career.

‘The late John George, Earl and Baron Ringwood and Viscount Cinquars, entered into public life at the dangerous period before the French Revolution; and commenced his career as the friend and companion of the Prince of Wales. When his Royal Highness seceded from the Whig party, Lord Ringwood

also joined the Tory side of politicians, and an earldom was the price of his fidelity. But on the elevation of Lord Steyne to a marquise, Lord Ringwood quarreled for a while with his royal patron and friend, deeming his own services unjustly slighted, as a like dignity was not conferred on himself. On several occasions he gave his vote against Government, and caused his nominees in the House of Commons to vote with the Whigs. He never was reconciled to his late Majesty George IV., of whom he was in the habit of speaking with characteristic bluntness. The approach of the Reform Bill, however, threw this nobleman definitively on the Tory side, of which he has ever since remained, if not an eloquent, at least a violent supporter. He was said to be a liberal landlord, so long as his tenants did not thwart him in his views. His only son died early; and his lordship, according to report, has long been on ill terms with his kinsman and successor, Sir John Ringwood of Appleshaw, Baronet. The Barony has been in this ancient family since the reign of George I., when Sir John Ringwood was ennobled, and Sir Francis, his brother, a Baron of the Exchequer, was advanced to the dignity of Baronet by the first of our Hanoverian sovereigns.

This was the article which my wife and I read on the morning of Christmas eve, as our children were decking lamps and looking-glasses with holly and red berries for the approaching festival. I had dispatched a hurried note, containing the news, to Philip on the night previous. We were painfully anxious about his fate now, when a few days would decide it. Again my business or curiosity took me to see Mr. Bradgate, the lawyer. He was in possession of the news of course. He was not averse to talk about it. The death of his client unsealed the lawyer's lips partially; and I must say Bradgate spoke in a manner not flattering to his noble deceased client. The brutalities of the late nobleman had been very hard to bear. On occasion of their last meeting his oaths and disrespectful behavior had been specially odious. He had abused almost every one of his relatives. His heir, he said, was a prating, republican humbug. He had a relative (whom Bradgate said he would not name) who was a scheming, swaggering, swindling, liekspittle parasite, always eringing at his heels and longing for his death. And he had another relative, the impudent son of a swindling doctor, who had insulted him two hours before in his own room; a fellow who was a pauper, going to propagate a breed for the workhouse; for, after his behavior of that day, he would be condemned to the lowest pit of Acheron, before

he, Lord Ringwood, would give that scoundrel a penny of his money. 'And his lordship desired me to send him back his will,' said Mr. Bradgate. And he destroyed that will before he went away; it was not the first he had burned. 'And I may tell you, now all is over, that he had left his brother's grandson a handsome legacy in that will, which your poor friend might have had, but that he went to see my lord in his unlucky fit of gout.' Ah, *mea culpa! mea culpa!* And who sent Philip to see his relative in that unlucky fit of gout? Who was so worldly-wise—so Twysden-like, as to counsel Philip to flattery and submission? But for that advice he might be wealthy now; he might be happy; he might be ready to marry his young sweetheart. Our Christmas turkey choked me as I ate of it. The lights burned dimly, and the kisses and laughter under the mistletoe were but melancholy sport. But for my advice how happy might my friend have been? I looked askance at the honest faces of my children. What would they say if they knew their father had advised a friend to cringe, and bow, and humble himself before a rich, wicked old man? I sat as mute at the pantomime as at a burial; the laughter of the little ones smote me as with a reproof. A burial? With plumes and lights, an upholsterer's pageantry, and mourning by the yard measure, they were burying my Lord Ringwood, who might have made Philip Firmin rich but for me.

All lingering hopes regarding our friend were quickly put to an end. A will was found at Whipham, dated a year back, in which no mention was made of poor Philip Firmin. Small legacies—disgracefully shabby, and small, Twysden said—were left to the Twysden family, with the full-length portrait of the late earl in his coronation robes, which, I should think, must have given but small satisfaction to of his surviving relatives; for his lordship was but an ill-favored nobleman, and the price of the carriage of the large picture from Whipham was a tax which poor Talbot made very wry faces at paying. Had the picture been accompanied by thirty or forty thousand pounds, or fifty thousand—why should he not have left them fifty thousand? how different Talbot's grief would have been! Whereas when Talbot counted up the dinners he had given to Lord Ringwood, all of which he could easily calculate by his cunning ledgers and journals in which was noted down every feast at which his lordship attended, every guest assembled, and every bottle of wine drunk, Twysden found that he had absolutely spent more money upon my lord than the old man had paid back in his will. But all the family went into mourning,

and the Twysden coachman and footman turned out in black worsted epaulettes in honor of the illustrious deceased. It is not every day that a man gets a chance of publicly bewailing the loss of an earl, his relative. I suppose Twysden took many hundred people into his confidence on this matter, and bewailed his uncle's death and his own wrongs while elinging to many scores of button-holes.

And how did poor Philip bear the disappointment? He must have felt it, for I fear we ourselves had encouraged him in the hope that his grand-uncle would do something to relieve his necessity. Philip put a bit of crape round his hat, wrapped himself in his shabby old mantle, and declined any outward show of grief at all. If the old man had left him money, it had been well. As he did not, a puff of cigar, perhaps, ends the sentence, and our philosopher gives no further thought to his disappointment. Was not Philip the poor as lordly and independent as Philip the rich? A struggle with poverty is a wholesome wrestling-match at three or five and twenty. The sinews are young, and are braeed by the contest. It is upon the aged that the battle falls hardly, who are weakened by failing health and perhaps enervated by long years of prosperity.

Firmin's broad back could carry a heavy burden, and he was glad to take all the work which fell in his way. Phipps, of the *Daily Intelligencer*, wanting an assistant, Philip gladly sold four hours of his day to Mr. Phipps; translated page after page of newspapers, French and German; took an occasional turn at the Chamber of Deputies, and gave an account of a sitting of importance, and made himself quite an active lieutenant. He began positively to save money. He wore dreadfully shabby clothes, to be sure; for Charlotte could not go to his chamber and mend his rags as the Little Sister had done; but when Mrs. Baynes abused him for his shabby appearance—and indeed it must have been mortifying sometimes to see the fellow in his old clothes swaggering about in Mme. Smolensk's apartments, talking loud, contradicting, and laying down the law—Charlotte defended her maligned Philip. Do you know why 'M. Philip has those shabby clothes? she asked of Mme. de Smolensk. 'Because he has been sending money to his father in America.' And Smolensk said that M. Philip was a brave young man, and that he might come dressed like an Iroquois to her *soirée*, and he should be welcome. And Mrs. Baynes was rude to Philip when he was present, and scornful in her remarks when he was absent. And Philip trembled before Mrs. Baynes; and he took her boxes on the car with much meekness; for was not

his Charlotte a hostage in her mother's hands, and might not Mrs. General B. make that poor little creature suffer?

One or two Indian ladies of Mrs. Baynes' acquaintance happened to pass this winter in Paris, and these persons, who had furnished lodgings in the Faubourg St. Honoré, or the Champs Elysées, and rode in their carriages with, very likely, a footman on the box, rather looked down upon Mrs. Baynes for living in a boarding house and keeping no equipage. No woman likes to be looked down upon by any other woman, especially by such a creature as Mrs. Batters the lawyer's wife, from Calcutta, who was not in society, and did not go to Government House, and here was driving about in the Champs Elysées, and giving herself such airs, indeed! So was Mrs. Dr. Macoon, with her *lady's-maid*, and her *man-cook* and her *open carriage*, and her *close carriage*. (Pray read these words with the most withering emphasis which you can lay upon them.) And who was Mrs. Macoon, pray? Mme. Béret, the French milliner's daughter, neither more nor less. And this creature must scatter her mud over her betters who went on foot. 'I am telling my poor girls, Madame,' she would say to Mme. Smolensk, 'that if I had been a milliner's girl, or their father had been a pettifogging attorney, and not a soldier, who has served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, they would be *better dressed* than they are now, poor chicks! we might have a fine apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré—we need not live at a boarding house.'

'And if I had been a milliner, Mme. la Générale,' cried Smolensk, with spirit, 'perhaps I should not have had need to keep a boarding house. My father was a general officer, and served his emperor too. But what will you? We have all to do disagreeable things and to live with disagreeable people, Madame!' And with this Smolensk makes Mrs. General Baynes a fine courtesy, and goes off to other affairs or guests. She was of the opinion of many of Philip's friends. 'Ah, M. Philip, she said to him, 'when you are married, you will live far from that woman; is it not so?'

Hearing that Mrs. Batters was going to the Tuileries, I am sorry to say a violent emulation inspired Mrs. Baynes, and she never was easy until she persuaded her General to take her to the ambassador's and to the entertainments of the citizen king who governed France in those days. It would cost little or nothing. Charlotte must be brought out. Her aunt MacWhirter, from Tours, had sent Charlotte a present of money for a dress. To do Mrs. Baynes justice, she spent very little

money upon her own raiment, and extracted from one of her trunks a costume which had done duty at Barrackpore and Calcutta. 'After hearing that Mrs. Batters went, I knew she never would be easy,' General Baynes said, with a sigh. His wife denied the accusation as an outrage; said that men always imputed the worst to women, whereas her wish, Heaven knows, was only to see her darling child properly presented, and her husband in his proper rank in the world. And Charlotte looked lovely, upon the evening of the ball; and Mme. Smolensk dressed Charlotte's hair very prettily, and offered to lend Auguste to accompany the General's carriage; but Ogoost revolted and said, *Non, merci*—he would do anything for the General and Miss Charlotte—but for the *Générale* no, no, no!' and he made signs of violent abnegation. And though Charlotte looked as sweet as a rosebud, she had little pleasure in her ball, Philip not being present. And how could he be present, who had but one old coat, and holes in his boots?

So you see, after a sunny autumn, a cold winter comes when the wind is bad for delicate chests and muddy for little shoes. How could Charlotte come out at eight o'clock through mud or snow of a winter's morning, if she had been out at an evening party late over-night? Mrs. General Baynes began to go out a good deal to the Paris evening parties—I mean to the parties of us Trojans—parties where there are forty English people, three Frenchmen, and a German who plays the piano. Charlotte was very much admired. The fame of her good looks spread abroad. I promise you that there were persons of much more importance than the poor Vicomte de *Garçon-boutique*, who were charmed by her bright eyes, her bright smiles, her artless, rosy beauty. Why, little Hely, of the Embassy, actually invited himself to Mrs. Dr. Macoon's, in order to see this young beauty, and danced with her without ceasing; Mr. Hely, who was the pink of fashion, you know; who danced with royal princesses; and was at all the grand parties of the Faubourg St. Germain. He saw her to her carriage (a very shabby fly, it must be confessed; but Mrs. Baynes told him they had been accustomed to a very different kind of equipage in India). He actually called at the boarding house, and left his card, *M. Walsingham Hely, attaché à l'Ambassade de S. M. Britannique*, for General Baynes and his lady. To what balls would Mrs. Baynes like to go? to the Tuileries? to the Embassy? to the Faubourg St. Germain? to the Faubourg St. Honoré? I could name many more persons of distinction who were fascinated by pretty Miss Charlotte. Her mother felt

more and more ashamed of the shabby fly, in which our young lady was conveyed to and from her parties; of the shabby fly, and of that shabby cavalier who was waiting sometimes to put Miss Charlotte into her carriage. Charlotte's mother's ears were only too acute when disparaging remarks were made about that cavalier. What? engaged to that queer red-bearded fellow, with the ragged shirt-collars, who trod upon everybody in the polka? A newspaper writer, was he? The son of that doctor who ran away after cheating everybody? What a very odd thing of General Baynes to think of engaging his daughter to such a person!

So Mr. Firmin was not asked to many distinguished houses, where his Charlotte was made welcome; where there was dancing in the salon, very mild negus and cakes in the *salle-à-manger*, and cards in the lady's bedroom. And he did not care to be asked; and he made himself very arrogant and disagreeable when he was asked; and he would upset tea-trays, and burst out into roars of laughter at all times, and swagger about the drawing room as if he were a man of importance—he indeed—giving himself such airs, because his grandfather's brother was an earl! And what had the earl done for him, pray? And what right had he to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley sang a little out of tune? What could General Baynes mean by selecting such a husband for that nice, modest young girl?

The old General sitting in the best bedroom, placidly playing at whist with the other British fogies, does not hear these remarks, perhaps, but little Mrs. Baynes with her eager eyes and ears sees and knows everything. Many people have told *her* that Philip is a bad match for her daughter. She has heard him contradict calmly quite wealthy people. Mr. Hobday, who has a house in Carlton Terrace, London, and goes to the first houses in Paris, Philip has contradicted him point blank, until Mr. Hobday turned quite red, and Mrs. Hobday didn't know where to look. Mr. Peplow, a clergyman and a baronet's eldest son, who will be one day the Rev. Sir Charles Peplow of Peplow Manor, was praising Tomlinson's poems, and offered to read them out at Mr. Badger's—he reads very finely, though a little perhaps through his nose—and when he was going to begin, Mr. Firmin said, 'My dear Peplow, for Heaven's sake don't give us any of that rot. I would as soon hear one of your own prize poems.' Rot, indeed! What an expression! Of course Mr. Peplow was very much annoyed. And this from a mere newspaper writer. Never heard of such rudeness! Mrs. Tuffin said she took her line at once after seeing this Mr. Firmin. 'He may be an earl's grand-nephew,

for what I care. He may have been at college, he has not learned good manners there. He may be clever, I don't profess to be a judge. But he is most overbearing, clumsy, and disagreeable. I shall not ask him to my Tuesdays; and Emma, if he asks you to dance, I beg you will do no such thing!" A bull, you understand, in a meadow, or on a prairie with a herd of other buffaloes, is a noble animal; but a bull in a china-shop is out of place; and even so was Philip among the crockery of those little simple tea-parties, where his mane, and hoofs, and roar, caused endless disturbance.

These remarks concerning the accepted son-in-law, Mrs. Baynes heard and, at proper moments, repeated. She ruled Baynes; but was very cautious, and secretly afraid of him. Once or twice she had gone too far in her dealings with the quiet old man, and he had revolted, put her down, and never forgiven her. Beyond a certain point, she dared not provoke her husband. She would say, 'Well; Baynes, marriage is a lottery; and I am afraid our poor Charlotte has not pulled a prize;' on which the General would reply, 'No more have others, my dear!' and so drop the subject for the time being. On another occasion it would be, 'You heard how rude Philip Firmin was to Mr. Hobday?' and the General would answer, 'I was at cards, my dear.' Again she might say, 'Mrs. Tuffin says she will not have Philip Firmin to her Tuesdays, my dear;' and the General's rejoinder would be, 'Begad, so much the better for him!' 'Ah,' she groans, 'he's always offending someone!' 'I don't think he seems to please *you* much, Eliza!' responds the General; and she answers, 'No, he don't, and that I confess; and I don't like to think, Baynes, of my sweet child given up to certain poverty, and such a man!' At which the General with some of his garrison phrases would break out with a 'Hang it, Eliza, do you suppose I think it is a very good match?' and turn to the wall, and, I hope, to sleep.

As for poor little Charlotte, her mother is not afraid of little Charlotte; and when the two are alone the poor child knows she is to be made wretched by her mother's assaults upon Philip. Was there ever anything so bad as his behavior to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley was singing? Was he called upon to contradict Sir Charles Peplow in that abrupt way, and as good as tell him he was a fool? It was very wrong certainly, and poor Charlotte thinks, with a blush perhaps, how she was just at the point of admiring Sir Charles Peplow's reading very much, and had been prepared to think Tomlinson's poems delightful, until Philip ordered her to adopt

a contemptuous opinion of the poet. 'And did you see how he was dressed? a button wanting on his waistcoat, and a hole in his boot?'

'Mamma,' cries Charlotte, turning very red. 'He might have been better dressed—if—if——'

'That is, you would like your own father to be in prison, your mother to beg her bread, your sisters to go in rags, and your brothers to starve, Charlotte, in order that we should pay Philip Firmin back the money of which his father robbed him! Yes. That's your meaning. You needn't explain yourself. I can understand quite well, thank you. Good-night. I hope *you'll* sleep well; *I* shan't after this conversation. Good-night, Charlotte!' Ah, me! Oh, course of true love, didst thou ever run smooth? As we peep into that boarding house; whereof I have already described the mistress as wakeful with racking care regarding the morrow; wherein lie the Misses Boldero, who must naturally be very uncomfortable, being on sufferance and as it were in pain, as they lie on their beds; what sorrows do we not perceive brooding over the nightcaps? There is poor Charlotte who has said her prayer for her Philip; and as she lays her young eyes on the pillow, they wet it with their tears. Why does her mother forever and forever speak against him? Why is her father so cold when Philip's name is mentioned? Could Charlotte ever think of any but him? Oh, never, never! And so the wet eyes are veiled at last; and close in doubt and fear and care. And in the next room to Charlotte's, a little yellow old woman lies stark awake; and in the bed by her side an old gentleman can't close his eyes for thinking—my poor girl is promised to a beggar. All the fine hopes which we had of his getting a legacy from that lord are over. Poor child, poor child, what will become of her?

Now, Two Sticks, let us fly over the river Seine to Mr. Philip Firmin's quarters; to Phillip's house, who has not got a penny; to Philip's bed, who has made himself so rude and disagreeable at that tea-party. He has no idea that he has offended anybody. He has gone home perfectly well pleased. He has kicked off the tattered boot. He has found a little fire lingering in his stove by which he has smoked the pipe of thought. Ere he has jumped into his bed he has knelt a moment beside it; and with all his heart—oh! with all his heart and soul—has committed the dearest one to Heaven's loving protection! And now he sleeps like a child.

CHAPTER. XXIII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

THE describer and biographer of my friend Mr. Philip Firmin has tried to extenuate nothing; and, I hope, has set down naught in malice. If Philip's boots had holes in them, I have written that he had holes in his boots. If he had a red beard, there it is red in this story. I might have oiled it with a tinge of brown, and painted it a rich auburn. Toward modest people he was very gentle and tender; but I must own that in general society he was not always an agreeable companion. He was often haughty and arrogant; he was impatient of old stories; he was intolerant of commonplaces. Mrs. Baynes' anecdotes of her garrison experiences in India and Europe got a very impatient hearing from Mr. Philip; and though little Charlotte gently remonstrated with him, saying, 'Do, do let mamma tell her story out; and don't turn away and talk about something else in the midst of it; and don't tell her you have heard the story before, you rude man! If she is not pleased with you, she is angry with me, and I have to suffer when you are gone away.' Miss Charlotte did not say how much she had to suffer when Philip was absent; how constantly her mother found fault with him; what a sad life, in consequence of her attachment to him, the young maiden had to lead; and I fear that clumsy Philip, in his selfish thoughtlessness, did not take enough count of the suffering which his behavior brought on the girl. You see I am acknowledging that there were many faults on his side, which, perhaps, may in some degree excuse or account for those which Mrs. General Baynes certainly committed toward him. She did not love Philip naturally; and do you suppose she loved him because she was under great obligations to him? Do you love your creditor because you owe him more than you can ever pay? If I never paid my tailor, should I be on good terms with him? I might go on ordering suits of clothes from now to the year 1900; but I should hate him worse year after year. I should find fault with his cut and his cloth; I dare say I should end by thinking his bills extortionate, though I never paid them. Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. I wonder was that traveler who fell among the thieves grateful afterward to the Samaritan who rescued him? He gave money certainly; but he did not miss it. The religious opinions of Samaritans are lamentably heterodox. Oh, brother! may we help the fallen

still though they never pay us, and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude?

Of this I am determined, that whenever I go courting again, I will not pay my addresses to my dear creature—day after day, and from year's end to year's end, very likely, with the dear girl's mother, father, and half a dozen young brothers and sisters in the room. I shall begin by being civil to the old lady, of course. She is flattered at first by having a young fellow coming courting to her daughter. She calls me 'dear Edward'; works me a pair of braces; writes to mamma and sisters, and so forth. Old gentleman says, 'Brown, my boy,' (I am here fondly imagining myself to be a young fellow named Edward Brown, attached, let us say, to Miss Kate Thompson)—Thompson, I say, says, 'Brown, my boy, come to dinner at seven. Cover laid for you always.' And of course, delicious thought! that cover is by dearest Kate's side. But the dinner is bad sometimes. Sometimes I come late. Sometimes things are going badly in the City. Sometime Mrs. Thompson is out of humor; she always thought Kate might have done better. And in the midst of these doubts and delays, suppose JONES appears, who is older, but of a better temper, a better family, and—plague on him—twice as rich! What are engagements? What are promises? It is sometimes an affectionate mother's DUTY to break her promise, and that duty the resolute matron will do.

Then Edward is Edward no more, but Mr. Brown; or, worse still, nameless in the house. Then the knife and fork are removed from poor Kate's side, and she swallows her own sad meal in tears. Then if one of the little Thompsons says, artlessly, 'Papa, I met Teddy Brown in Regent Street; he looked so—' 'Hold your tongue, unfeeling wretch!' cries mamma. 'Look at that dear child!' Kate is swooning. She has sal-volatile. The medical man is sent for. And presently—Charles Jones is taking Kate Thompson to dinner. Long voyages are dangerous; so are long courtships. In long voyages passengers perpetually quarrel (for that Mrs. General could vouch); in long courtships the same danger exists; and how much the more when in that latter ship you have a mother who is forever putting in her oar! And then to think of the annoyance of that love voyage when you and the beloved and beloved's papa, mamma, half a dozen brothers and sisters, are all in one cabin! For economy's sake the Bayneses had no sitting room at Madame's—for you could not call that room on the second floor a sitting room which had two beds in it, and in which the young ones practiced the piano, with poor Charlotte as

their mistress. Philip's courting had to take place for the most part before the whole family; and to make love under such difficulties would have been horrible and maddening and impossible almost, only we have admitted that our young friends had little walks in the Champs Elysées; and then you must own that it must have been delightful for them to write each other perpetual little notes, which were delivered occultly under the very nose of papa and mamma, and in the actual presence of the other boarders at Madame's, who, of course, never saw anything that was going on. Yes, those sly monkeys actually made little post offices about the room. There was, for instance, the clock on the mantelpiece in the salon on which was carved the old French allegory, '*Le temps fait passer l'amour.*' One of those artful young people would pop a note into *Time's boat*, where you may be sure no one saw it. The tric-trac board was another post office. So was the drawer of the music-stand. So was the Sèvres china flowerpot, etc., etc., to each of which repositories in its turn the lovers confided the delicious secrets of their wooing.

Have you ever looked at your love-letters to Darby, when you were courting, dear Joan? They are sacred pages to read. You have his tied up somewhere in a faded ribbon. You scarce need spectacles as you look at them. The hair grows black; the eyes moisten and brighten; the cheeks fill and blush again. I protest there is nothing so beautiful as Darby and Joan in the world. I hope Philip and his wife will be Darby and Joan to the end. I tell you they are married; and don't want to make any mysteries about the business. I disdain that sort of artifice. In the days of the old three-volume novels, didn't you always look at the end, to see that Louisa and the earl (or young clergyman as the case might be) were happy. If they died, or met with other grief, for my part I put the book away. This pair, then, are well; are married; are, I trust, happy; but before they married, and afterward, they had great griefs and troubles, as no doubt you have had, dear sir or madam, since you underwent that ceremony. Married? Of course they are. Do you suppose I would have allowed little Charlotte to meet Philip in the Champs Elysées with only a giddy little boy of a brother for a companion, who would turn away to see Punch, Guignol, the soldiers marching by, the old woman's ginger-bread and toffy stall and so forth? Do you, I say, suppose I would have allowed those two to go out together, unless they were to be married afterward? Out walking together they did go; and once, as they were arm in arm in the Champs Elysées,

whom should they see in a fine open carriage but young Twysden and Captain and Mrs. Woolcomb, to whom, as they passed, Philip doffed his hat with a profound bow, and whom he further saluted with a roar of immense laughter. Woolcomb must have heard the peal. I dare say it brought a little blush into Mrs. Woolcomb's cheek; and—so, no doubt, added to the many attractions of that elegant lady. I have no secrets about my characters, and speak my mind about them quite freely. They said that Woolcomb was the most jealous, stingy, ostentatious, cruel little brute; that he led his wife a dismal life. Well, if he *did*? I'm sure I don't care. 'There is that swaggering bankrupt beggar Firmin!' cries the tawny bridegroom biting his mustache. 'Impudent ragged blackguard,' says Twysden minor, 'I saw him.'

'Hadn't you better stop the carriage, and abuse him to himself, and not to me?' says Mrs. Woolcomb languidly, flinging herself back on her cushions.

'Go on, hang you! Ally! Vite!' cry the gentlemen in the carriage to the *laquais de place* on the box.

'I can fancy you don't care about seeing him,' resumed Mrs. Woolcomb. 'He has a violent temper, and I would not have you quarrel for the world.' So I suppose Woolcomb again swears at the *laquais de place*; and the happy couple, as the saying is, rolls away to the Bois de Boulogne.

'What makes you laugh so?' says little Charlotte fondly, as she trips along by her lover's side.

'Because I am so happy, my dearest!' says the other, squeezing to his heart the little hand that lies on his arm. As he thinks on yonder woman, and then looks into the pure eager face of the sweet girl beside him, the scornful laughter occasioned by the sudden meeting which is just over hushes; and an immense feeling of thankfulness fills the breast of the young man; thankfulness for the danger from which he has escaped, and for the blessed prize which has fallen to him.

But Mr. Philip's walks were not to be all as pleasant as this walk; and we are now coming to a history of wet, slippery roads, bad times, and winter weather. All I can promise about this gloomy part is, that it shall not be a long story. You will acknowledge we made very short work with the love-making, which I give you my word I consider to be the very easiest part of the novel-writer's business. As those rapturous scenes between the captain and the heroine are going on, a writer who knows his business may be thinking about anything else—about the ensuing chapter, or about what he is going to

have for dinner, or what you will; therefore as we passed over the raptures and joys of the courting so very curtly, you must please to gratify me by taking the grief in a very short measure. If our young people are going to suffer, let the pain be soon over. 'Sit down in the chair, Miss Baynes, if you please, and you, Mr. Firmin, in this. Allow me to examine you; just open your mouth, if you please; and—oh, oh, my dear miss—there it is out! A little eau-de-Cologne and water, my dear. And now, Mr. Firmin, if you please, we will—what fangs! what a big one! Two guineas. Thank you. Good-morning. Come to me once a year. John, show in the next party.' About the ensuing painful business, then, I protest I don't intend to be much longer occupied than the humane and dexterous operator to whom I have made so bold as to liken myself. If my pretty Charlotte is to have a tooth out, it shall be removed as gently as possible, poor dear. As for Philip, and his great red-bearded jaw, I don't care so much if the tug makes *him* roar a little. And yet they remain, they remain and throb in after life, those wounds of early days. Have I not said how, as I chanced to walk with Mr. Firmin in Paris, many years after the domestic circumstances here recorded, he paused before the window of that house near the Champs Elysées where Mme. Smolensk once held her *pension*, shook his fist at a *jalousie* of the now dingy and dilapidated mansion, and intimated to me that he had undergone severe suffering in the chamber lighted by yonder window? So have we all suffered; so, very likely, my dear young miss or master who peruses this modest page, will you have to suffer in your time. You will not die of the operation, most probably; but it is painful; it makes a gap in the mouth, *voyez-vous?* and years and years, maybe, after, as you think of it, the smart is renewed, and the dismal tragedy enacts itself over again.

Philip liked his little maiden to go out, to dance, to laugh, to be admired, to be happy. In her artless way she told him of her balls, her tea-parties, her pleasures, her partners. In a girl's first little season nothing escapes her. Have you not wondered to hear them tell about the events of the evening; about the dresses of the dowagers, about the compliments of the young men, about the behavior of the girls, and what not?

Little Charlotte used to enact the over-night's comedy for Philip, pouring out her young heart in her prattle as her little feet skipped by his side. And to hear Philip roar with laughter! It would have done you good. You might have heard him from the Obelisk to the Etoile. People turned round to look

at him, and shrugged their shoulders wonderingly, as good-natured French folks will do. How could a man who had been lately ruined, a man who had just been disappointed of a great legacy from the Earl his great-uncle, a man whose boots were in that lamentable condition, laugh so, and have such high spirits? To think of such an impudent ragged blackguard, as Ringwood Twysden called his cousin, daring to be happy! The fact is, that clap of laughter smote those three Twysden people like three boxes on the ear, and made all their cheeks tingle and blush at once. At Philip's merriment clouds which had come over Charlotte's sweet face would be chased away. As she clung to him doubts which throbbed at the girl's heart would vanish. When she was acting those scenes of the past night's entertainment, she was not always happy. As she talked and prattled, her own spirits would rise; and hope and natural joy would spring in her heart again, and come flushing up to her cheek. Charlotte was being a hypocrite, as, thank heaven, all good women sometimes are. She had griefs; she hid them from him. She had doubts and fears; they fled when he came in view, and she clung to his strong arm, and looked in his honest blue eyes. She did not tell him of those painful nights when *her* eyes were wakeful and tearful. A yellow old woman in a white jacket, with a nightcap and a night-light, would come, night after night, to the side of her little bed; and there stand and with her grim voice bark against Philip. That old woman's lean finger would point to all the rents in poor Philip's threadbare paletot of a character—point to the holes and tear them wider open. She would stamp on those muddy boots. She would throw up her peaked nose at the idea of the poor fellow's pipe—his pipe, his great companion and comforter when his dear little mistress was away. She would discourse on the partners of the night; the evident attentions of this gentleman, the politeness and high breeding of that.

And when that dreary nightly torture was over, and Charlotte's mother had left the poor child to herself, sometimes Mme. Somlensk, sitting up over her ledgers and bills, and wakeful with her own cares, would steal up and console poor Charlotte; and bring her some tisane, excellent for the nerves; and talk to her about—about the subject of which Charlotte best liked to hear. And though Smolensk was civil to Mrs. Baynes in the morning, as her professional duty obliged her to be, she has owned that she often felt a desire to strangle Mme. la Générale for her conduct to her little angel of a daughter; and all because M. Philippe smells the pipe, *parbleu!* 'What? a fam-

ily that owes you the bread which they eat; and they draw back for a pipe! The cowards, the cowards! A soldier's daughter is not afraid of it. *Merci! Tenez, M. Philippe,*' she said to our friend when matters came to an extremity. 'Do you know what in your place I would do? To a Frenchman I would not say so; that understands itself. But these things make themselves otherwise in England. I have no money, but I have a *cachemire*. Take him; and if I were you, I would make a little voyage to Gretna Grin.'

And now, if you please, we will quit the Champs Elysées. We will cross the road from Madame's boarding house. We will make our way into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and actually enter a gate over which the L-on, the Un-e-rn, and the R-y-l Cr-w-n and A-ms of the Three K-ngd-ms are sculptured, and going under the *porte-cochère*, and turning to the right, ascend a little stair and ask of the attendant on the landing who is in the chancellerie? The attendant says, that several of those *messieurs y sont*. In fact, on entering the room, you find Mr. Monteomb, let us say—Mr. Lawndes, Mr. Halkin, and our young friend Mr. Walsingham Hely, seated at their respective tables in the midst of considerable smoke. Smoking in the mist of these gentlemen, and bestriding his chair, as though it were his horse, sits that gallant young Irish chieftain, The O'Rourke. Some of the gentlemen are copying, in a large handwriting dispatches on foolscap paper. I would rather be torn to pieces by O'Rourke's wildest horses, than be understood to hint at what those dispatches, at what those dispatch-boxes contain. Perhaps they contain some news from the Court of Spain, where some intrigues are carried on, a knowledge of which would make your hair start off your head; perhaps that box, for which a messenger is waiting in a neighboring apartment, has looked up twenty-four yards of Chantilly lace for Lady Gelwhether, and six new French farces for Tom Tiddler of the Foreign Office, who is mad about the theater. It is years and years ago; how should I know what there is in those dispatch-boxes?

But the work, whatever it may be, is not very pressing—for there is only Mr. Chesham—did I say Chesham before, by the way? You may call him Mr. Sloanestreet if you like. There is only Chesham (and he always takes things to the grand serious) who seems to be much engaged in writing; and the conversation goes on.

'Who gave it?' asks Monteomb.

'The black man, of eourse, gave it. We would not pretend

to compete with such a long purse as his. You should have seen what faces he made at the bill! Thirty francs a bottle for Rhine wine. He grinned with the most horrible agony when he read the addition. He almost turned yellow. He sent away his wife early. How long that girl was hanging about London; and think of her hooking a millionaire at last! Othello is a frightful screw, and diabolically jealous of his wife.'

'What is the name of the little man who got so dismally drunk, and began to cry about old Ringwood?'

'Twysden—the woman's brother. Don't you know Humbug Twysden, the father? The youth is more offensive than the parent.'

'A most disgusting little beast. Would come to the Variétés, because we said we were going; would go to Lamoignon's where the Russians gave a dance and a lansquenet. Why didn't you come, Hely?'

Mr. Hely.—I tell you I hate the whole thing. Those painted old actresses give me the horrors. What do I want with winning Montcomb's money who hasn't got any? Do you think it gives me any pleasure to dance with old Caradol? She puts me in mind of my grandmother—only she is older. Do you think I want to go and see that insane old Boutzoff leering at Corinne and Palmyrine, and making a group of three old women together! I wonder how you fellows can go on. Aren't you tired of truffles and écrevisses à la Bordelaise; and those old opera people, whose withered old carcasses are stuffed with them.

The O'R.—There was Cérisette, I give ye me honor. Ye never saw. She fell asleep in her cheer—

Mr. Lowndes.—In her *hwohat*, O'R?

The O'R.—Well, in her CHAIR then! And Figaroff smayred her feece all over with the craym out of a Charlotte Roose. She's a regular bird and mustache, you know, Cérisette has.

Mr. Hely.—Charlotte, Charlotte! Oh! (*He clutches his hair madly. His elbows are on the table.*)

Mr. Lowndes.—It's that girl he meets at the tea-parties, where he goes to be admired.

Mr. Hely.—It is better to drink tea than, like you fellows, to muddle what brains you have with bad champagne. It is better to look, and to hear, and to see, and to dance with a modest girl, than, like you fellows, to be capering about in taverns with painted old hags like that old Cérisette, who has got a face like a *pomme cuite*, and who danced before Lord Malmesbury at the Peace of Amiens. She did, I tell you; and before Napoleon.

Mr. Chesham.—(*Looks up from his writing.*)—There was no Napoleon then. It is of no consequence, but——

Lowndes.—Thank you, I owe you one. You're a most valuable man, Chesham, and a credit to your father and mother.

Mr. Chesham.—Well, the First Consul was Bonaparte.

Lowndes.—I am obliged to you. I say I am obliged to you, Chesham, and if you would like any refreshment order it *meis sumptibus*, old boy—at my expense.

Chesham.—These fellows will never be serious. (*He resumes his writing.*)

Hely.—(*Iterum, but very low.*)—O Charlotte, Char——

Mr. Lowndes.—Hely is raving about that girl—that girl with the horrible old mother in yellow, don't you remember? and old father—good old military party, in a shabby old coat—who was at the last ball. What was the name! O'Rourke, what is the rhyme for Baynes?

The O'R.—*Pays*, and be hanged to you. You're always makin' fun on me, you little cockney!

Mr. Montcomb.—Hely was just as bad about the Danish girl. You know, Walse, you composed ever so many verses to her, and wrote home to your mother to ask leave to marry her!

The O'R.—I'd think him big enough to marry without anybody's leave—only they wouldn't have him because he's sougly.

Mr. Hely.—Very good, O'Rourke. Very neat and good. You were diverting the company with an anecdote. Will you proceed?

The O'R.—Well, then, the Cérissette had been dancing both on and off the stage till she was dead tired, I suppose, and so she fell dead asleep, and Figaroff, taking the what-d'ye-call-'im out of the Charlotte Roose, smayred her face all——

Voice without.—Deet Moshoo RINGWOOD TWYSDEN, sivo-play, poor l'honorable Moshoo Lownds!

Servant—M. Twysden!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Lowndes, how are you?

Mr. Lowndes.—Very well, thank you; how are you?

Mr. Hely.—Lowndes is uncommonly brilliant to-day.

Mr. Twysden.—Not the worse for last night? Some of us were a little elevated, I think!

Mr. Lowndes.—Some of us quite the reverse. (Little cad, what does he want? Elevated! he couldn't keep his little legs!)

Mr. Twysden.—Eh! Smoking, I see. Thank you. I very seldom do—but as you are so kind—puff. Eh—uncommonly handsome person that, eh—Mme. Cérissette.

The O'R.—Thank ye for telling us.

Mr. Lowndes.—If she meets with *your* applause, Mr. Twysden, I should think Mlle. Cérisette is all right.

The O'R.—Maybe they'd raise her salary if ye told her.

Mr. Twysden.—Heh—I see you're chaffing me. We have a good deal of that kind of thing in Somerset—in our—in—hem! This tobacco is a little strong. I *am* a little shaky this morning. Who, by the way, is that Prince Boutzoff who played lansquenet with us? Is he one of the Livonian Boutzoffs, or one of the Hessian Boutzoffs? I remember at my poor uncle's, Lord Ringwood, meeting a Prince Blucher de Boutzoff, something like this man, by the way. You knew my poor uncle?

Mr. Lowndes.—Dined with him here three months ago at the Trois Frères.

Mr. Twysden.—Been at Whipham, I dare say? I was bred up there. It was said once that I was to have been his heir. He was very fond of me. He was my godfather.

The O'R.—Then he gave you a mug, and it wasn't a beauty (*sotto voce*).

Mr. Twysden.—You said somthin'? I was speaking of Whipham, Mr. Lowndes—one of the finest places in England, I should say, except Chatsworth, you know, and *that* sort of thing. My grandfather built it—I mean my *great* grandfather, for I'm of the Ringwood family.

Mr. Lowndes.—Then was Lord Ringwood your grandfather, or your grand godfather?

Mr. Twysden.—He! he! My mother was his own niece. My grandfather was his own brother, and I am——

Mr. Lowndes.—Thank you. I see now.

Mr. Halkin.—Das ist sehr interessant. Ich versichere ihnen das ist SEHR interessant.

Mr. Twysden.—Said somethin'? (This cigar is really—I'll throw it away, please.) I was saying that at Whipham, where I was bred up, we would be forty at dinner, and as many more in the upper servant's hall.

Mr. Lowndes.—And you dined in the—you had pretty good dinners?

Mr. Twysden.—A French chef. Two aids, besides turtle from town. Two or three regular cooks on the establishment, besides kitchen-maids, roasters, and that kind of thing, you understand. How many have you here now? In Lord Estridge's kitchen you can't do, I should say, at least without—let me see—why, in *our* small way—and if you come to London my father will be dev'lish glad to see you—we——

Mr. Lowndes. How is Mrs. Woolcomb this morning? That was a fair dinner Woolcomb gave us yesterday.

Mr. Twysden.—He has plenty of money, plenty of money. I hope, Lowndes, when you come to town—the first time you come, mind—to give you a hearty welcome and some of my father's old por—

Mr. Hely.—Will nobody kick this little beast out?

Servant.—M. Chesham peut-il voir M. Firmin?

Mr. Chesham.—Certainly. Come in, Firmin!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Fearmang—Mr. Fir—Mr. *who?* You don't mean to say you receive *that* fellow, Mr. Chesham?

Mr. Chesham.—What fellow? and what do you mean, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'im?

Mr. Twysden.—*That* blackg—oh—that is, I—I beg your—

Mr. Firmin (*entering and going up to Mr. Chesham*).—I say, give me a bit of news of to-day. What were you saying about that—hum and hum and haw—mayn't I have it? (*He is talking confidentially with Mr. Chesham, when he sees Mr. Twysden.*) What! you have got *that* little cad here?

Mr. Lowndes.—You know Mr. Twysden, Mr. Firmin. He was just speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? So much the worse for me.

Mr. Twysden.—Sir! We don't speak. You've no right to speak to me in this manner! Don't speak to me; and I won't speak to you, sir—there! Good-morning, Mr. Lowndes! Remember your promise to come and dine with us when you come to town. And—one word—(*he holds Mr. Lowndes by the button. By the way, he has very curious resemblances to Twysden senior*)—we shall be here for ten days certainly. I think Lady Estridge has something next week. I have left our cards, and—

Mr. Lowndes.—Take care. *He* will be there (*pointing to Mr. Firmin*).

Mr. Twysden.—What? *That* beggar? You don't mean to say Lord Estridge will receive such a fellow as— Good-by, good-by! (*Exit Mr. Twysden.*)

Mr. Firmin.—I caught that little fellow's eye. He's my cousin, you know. We have had a quarrel. I am sure he was speaking about me.

Mr. Lowndes.—Well, now you mention it, he *was* speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? Then *don't believe him*, Mr. Lowndes. That is my advice.

Mr. Hely (at his desk composing).—‘Maiden of the blushing cheek, maiden of the—O Charlotte, Char——’ he bites his pen and dashes off rapid rhymes on Government paper.

Mr. Firmin.—What does he say? He said Charlotte.

Mr. Lowndes.—He is always in love and breaking his heart, and he puts it into poems; he wraps it up in paper, and falls in love with somebody else. Sit down and smoke a cigar, won’t you?

Mr. Firmin.—Can’t stay. Must make up my letter. We print to-morrow.

Mr. Lowndes.—Who wrote that article pitching into Peel?

Mr. Firmin.—Family secret—can’t say—good-by. (*Exit Mr. Firmin.*)

Mr. Chesham.—In my opinion a most ill-advised and intemperate article. That journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, indulges in a very needless acrimony, I think.

Mr. Lowndes.—Chesham does not like to call a spade a spade. He calls it a horticultural utensil. You have a great career before you, Chesham. You have a wisdom and gravity beyond your years. You bore us slightly, but we all respect you—we do indeed. What was the text at church last Sunday? Oh, by the way, Hely, you little miscreant, *you* were at church!

Mr. Chesham.—You need not blush, Hely. I am not a joking man; but this kind of jesting does not strike me as being particularly amusing, Lowndes.

Mr. Lowndes.—You go to church because you are good, because your aunt was a bishop or something. But Hely goes because he is a little miscreant. You hypocritical little beggar, you got yourself up as if you were going to a *déjeûné*, and you had your hair curled, and you were seen singing out of the same hymn-book with that pretty Miss Baynes, you little wheedling sinner; and you walked home with the family—my sisters saw you—to a boarding house where they live—by Jove! you did. And I’ll tell your mother!

Mr. Chesham.—I wish you would not make such a noise, and let me do my work, Lowndes. You——

Here Asmodeus whisks us out of the room, and we lose the rest of the young men’s conversation. But enough has been overheard, I think, to show what direction young Mr. Hely’s thoughts had taken. Since he was seventeen years of age (at the time when we behold him he may be twenty-three), this romantic youth has been repeatedly in love; with his elderly tutor’s daughter, of course; with a young haberdasher at the university; with his sister’s confidential friend; with the

blooming young Danish beauty last year; and now, I very much fear, a young acquaintance of ours has attracted the attention of this imaginative Don Juan. Whenever Hely is in love, he fancies his passion will last forever, makes a confidant of the first person at hand, weeps plenteously, and writes reams of verses. Do you remember how in a previous chapter we told you that Mrs. Tuffin was determined she would *not* ask Philip to her *soirées*, and declared him to be a forward and disagreeable young man. She was glad enough to receive young Walsingham Hely, with his languid air, his drooping head, his fair curl, and his flower in his button-hole; and Hely, being then in hot pursuit of one of the tall Miss Blacklocks, went to Mrs. Tuffin's, was welcomed there with all the honors; and there, fluttering away from Miss Blacklock, our butterfly lighted on Miss Baynes. Now Miss Baynes would have danced with a mop-stick, she was so fond of dancing; and Hely, who had practiced in a thousand Chaumieres, Mabilles (or whatever was the public dance room then in vogue), was a most amiable, agile, and excellent partner. And she told Philip next day what a nice little partner she had found—poor Philip, who was not asked to that paradise of a party. And Philip said that he knew the little man; that he believed he was rich; that he wrote pretty little verses; in a word, Philip, in his leonine ways, regarded little Hely as a lion regards a lapdog.

Now this little Slyboots had a thousand artful little ways. He had a very keen sensibility and a fine taste, which was most readily touched by innocence and beauty. He had tears, I won't say at command; for they were under no command, and gushed from his fine eyes in spite of himself. Charlotte's innocence and freshness smote him with a keen pleasure. *Bon Dieu!* What was that great, tall Miss Blacklock who had tramped through a thousand ball rooms, compared to this artless, happy creature? He danced away from Miss Blacklock and after Charlotte the moment he saw our young friend; and the Blacklocks, who knew all about him, and his money, and his mother, and his expectations—who had his verses in their poor album, by whose carriage he had capered day after day in the Bois de Boulogne—stood scowling and deserted, as this young fellow danced off with that Miss Baynes, who lived in a boarding house, and came to parties in a cab with her horrid old mother! The Blacklocks were as though they were not henceforth for Mr. Hely. They asked him to dinner. Bless my soul, he utterly forgot all about it! He never came to their box on their night at the opera. Not one twinge of re-

morse had he. Not one pang of remembrance. If he *did* remember them, it was when they bored him, like those tall tragic women in black who are always coming in their great long trains to sing sermons to Don Juan. Ladies, your name is down in his lordship's catalogue; his servant has it; and you, Miss Anna, are No. 1003.

But as for Miss Charlotte, that is a different affair. What innocence! Whata *fraîcheur!* What a merry good-humor! Don Slyboots is touched, he is tenderly interested; her artless voice thrills through his frame; he trembles as he waltzes with her; as his fine eyes look at her, psha! what is that film coming over them? O Slyboots, Slyboots! And as she has nothing to conceal, she has told him all he wants to know before long. This is her first winter in Paris; her first season of coming out. She has only been to two balls before, and two plays and an opera. And her father met Mr. Hely at Lord Trim's. That was her father playing at whist. And they lived at Mme. Smolensk's boarding house in the Champs Elysées. And they had been to Mr. Dash's, and to Mrs. Blank's, and she believed they were going to Mrs. Star's on Friday. And did they go to church? Of course they went to church, to the Rue d'Aguesseau, or wherever it might be. And Slyboots went to church next Sunday. You may perhaps guess to what church. And he went the Sunday after. And he sang his own songs, accompanying himself on the guitar, at his lodgings. And he sang elsewhere. And he had a very pretty little voice, Slyboots had. I believe those poems under the common title of 'Gretchen' in our Walsingham's charming volume were all inspired by Miss Baynes. He began to write about her and himself the very first night after seeing her. He smoked cigarettes and drank green tea. He looked so pale—so pale and sad that he quite pitied himself in the looking-glass in his apartments in the Rue Miroménil. And he compared himself to a wrecked mariner, and to a grave, and to a man entranced and brought to life. And he cried quite freely and satisfactorily by himself. And he went to see his mother and sister next day at the Hotel de la Terrasse, and cried to them and said he was in love this time forever and ever. And his sister called him a goose. And after crying he ate an uncommonly good dinner. And he took everyone into his confidence, as he always did whenever he was in love; always telling, always making verses, and always crying. As for Miss Blacklock, he buried the dead body of that love deep in the ocean of his soul. The waves engulfed Miss B. The ship rolled on. The storm went down. And the stars

rose, and the dawn was in his soul, etc. Well, well! The mother was a vulgar woman, and I am glad you are out of it. And what sort of people are General Baynes and Mrs. Baynes.

‘Oh, delightful people! Most distinguished officer, the father; modest—doesn’t say a word. The mother, a most lively, brisk, agreeable woman. You must go and see her, ma’am. I desire you’ll go immediately.’

‘And leave cards with P. P. C. for the Miss Blacklocks!’ says Miss Hely, who was a plain lively person. And both mother and sister spoiled this young Hely; as women ought always to spoil a son, a brother, a father, husband, grandfather—any male relative, in a word.

To see this spoiled son married was the good-natured mother’s fond prayer. An eldest son had died a rake; a victim to too much money, pleasure, idleness. The widowed mother would give anything to save this one from the career through which the elder had passed. The young man would be one day so wealthy, that she knew many and many a schemer would try and entrap him. Perhaps she had been made to marry his father because he was rich; and she remembered the gloom and wretchedness of her own union. Oh, that she could see her son out of temptation, and the husband of an honest girl! It was the young lady’s first season? So much the more likely that she should be unworldly. ‘The General—don’t you remember a nice old gentleman—in a—well, in a wig—that day we dined at Lord Trim’s, when that horrible old Lord Ringwood was there? That was General Baynes; and he broke out so enthusiastically in defense of a poor young man—Dr. Firmin’s son—who was a bad man, I believe; but I shall never have confidence in another doctor again, that I shan’t. And we’ll call on these people, Fanny. Yes, in a brown wig—the General, I perfectly well remember him, and Lord Trim said he was a most distinguished officer. And I have no doubt his wife will be a most agreeable person. Those Generals’ wives who have traveled over the world must have acquired a quantity of delightful information. At a boarding house, are they? I dare say very pleasant and amusing. And we’ll drive there and call on them immediately.’

On that day, as Macgrigor and Moira Baynes were disporting in the little front garden of Mme. Smolensk’s, I think Moira was just about to lick Macgrigor, when his fratricidal hand was stopped by the sight of a large yellow carriage—a large London dowager family carriage—from which descended a large London family footman, with side-locks begrimed

with powder, with calves such as only belong to large London family footmen, and with cards in his hand. 'Ceci Mme. Smolensk?' says the large menial. 'Oui,' says the boy, nodding his head; on which the footman was puzzled, for he thought from his readiness in the use of the French language that the boy was a Frenchman.

'Ici demure General Bang?' continued the man.

'Hand us over the cards, John. Not at home,' said Moira.

'Who aint at 'ome?' inquired the menial.

'General Baynes, my father, aint at home. He shall have the pasteboard when he comes in. "Mrs. Hely?" O Mac, it's the same name as that young swell who called the other day! Aint at home, John. Gone out to pay some visits. Had a fly on purpose. Gone out with my sister. 'Pon my word, they have, John.' And from this accurate report of the boy's behavior, I fear that the young Bayneses must have been brought up at a classical and commercial academy, where economy was more studied than politeness.

Philip comes trudging up to dinner, and as this is not his post day, arrives early; he hopes, perhaps, for a walk with Miss Charlotte, or a coze in Mme. Smolensk's little private room. He finds the two boys in the forecourt; and they have Mrs. Hely's cards in their hands; and they narrate to him the advent and departure of the lady in the swell carriage, the mother of the young swell with the flower in his button-hole, who came the other day on such a jolly horse. 'Yes. And he was at church last Sunday, Philip, and he gave Charlotte a hymn-book. And he sang; he sang like the piper who played before Moses, Pa said. And Ma said it was wicked, but it wasn't; only Pa's fun, you know. And Ma said *you* never came to church. Why don't you?'

Philip had no taint of jealousy in his magnanimous composition, and would as soon have accused Charlotte of flirting with other men as of stealing Madame's silver spoons. 'So you have had some fine visitors,' he says, as the fly drives up. 'I remember that rich Mrs. Hely, a patient of my father's. My poor mother used to drive to her house.'

'Oh, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Hely, Philip!' cries Miss Charlotte, not heeding the scowls of her mother, who is nodding and beckoning angrily to the girl.

'You never once mentioned him. He is one of the greatest dandies about Paris; quite a lion,' remarks Philip.

'Is he? What a funny little lion! I never thought about him,' says Miss Charlotte, quite simply. Oh, ingratitude! in-

gratitude! And we have told how Mr. Walsingham was crying his eyes out for her.

‘Sheneverthoughtabouthim?’ cries Mrs. Baynes, quite eagerly.

‘The piper, is it, you’re talking about?’ asks papa. ‘I called him piper, you see, because he piped so sweetly at ch—— Well, my love?’

Mrs. Baynes was nudging her General at this moment. She did not wish that the piper should form the subject of conversation, I suppose.

‘The piper’s mother is very rich, and the piper will inherit after her. She has a fine house in London. She gives very fine parties. She drives in a great carriage, and she has come to call upon you, and ask you to her balls, I suppose.’

Mrs. Baynes was delighted at this call. And when she said ‘I’m sure *I* don’t value fine people, or their fine parties, or their fine carriages, but I wish that my dear child should see the world——’ I don’t believe a word which Mrs. Baynes said. She was much more pleased than Charlotte at the idea of visiting this fine lady; or else, why should she have coaxed, and wheedled, and been so particularly gracious to the General all the evening? She wanted a new gown. The truth is, her yellow *was* very shabby; whereas Charlotte, in plain white muslin, looked pretty enough to be able to dispense with the aid of any French milliner. I fancy a consultation with Madame and Mrs. Bunch. I fancy a fly ordered, and a visit to the milliner’s the next day. And when the pattern of the gown is settled with the milliner, I fancy the terror on Mrs. Baynes’ weazened face when she ascertains the amount of the bill. To do her justice, the General’s wife had spent little upon her own homely person. She chose her gowns ugly, but cheap. There were so many backs to clothe in that family that the thrifty mother did not heed the decoration of her own.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEC DULCES AMORES SPERNE, PUER, NEQUE TU CHOREAS.

‘MY DEAR,’ Mrs. Baynes said to her daughter, ‘You are going out a great deal in the world now. You will go to a great number of places where poor Philip cannot hope to be admitted.’

‘Not admit Philip, mamma! then I’m sure I don’t want to go,’ cries the girl.

‘Time enough to leave off going to parties when you can’t afford it and marry him. When I was a lieutenant’s wife, I didn’t go to any parties out of the regiment, my dear?’

‘Oh, then, I am sure I shall *never* want to go out!’ Charlotte declares.

‘You fancy he will always stop at home, I dare say. Men are not all so domestic as your papa. Very few love to stop at home like him. Indeed, I may say I have made his home comfortable. But one thing is clear, my child. Philip can’t always expect to go where we go. He is not in the position in life. Recollect your father is a general officer, C. B., and may be K. C. B. soon, and your mother is a general officer’s lady. *We* may go anywhere. I might have gone to the drawing room at home if I chose. Lady Biggs would have been delighted to present me. Your aunt has been to the drawing room, and she is only Mrs. Major MacWhirter; and most absurd it was of Mac to let her go. But she rules him in everything, and they have no children. I have, goodness knows! I sacrifice myself for my children. You little know what I deny myself for my children. I said to Lady Biggs, ‘No, Lady Biggs; my husband may go. He should go. He has his uniform, and it will cost him nothing except a fly and a bouquet for the man who drives; but *I* will not spend money on myself for the hire of diamonds and feathers, and, though I yield in loyalty to *no* person, I dare say my Sovereign *won’t* miss me.’ And I don’t think her Majesty did. She has other things to think of besides Mrs. General Baynes, I suppose. She is a mother, and can appreciate a mother’s sacrifice for her children.’

If I have not hitherto given you detailed reports of Mrs. General Baynes’ conversation, I don’t think, my esteemed reader, you will be very angry.

‘Now, child,’ the General’s lady continued, ‘let me warn you not to talk much to Philip about those places to which you go without him, and to which his position in life does not allow of his coming. Hide anything from him? Oh, dear, no! Only for his own good, you understand. I don’t tell everything to your papa. I should only worrit him and vex him. When anything will please him, and make him happy, *then* I tell him. And about Philip? Philip, I must say it, my dear—I must as a mother say it—has his faults. He is an *envious* man. Don’t look shocked. He thinks very well of himself; and having been a great deal spoiled, and made too much of in his unhappy father’s time, he is so proud and haughty that he *forgets his position*, and thinks he ought to live with the highest society. Had Lord Ringwood left him a fortune, as Philip *led us to expect* when we gave our consent to this most unlucky match—for that my dear child should marry a beggar

is most unlucky and most deplorable; I can't help saying so, Charlotte—if I were on my death bed I couldn't help saying so; and I wish with all my heart we had never seen or heard of him. There? Don't go off in one of your tantrums! What was I saying, pray? I say that Philip is in no position, or rather in a very humble one, which—a mere newspaper writer and a subaltern too—everybody acknowledges it to be. And if he hears us talking about our parties to which we have a right to go—to which you have a right to go with your mother, a general officer's lady—why he'll be offended. He won't like to hear about them and think he can't be invited; and you had better not talk about them at all, or about the people you meet and dance with. At Mrs. Hely's you may dance with Lord Headbury, the ambassador's son. And if you tell Philip he will be offended. He will say that you boast about it. When I was only a lieutenant's wife at Barrackpore, Mrs. Captain Capers used to go to Calcutta to the Government House balls. I didn't go. But I was offended, and I used to say that Flora Capers gave herself airs, and was always boasting of her intimacy with the Marchioness of Hastings. We don't like our equals to be better off than ourselves. Mark my words. And if you talk to Philip about the people whom you meet in society, and whom he can't from his unfortunate station expect to know, you will offend him. That was why I nudged you to-day when you were going on about Mr. Hely. Anything so absurd! I saw Philip getting angry at once, and biting his mustaches, as he always does when he is angry—and swears quite out loud—so vulgar! There! you are going to be angry again, my love; I never saw anything like you! Is this my Charly who never was angry? I know the world, dear, and you don't. Look at me, how I manage your papa, and I tell you don't talk to Philip about things which offend him! Now, dearest, kiss your poor old mother who loves you. Go upstairs and bathe your eyes, and come down happy to dinner.' And at dinner Mrs. General Baynes was uncommonly gracious to Philip; and when gracious she was especially odious to Philip, whose magnanimous nature accommodated itself ill to the wheedling artifices of an ill-bred old woman.

Following this wretched mother's advice my poor Charlotte spoke scarcely at all to Philip of the parties to which she went, and the amusements which she enjoyed without him. I dare say Mrs. Baynes was quite happy in thinking that she was 'guiding' her child rightly. As if a coarse woman, because she is mean, and greedy, and hypocritical, and fifty years old,

has a right to lead a guileless nature into wrong! Ah! if some of us old folks were to go to school to our children, I am sure madam, it would do us a great deal of good. There is a fund of good sense and honorable feeling about my great-grandson Tommy, which is more valuable than all his grandpapa's experience and knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world forsooth! Compromise, selfishness modified, and double dealing. Tom disdains a lie; when he wants a peach, he roars for it. If his mother wishes to go to a party, she coaxes, and wheedles, and manages, and smirks, and courtesys for months, in order to get her end; takes twenty rebuffs and comes up to the scratch again smiling; and this woman is forever lecturing her daughters, and preaching to her sons upon virtue, honesty, and moral behavior!

Mrs. Hely's little party at the Hôtel de la Terrasse was very pleasant and bright; and Miss Charlotte enjoyed it, although her swain was not present. But Philip was pleased that his little Charlotte should be happy. She beheld with wonderment Parisian duchesses, American millionaires, dandies from the embassies, deputies and peers of France with large stars and wigs like papa. She gayly described her party to Philip; described, that is to say, everything but her own success, which was undoubted. There were many beauties at Mrs. Hely's, but nobody fresher or prettier. The Miss Blacklocks retired very early and in the worst possible temper. Prince Slyboots did not in the least heed their going away. His thoughts were all fixed upon little Charlotte. Charlotte's mamma saw the impression which the girl made, and was filled with a hungry joy. Good-natured Mrs. Hely complimented her on her daughter. 'Thank God, she is as good as she is pretty,' says her mother, I am sure speaking seriously this time regarding her daughter. Prince Slyboots danced with scarce anybody else. He raised a perfect whirlwind of compliments round about Charlotte. She was quite a simple person and did not understand one-tenth part of what he said to her. He strewed her path with roses of poesy; he scattered garlands of sentiment before her all the way from the ante-chamber downstairs, and so to the fly which was in waiting to take her and parents home to the boarding house. 'By George, Charlotte, I think you have smitten that fellow,' cries the General, who was infinitely amused by young Hely—his raptures, his affectations, his long hair, and what Baynes called his low dress. A slight white tape and ruby button confined Hely's neck. His hair waved over his shoulders. Baynes had never seen such a

specimen. At the mess of the stout 120th, the lads talked of their dogs, horses, and sport. A young civilian, smattering in poetry, chattering in a dozen languages, scented, smiling, perfectly at ease with himself and the world, was a novelty to the old officer.

And now the Queen's birthday arrived—and that it may arrive for many scores of years yet to come is, I am sure, the prayer of all of us—and with the birthday his Excellency Lord Estridge's grand annual fête in honor of his sovereign. A card for their ball was left at Mme. Smolensk's, for General, Mrs. and Miss Baynes; and no doubt M. Slyboots Walsingham Hely was the artful agent by whom the invitation was forwarded. Once more the General's veteran uniform came out from the tin-box, with its dingy epaulets and little cross and ribbon. His wife urged upon him strongly the necessity of having a new wig, wigs being very cheap and good at Paris—but Baynes said a new wig would make his old coat look very shabby and a new uniform would cost more money than he would like to afford. So shabby he went *de cap à pied*, with a moulting feather, a threadbare suit, a tarnished wig, and a worn-out lace, *sibi constans*. Boots, trousers, sash, coat, were all old and worse for wear, and 'faith,' says he, 'my face follows suit.' A brave, silent man was Baynes; with a twinkle of humor in his lean, wrinkled face.

And if General Baynes was shabbily attired at the Embassy ball, I think I know a friend of mine who was shabby too. In the days of his prosperity, Mr. Philip was *parcus cultor et infrequens* of balls, routs, and ladies' company. Perhaps because his father was angered at Philip's neglect of his social advantages and indifference as to success in the world, Philip was the more neglectful and indifferent. The elder's comedy-smiles, and solemn, hypocritical politeness caused scorn and revolt on the part of the younger man. Philip despised the humbug, and the world to which such humbug could be welcome. He kept aloof from tea-parties then; his evening-dress clothes served him for a long time. I cannot say how old his dress coat was at the time of which we are writing. But he had been in the habit of respecting that garment and considering it new and handsome for many years past. Meanwhile the coat had shrunk, or its wearer had grown stouter; and his grand embroidered, embossed, illuminated, carved and gilt velvet dress waistcoat, too, had narrowed, had become absurdly tight and short, and I dare say was the laughing-stock of many of Philip's acquaintances, while he himself, poor simple fellow, was fancying that it was a most splendid article of apparel. You know in the Palais Royal they hang out the most splendid reach-me-down

dressing-gowns, waistcoats, and so forth. 'No,' thought Philip, coming out of his cheap dining house, and swaggering along the arcades, and looking at the tailor's shops, with his hands in his pockets. 'My brown velvet dress waistcoat with the gold sprigs, which I had made at college, is a much more tasty thing than these gaudy ready-made articles. And my coat is old certainly, but the brass buttons are still very bright and handsome, and, in fact, it is a most becoming and gentlemanlike thing.' And under this delusion the honest fellow dressed himself in his old clothes, lighted a pair of candles, and looked at himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass, drew on a pair of cheap gloves which he had bought, walked by the Quays, and over the Deputies' Bridge, across the Place Louis XV., and strutted up the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Hotel of the British Embassy. A half-mile *queue* of carriages was formed along the street, and of course the entrance to the hotel was magnificently illuminated.

A plague on those cheap gloves! Why had not Philip paid three francs for a pair of gloves, instead of twenty-nine sous? Mrs. Baynes had found a capital cheap glove shop, whither poor Phil had gone in the simplicity of his heart; and now as he went in under the grand illuminated *porte-cochère*, Philip saw that the gloves had given way at the thumbs, and that his hands appeared through the rents as red as raw beef-steaks. It is wonderful how red hands will look through holes in white gloves. 'And there's that hole in my boot, too,' thought Phil; but he had put a little ink over the seam, and so the rent was imperceptible. The coat and waistcoat were tight, and of a past age. Never mind. The chest was broad, the arms were muscular and long, and Phil's face, in the midst of a halo of fair hair and flaming whiskers, looked brave, honest, and handsome. For a while his eyes wandered fiercely and restlessly all about the room from group to group; but now—ah, now—they were settled. They had met another pair of eyes, which lighted up with glad welcome when they beheld him. Two young cheeks mantled with a sweet blush. These were Charlotte's cheeks; and hard by them were mamma's, of a very different color. But Mrs. General Baynes had a knowing turban on, and a set of garnets round her old neck, like gooseberries set in gold.

They admired the rooms; they heard the names of the great folks who arrived, and beheld many famous personages. They made their courtesies to the ambassadress. Confusion! With a great rip, the thumb of one of those cheap gloves of Philip's parts company from the rest of the glove, and he is

obliged to wear it crumpled up in his hand; a dreadful mishap—for he is going to dance with Charlotte, and he will have to give his hand to the *vis-à-vis*.

Who comes up smiling, with a low neck, with waving curls and whiskers, pretty little hands exquisitely gloved, and tiny feet? 'Tis Hely Walsingham, lightest in the dance. Most affably does Mrs. General Baynes greet the young fellow. Very brightly and happily do Charlotte's eyes glance toward her favorite partner. It is certain that poor Phil can't hope at all to dance like Hely. 'And see what nice neat feet and hands he has got,' says Mrs. Baynes. '*Comme il est bien ganté!* A gentleman ought to be always well gloved.'

'Why did you send me to the twenty-nine-sous shop?' says poor Phil, looking at his tattered hand-shoes and red obtrusive thumb.

'Oh, you!' (here Mrs. Baynes shrugs her yellow old shoulders). '*Your* hand would burst through any gloves! How do you do, Mr. Hely? Is your mamma here? Of course she is! What a delightful party she gave us! The dear ambassadress looks quite unwell—most pleasing manners, I am sure; Lord Estridge, what a perfect gentleman!'

The Bayneses were just come. For what dance was Miss Baynes disengaged? 'As many as ever you like!' cries Charlotte, who, in fact, called Hely her little daneing-master, and never thought of him except as a partner. 'Oh, too much happiness! Oh, that this could last forever!' sighed Hely, after a waltz, polka, mazurka, I know not what, and fixing on Charlotte the full blaze of his beauteous blue eyes. 'Forever?' cries Charlotte, laughing. 'I'm very fond of daneing, indeed; and you dance beautifully; but I don't know that I should like to dane forever.' Ere the words are over, he is whirling her round the room again. His little feet fly with surprising agility. His hair floats behind him. He scatters odors as he spins. The handkerchief with which he fans his pale brow is like a cloudy film of muslin—and poor old Philip sees with terror that *his* pocket-handkerchief has got three great holes in it. His nose and one eye appeared through one of the holes while Phil was wiping his forehead. It was very hot. He was very hot. He was hotter, though standing still, than young Hely who was dancing. 'He! he! I compliment you on your gloves, and your handkerchief, I'm sure,' sniggers Mrs. Baynes, with a toss of her turban. Has it not been said that a bull is a strong, eourageous, and noble animal, but a bull in a china-shop is not in his place? 'There you go. Thank you! I

wish you'd go somewhere else,' cries Mrs. Baynes, in a fury. Poor Philip's foot has just gone through her flounce. How red is he! how much hotter than ever! There go Hely and Charlotte, whirling round like two opera-dancers! Philip grinds his teeth, he buttons his coat across his chest. How very tight it feels! How savagely his eyes glare! Do young men still look savage and solemn at balls? An ingenuous young Englishman ought to do that duty of dancing, of course. Society calls upon him. But I doubt whether he ought to look cheerful during the performance, or flippantly engage in so grave a matter.

As Charlotte's sweet round face beamed smiles upon Philip over Hely's shoulders, it looked so happy that he never thought of grudging her her pleasure; and happy he might have remained in this contemplation, regarding not the circle of dancers who were galloping and whirling on at their usual swift rate, but her, who was the center of all joy and pleasure for him; when suddenly a shrill voice was heard behind him, crying, 'Get out of the way, hang you!' and suddenly there bounced against him Ringwood Twysden, pulling Miss Flora Trotter round the room, one of the most powerful and intrepid dancers of the season at Paris. They hurtled past Philip; they shot him forward against a pillar. He heard a screech, an oath, and another loud laugh from Twysden, and beheld the scowls of Miss Trotter as that rapid creature bumped at length into a place of safety.

I told you about Philip's coat. It was very tight. The daylight had long been struggling to make an entry at the seams. As he staggered up against the wall, crack! went a great hole at his back; and crack! one of his gold buttons came off, leaving a rent in his chest. It was in those days when gold buttons still lingered on the breasts of some brave men, and we have said simple Philip still thought his coat a fine one.

There was not only a rent of the seam, there was not only a burst button, but there was also a rip in Philip's rich cut-velvet waistcoat, with the goldsprigs, which he thought so handsome—a great, heart rending scar. What was to be done? Retreat was necessary. He told Miss Charlotte of the hurt he had received, whose face wore a very comical look of pity at his misadventure—he covered part of his wound with his gibus hat—and he thought he would try and make his way out by the garden of the hotel, which, of course, was illuminated, and bright and crowded, but not so very bright and crowded as the salons, galleries, supper rooms, and halls of gilded light in which the company, for the most part, assembled.

So our poor wounded friend wandered into the garden, over which the moon was shining with the most blank indifference at the fiddling, feasting, and party-colored lamps. He says that his mind was soothed by the aspect of yonder placid moon and twinkling stars, and he had altogether forgotten his trumpery little accident and torn coat and waistcoat; but I doubt about the entire truth of this statement, for there have been some occasions when he, Mr. Philip, has mentioned the subject, and owned that he was mortified and in a rage.

Well. He went into the garden; and was calming himself by contemplating the stars, when, just by that fountain where there is Pradier's little statue of—'Moses in the Bulrushes,' let us say—round which there was a beautiful row of illuminated lamps, lighting up a great coronal of flowers, which my dear readers are at liberty to select and arrange according to their own exquisite taste; near this little fountain he found three gentlemen talking together.

The high voice of one Philip could hear, and knew from old days. Ringwood Twysden, Esquire, always liked to talk and to excite himself with other person's liquor. He had been drinking the Sovereign's health with great assiduity, I suppose, and was exceedingly loud and happy. With Ringwood was Mr. Woolcomb, whose countenance the lamps lit up in a fine lurid manner, and whose eyeballs gleamed in the twilight; and the third of the group was our young friend Mr. Lowndes.

'I owed him one, you see, Lowndes,' said Mr. Ringwood Twysden. 'I hate the fellow! Hang him, always did! I saw the great hulkin' brute standin' there. Couldn't help myself. Give you my honor, couldn't help myself. I just drove Miss Trotter at him—sent her elbow well into him, and spun him up against the wall. The buttons cracked off the beggar's coat, begad! What business had he there, hang him? Gad, sir, he made a cannon off an old woman in blue, and went into——'

Here Mr. Ringwood's speech came to an end; for his cousin stood before him, grim and biting his mustache.

'Hullo!' piped the other. 'Who wants you to overhear my conversation? Dammy, I say! I——'

Philip put out that hand with the torn glove. The glove was in a dreadful state of disruption now. He worked the hand well into his kinsman's neck, and twisting Ringwood round into a proper position, brought that poor old broken boot so to bear upon the proper quarter, that Ringwood was discharged into the little font, and lighted amid the flowers, and the water, and the oil-lamps, and made a dreadful mess and

splutter among them. And as for Philip's coat, it was torn worse than ever.

I don't know how many of the brass buttons had revolted and parted company from the poor old cloth, which cracked and split, and tore under the agitation of that beating angry bosom. I blush as I think of Mr. Firmin in this ragged state, a great rent all across his back, and his prostrate enemy lying howling in the water, amid the sputtering, crashing oil-lamps at his feet. When Cinderella quitted her first ball, just after the clock struck twelve, we all know how shabby she looked. Philip was a still more disreputable object when he slunk away. I don't know by what side door Mr. Lowndes eliminated him. He also benevolently took charge of Philip's kinsman and antagonist, Mr. Ringwood Twysden. Mr. Twysden's hands, coat-tails, etc., were very much singed and scalded by the oil, and cut by the broken glass, which was all extracted at the Beaujon Hospital, but not without suffering on the part of the patient. But though young Lowndes spoke up for Philip, in describing the scene (I fear not without laughter), his Excellency caused Mr. Firmin's name to be erased from his party lists; and I am sure no sensible man will defend Philip's conduct for a moment.

Of this lamentable fracas which occurred in the hotel garden Miss Baynes and her parents had no knowledge for a while. Charlotte was too much occupied with her dancing, which she pursued with all her might; papa was at cards with some sober male and female veterans, and mamma was looking with delight at her daughter, whom the young gentlemen of many embassies were charmed to choose for a partner. When Lord Headbury, Lord Estridge's son, was presented to Miss Baynes, her mother was so elated that she was ready to dance too. I do not envy Mrs. Major MacWhirter, at Tours, the perusal of that immense manuscript in which her sister recorded the events of the ball. Here was Charlotte, beautiful, elegant, accomplished, *admired everywhere*, with young men, young noblemen of immense property and expectations, *wild about her*; and engaged by a promise to a rude, ragged, *presumptuous* ill-bred young man, *without a penny in the world*—wasn't it provoking? Ah, poor Philip! How that little sour, yellow mother-in-law elect did scowl at him when he came with rather a shamefaced look to pay his duty to his sweetheart on the day after the ball! Mrs. Baynes caused her daughter to dress with extra smartness, had forbidden the poor child to go out, and coaxed her, and wheedled her, and dressed her with I know

not what ornaments of her own, with a fond expectation that Lord Headbury, that the yellow young Spanish *attaché*, that the sprightly Prussian secretary, and Walsingham Hely, Charlotte's partners at the ball, would certainly call; and the only equipage that appeared at Mme. Smolensk's gate was a hack cab, which drove up at evening, and out of which poor Philip's well-known tattered boots came striding. Such a fond mother as Mrs. Baynes may well have been out of humor.

As for Philip, he was unusually shy and modest. He had been sitting at home all the morning in state, and in company with a Polish colonel, who lived in his hotel, and whom Philip had selected to be his second in case the battle of the previous night should have any suite. He had left that colonel in company with a bag of tobacco and an order for unlimited beer, while he himself ran up to catch a glimpse of his beloved. The Bayneses had not heard of the battle of the previous night. They were full of the ball, of Lord Estridge's affability, of the Golconda ambassador's diamonds, of the appearance of the royal princes who honored the fête, of the most fashionable Paris talk in a word. Philip was scolded, snubbed, and coldly received by mamma; but he was used to that sort of treatment, and greatly relieved by finding that she was unacquainted with his own disorderly behavior. He did not tell Charlotte about the quarrel; a knowledge of it might alarm the little maiden; and so for once our friend was discreet, and held his tongue.

But if he had any influence with the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, why did he not entreat the conductors of that admirable journal to forego all mention of the fracas at the Embassy ball? Two days after the fête, I am sorry to say, there appeared a paragraph in the paper narrating the circumstances of the fight. And the guilty Philip found a copy of that paper on the table before Mrs. Baynes and the General when he came to the Champs Elysées according to his wont. Behind that paper sat Major-General Baynes, C. B., looking confused, and beside him his lady frowning like Rhadamanthus. But no Charlotte was in the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

INFANDI DOLORES.

PHILIP's heart beat very quickly at seeing this grim pair, and the guilty newspaper before them, on which Mrs. Baynes' lean right hand was laid. 'So, sir,' she cried, 'you still honor us with your company; after distinguishing yourself as you did

the night before last. Fighting and boxing like a porter at his Excellency's ball. It's disgusting! I have no other word for it; disgusting!' And here I suppose she nudged the General, or gave him some look or signal by which he knew he was to come into action; for Baynes straightway advanced and delivered his fire.

'Faith, sir, more bub-ub-blackguard conduct I never heard of in my life! That's the only word for it; the only word for it,' cries Baynes.

'The General knows what blackguard conduct is, and yours is that conduct, Mr. Firmin! It is all over the town; is talked of everywhere; will be in all the newspapers. When his lordship heard of it, he was furious. Never, never, will you be admitted into the Embassy again, after disgracing yourself as you have done,' cries the lady.

'Disgracing yourself, that's the word. And disgraceful your conduct, was, begad!' cries the officer second in command.

'You don't know my provocation,' pleaded poor Philip. 'As I came up to him, Twysden was boasting that he had struck me—and—and laughing at me.'

'And a pretty figure you were to come to a ball. Who could help laughing, sir?'

'He bragged of having insulted me, and I lost my temper, and struck him in return. The thing is done and can't be helped,' growled Philip.

'Strike a little man before ladies! Very brave indeed!' cries the lady.

'Mrs. Baynes!'

'I call it cowardly. In the army we consider it cowardly to quarrel before ladies,' continues Mrs. General B.

'I have waited at home for two days to see if he wanted any more,' groaned Philip.

'Oh, yes! After insulting and knocking a little man down, you want to murder him! And you call that the conduct of a Christian—the conduct of a gentleman!'

'The conduct of a ruffian, by George!' says General Baynes.

'It was prudent of you to choose a very little man, and to have the ladies within hearing,' continues Mrs. Baynes. 'Why, I wonder you haven't beaten my dear children next. Don't you, General, wonder he has not knocked down our poor boys? They are quite small. And it is evident that ladies being present is no hindrance to Mr. Firmin's *boxing-matches*.'

'The conduct is gross and unworthy of a gentleman,' reiterates the General.

‘You hear what that man says—that old man, who never says an unkind word? That veteran who has been in twenty battles, and never struck a man before women yet? Did you, Charles? *He* has given you his opinion. He has called you a name which I wont soil my lips with repeating, but which you deserve. And do you suppose, sir, that I will give my blessed child to a man who has acted as you have acted, and been called a——? Charles! General! I will go to my grave rather than see my daughter given up to such a man!’

‘Good Heaven!’ said Philip, his knees trembling under him. ‘You don’t mean to say that you intend to go from your word, and——’

‘Oh! you threaten about money do you? Because your father was a cheat, you intend to try and make us suffer, do you?’ shrieks the lady. ‘A man who strikes a little man before ladies will commit any act of cowardice, I dare say. And if you wish to beggar my family because your father was a rogue——’

‘My dear!’ interposes the General.

‘Wasn’t he a rogue, Baynes? Is there any denying it? Haven’t you said so a hundred and a hundred times? A nice family to marry into! No, Mr. Firmin! You may insult me as you please. You may strike little men before ladies. You may lift your great wicked hand against that poor old man, in one of your tipsy fits; but I know a mother’s love, a mother’s duty—and I desire that we see you no more.’

‘Great Powers!’ cries Philip, aghast. ‘You don’t mean to—to separate me from Charlotte, General? I have your word. You encouraged me. I shall break my heart. I’ll go down on my knees to that fellow. I’ll—oh!—you don’t mean what you say!’ And, scared and sobbing, the poor fellow clasped his strong hands together, and appealed to the General.

Baynes was under his wife’s eye. ‘I think,’ he said, ‘your conduct has been confoundedly bad, disorderly, and ungentlemanlike. You can’t support my child, if you marry her. And if you have the least spark of honor in you, as you say you have, it is you, Mr. Firmin, who will break off the match, and release the poor child from certain misery. By George, sir, how is a man who fights and quarrels in a nobleman’s ball room to get on in the world? How is a man, who can’t afford a decent coat to his back, to keep a wife? The more I have known you, the more I have felt that the engagement would bring misery upon my child! Is that what you want? A man of honor——’ (*‘Honor!’* in italics, from Mrs. Baynes.) ‘Hush, my dear! A man of spirit would give her up, sir. What have

you to offer but beggary, by George. Do you want my girl to come home to your lodgings, and mend your clothes' ——'I think I put that point pretty well, Bunch, my boy,' said the General, talking of the matter afterward. 'I hit him there, sir.'

The old soldier did indeed strike his adversary there with a vital stab. Philip's coat, no doubt, was ragged, and his purse but light. He had sent money to his father out of his small stock. There were one or two servants in the old house in Parr Street who had been left without their wages and a part of these debts Philip had paid. He knew his own violence of temper and his unruly independence. He thought very humbly of his talents, and often doubted of his capacity to get on in the world. In his less hopeful moods, he trembled to think that he might be bringing poverty and unhappiness upon his dearest little maiden, for whom he would joyfully have sacrificed his blood, his life. Poor Philip sank back sickening and fainting almost under Baynes' words.

'You'll let me—you'll let me see her?' he gasped out.

'She's unwell. She is in her bed. She can't appear to-day!' cried the mother.

'Oh, Mrs. Baynes! I must—I must see her,' Philip said; and fairly broke out in a sob of pain.

'This is the man that strikes men before women!' said Mrs. Baynes. 'Very courageous, certainly!'

'By George, Eliza!' the General cried out, starting up, 'it's too bad——'

'Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!' Philip yelled out, while describing the scene to his biographer in after days. 'Macbeth would never have done the murders but for that little quiet woman at his side. When the Indian prisoners are killed, the squaws always invent the worst tortures. You should have seen that fiend and her livid smile, as she was drilling her gimlets into my heart. I don't know how I offended her. I tried to like her, sir. I had humbled myself before her. I went on her errands. I played cards with her. I sat and listened to her dreadful stories about Barrackpore and the Governor-General. I wallowed in the dust before her, and she hated me. I can see her face now; her cruel yellow face, and her sharp teeth, and her gray eyes. It was the end of August, and pouring a storm that day. I suppose my poor child was cold and suffering upstairs, for I heard the poking of a fire in her little room. When I hear a fire poked overhead now—twenty years after—the whole thing comes back to me; and I suffer over again that infernal agony. Were I

to live a thousand years, I could not forgive her. I never did her a wrong, but I can't forgive her. Ah, my Heaven, how that woman tortured me!

'I think I know one or two similar instances,' said Mr. Firmin's biographer.

'You are always speaking ill of women,' said Mr. Firmin's biographer's wife.

'No, thank Heaven!' said the gentleman. 'I think I know some of whom I never thought or spoke a word of evil. My dear, will you give Philip some more tea?' and with this the gentleman's narrative is resumed.

The rain was beating down the avenue as Philip went into the street. He looked up at Charlotte's window; but there was no sign. There was a flicker of a fire there. The poor girl had the fever, and was shuddering in her little room, weeping and sobbing on Mme. Smolensk's shoulder. '*Que c'était pitié à voir,*' Madame said. Her mother had told her she must break from Philip; had invented and spoken a hundred calumnies against him; declared that he never cared for her; that he had loose principles, and was forever haunting theaters and bad company. 'It's not true, dear mother, it's not true!' the little girl had cried, flaming up in revolt for a moment; but she soon subsided in tears and misery, utterly broken by the thought of her calamity. Then her father had been brought to her, who had been made to believe some of the stories against poor Philip, and who was commanded by his wife to impress them upon the girl. And Baynes tried to obey orders; but he was scared and cruelly pained by the sight of his little maiden's grief and suffering. He attempted a weak expostulation, and began a speech or two. But his heart failed him. He retreated behind his wife. *She* never hesitated in speech or resolution, and her language became more bitter as her ally faltered. Philip was a drunkard; Philip was a prodigal; Philip was a frequenter of dissolute haunts and loose companions. She had the best authority for what she said. Was not a mother anxious for the welfare of her own child? ('Begad you don't suppose your own mother would do anything that was not for your welfare, now?' broke in the General feebly.) 'Do you think if he had not been drunk he would have ventured to commit such an atrocious outrage as that at the Embassy? And do you suppose I want a drunkard and a beggar to marry my daughter? Your ingratitude, Charlotte is horrible!' cries mamma. And poor Philip, charged with drunkenness, had dined for seventeen sous, with a *carafon*

of beer, and had counted on a supper that night by little Charlotte's side; so while the child lay sobbing on her bed, the mother stood over her and lashed her. For General Baynes, —a brave man, a kind-hearted man, to have to look on while this torture was inflicted, must have been a hard duty. He could not eat the boarding house dinner, though he took his place at the table at the sound of the dismal bell. Madame herself was not present at the meal; and you know poor Charlotte's place was vacant. Her father went upstairs, and paused by her bedroom door, and listened. He heard murmurs within, and Madame's voice, as he stumbled at the door, cried harshly, '*Qui est là.*' He entered. Madame was sitting on the bed, with Charlotte's head on her lap. The thick brown tresses were falling over the child's white nightdress, and she lay almost motionless, and sobbing feebly. 'Ah, is it you, General!' said Madame. 'You have done a pretty work, sir!' 'Mamma says, won't you take something, Charlotte dear?' faltered the old man. 'Will you leave her tranquil!' said Madame, with her deep voice. The father retreated. When Madame went out presently to get that panacea, *une tasse de thé* for her poor little friend, she found the old gentleman seated on a portmanteau at the door. 'Is she—is she a little better now?' he sobbed out. Madame shrugged her shoulders, and looked down on the veteran with superb scorn. '*Vous n'êtes qu'un poltroon, Général!*' she said, and swept downstairs. Baynes was beaten indeed. He was suffering horrible pain. He was quite unmanned, and tears were trickling down his old cheeks as he sat wretchedly there in the dark. His wife did not leave the table as long as dinner and dessert lasted. She read *Galigani* resolutely afterward. She told the children not to make a noise, as their sister was upstairs with a bad headache. But she revoked that statement as it were (as she revoked at cards presently), by asking the Misses Boldero to play one of their duets.

I wonder whether Philip walked up and down before the house that night? Ah! it was a dismal night for all of them; a racking pain, a cruel sense of shame, throbbled under Baynes' cotton tassels; and as for Mrs. Baynes, I hope there was not much rest or comfort under *her* old nightcap. Madame passed the greater part of the night in a great chair in Charlotte's bedroom, where the poor child heard the hours toll one after the other, and found no comfort in the dreary rising of the dawn.

At a very early hour of the dismal rainy morning, what made poor little Charlotte fling her arms round Madame, and cry out, '*Ah, que je vous aime! ah que vous êtes bonne, Madame!*'

and smile almost happily through her tears? In the first place, Madame went to Charlotte's dressing table, whence she took a pair of scissors. Then the little maid sat up on her bed, with her brown hair clustering over her shoulders; and Madame took a look of it, and cut a thick curl; and kissed poor little Charlotte's red eyes; and laid her pale cheek on the pillow, and carefully covered her; and bade her, with many tender words, to go to sleep. 'If you are very good, and will go to sleep, he shall have it in half an hour,' Madame said. 'And as I go downstairs, I will tell Françoise to have some tea ready for you when you ring.' And this promise, and the thought of what Madame was going to do, comforted Charlotte in her misery. And with many fond, fond prayers for Philip, and consoled by thinking, 'Now she must have gone the greater part of the way; now she must be with him; now he knows I will never, never love any but him,' she fell asleep at last on her moistened pillow; and was smiling in her sleep, and I dare say dreaming of Philip, when the noise of the fall of a piece of furniture roused her, and she awoke out of her dream to see the grim old mother, in her white nightcap and white dressing gown, standing by her side.

Never mind. 'She has seen him now. She has told him now,' was the child's very first thought as her eyes fairly opened. 'He knows that I never, never will think of any but him.' She felt as if she was actually there in Philip's room, speaking herself to him; murmuring vows which her fond lips had whispered many and many a time to her lover. And now he knew she would never break them, she was consoled and felt more courage.

'You have had some sleep, Charlotte?' asks Mrs. Baynes.

'Yes, I have been asleep, mamma.' As she speaks, she feels under the pillow a little locket containing—what? I suppose a scrap of Mr. Philip's lank hair.

'I hope you are in a less wicked frame of mind than when I left you last night,' continues the matron.

'Was I wicked for loving Philip? Then I am wicked still, mamma!' cries the child, sitting up in her bed. And she clutches that little lock of hair which nestles under her pillow.

'What nonsense, child! This is what you get out of your stupid novels. I tell you he does not think about you. He is quite a reckless, careless libertine.'

'Yes, so reckless and careless that we owe him the bread we eat. He doesn't think of me! Doesn't he? Ah—' Here she paused as a knock in a neighboring chamber began to strike. 'Now,' she thought, 'he has got my message!' A smile dawned

over her face. She sank back on her pillow, turning her head from her mother. She kissed the locket, and murmured: 'Not think of me! Don't you, don't you, my dear!' She did not heed the woman by her side, hear her voice, or for a moment seem aware of her presence. Charlotte was away in Philip's room; she saw him talking with her messenger; heard his voice so deep and so sweet; knew that the promises he had spoken he never would break. With gleaming eyes and flushing cheeks she looked at her mother, her enemy. She held her talisman locket and pressed it to her heart. No, she would never be untrue to him! No, he would never, never desert her! And as Mrs. Baynes looked at the honest indignation beaming in the child's face, she read Charlotte's revolt, defiance, perhaps victory. The meek child who never before had questioned an order, or formed a wish which she would not sacrifice at her mother's order, was now in arms asserting independence. But I should think mamma is not going to give up the command after a single act of revolt; and that she will try more attempts than one to cajole or coerce her rebel.

Meanwhile let Fancy leave the talisman locket nestling on Charlotte's little heart (in which soft shelter methinks it were pleasant to linger). Let her wrap a shawl round her, and affix to her feet a pair of stout galoches; let her walk rapidly through the muddy Champs Élysées, where, in this inclement season, only a few policemen and artisans are to be found moving. Let her pay a halfpenny at the Pont des Invalides, and so march stoutly along the quays, by the Chamber of Deputies, where as yet no deputies assemble; and trudge along the river side, until she reaches Seine Street, into which, as you all know, the Rue Poussin debouches. This was the road brave Mme. Smolensk took on a gusty, rainy autumn morning, and on foot, for five-franc pieces were scarce with the good woman. Before the Hotel Poussin (*ah, qu'on y était bien à vingt ans!*) is a little painted wicket which opens, ringing, and then there is the passage, you know, with the stair leading to the upper regions, to M. Philippe's room, which is on the first floor, as is that of Bouchard, the painter, who has his atelier over the way. A bad painter is Bouchard, but a worthy friend, a cheery companion, a modest, amiable gentleman. And a rare good fellow is Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretends to be studying law, but whose heart is with the Muses, and whose talk is of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, whose verses he will repeat to all comers. Near Laberge (I think I have heard Philip say) lived Escasse, a

Southern man too—a capitalist—a clerk in a bank, *quoi!*—whose apartment was decorated sumptuously with his own furniture, who had Spanish wine and sausages in cupboards, and a bag of dollars for a friend in need. Is Escasse alive still? Philip Firmin wonders, and that old Colonel, who lived on the same floor, and who had been a prisoner in England? What wonderful descriptions that Colonel Dujarret had of *les Meess Anglaises* and their singularities of dress and behavior? Though conquered and a prisoner, what a conqueror and enslaver he was, when in our country! You see, in his rough way, Philip used to imitate these people to his friends, and we almost fancied we could see the hotel before us. It was very clean; it was very cheap; it was very dark; it was very cheerful; capital coffee and bread and butter for breakfast for fifteen sous; capital bedroom *au premier* for thirty francs a month—dinner if you would for I forget how little, and a merry talk round the pipes and the grog afterward—the grog, or the modest *eau sucrée*. Here Colonel Dujarret recorded his victories over both sexes. Here Colonel Tymowski sighed over his enslaved Poland. Tymowski was the second who was to act for Philip, in case the Ringwood Twysden affair should have come to any violent conclusion. Here Laberge bawled poetry to Philip, who no doubt in his turn confided to the young Frenchman his own hopes and passion. Deep into the night he would sit talking of his love, of her goodness, of her beauty, of her innocence, of her dreadful mother, of her good old father. *Qu'es çai-je?* Have we not said that when this man had anything on his mind, straightway he bellowed forth his opinions to the universe? Philip, away from his love, would roar out her praises for hours and hours to Laberge, until the candles burned down, until the hour for rest was come and could be delayed no longer. Then he would hie to bed with a prayer for her; and the very instant he awoke begin to think of her, and bless her, and thank God for her love. Poor as Mr. Philip was, yet as the possessor of health, content, honor, and that priceless pure jewel the girl's love, I think we will not pity him much; though, on the night when he received his dismissal from Mrs. Baynes, he must have passed an awful time, to be sure. Toss, Philip, on your bed of pain, and doubt, and fear. Toll, heavy hours, from night till dawn. Ah! 'twas a weary night through which two sad young hearts heard you tolling.

At a pretty early hour the various occupants of the crib at the Rue Poussin used to appear in the dingy little *salle-à-manger*, and partake of the breakfast there provided. M.

Menou, in his shirt-sleeves, shared and distributed the meal. Mme. Menou, with a Madras handkerchief round her grizzling head, laid down the smoking coffee on the shining oilcloth, while each guest helped himself out of a little museum of napkins to his own particular towel. The room was small; the breakfast was not fine; the guests who partook of it were certainly not remarkable for the luxury of clean linen; but Philip—who is many years older now than when he dwelt in this hotel, and is not pinched for money at all, you will be pleased to hear (and between ourselves has become rather a gourmand), declares he was a very happy youth at this humble Hotel Poussin, and sighs for the days when he was sighing for Miss Charlotte.

Well, he has passed a dreadful night of gloom and terror. I doubt that he has bored Laberge very much with his tears and despondency. And now morning has come, and, as he is having his breakfast with one or more of the before-named worthies, the little boy-of-all-work enters, grinning, his *plumet* under his arm, and cries '*Une dame pour M. Philippe!*'

'*Une dame!*' says the French colonel, looking up from his paper. '*Allez, mauvais sujet!*'

'*Grand Dieu!* what has happened?' cries Philip, running forward, as he recognizes Madame's tall figure in the passage. They go up to his room, I suppose, regardless of the grins and sneers of the little boy with the *plumet*, who aids the maid-servant to make the beds; and who thinks M. Philippe has a very elderly acquaintance.

Philip closes the door upon his visitor, who looks at him with so much hope, kindness, confidence in her eyes, that the poor fellow is encouraged almost ere she begins to speak. 'Yes, you have reason; I come from the little person,' Mme. Smolensk said. 'The means of resisting that poor dear angel! She has passed a sad night! What? You, too, have not been to bed, poor young man!' Indeed Philip had only thrown himself on his bed, and had kicked there, and had groaned there, and had tossed there; and had tried to read, and, I dare say, remembered afterward, with a strange interest, the book he read, and that other thought which was throbbing in his brain all the time while he was reading, and while the wakeful hours went wearily tolling by.

'No, in effect,' says poor Philip, rolling a dismal cigarette; 'the night has not been too fine. And she has suffered too? Heaven bless her!' And then Mme. Smolensk told how the little dear angel had cried all the night long, and how the Smolensk had not succeeded in comforting her, until she promised

she would go to Philip, and tell him that his Charlotte would be his forever and ever; that she never could think of any man but him; that he was the best, and the dearest, and the bravest, and the truest Philip, and that she did not believe one word of those wicked stories told against him by—— ‘Hold, M. Philippe, I suppose Mme. la Générale has been talking about you, and loves you no more,’ cried Mme. Smolensk. ‘We other women are assassins—assassins, see you! But Mme. la Générale went too far with the little maid. She is an obedient little maid, the dear Miss—trembling before her mother, and always ready to yield—only now her spirit is roused; and she is yours only. The little dear, gentle child! Ah, how pretty she was, leaning on my shoulder. I held her there—yes, there, my poor *garçon*, and I cut this from her neck, and brought it to thee. Come, embrace me! Weep; that does good, Philip. I love thee well. Go—and thy little—it is an angel!’ And so, in the hour of their pain, myriads of manly hearts have found woman’s love ready to soothe their anguish.

Leaving to Philip that thick curling lock of brown hair (from a head where now, mayhap, there is a line or two of matron silver), this Samaritan plods her way back to her own house, where her own cares await her. But though the way is long, Madame’s step is lighter now, as she thinks how Charlotte at the journey’s end is waiting for news of Philip; and I suppose there are more kisses and embraces, when the good soul meets with the little suffering girl, and tells her how Philip will remain forever true and faithful; and how true love must come to a happy ending; and how she, Smolensk, will do all in her power to aid, comfort, and console her young friends. As for the writer of Mr. Philip’s memoirs, you see I never try to make any concealments. I have told you, all along, that Charlotte and Philip are married, and I believe they are happy. But it is certain that they suffered dreadfully at this time of their lives; and my wife says that Charlotte, if she alludes to the period and the trial, speaks as though they had both undergone some hideous operation, the remembrance of which forever causes a pang to the memory. So, my young lady, will you have your trial one day, to be borne, pray Heaven, with a meek spirit. Ah, how surely the turn comes to all of us! Look at Mme. Smolensk at her luncheon-table, this day after her visit to Philip at his lodging, after comforting little Charlotte in her pain. How brisk she is! How good-natured! How she smiles! How she speaks to all her company, and carves for her guests! You do not suppose she has no griefs

and cares of her own? You know better. I dare say she is thinking of her creditors; of her poverty; of that accepted bill which will come due next week, and so forth. The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.

If Anatole, the boy who scoured the plain at the Hotel Poussin, with his *plumet* in his jacket pocket, and his slippers soled with scrubbing brushes, saw the embrace between Philip and his good friend, I believe, in his experience at that hotel, he never witnessed a transaction more honorable, generous, and blameless. Put what construction you will on the business, Anatole, you little imp of mischief! your mother never gave you a kiss more tender than that which Mme. Smolensk bestowed on Philip—than that which she gave Philip—than that which she carried back from him and faithfully placed on poor little Charlotte's pale round cheek. The world is full of love and pity, I say. Had there been less suffering, there would have been less kindness. I, for one, almost wish to be ill again, so that the friends who succored me might once more come to my rescue.

To poor little wounded Charlotte in her bed, our friend the mistress of the boarding house brought back inexpressible comfort. Whatever might betide, Philip would never desert her! 'Think you I would ever have gone on such an embassy for a French girl, or interfered between her and her parents?' Madame asked. 'Never, never! But you and M. Philippe are already betrothed before Heaven; and I should despise you, Charlotte, I should despise him, were either to draw back.' This little point being settled in Miss Charlotte's mind, I can fancy she is immensely soothed and comforted; that hope and courage settled in her heart; that the color comes back to her young cheeks; that she can come and join her family as she did yesterday. 'I told you she never cared about him,' says Mrs. Baynes to her husband. 'Faith, no; she can't have cared for him much,' says Baynes, with something of a sorrow that his girl should be so light-minded. But you and I, who have been behind the scenes, who have peeped into Philip's bedroom and behind poor Charlotte's modest curtains, know that the girl had revolted from her parents, and so children will if the authority exercised over them is too tyrannical or unjust. Gentle Charlotte, who scarce ever resisted, was aroused and in rebellion; honest Charlotte, who used to speak all her thoughts, now hid them, and deceived father and mother—yes, deceived—what a confession to make regarding a young lady, the *prima*

donna of our opera! Mrs. Baynes is, as usual, writing her lengthy sprawls to sister MacWhirter at Tours, and informs the Major's lady that she has very great satisfaction in at last being able to announce that 'that most imprudent and in all respects ineligible engagement between her Charlotte and *a certain young man*, son of a bankrupt London physician, is come to an end. Mr. F.'s conduct has been so wild, so *gross*, so *disorderly* and *ungentlemanlike*, that the General (and you know, Maria, how soft and *sweet a tempered* man Baynes is) has told Mr. Firmin his opinions in unmistakable words, and forbidden him to continue his visits. After seeing him every day for six months, during which time she has accustomed herself to his peculiarities, and his often coarse and odious expressions and conduct, no wonder the separation has been a shock to dear Char, though I believe the young man feels nothing who has been *the cause of this grief*. That he cares but little for *her*, has been my opinion *all along*, though she, artless child, gave him her whole affection. He has been accustomed to throw over women; and the brother of a young lady whom Mr. F. *had courted and left* (and who has made a most excellent match since), showed his indignation at Mr. F.'s conduct at the Embassy ball the other night, on which the young man took advantage of his greatly superior size and strength to begin a *vulgar boxing-match*, in which both parties were severely wounded. Of course you saw the paragraph in *Galignani* about the whole affair. I sent our dresses, but it did not print them, though our names appeared as among the company. Anything more singular than the appearance of Mr. F. you cannot well imagine. I wore my garnets; Charlotte (who attracted universal admiration) was in etc., etc. Of course the separation has occasioned her a good deal of pain; for Mr. F. certainly behaved with much kindness and forebearance on a previous occasion. But the General will *not hear* of the continuance of the connection. He says the young man's conduct has been too gross and shameful; and when once roused, you know, I might as well attempt to chain a tiger as Baynes. Our poor Char will suffer no doubt in consequence of the behavior of this brute, but she has ever been an obedient child, who knows how to honor her father and mother. *She bears up wonderfully*, though, of course, the dear child suffers at the parting. I think if *she were to go to you and Mac Whirter at Tours for a month or two*, she would be all the better for *change of air*, too, dear Mac. Come and fetch her, and we will pay the *dawk*. She would go to certain poverty and wretch-

edness did she marry this most violent and disreputable young man. The General sends regards to Mac, and I am,' etc.

That these were the actual words of Mrs. Baynes' letter I cannot, as a veracious biographer, take upon myself to say. I never saw the document, though I have had the good fortune to peruse others from the same hand. Charlotte saw the letter some time after, upon one of those not unfrequent occasions, when a quarrel occurred between the two sisters—Mrs. Major and Mrs. General—and Charlotte mentioned the contents of the letter to a friend of mine who has talked to me about his affairs, and especially his love affairs, for many and many a long hour. And shrewd old woman as Mrs. Baynes may be, you may see how utterly she was mistaken in fancying that her daughter's obedience was still secure. The little maid had left father and mother, at first with their eager sanction; her love had been given to Firmin; and an inmate—a prisoner if you will—under her father's roof, her heart remained with Philip, however time or distance might separate them.

And now, as we have the command of Philip's desk, and are free to open and read the private letters which relate to his history, I take leave to put in a document which was penned in his place of exile by his worthy father, upon receiving the news of the quarrel described in the last chapter of these memoirs:

ASTOR HOUSE, *New York, September 27.*

DEAR PHILIP : I received the news in your last kind and affectionate letter with not unmingled pleasure ; but ah, what pleasure in life does not carry its *amari aliquid* along with it ! That you are hearty, cheerful, and industrious, earning a small competence, I am pleased indeed to think ; that you talk about being married to a penniless girl I can't say gives me a very sincere pleasure. With your good looks, good manners, attainments, you might have hoped for a better match than a half-pay officer's daughter. But 'tis useless speculating on what might have been. We are puppets in the hands of fate, most of us. We are carried along by a power stronger than ourselves. It has driven me, at sixty years of age, from competence, general respect, high position, to poverty and exile. So be it ! *laudo manentem*, as my delightful old friend and philosopher teaches me—*si celeris quatit pennas*—you know the rest. Whatever our fortune may be, I hope that my Philip and his father will bear it with the courage of gentlemen.

Our papers have announced the death of your poor mother's uncle, Lord Ringwood, and I had a fond lingering hope that he might have left some token of remembrance to his brother's grandson. He has not. You have *probam pauperiem sine dote*. You have courage, health, strength, and talent. I was in greater straits than you are at your age. My father was not as indulgent as yours, I hope and trust, has been. From debt and dependence I worked myself up to a proud position by my own efforts. That the storm overtook me and engulfed me afterward, is true. But I am like the merchant of my favorite poet ; I still hope—aye, at sixty-three !—to mend my shattered ships, *indocilis pauperiem pati*, I still hope to pay back to my dear boy that fortune which ought to have been his, and which went down in my own shipwreck. Something tells me I must—I will.

I agree with you that your escape from Agnes Twysden has been a *piece of good fortune for you*, and am much diverted by your account of her *dusky innamorato* ! Between ourselves, the fondness of the Twysdens for money amounted to meanness. And though I always received Twysden in dear Old Parr Street as I trust a gentleman should, his company was insufferably tedious to me, and his vulgar loquacity odious. His son also was little to my taste. Indeed I was *heartily relieved* when I found your connection with that family was over, knowing their rapacity about money, and that it was your fortune, not you, they were anxious to secure for Agnes.

You will be glad to hear that I am in not inconsiderable practice already. My reputation as a physician had preceded me to this country. My work on Gout was favorably noticed here, and in Philadelphia, and in Boston, by the scientific journals of those great

cities. People are more generous and compassionate toward misfortune here than in our cold-hearted island. I could mention several gentlemen of New York who have suffered shipwreck like myself, and are now prosperous and respected. I had the good fortune to be of considerable professional service to Colonel J. B. Fogle of New York on our voyage out; and the Colonel, who is a leading personage here, has shown himself not at all ungrateful. Those who fancy that New York people cannot appreciate and understand the manners of a gentleman, are not a little mistaken; and a man who, like myself, has lived with the best society in London, has, I flatter myself, not lived in that society quite in vain. The Colonel is proprietor and editor of one of the most brilliant and influential journals of the city. You know that arms and the toga are often worn here by the same individual, and—

I had actually written thus far when I read in the Colonel's paper—*New York Emerald*—an account of your battle with your cousin at the Embassy ball! Oh, you pugnacious Philip! Well, young Twysden was very vulgar, very rude and overbearing, and, I have no doubt, deserved the chastisement you gave him. By the way, the correspondent of the *Emerald* makes some droll blunders regarding you in his letter. We are all fair game for publicity in this country, where the press is free *with a vengeance*; and your private affairs, or mine, or the President's, or our gracious Queen's for the matter of that, are discussed with a freedom which certainly amounts to license. The Colonel's lady is passing the winter in Paris, where I should wish you to pay your respects to her. Her husband has been most kind to me. I am told that Mrs. F. lives in the very choicest French society, and the friendship of this family may be useful to you as to your affectionate father,
G. B. F.

Address as usual, until you hear further from me, as Dr. Brandon, New York. I wonder whether Lord Estridge has asked you after his old college friend? When he was Headbury and at Trinity he and a certain pensioner whom men used to nickname Brummell Firmin were said to be the best dressed men in the university. Estridge has advanced to rank, to honors! You may rely on it, that he will have one of the *very next* vacant garters. What a different, what an unfortunate career, has been his quondam friend's!—an exile, an inhabitant of a small room in a great hotel, where I sit at a scrambling public table with all sorts of coarse people! The way in which they bolt their dinner, often *with a knife*, shocks me. Your remittance was most welcome, small as it was. It shows my Philip has a *kind heart*. Ah! why are you thinking of marriage, who are so poor? By the way, your encouraging account of your circumstances has induced me to draw upon you for one hundred dollars. The bill will go to Europe by the packet which carries this letter, and has kindly been cashed for me by my friends Messrs. Plaster & Shinman of Wall Street, respected bankers of this city. Leave your card with Mrs. Fogle. Her husband himself may be useful to you and your ever attached
FATHER.

We take the *New York Emerald* at Bays', and in it I had read a very amusing account of our friend Philip, in an ingenious correspondence entitled 'Letters from an Attaché,' which appeared in that journal. I even copied the paragraph to show to my wife, and perhaps to forward to our friend.

'I promise you,' wrote the attaché, 'the new country did not disgrace the old at the British Embassy ball on Queen Vic's birthday. Colonel Z. B. Hoggins' lady, of Albany, and the peerless bride of Elijah J. Dibbs, of Twenty-ninth Street in your city, were the observed of all observers for splendor, for elegance, for refined native beauty. The Royal Dukes danced with nobody else; and at the attention of one of the Princes to the lovely Miss Dibbs, I observed his Royal Duchess looked as black as thunder. Supper handsome. Back Delmonico to beat it. Champagne so-so. By the way, the young fellow who writes here for the *Pall Mall Gazette* got too much of the champagne on board—as usual, I am told. The Honorable R. Twysden, of London, was rude to my young chap's partner, or winked at him offensively, or trod on his toe, or I don't know what—but young F. followed him into the garden; hit

out at him; sent him flying like a spread eagle into the midst of an illumination, and left him there sprawling. Wild, rampageous fellow this young F.; has already spent his own fortune, and ruined his poor old father, who has been forced to cross the water. Old Louis Philippe went away early. He talked long with our Minister about his travels in our country. I was standing by, but in course aint so ill-bred as to say what passed between them.'

In this way history is written. I dare say about others besides Philip, in English papers as well as American, have fables been narrated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTAINS A TUG OF WAR.

WHO was the first to spread the report that Phillip was a prodigal and had ruined his poor confiding father? I thought I knew a person who might be interested in getting under any shelter, and sacrificing even his own son for his own advantage. I thought I knew a man who had done as much already, and surely might do so again; but my wife flew into one of her tempests of indignation, when I hinted something of this, clutched her own children to her heart, according to her maternal wont, asked me was there any power would cause me to belie *them?* and sternly rebuked me for daring to be so wicked, heartless, and cynical. My dear creature, wrath is no answer. You call me heartless and cynic, for saying men are false and wicked. Have you never heard to what length some bankrupts will go? To appease the wolves who chase them in the winter forest, have you not read how some travelers will cast all their provisions out of the sledge? then, when all the provisions are gone, don't you know that they will fling out perhaps the sister, perhaps the mother, perhaps the baby, the little dear tender innocent? Don't you see him tumbling among the howling pack, and the wolves gnashing, gnawing, crashing, gobbling him up in the snow? Oh, horror—horror! My wife draws all the young ones to her breast as I utter these fendish remarks. She hugs them in her embrace, and says, 'For shame!' and that I am a monster, and so on. Go to! Go down on your knees, woman, and acknowledge the sinfulness of our human kind. How long had our race existed ere murder and violence began? and how old was the world ere brother slew brother?

Well, my wife and I come to a compromise. I might have my opinion, but was there any need to communicate it to poor

Philip? No, surely. So I never sent him the extract from the *New York Emerald*; though, of course, some other good natured friend did, and I don't think my magnanimous friend cared much. As for supposing that his own father, to cover his own character, would lie away his son's—such a piece of sacrifice was quite beyond Philip's comprehension, who has been all his life slow in appreciating roguery, or recognizing that there is meanness and double-dealing in the world. When he once comes to understand the fact; when he once comprehends that Tartuffe is a humbug and swelling Bufo is a to-day; then my friend becomes as absurdly indignant and mistrustful as before he was admiring and confiding. Ah Philip! Tartuffe has a number of good, respectable qualities; and Bufo, though an underground odious animal, may have a precious jewel in his head. 'Tis you are cynical. I see the good qualities in these rascals whom you spurn. I see. I shrug my shoulders. I smile; and you call me cynic.

It was long before Philip could comprehend why Charlotte's mother turned upon him, and tried to force her daughter to forsake him. 'I have offended the old woman in a hundred ways,' he would say. 'My tobacco annoys her; my old clothes offend her; the very English I speak is often Greek to her, and she can no more construe my sentences than I can the Hindostanee jargon she talks to her husband at dinner.' 'My dear fellow, if you had ten thousand a year she would try and construe your sentences, or accept them even if not understood,' I would reply. And some men, whom you and I know to be mean, and to be false, and to be flatterers and parasites, and to be inexorably hard and cruel in their own private circles, will surely pull a long face to-morrow, and say, 'Oh! the man's so cynical.'

I acquit Baynes of what ensued. I hold Mrs. B. to have been the criminal—the stupid criminal. The husband, like many other men extremely brave in active life, was at home timid and irresolute. Of two heads that lie side by side on the same pillow for thirty years, one must contain the stronger power, the more enduring resolution. Baynes, away from his wife, was shrewd, courageous, gay at times; when with her he was fascinated, torpid under the power of this baleful superior creature. 'Ah, when we were subs together in camp in 1803, what a lively fellow Charley Baynes was!' his comrade, Colonel Bunch, would say. 'That was before he ever saw his wife's yellow face; and what a slave she has made of him!'

After that fatal conversation which ensued on the day suc-

ceeding the ball, Philip did not come to dinner at Madame's according to his custom. Mrs. Baynes told no family stories, and Colonel Bunch, who had no special liking for the young gentleman, did not trouble himself to make any inquiries about him. One, two, three days passed, and no Philip. At last the Colonel says to the General, with a sly look at Charlotte, 'Baynes, where is our friend with the mustache? We have not seen him these three days.' And he gives an arch look at poor Charlotte. A burning blush flamed up in little Charlotte's pale face, as she looked at her parents and then at their old friend. 'Mr. Firmin does not come, because papa and mamma have forbidden him,' says Charlotte. 'I suppose he only comes where he is welcome.' And, having made this audacious speech, I suppose the little maid tossed her little head up; and wondered, in the silence which ensued, whether all the company could hear her heart thumping.

Madame, from her central place, where she is carving, sees, from the looks of her guests, the indignant flushes on Charlotte's face, the confusion on her father's, the wrath on Mrs. Baynes', that some dreadful words are passing; and in vain endeavors to turn the angry current of talk. '*Un petit canard délicieux goûtez-en, Madame!*' she cries. Honest Colonel Bunch sees the little maid with eyes flashing with anger, and trembling in every limb. The offered duck having failed to create a diversion, he, too, tries a feeble commonplace. 'A little difference, my dear,' he says, in an under voice. 'There will be such in the best-regulated families. *Canard sauvage très bon, Madame, avec——*' but he is allowed to speak no more, for——

'What would you do, Colonel Bunch,' little Charlotte breaks out with her poor little ringing, trembling voice—'that is, if you were a young man, if another young man struck you, and insulted you?' I say she utters this in such a clear voice, that Françoise, the *femme-de-chambre*, that Auguste, the footman, that all the guests hear, that all the knives and forks stop their clatter.

'Faith, my dear, I'd knock him down if I could,' says Bunch; and he catches hold of the little maid's sleeve, and would stop her speaking if he could.

'And that is what Philip did,' cries Charlotte aloud; 'and mamma has turned him out of the house—yes, out of the house, for acting like a man of honor!'

'Go to your room this instant, Miss!' shrieks mamma. As for old Baynes, his stained old uniform is not more dingy red than his wrinkled face and his throbbing temples. He blushes under his wig, no doubt, could we see beneath that ancient artifice.

‘What is it? Madame your mother dismisses you of my table? I will come with you, my dear Miss Charlotte!’ says Madame, with much dignity. ‘Serve the sugared plate, Auguste! My ladies, you will excuse me! I go to attend the dear miss, who seems to me ill.’ And she rises up, and she follows poor little blushing, burning, weeping Charlotte; and again, I have no doubt, takes her in her arms, and kisses, and cheers, and caresses her—at the threshold of the door—there by the staircase, among the cold dishes of the dinner, where Moira and Macgrigor had one moment before been marauding.

‘*Courage, ma fille, courage, mon enfant! Tenez!* Behold something to console thee!’ and Madame takes out of her pocket a little letter, and gives it to the girl, who at sight of it kisses the superscription, and then, in an anguish of love, and joy, and grief, falls on the neck of the kind woman, who consoles her in her misery. Whose writing is it Charlotte kisses? Can you guess by any means? Upon my word, Mme. Smolensk, I never recommend ladies to take daughters to *your* boarding house. And I like you so much, I would not tell of you, but you know the house is shut up this many a long day. Oh! the years slip away fugacious; and the grass has grown over graves; and many and many joys and sorrows have been born and have died since then for Charlotte and Philip; but that grief aches still in their bosoms at times; and that sorrow throbs at Charlotte’s heart again whenever she looks at a little yellow letter in her trinket-box; and she says to her children, ‘Papa wrote that to me before we were married, my dears.’ There are scarcely half a dozen words in the little letter, I believe; and two of them are ‘forever.’

I could draw a ground-plan of Madame’s house in the Champs Elysées if I liked, for has not Philip shown me the place and described it to me many times? In front, and facing the road and garden, were Madame’s room and the salon; to the back was the *salle-à-manger*; and a stair ran up the house (where the dishes used to be laid during dinner-time, and where Moira and Macgrigor fingered the meats and puddings). Mrs. General Baynes’ rooms were on the first floor, looking on the Champs Elysées, and into the garden-court of the house below. And on this day, as the dinner was necessarily short (owing to unhappy circumstances), and the gentlemen were left alone glumly drinking their wine or grog, and Mrs. Baynes had gone upstairs to her own apartment, had slapped her boys and was looking out of window—was it not provoking that of all days in the world young Hely should ride up to the house on his

capering mare, with his flower in his button-hole, with his little varnished toe-tips just touching his stirrups, and after performing various caracolades and gambadoes in the garden, kiss his yellow-kidded hand to Mrs. General Baynes at the window, hope Miss Baynes was quite well, and ask if he might come in and take a cup of tea? Charlotte, lying on Madame's bed in the ground-floor room, heard Mr. Hely's sweet voice asking after her health, and the crunching of his horses' hoofs on the gravel, and she could even catch glimpses of that little form as the horse capered about in the court, though of course he could not see her where she was lying on the bed with her letter in her hand. Mrs. Baynes at her window had to wag her withered head from the casement, to groan out, 'My daughter is lying down, and has a bad headache, I am sorry to say,' and then she must have had the mortification to see Hely caper off, after waving her a genteel adieu. The ladies in the front salon, who assembled after dinner witnessed the transaction, and Mrs. Bunch, I dare say, had a grim pleasure at seeing Eliza Baynes' young sprig of fashion, of whom Eliza was forever bragging, come at last, and obliged to ride away, not bootless, certainly, for where were feet more beautifully *chaussés*? but after a bootless errand.

Meanwhile the gentlemen sat a while in the dining room, after the British custom which such veterans like too well to give up. Other two gentlemen boarders went away, rather alarmed by that storm and outbreak in which Charlotte had quitted the dinner-table, and left the old soldiers together, to enjoy, according to their after-dinner custom, a sober glass of 'something hot,' as the saying is. In truth, Madame's wine was of the poorest; but what better could you expect for the money?

Baynes was not eager to be alone with Bunch, and I have no doubt began to blush again when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his old friend. But what was to be done? The General did not dare to go upstairs to his own quarters, where poor Charlotte was probably crying, and her mother in one of her tantrums. Then in the salon there were the ladies of the boarding house party, and there Mrs. Bunch would be sure to be at him. Indeed, since the Bayneses were launched in the great world, Mrs. Bunch was untiringly sarcastic in her remarks about lords, ladies, attachés, ambassadors, and fine people in general. So Baynes sat with his friend, in the falling evening, in much silence, dipping his old nose in the brandy-and-water.

Little square-faced, red-faced, whisker-dyed Colonel Bunch sat opposite his old companion, regarding him not without

scorn. Bunch had a wife. Bunch had feelings. Do you suppose those feelings had not been worked upon by that wife in private colloquies? Do you suppose—when two old women have lived together in pretty much the same rank of life—if one suddenly gets promotion, is carried off to higher spheres, and talks of her friends, the countesses, duchesses, ambassadresses, as of course she will—do you suppose, I say, that the unsuccessful woman will be pleased at the successful woman's success? Your knowledge of your own heart, my dear lady, must tell you the truth in this matter. I don't want you to acknowledge that you are angry because your sister has been staying with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, but you are, you know. You have made sneering remarks to your husband on the subject, and such remarks, I have no doubt, were made by Mrs. Bunch to *her* husband, regarding her poor friend Mrs. Baynes.

During this parenthesis we have left the General dipping his nose in the brandy-and-water. He can't keep it there forever. He must come up for air presently. His face must come out of the drink, and sigh over the table.

'What's this business, Baynes?' says the Colonel. 'What's the matter with poor Charley?'

'Family affairs—differences will happen,' says the General.

'I do hope and trust nothing has gone wrong with her and young Firmin, Baynes?'

The General does not like those fixed eyes staring at him under those bushy eyebrows, between those bushy, blackened whiskers.

'Well, then, yes, Bunch, something *has* gone wrong; and given me and—and Mrs. Baynes—a deuced deal of pain too. The young fellow has acted like a blackguard, brawling and fighting at an ambassador's ball, bringing us all to ridicule. He's not a gentleman; that's the long and short of it, Bunch; and so let's change the subject.'

'Why, consider the provocation he had!' cries the other, disregarding entirely his friend's prayer. 'I heard them talking about the business at *Galignani's* this very day. A fellow swears at Firmin; runs at him; brags that he has pitched him over; and is knocked down for his pains. By George! I think Firmin was quite right. Were any men to do as much to me or you, what should we do, even at our age?'

'We are military men. I said I didn't wish to talk about the subject, Bunch,' says the General in rather a lofty manner.

'You mean that Tom Bunch has no need to put his oar in?'

'Precisely so,' says the other curtly.

'Mum's the word! Let us talk about the dukes and duchesses

at the ball. *That's* more in your line, now,' says the Colonel, with rather a sneer.

'What do you mean by duchesses and dukes? What do you know about them, or what the deuce do I care?' asks the General.

'Oh, they are tabooed too! Hang it, there's no satisfying you,' growled the Colonel.

'Look here, Bunch,' the General broke out; 'I must speak, since you won't leave me alone. I am unhappy. You can see that well enough. For two or three nights past I have had no rest. This engagement of my child and Mr. Firmin can't come to any good. You see what he is—an overbearing, ill-conditioned, quarrelsome fellow. What chance has Charley of being happy with such a fellow?'

'I hold my tongue, Baynes. You told me not to put my oar in,' growls the Colonel.

'Oh, if that's the way you take it, Bunch, of course there's no need for me to go on any more,' cries General Baynes. 'If an old friend won't give an old friend advice, by George, or help him in a strait, or say a kind word when he's unhappy, I have done. I have known you for forty years, and I am mistaken in you—that's all.'

'There's no contenting you. You say 'Hold your tongue,' and I shut my mouth. I hold my tongue, and you say, 'Why don't you speak?' Why don't I? Because you won't like what I say, Charles Baynes; and so what's the good of more talking?'

'Confound it!' cries Baynes, with a thump of his glass on the table, 'but what *do* you say?'

'I say, then, as you will have it,' cries the other, clenching his fists in his pockets, 'I say you are wanting a pretext for breaking off this match, Baynes. I don't say it is a good one, mind; but your word is passed, and your honor engaged to a young fellow to whom you are under deep obligation.'

'What obligation? Who has talked to you about my private affairs?' cries the General, reddening. 'Has Philip Firmin been bragging about his——?'

'You have yourself, Baynes. When you arrived here, you told me over and over again what the young fellow had done; and you certainly thought he acted like a gentleman *then*. If you choose to break your word to him now——'

'Break my word! Great powers, do you know what you are saying, Bunch?'

'Yes, and what you are doing, Baynes.'

'Doing? and what?'

'A damned shabby action; that's what you are doing, if

you want to know. Don't tell *me*. Why, do you suppose Sarah—do you suppose everybody doesn't see what you are at? You think you can get a better match for the girl, and you and Eliza are going to throw the young fellow over; and the fellow who held his hand, and might have ruined you, if he liked. I say it is a cowardly action!

'Colonel Bunch, do you dare to use such a word to me?' calls out the General, starting to his feet.

'Dare be hanged! I say it's a shabby action!' roars the other, rising too.

'Hush! unless you wish to disturb the ladies! Of course you know what your expression means, Colonel Bunch?' and the General drops his voice and sinks back to his chair.

'I know what my words mean, and I stick to 'em, Baynes,' growls the other; 'which is more than you can say of yours.'

'I am dee'd if any man alive shall use this language to me,' says the General, in the softest whisper, 'without accounting to me for it.'

'Did you ever find me backward, Baynes, at that kind of thing?' growls the Colonel, with a face like a lobster and eyes starting from his head.

'Very good, sir. To-morrow, at your earliest convenience. I shall be at *Galignani's* from eleven till one. With a friend, if possible. What is it, my love? A game of whist? Well, no, thank you; I think I won't play cards to-night.'

It was Mrs. Baynes who entered the room when the two gentlemen were quarreling, and the bloodthirsty hypocrites instantly smoothed their ruffled brows and smiled on her with perfect courtesy.

'Whist—no! I was thinking should we send out to meet him? He has never been in Paris.'

'Never been in Paris?' said the General, puzzled.

'He will be here to-night, you know. Madame has a room ready for him.'

'The very thing, the very thing!' cries General Baynes, with great glee. And Mrs. Baynes, all unsuspecting of the quarrel between the old friends, proceeds to inform Colonel Bunch that Major MacWhirter was expected that evening. And then that tough old Colonel Bunch knew the cause of Baynes' delight. A second was provided for the General—the very thing Baynes wanted.

We have seen how Mrs. Baynes, after taking counsel with her General, had privately sent for MacWhirter. Her plan was that Charlotte's uncle should take her for a while to Tours

and make her hear reason. Then Charley's foolish passion for Philip would pass away. Then, if he dared to follow her so far, her aunt and uncle, two dragons of virtue and circumspection, would watch and guard her. Then, if Mrs. Hely was still of the same mind, she and her son might easily take the post to Tours where, Philip being absent, young Walsingham might plead his passion. The best part of the plan, perhaps, was the separation of our young couple. Charlotte would recover. Mrs. Baynes was sure of that. The little girl had made no outbreak until that sudden insurrection at dinner which we have witnessed; and her mother, who had domineered over the child all her life, thought she was still in her power. She did not know that she had passed the bounds of authority, and that with her behavior to Philip her child's allegiance had revolted.

Bunch then, from Baynes' look and expression, perfectly understood what his adversary meant, and that the General's second was found. His own he had in his eye—a tough little old army surgeon of Penninsular and Indian times, who lived hard by, who would aid as second and doctor too, if need were—and so kill two birds with one stone, as they say. The Colonel would go forth that very instant and seek for Dr. Martin, and be hanged to Baynes, and a plague on the whole transaction and the folly of two friends burning powder in such a quarrel. But he knew what a bloodthirsty little fellow that henpecked, silent Baynes was when roused; and as for himself—a fellow use that kind of language to *me*? By George, Tom Bunch was not going to baulk him!

Whose was that tall figure prowling about Madame's house in the Champs Elysées when Colonel Bunch issued forth in quest of his friend; who had been watched by the police and mistaken for a suspicious character; who had been looking up at Madame's window now that the evening shades had fallen! Oh, you goose of a Philip! (for of course, my dears, you guess that they spy P. F., Esq.) you look up at the *premier*, and there is the Beloved in Madame's room on the ground floor; in yonder room where a lamp is burning and casting a faint light across the bars of the *jalousie*. If Philip knew she was there he would be transformed into a clematis, and climb up the bars of the windows, and twine round them all night. But you see he thinks she is on the first floor; and the glances of his passionate eyes are taking aim at the wrong windows. And now Colonel Bunch comes forth in his stout strutting way, in his little military cape—quick march—and Philip is startled like a guilty thing surprised, and dodges behind a tree in the avenue.

The Colonel departed on his murderous errand. Philip still continues to ogle the window of his heart (the wrong window), defiant of the policeman, who tells him to *circuler*. He has not watched there many minutes more, ere a hackney-coach drives up with portmanteaus on the roof and a lady and gentleman within.

You see Mrs. MacWhirter thought she, as well as her husband, might have a peep at Paris. As Mac's coach-hire was paid, Mrs. Mac could afford a little outlay of money. And if they were to bring Charlotte back—Charlotte in grief and agitation, poor child—a matron, an aunt, would be a much fitter companion for her than a major, however gentle. So the pair of MacWhirters journeyed from Tours—a long journey it was before railways were invented—and after four-and-twenty hours of squeeze in the *diligence*, presented themselves at night-fall at Mme. Smolensk's.

The Baynes' boys dashed into the garden at the sound of wheels. 'Mamma—mamma! it's uncle Mac!' these innocents cried; as they ran to the railings. 'Uncle Mac! what could bring him? Oh, they are going to send me to him! they are going to send me to him!' thought Charlotte, starting on her bed. And on this, I dare say, a certain locket was kissed more vehemently than ever.

'I say, Mac!' cries the ingenuous Moira, jumping back to the house; 'it's uncle Mac, and aunt Mac, too!'

'*What?*' cries mamma with anything but pleasure in her voice; and then turning to the dining room, where her husband still sat, she called out, 'General! here's MacWhirter and Emily!'

Mrs. Baynes gave her sister a very grim kiss.

'Dearest Eliza, I thought it was such a good opportunity of coming, and that I might be so useful, you know!' pleads Emily.

'Thank you. How do you do, MacWhirter?' says the grim Général.

'Glad to see you, Baynes, my boy!'

'How d'ye do, Emily? Boys, bring your uncle's traps. Didn't know Emily was coming Mac. Hope there's room for her!' sighs the General, coming forth from his parlor.

The Major was struck by the sad looks and pallor of his brother-in-law. 'By George, Baynes, you look as yellow as a guinea. How's Tom Bunch?'

'Come into this room along with me. Have some brandy-and-water, Mac. Auguste! Odevic O sho!' calls the General; and Auguste, who out of the newcomers' six packages has daintily taken one very small mackintosh cushion, says 'Com-

ment? encore du grog, Général? and, shrugging his shoulders, disappears to procure the refreshment at his leisure.

The sisters disappear to their embraces; the brothers-in-law retreat to the *salle-à-manger*, where General Baynes has been sitting, gloomy and lonely, for half an hour past, thinking of his quarrel with his old comrade, Bunch. He and Bunch have been chums for more than forty years. They have been in action together, and honorably mentioned in the same report. They have had a great regard for each other; and each knows the other is an obstinate old mule, and, in a quarrel, will die rather than give way. They have had a dispute out of which there is only one issue. Words have passed which no man, however old, by George! can brook from any friend, however intimate, by Jove! No wonder Baynes is grave. His family is large; his means are small. To-morrow he may be under fire of an old friend's pistol. In such an extremity he knows how each will behave. No wonder, I say, the General is solemn.

'What's in the wind now, Baynes?' asks the Major, after a little drink and a long silence. 'How is poor little Char?'

'Infernally ill—I mean behaved infernally ill,' says the General, biting his lips.

'Bad business! Bad business! Poor little child!' criesthe Major.

'Insubordinate little devil!' says the pale General, grinding his teeth. 'We'll see which shall be master!'

'What! you have had words?'

'At this table, this very day. She sat here and defied her mother and me, by George! and flung out of the room like a tragedy queen. She must be tamed, Mac, or my name's not Baynes.'

MacWhirter knew his relative of old, and that this quiet submissive man, when angry, worked up to a white heat as it were. 'Sad affair; hope you'll both come round, Baynes,' sighs the Major, trying bootless commonplaces; and seeing this last remark had no effect, he bethought him of recurring to their mutual friend. 'How's Tom Bunch?' the Major asked cheerily.

At this question Baynes grinned in such a ghastly way that MacWhirter eyed him with wonder. 'Colonel Bunch is very well,' the General said, in a dismal voice; 'at least, he was half an hour ago. He was sitting there;' and he pointed to an empty spoon lying in an empty beaker, whence the spirit and water had departed.

'What has been the matter, Baynes?' asked the Major. 'Has anything happened between you and Tom?'

'I mean that, half an hour ago, Colonel Bunch used words to me which I'll bear from no man alive; and you have ar-

rived just in the nick of time, MacWhirter, to take my message to him. Hush! here's the drink.'

'Voici, Messieurs!' Auguste at length has brought up a second supply of brandy-and-water. The veterans mingled their jorums; and while his brother-in-law spoke the alarmed MacWhirter sipped occasionally *intentusque ora tenebat*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS!

GENERAL BAYNES began the story which you and I have heard at length. He told it in his own way. He grew very angry with himself while defending himself. He had to abuse Philip very fiercely, in order to excuse his own act of treason. He had to show that his act was not his act; that, after all, he never had promised; and that, if he had promised, Philip's atrocious conduct ought to absolve him from any previous promise. I do not wonder that the General was abusive, and out of temper. Such a crime as he was committing can't be performed cheerfully by a man who is habitually gentle, generous, and honest. I do not say that men cannot cheat, cannot lie, cannot inflict torture, cannot commit rascally actions, without in the least losing their equanimity; but these are men habitually false, knavish, and cruel. They are accustomed to break their promises, to cheat their neighbors in bargains, and what not. A roguish word or action more or less is of little matter to them; their remorse only awakens after detection, and they don't begin to repent till they come sentenced out of the dock. But here was an ordinarily just man withdrawing from his promise, turning his back on his benefactor, and justifying himself to himself by maligning the man whom he injured. It is not an uncommon event, my dearly beloved brethren and esteemed miserable sister sinners; but you like to say a preacher is 'cynical' who admits this sad truth—and, perhaps, don't care to hear about the subject on more than one day in the week.

So, in order to make out some sort of case for himself, our poor good old General Baynes chose to think and declare that Philip was so violent, ill-conditioned, and abandoned a fellow, that no faith ought to be kept with him; and that Colonel Bunch had behaved with such brutal insolence that Baynes must call him to account. As for the fact that there was another, a richer, and a much more eligible suitor, who was likely to offer for his daughter, Baynes did not happen to touch on this point at all; preferring to speak of Philip's homeless poverty, disreputable conduct, and gross and careless behavior.

Now MacWhirter, having, I suppose, little to do at Tours, had read Mrs. Baynes' letters to her sister Emily, and remembered them. Indeed, it was but very few months since Eliza Baynes' letters had been full of praise of Philip, of his love for Charlotte, and of his noble generosity in foregoing the great claim which he had upon the General, his mother's careless trustee. Philip was the first suitor Charlotte had had; in her first glow of pleasure, Charlotte's mother had covered yards of paper with compliments, interjections, and those *scratches* or *dashes* under her words, by which some ladies are accustomed to point their satire or emphasize their delight. He was an admirable young man—wild, but generous, handsome, noble! He had forgiven his father thousands and thousands of pounds which the doctor owed him—all his mother's fortune, and he had acted *most nobly* by her trustees—that she must say, though poor dear weak Baynes was one of them! Baynes who was as simple as a child. Major Mac and his wife had agreed that Philip's forbearance was very generous and kind, but after all that there was no special cause for rapture at the notion of their niece marrying a struggling young fellow without a penny in the world; and they had been not a little amused with the change of tone in Eliza's later letters, when she began to go out in the great world, and to look coldly upon poor, penniless Firmin, her hero of a few months since. Then Emily remembered how Eliza had always been fond of great people; how her head was turned by going to a few parties at Government House; how absurdly she went on with that little creature Fitzrickets (because he was an Honorable, forsooth) at Dumdum. Eliza was a good wife to Baynes; a good mother to the children; and made both ends of a narrow income meet with surprising dexterity; but Emily was bound to say of her sister Eliza, that a more, etc., etc., etc. And when the news came at length that Philip was to be thrown overboard, Emily clapped her hands together and said to her husband, 'Now, Mac, didn't I always tell you so? If she could get a fashionable husband for Charlotte, I *knew* my sister would put the doctor's son to the door!' That the poor child would suffer considerably, her aunt was assured. Indeed, before her own union with Mac, Emily had undergone heart breakings and pangs of separation on her account. The poor child would want comfort and companionship. *She* would go to fetch her niece. And though the Major said, 'My dear, you want to go to Paris, and buy a new bonnet,' Mrs. MacWhirter spurned the insinuation, and came to Paris from a mere sense of duty.

So Baynes poured out his history of wrongs to his borther-in-law, who marveled to hear a man, ordinarily chary of words and cool of demeanor, so angry and so voluable. If he had done a bad action, at least, after doing it, Baynes had the grace to be very much out of humor. If I ever, for my part, do anything wrong in my family, or to them, I accompany that action with a furious rage and blustering passion. I won't have wife or children question it. No querulous Nathan of a family friend (or an incommodious conscience, maybe) shall come and lecture *me* about my ill-doings. No—no. Out of the house with him! Away, you preaching bugbear, don't try to frighten *me*! Baynes, I suspect, to browbeat, bully, and outtalk the Nathan pleading in his heart—Baynes will outbrawl that prating monitor, and thrust that inconvenient preacher out of sight, out of hearing, drive him with angry words from the gate. Ah! in vain we expel him; and bid John say, not at home! There he is when we wake, sitting at our bedfoot. We throw him overboard for daring to put an oar in our boat. Whose ghastly head is that looking up from the water and swimming alongside us, row we never so swiftly? Fire at him. Brain him with an oar, one of you, and pull on! Flash goes the pistol. Surely that oar has stove the old skull in? See! there comes the awful companion popping up out of water again, and crying, 'Remember, remember, I am here, I am here!' Baynes had thought to bully away one monitor by the threat of a pistol, and here was another swimming alongside of his boat. And would you have it otherwise, my dear reader, for you, for me? That you and I shall commit sins, in this, and ensuing years, is certain; but I hope—I hope they won't be past praying for. Here is Baynes, having just done a bad action, in a dreadfully wicked, murderous, and dissatisfied state of mind. His chafing, bleeding temper is one raw; his whole soul one rage, and wrath, and fever. Charles Baynes, thou old sinner, I pray that Heaven may turn thee to a better state of mind. I will kneel down by thy side, scatter ashes on my own bald pate, and we will quaver out *Peccavimus* together.

'In one word, the young man's conduct has been so outrageous and disreputable that I can't, Mac, as father of a family, consent to my girl's marrying him. Out of a regard for her happiness, it is my duty to break off the engagement,' cries the General, finishing the story.

'Has he formally released you from that trust business?' asked the Major.

‘Good Heavens, Mac!’ cries the General, turning very red. ‘You know I am as innocent of all wrong toward him as you are!’

‘Innocent—only you did not look to your trust——’

‘I think ill of him, sir. I think he is a wild, reckless, overbearing young fellow,’ calls out the General, very quickly, ‘who would make my child miserable; but I don’t think he is such a blackguard as to come down on a retired elderly man with a poor family—a numerous family; a man who has bled and fought for his sovereign in the Peninsula, and in India, as the “Army List” will show you, by George! I don’t think Firmin will be such a scoundrel as to come down on me, I say; and I must say, MacWhirter, I think it most unhandsome of you to allude to it—most unhandsome, by George!’

‘Why, you are going to break off your bargain with him; why should he keep his compact with you?’ asks the gruff Major.

‘Because,’ shouted the General, ‘it would be a sin and a shame that an old man with seven children, and broken health, who has served in every place—yes, in the West and East Indies, by George! in Canada—in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans; because he has been deceived and humbugged by a miserable scoundrel of a doctor into signing a sham paper, by George! should be ruined, and his poor children and wife driven to beggary, by Jove! as you seem to recommend young Firmin to do, Jack MacWhirter; and I’ll tell you what, Major MacWhirter, I take it dee’d unfriendly of you; and I’ll trouble you not to put your oar into *my boat*, and meddle with *my affairs*, that’s all, and I’ll know who’s at the bottom of it, by Jove! It’s the gray mare, Mac—it’s your *better half*, MacWhirter—it’s that confounded, meddling, sneaking, backbiting, domineering——’

‘What next?’ roared the Major. ‘Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I don’t know, Baynes, who has put you on doing what I have no hesitation in calling a most sneaking and rascally action—yes, a rascally action, by George! I am not going to mince matters! Don’t come your Major-General or your Mrs. Major-General over me! It’s Eliza that has set you on. And if Tom Bunch has been telling you that you have been breaking from your word, and are acting shabbily, Tom is right; and you may get somebody else to go out with you, General Baynes, for, by George, I won’t!’

‘Have you come all the way from Tours, Mac, in order to insult me?’ asks the General.

‘I came to do you a friendly turn; to take charge of your poor girl, upon whom you are being very hard, Baynes. And

this is the reward I get! Thank you. No more grog! What I have had is rather *too strong* for me already.' And the Major looks down with an expression of scorn at the emptied beaker, the idle spoon before him.

As the warriors were quarreling over their cups, there came to them a noise as of brawling and of female voices without. '*Mais, Madame!*' pleads Mme. Smolensk, in her grave way. '*Taisez-vous, Madame, laissez-moi tranquille, s'il vous plait!*' exclaims the well-known voice of Mrs. General Baynes, which I own was never very pleasant to me, either in anger or good humor. 'And your Little—who tries to sleep in my chamber!' again pleads the mistress of the boarding house. '*Vous n'avez pas droit d'appeler Mlle. Baynes petite!*' calls out the General's lady. And Baynes, who was fighting and quarreling himself just now, trembled when he heard her. His angry face assumed an alarmed expression. He looked for means of escape. He appealed for protection to MacWhirter, whose nose he had been ready to pull anon. Samson was a mighty man, but he was a fool in the hands of a woman. Hercules was a brave man and a strong, but Omphale twisted him round her spindle. Even so Baynes, who had fought in India, Spain, America, trembled before the partner of his bed and name.

It was an unlucky afternoon. While the husbands had been quarreling in the dining room over the brandy-and-water, the wives, the sisters, had been fighting over their tea in the salon. I don't know what the other boarders were about. Philip never told me. Perhaps they had left the room to give the sisters a free opportunity for embraces and confidential communication. Perhaps there were no lady boarders left. Howbeit, Emily and Eliza had tea; and before that refreshing meal was concluded, those dear women were fighting as hard as their husbands in the adjacent chamber.

Eliza, in the first place, was very angry at Emily's coming without invitation. Emily, on her part, was angry with Eliza for being angry. 'I am sure, Eliza,' said the spirited and injured MacWhirter, 'that is the third time you have alluded to it since we have been here. Had you and all your family come to Tours, Mac and I would have made them welcome—children and all; and I am sure yours make trouble enough in a house.'

'A private house is not like a boarding house, Emily. Here Madame makes us pay frightfully for extras,' remarks Mrs. Baynes.

'I am sorry I came, Eliza. Let us say no more about it. I can't go away to-night,' says the other.

‘And most unkind it is to make that speech, Emily. Any more tea?’

‘Most unpleasant to have to make that speech, Eliza. To travel a whole day and night—and I never able to sleep in a *diligence*—to hasten to my sister because I thought she was in trouble, because I thought a sister might comfort her; and to be received as you re—as you—oh, oh, oh—boh! How stupid I am!’ A handkerchief dries the tears; a smelling bottle restores a little composure. ‘When you came to us at Dumdum, with two—o—o children in the whooping-cough, I am sure Mac and I gave you a very different welcome.’

The other was smitten with remorse. She remembered her sister’s kindness in former days. ‘I did not mean, sister, to give you pain,’ she said. ‘But I am very unhappy myself, Emily. My child’s conduct is making me most unhappy.’

‘And very good reason you have to be unhappy, Eliza, if woman ever had,’ says the other.

‘Oh, indeed, yes!’ gasps the General’s lady.

‘If any woman ought to feel remorse, Eliza Baynes, I am sure it’s you. Sleepless nights! What was mine in the *diligence*, compared to the nights you must have? I said so to myself. “I am wretched,” I said, “but what must *she* be?”’

‘Of course, as a feeling mother, I feel that poor Charlotte is unhappy, my dear.’

‘But what makes her so, my dear?’ cries Mrs. MacWhirter, who presently showed that she was mistress of the whole controversy. ‘No wonder Charlotte is unhappy, dear love! Can a girl be engaged to a young man, a most interesting young man, a clever, accomplished, highly educated young man——’

‘*What?*’ cries Mrs. Baynes.

‘Haven’t I your letters? I have them all in my desk. They are in that hall now. Didn’t you tell me so over and over again; and rave about him till I thought you were in love with him yourself almost?’ cries Mrs. Mac.

‘A most indecent observation!’ cries out Eliza Baynes, in her deep, awful voice. ‘No woman, no sister, shall say that to me!’

‘Shall I go and get the letters? It used to be, “Dear Philip has just left us. Dear Philip has been more than a son to me. He is our preserver!” Didn’t you write all that to me over and over again? And because you have found a richer husband for Charlotte, you are going to turn your preserver out of doors!’

‘Emily MacWhirter, am I to sit here and be accused of crimes, *uninvited*, mind—*uninvited*, mind, by my sister? Is a general officer’s lady to be treated in this way by a brevet-major’s

wife? Though you are my senior in age, Emily, I am yours in rank. Out of any room in England, but this, I go before you! And if you have come *uninvited* all the way from Tours to insult me in my own house——'

'House, indeed! pretty house! Everybody else's house as well as yours!'

'Such as it is, I never asked you to come into it, Emily!'

'Oh, yes! You wish me to go out in the night. MAC! I say!'

'Emily!' cries the Generaless.

'MAC, I say!' screams the Majöress, flinging open the door of the salon, 'my sister wishes me to go. Do you hear me?'

'Au nom de Dieu, Madame, pensez à cette pauvre petite, qui souffre à côté,' cries the mistress of the house, pointing to her own adjoining chamber, in which, we have said, our poor little Charlotte was lying.

'Nappley pas Madamaselle Baynes petite, sivoplay!' booms out Mrs. Baynes' contralto.

'MacWhirter, I say Major MacWhirter!' cries Emily, flinging open the door of the dining room where the two gentlemen were knocking their own heads together. 'MacWhirter! My sister chooses to insult me, and say that a brevet-major's wife——'

'By George! are you fighting, too?' asks the General.

'Baynes, Emily MacWhirter has insulted me!' cries Mrs. Baynes.

'It seems to have been a settled thing beforehand,' yells the General. 'Major MacWhirter has done the same thing by me! He has forgotten that he is a gentleman, and that I am.'

'He only insults you because he thinks you are his relative, and must bear everything from him,' says the General's wife.

'By George! I will NOT bear everything from him!' shouts the General. The two gentlemen and their two wives are squabbling in the hall. Madame and the servants are peering up from the kitchen-regions. I dare say the boys from the topmost banisters are saying to each other, 'Row between Ma and Aunt Mac!' I dare say scared little Charlotte, in her temporary apartment, is, for a while, almost forgetful of her own grief; and wondering what quarrel is agitating her aunt and mother, her father and uncle? Place the remaining male and female boarders about the corridors and on the landings, in various attitudes expressive of interest, of satiric commentary, wrath at being disturbed by unseemly domestic quarrel; in what posture you will. As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, she, poor thing, does not know that the General and her own Colonel have entered on a mortal quarrel. She imagines the dispute is

only between Mrs. Baynes and her sister as yet; and she has known this pair quarreling for a score of years past. 'Toujours comme ça, fighting vous savez, et puis make it up again. Oui,' she explains to a French friend on the landing.

In the very midst of this storm Colonel Bunch returns, his friend and second, Dr. Martin, on his arm. He does not know that two battles have been fought since his own combat. His, we will say, was Ligny. Then came Quartre-Bras, in which Baynes and MacWhirter were engaged. Then came the general action of Waterloo. And here enters Colonel Bunch, quite unconscious of the great engagements which have taken place since his temporary retreat in search of reinforcements.

'How are you, MacWhirter?' cries the Colonel of the purple whiskers. 'My friend, Dr. Martin!' And as he addresses himself to the General, his eyes almost start out of his head, as if they would shoot themselves into the breast of that officer.

'My dear, hush! Emily MacWhirter, had we not better defer this most painful dispute? The whole house is listening to us!' whispers the General, in a rapid low voice. 'Doctor—Colonel Bunch—Major MacWhirter, had we not better go into the dining room?'

The General and the Doctor go first, Major MacWhirter and Colonel Bunch pause at the door. Says Bunch to MacWhirter: 'Major, you act as the General's friend in this affair? It's most awkward, but, by George! Baynes has said things to me that I won't bear, were he my own flesh and blood, by George! And I know him a deuced deal too well to think he will ever apologize!'

'He has said things to ME, Bunch, that I won't bear from fifty brothers-in-law, by George!' growls MacWhirter.

'What? Don't you bring me any message from him?'

'I tell you, Tom Bunch, I want to send a message to him. Invite me to his house, and insult me and Emily when we come! By George, it makes my blood boil! Insult us after traveling twenty-four hours in a confounded *diligence*, and say we're not invited! He and his little catamaran.'

'Hush!' interposed Bunch.

'I say catamaran, sir! don't tell *me!* They came and stayed with us four months at Dumdum—the children ill with the pip, or some confounded thing—went to Europe, and left me to pay the doctor's bill; and now, by——'

Was the Major going to invoke George, the Cappadocian champion, or Olympian Jove? At this moment a door, by which they stood, opens. You may remember there were three

doors, all on that landing; if you doubt me, go and see the house (Avenue de Valmy, Champs Elyseés, Paris). A third door opens, and a young lady comes out, looking very pale and sad, her hair hanging over her shoulders; her hair, which hung in rich clusters generally, but I suppose tears have put it all out of curl.

'Is it you, Uncle Mac? I thought I knew your voice, and I heard Aunt Emily's,' says the little person.

'Yes, it is I, Charley,' says Uncle Mac. And he looks into the round face, which looks so wild and is so full of grief unutterable that Uncle Mac is quite melted, and takes the child to his arms, and says, 'What is it, my dear?' And he quite forgets that he proposes to blow her father's brains out in the morning. 'How hot your little hands are!'

'Uncle, uncle!' she says, in a swift febrile whisper, 'you're come to take me away, I know. I heard you and papa, I heard mamma and Aunt Emily speaking quite loud! But if I go—I'll—I'll never love any but him!'

'But whom, dear?'

'But Philip, uncle.'

'By George, Char, no more you shall!' says the Major. And herewith the poor child, who had been sitting up on her bed while this quarreling of sisters—while this brawling of majors, generals, colonels, while this coming of hackney-coaches—while this arrival and departure of visitors on horseback, had been taking place, gave a fine hysterical scream, and fell into her uncle's arms laughing and crying wildly.

This outcry, of course, brought the gentlemen from their adjacent room, and the ladies from theirs.

'What are you making a fool of yourself about?' growls Mrs. Baynes, in her deepest bark.

'By George, Eliza, you are too bad!' says the General, quite white.

'Eliza, you are a brute!' cries Mrs. MacWhirter.

'So SHE IS!' shrieks Mrs. Bunch from the landing place overhead, where other lady-boarders were assembled looking down on this awful family battle.

Eliza Baynes knew she had gone too far. Poor Charley was scarce conscious by this time, and wildly screaming, 'Never, never!' . . . When, as I live, who should burst into the premises but a young man with fair hair, with flaming whiskers, with flaming eyes, who calls out, 'What is it? I am here, Charlotte, Charlotte!'

Who is that young man? We had a glimpse of him, prowling about the Champs Elyseés just now, and dodging behind a

tree when Colonel Bunch went out in search of his second. Then the young man saw the MacWhirter hackney-coach approach the house. Then he waited and waited, looking to that upper window behind which we know his beloved was *not* reposing. Then he beheld Bunch and Dr. Martin arrive. Then he passed through the wicket into the garden, and heard Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Baynes fighting. Then there came from the passage—where you see, this battle was going on—that ringing dreadful laugh and scream of poor Charlotte; and Philip Firmin burst like a bombshell into the midst of the hall where the battle was raging, and of the family circle who were fighting and screaming.

Here *is* a picture I protest. We have—first, the boarders on the first landing, whither, too, the Baynes children have crept in their night-gowns. Secondly, we have Auguste, Françoise the cook, and the assistant coming up from the basement. And, third, we have Colonel Bunch, Dr. Martin, Major MacWhirter, with Charlotte in his arms; Madame, General B., Mrs. Mac, Mrs. General B., all in the passage, when our friend the bombshell bursts in among them.

‘What is it? Charlotte, I am here!’ cries Philip, with his great voice; at hearing which, little Char gives one final scream and, at the next moment, she has fainted quite dead—but this time she is on Philip’s shoulder.

‘You brute, how dare you do this?’ asks Mrs. Baynes, glaring at the young man.

‘It is *you* who have done it, Eliza!’ says Aunt Emily.

‘And so she has, Mrs. MacWhirter!’ calls out Mrs. Colonel Bunch, from the landing above.

And Charles Baynes felt he had acted like a traitor, and hung down his head. He had encouraged his daughter to give her heart away, and she had obeyed him. When he saw Philip I think he was glad; so was the Major, though Firmin, to be sure, pushed him quite roughly up against the wall.

‘Is this vulgar scandal to go on in the passage before the whole house?’ gasped Mrs. Baynes.

‘Bunch brought me here to prescribe for this young lady, says little Dr. Martin, in a very courtly way. ‘Madame, will you get a little sal-volatile from Anjubeau’s in the Faubourg; and let her be kept very quite!’

‘Come, M. Philippe, it is enough like that!’ cries Madame, who can’t repress a smile. ‘Come to your chamber, dear little!’

‘Madame,’ cries Mrs. Baynes, ‘*une mère*——’

Madame shrugs her shoulders. ‘*Une mère, une belle mère, ma foi!*’ she says. ‘Come, Mademoiselle!’

There were only very few people in the boarding house; if they knew, if they saw, what happened, how can we help ourselves? But that they had all been sitting over a powder-magazine, which might have blown up and destroyed one, two three, five people, even Philip did not know, until afterward, when, laughing, Major MacWhirter told him how that meek but most savage Baynes had first challenged Bunch, had then challenged his brother-in-law, and how all sorts of battle, murder, sudden death might have ensued had the quarrel not come to an end.

Were your humble servant anxious to harrow his reader's feelings, or display his own graphical powers, you understand that I never would have allowed those two gallant officers to quarrel and threaten each other's very noses, without having the insult wiped out in blood. The Bois de Boulogne is hard by the Avenue de Valmy with plenty of cool fighting ground. The *octroi* officers never stop gentlemen going out at the neighboring barrier upon dueling business, or prevent the return of the slain victim in the hackney-coach when the dreadful combat is over. From my knowledge of Mrs. Baynes' character I have not the slightest doubt that she would have encouraged her husband to fight; and, the General down, would have put pistols into the hands of her boys, and bidden them carry on the *vendetta*; but as I do not, for my part, love to see brethren at war, or Moses and Aaron tugging white handfuls out of each other's beards, I am glad there is going to be no fight between the veterans, and that either's stout old breast is secure from the fratricidal bullet.

Major MacWhirter forgot all about bullets and battles when poor little Charlotte kissed him, and was not in the least jealous when he saw the little maiden clinging on Philip's arm. He was melted at the sight of that grief and innocence, when Mrs. Baynes still continued to bark out her private rage, and said: 'If the General won't protect me from insult, I think I had better go.'

'By Jove, I think you had!' exclaimed MacWhirter, to which remark the eyes of the Doctor and Colonel Bunch gleamed an approval.

'*Allons*, M. Philippe. Enough like that—let me take her to bed again,' Madame resumed. 'Come, dear miss!'

What a pity that the bedroom was but a yard from where they stood! Philip felt strong enough to carry his little Charlotte to the Tuileries. The thick brown locks, which had fallen over his shoulders, are lifted away. The little wounded heart that had lain against his own, parts from him with a reviving

throb. Madame and her mother carry away little Charlotte. The door of the neighboring chamber closes on her. The sad little vision has disappeared. The men, quarreling anon in the passage, stand there silent.

'I heard her voice outside,' said Philip, after a little pause (with love, with grief, with excitement, I suppose his head was in a whirl). 'I heard her voice outside, and I couldn't help coming in.'

'By George, I should think not, young fellow!' says Major MacWhirter, stoutly shaking the young man by the hand.

'Hush, hush!' whispers the Doctor; 'she must be kept quite quiet. She has had quite excitement enough for to-night. There must be no more scenes, my young fellow.'

And Philip says, when in this his agony of grief and doubt he found a friendly hand put out to him, he himself was so exceedingly moved that he was compelled to fly out of the company of the old men, into the night, where the rain was pouring—the gentle rain.

While Philip, without Mme. Smolensk's premises, is saying his tenderest prayers, offering up his tears, heart-throbs, and most passionate vows of love for little Charlotte's benefit, the warriors assembled within once more retreat to a colloquy in the *salle-à-manger*; and, in consequence of the rainy state of the night, the astonished Auguste has to bring a third supply of hot water for the four gentlemen attending the congress. The Colonel, the Major, the Doctor, ranged themselves on one side the table, defended, as it were, by a line of armed tumblers, flanked by a strong brandy-bottle and a stout earth-work, from an embrasure in which scalding water could be discharged. Behind these fortifications the veterans awaited their enemy, who, after marching up and down the room for a while, takes position finally in their front and prepares to attack. The General remounts his *cheval de bataille*, but cannot bring the animal to charge as fiercely as before. Charlotte's white apparition has come among them, and flung her fair arms between the men of war. In vain Baynes tries to get up a bluster, and to enforce his passion with by Georges, by Joves, and words naughtier still. That weak, meek, quiet, henpecked, but most bloodthirsty old General found himself forming his own minority, and against him his old comrade Bunch, whom he had insulted and nose-pulled; his brother-in-law MacWhirter, whom he had nose-pulled and insulted; and the Doctor, who had been called in as the friend of the former. As they faced him, shoulder to shoulder, each of those three acquired

fresh courage from his neighbor. Each, taking his aim, deliberately poured his fire into Baynes. To yield to such odds, on the other hand, was not so distasteful to the veteran as to have to give up his sword to any single adversary. Before he would own himself in the wrong to any individual, he would eat that individual's ears and nose; but to be surrounded by three enemies, and strike your flag before such odds, was no disgrace; and Baynes could take the circumbendibus way of apology to which some proud spirits will submit. Thus he could say to the Doctor, 'Well, Doctor, perhaps I was hasty in accusing Bunch of employing bad language to me. A bystander can see these things sometimes when a principal is too angry; and as you go against me—well—there, then, I ask Bunch's pardon.' That business over, the MacWhirter reconciliation was very speedily brought about. 'Fact was, was in a confounded ill-temper—very much disturbed by events of the day—didn't mean anything but this, that, and so forth. If this old chief had to eat humble pie, his brave adversaries were anxious that he should gobble up his portion as quickly as possible, and turned away their honest old heads as he swallowed it. One of the party told his wife of the quarrel which had arisen, but Baynes never did. 'I declare, sir,' Philip used to say, 'had she known anything about the quarrel that night, Mrs. Baynes would have made her husband turn out of bed at midnight, and challenge his old friends over again!' But then there was no love between Philip and Mrs. Baynes, and in those whom he hates he is accustomed to see little good.

Thus, any gentle reader who expected to be treated to an account of the breakage of the sixth commandment will close this chapter disappointed. Those stout old rusty swords which were fetched off their hooks, by the warriors, their owners, were returned undrawn to their flannel cases. Hands were shaken after a fashion—at least no blood was shed. But, though the words spoken between the old boys were civil enough, Bunch, Baynes, and the Doctor could not alter their opinion that Philip had been hardly used, and that the benefactor of his family merited a better treatment from General Baynes.

Meanwhile, that benefactor strode home through the rain in a state of perfect rapture. The rain refreshed him, as did his own tears. The dearest little maiden had sunk for a moment on his heart, and, as she lay there, a thrill of hope vibrated through his whole frame. Her father's old friends had held out a hand to him, and bid him not despair. Blow wind, fall autumn rains! In the midnight, under the gusty trees, amid which

the lamps of the *réverbères* are tossing, the young fellow strides back to his lodgings. He is poor and unhappy, but he has Hope along with him. He looks at a certain breast-button of his old coat ere he takes it off to sleep. 'Her cheek was lying there,' he thinks—'just there.' My poor little Charlotte! what could she have done to the breast-button of the old coat?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET.

Now though the unhappy Philip slept quite soundly, so that his boots, those tramp-worn sentries, remained *en faction* at his door until quite a late hour next morning; and though little Charlotte, after a prayer or two, sank into the sweetest and most refreshing girlish slumber, Charlotte's father and mother had a bad night; and, for my part, I maintain that they did not deserve a good one. It was very well for Mrs. Baynes to declare that it was MacWhirter's snoring which kept them awake (Mr. and Mrs. Mac being lodged in the bedroom over their relatives)—I don't say a snoring neighbor is pleasant—but what a bedfellow is a bad conscience! Under Mrs. Baynes' night-cap the grim eyes lie open all night; on Baynes' pillow is a silent wakeful head that hears the hours toll. 'A plague upon the young man!' thinks the female *bonnet de nuit*; 'how dare he come in and disturb everything?' How pale Charlotte will look to-morrow when Mrs. Hely calls with her son! When she has been crying she looks hideous, and her eyelids and nose are quite red. She may fly out, and say something wicked and absurd, as she did to-day. I wish I had never seen that insolent young man, with his carrotty beard and vulgar blucher boots! If my boys were grown up, he should not come hectoring about the house as he does; *they* would soon find a way of punishing his impudence! Baulked revenge and a hungry disappointment, I think, are keeping that old woman awake; and, if she hears the hours tolling, it is because wicked thoughts make her sleepless.

As for Baynes, I believe that old man is awake, because he is awake to the shabbiness of his own conduct. His conscience has got the better of him, which he has been trying to bully out of doors. Do what he will, that reflection forces itself upon him. Mac, Bunch, and the Doctor all saw the thing at once, and went dead against him. He wanted to break his word to a young fellow, who, whatever his faults might be, had acted most nobly and generously by the Baynes family. He might

have been ruined but for Philip's forbearance; and showed his gratitude by breaking his promise to the young fellow. He was a henpecked man—that was the fact. He allowed his wife to govern him; that little old plain, cantankerous woman asleep yonder. Asleep was she? No. He knew she wasn't. Both were lying quite still, wide awake, pursuing their dismal thoughts. Only Charles was owning that he was a sinner, while Eliza his wife, in a rage at her last defeat, was meditating how she could continue and still win her battle.

Then Baynes reflects how persevering his wife is; how, all through life, she has come back and back and back to her point, until he has ended by an almost utter subjugation. He will resist for a day; she will fight for a year, for a life. If once she hates people, the sentiment always remains with her fresh and lively. Her jealousy never dies; nor her desire to rule. What a life she will lead poor Charlotte now she has declared against Philip! The poor child will be subject to a dreadful tyranny; the father knows it. As soon as he leaves the house on his daily walks the girl's torture will begin. Baynes knows how his wife can torture a woman. As she groans out a hollow cough from her bed in the midnight, the guilty man lies quite mum under his own counterpane. If she fancies him awake, it will be *his* turn to receive the torture. Ah, *Othello mon ami!* when you look round at married life, and know what you know, don't you wonder that the bolster is not used a great deal more freely on both sides? Horrible cynicism! Yes—I know. These propositions served raw are savage, and shock your sensibility; cooked with a little piquant sauce, they are welcome at quite polite tables.

'Poor child! Yes, by George! What a life her mother will lead her!' thinks the General, rolling uneasily on the midnight pillow. 'No rest for her, day or night, until she marries the man of her mother's choosing. And she has a delicate chest—Martin says she has; and she wants coaxing and soothing, and pretty coaxing she will have from her mamma!' Then, I dare say, the past rises up in what wakeful old man's uncomfortable memory. His little Charlotte is a child again, laughing on his knee, and playing with his accouterments as he comes home from parade. He remembers the fever which she had, when she would take medicine from no other hand; and how, though silent with her mother, with him she would never tire prattling, prattling. Guilt-stricken old man! are those tears trickling down thy old nose? It is midnight. We cannot see. When you brought her to the river, and parted with her to

send her to Europe, how the little maid clung to you, and cried, 'Papa, papa!' Staggering up the steps of the ghaut, how you wept yourself—yes, wept tears of passionate, tender grief at parting with the darling of your soul. And now, deliberately, and for the sake of money, you stab her to the heart, and break your plighted honor with your child. 'And it is yonder cruel, shriveled, bilious, plain old woman who makes me do all this, and trample on my darling, and torture her!' he thinks. In Zoffany's famous picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Macbeth stands in an attitude hideously contorted and constrained, while Lady Mac is firm and easy. Was this the actor's art, or the poet's device? Baynes is wretched, then. He is wrung with remorse, and shame and pity. Well, I am glad of it. Old man, old man! how darest thou to cause that child's tender little bosom to bleed? How bilious he looks the next morning! I declare as yellow as his grim old wife! When Mrs. General B. hears the children their lessons, how she will scold them! It is my belief she will bark through the morning chapter, and scarce understand a word of its meaning. As for Charlotte, when she appears with red eyes, and ever so little color in her round cheeks, there is that in her look and demeanor which warns her mother to refrain from too familiar abuse or scolding. The girl is in rebellion. All day Char was in a feverish state, her eyes flashing war. There was a song which Philip loved in those days; the song of Ruth. Char sat down to the piano, and sang it with a strange energy. 'Thy people shall be my people'—she sang with all her heart—'and thy God my God!' The slave had risen. The little heart was in arms and mutiny. The mother was scared by her defiance.

As for the guilty old father; pursued by the fiend remorse, he fled early from his house, and read all the papers at Galignani's without comprehending them. Madly regardless of expense, he then plunged into one of those luxurious restaurants in the Palais Royal, where you get soup, three dishes, a sweet, and a pint of delicious wine for two frongs, by George! But all the luxuries there presented to him could not drive away care, or create appetite. Then the poor old wretch went off, and saw a ballet at the Grand Opera. In vain. The pink nymphs had not the slightest fascination for him. He hardly was aware of their ogles, bounds, and capers. He saw a little maid with round, sad eyes—his Iphigenia whom he was stabbing. He took more brandy-and-water at cafés on his way home. In vain, in vain, I tell you! The old wife was sitting up for him,

scared at the unusual absence of her lord. She dared not remonstrate with him when he returned. His face was pale. His eyes were fierce and bloodshot. When the General had a particular look, Eliza Baynes cowered in silence. Mac, the two sisters, and, I think, Colonel Bunch (but on this point my informant, Philip, cannot be sure) were having a dreary rubber when the General came in. Mrs. B. knew by the General's face that he had been having recourse to alcoholic stimulus. But she dared not speak. A tiger in a jungle was not more savage than Baynes sometimes. 'Where's Char?' he asked in his dreadful, his Bluebeard voice. 'Char was gone to bed,' said mamma, sorting her trumps. 'Hm! Augoost, Odevee, Osho!' Did Eliza Baynes interfere, though she knew he had had enough? As soon interfere with a tiger, and tell him he had eaten enough Sepoy. After Lady Macbeth had induced Mac to go through that business with Duncan, depend upon it she was very deferential and respectful to her general. No groans, prayers, remorse could avail to bring his late majesty back to life again. As for you, old man, though your deed is done, it is not past recalling. Though you have withdrawn from your word on a sordid money pretext; made two hearts miserable, stabbed cruelly that one which you love best in the world; acted with wicked ingratitude toward a young man, who has been nobly forgiving toward you and yours; and are suffering with rage and remorse, as you own your crime to yourself; your deed is not past recalling as yet. You may soothe that anguish, and dry those tears. It is but an act of resolution on your part, and a firm resumption of your marital authority. Mrs. Baynes, after her crime, is quite humble and gentle. She has half murdered her child, and stretched Philip on an infernal rack of torture; but she is quite civil to everybody at Madame's house. Not one word does she say respecting Mrs. Colonel Bunch's outbreak of the night before. She talks to sister Emily about Paris, the fashions, and Emily's walks on the Boulevard and the Palais Royal with her Major. She bestows ghastly smiles upon sundry lodgers at table. She thanks Auguste when he serves her at dinner—and says, 'Ah, Madame, que le boof est bong aujourd'hui, rien que j'aime comme le potofou.' Oh, you old hypocrite! But you know I, for my part, always disliked the woman, and said her good humor was more detestable than her anger. You hypocrite! I say again; ay, and avow that there were other hypocrites at the table, as you shall presently hear.

When Baynes got an opportunity of speaking unobserved,

as he thought, to Madame, you may be sure the guilty wretch asked her how his little Charlotte was. Mrs. Baynes trumped her partner's best heart at that moment, but pretended to observe or overhear nothing. 'She goes better—she sleeps,' Madame said. 'Mr. the Dr. Martin has commanded her a calming potion.' And what if I were to tell you that somebody had taken a little letter from Charlotte, and actually had given fifteen sous to a Savoyard youth to convey that letter to somebody else? What if I were to tell you that the party to whom that letter was addressed straightway wrote an answer—directed to Mme. de Smolensk, of course? I know it was very wrong; but I suspect Philip's prescription did quite as much good as Dr. Martin's, and don't intend to be very angry with Madame for consulting the unlicensed practitioner. Don't preach to me, madame, about morality, and dangerous examples set to young people. Even at your present mature age, and with your dear daughters around you, if your ladyship goes to hear the 'Barber of Seville,' on which side are your sympathies—on Dr. Bartolo's, or Miss Rosina's?

Although, then, Mrs. Baynes was most respectful to her husband, and by many grim blandishments, humble appeals, and forced humiliations, strove to conciliate and soothe him, the General turned a dark, lowering face upon the partner of his existence; her dismal smiles were no longer pleasing to him, he returned curt 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' to her remarks. When Mrs. Hely and her son and her daughter drove up in their family coach to pay yet a second visit to the Baynes family, the General flew in a passion, and cried, 'Bless my soul, Eliza, you can't think of receiving visitors, with our poor child sick in the next room? It's inhuman!' The scared woman ventured on no remonstrances. She was so frightened that she did not attempt to scold the younger children. She took a piece of work, and sat among them, furtively weeping. Their artless queries and unseasonable laughter stabbed and punished the matron. You see people do wrong, though they are long past fifty years of age. It is not only the scholars, but the ushers, and the head-master himself, who sometimes deserve a chastisement. I, for my part, hope to remember this sweet truth, though I live into the year 1900.

To those other ladies boarding at Madame's establishment, to Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Colonel Bunch, though they had declared against him and expressed their opinions in the frankest way on the night of the battle royal, the General was provokingly polite and amiable. They had said, but twenty-four hours

since, that the General was a brute; and Lord Chesterfield could not have been more polite to a lovely young duchess than was Baynes to these matrons next day. You have heard how Mrs. Mac had a strong desire to possess a new Paris bonnet, so that she might appear with proper lustre among the ladies on the promenade at Tours? Major and Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Bunch talked of going to the Palais Royal (where MacWhirter said he had remarked some uncommonly neat things, by George! at the corner shop under the glass gallery). On this, Baynes started up, and said he would accompany his friends, adding, 'You know, Emily, I had promised you a hat ever so long ago!' And those four went away together, and not one offer did Baynes make to his wife to join the party; though her best bonnet, poor thing, was a dreadfully old performance, with moulting feathers, rumpled ribbons, tarnished flowers, and lace bought in St. Martin's Alley months and months before. Emily, to be sure, said to her sister, 'Eliza, won't *you* be of the party? We can take the omnibus at the corner, which will land us at the very gate.' But as Emily gave this unlucky invitation, the General's face wore an expression of ill-will so savage and terrific, that Eliza Baynes said, 'No, thank you, Emily; Charlotte is still unwell, and I—I may be wanted at home.' And the party went away without Mrs. Baynes; and they were absent I don't know how long; and Emily MacWhirter came back to the boarding house in a bonnet—the sweetest thing you ever saw! green *piqué* velvet, with a *ruche* full of rosebuds, and a bird of paradise perched on the top pecking at a bunch of the most magnificent grapes, poppies, ears of corn, barley, etc., all indicative of the bounteous autumn season. Mrs. General Baynes had to see her sister return home in this elegant bonnet; to welcome her; to acquiesce in Emily's remark that the General had done the genteel thing; to hear how the party had further been to Tortoni's and had ices; and then to go upstairs to her own room, and look at her own battered, blowsy old *chapeau*, with its limp streamers, hanging from its peg. This humiliation, I say, Eliza Baynes had to bear in silence without wincing, and, if possible, with a smile on her face.

In consequence of circumstances before indicated, Miss Charlotte was pronounced to be very much better when her papa returned from his Palais Royal trip. He found her seated on Madame's sofa, pale, but with the wonted sweetness in her smile. He kissed and caressed her with many tender words. I dare say he told her there was nothing in the world he loved so much as his Charlotte. He would never willingly do any-

thing to give her pain, never! She has been his good girl, and his blessing, all his life! Ah! that is a prettier little picture to imagine—that repentant man, and his child clinging to him—than the tableau overhead, viz., Mrs. Baynes looking at her old bonnet. Not one word was said about Philip in the talk between Baynes and his daughter, but those tender paternal looks and caresses carried hope into Charlotte's heart; and when her papa went away (she said afterward to a female friend), 'I got up and followed him, intending to show him Philip's letter. But at the door I saw mamma coming down the stairs; and she looked so dreadful, and frightened me so, that I went back.' There are some mothers I have heard of, who won't allow their daughters to read the works of this humble homilist, lest they should imbibe 'dangerous' notions, etc., etc. My good ladies, give them 'Goody Twoshoes' if you like, or whatever work, combining instruction and amusement, you think most appropriate to their juvenile understandings; but I beseech you to be gentle with them. I never saw people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up young folks in the United States. And why? Because the children were spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours—before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not.

Now, when Mrs. Baynes went in to her daughter, who had been sitting pretty comfortably kissing her father on the sofa in Madame's chamber, all those soft tremulous smiles and twinkling dew-drops of compassion and forgiveness, which anon had come to soothe the little maid, fled from cheek and eyes. They began to flash again with their febrile brightness, and her heart to throb with dangerous rapidity. 'How are you now?' asks mamma, with her deep voice. 'I am much the same,' says the girl, beginning to tremble. 'Leave the child; you agitate her, Madame,' cries the mistress of the house, coming in after Mrs. Baynes. That sad, humiliated, deserted mother goes out from her daughter's presence, hanging her head. She put on the poor old bonnet, and had a walk that evening on the Champs Elysées with her little ones, and showed them Guignol; she gave a penny to Guignol's man. It is my belief that she saw no more of the performance than her husband had seen of the ballet the night previous, when Taglioni, and Noblet, and Duvernay, danced before his hot eyes. But then, you see, the hot eyes had been washed with a refreshing water since, which enabled them to view the world much more cheerfully and brightly. Ah, gracious Heaven, give us eyes to see

our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramps, and rheumatism! That stricken old woman, then, treated her children to the trivial comedy of Guignol. She did not cry out when the two boys climbed up the trees of the Elysian Fields, though the guardians bade them descend. She bought pink sticks of barley-sugar for the young ones. Withdrawing the glistening sweetmeats from their lips, they pointed to Mrs. Hely's splendid barouche as it rolled cityward from the Bois de Boulogne. The gray shades were falling and Auguste was in the act of ringing the first dinner-bell at Mme. Smolensk's establishment, when Mrs. General Baynes returned to her lodgings.

Meanwhile, Aunt MacWhirter had been to pay a visit to little Miss Charlotte, in the new bonnet which the General, Charlotte's papa, had bought for her. This elegant article had furnished a subject of pleasing conversation between niece and aunt, who held each other in very kindly regard, and all the details of the bonnet, the blue flowers, scarlet flowers, grapes, sheaves of corn, lace, etc., were examined and admired in detail. Charlotte remembered the dowdy old English thing which Aunt Mac wore when she went out. Charlotte did remember the bonnet, and laughed when Mrs. Mac described how papa, in the hackney-coach on their return home, insisted upon taking the old wretch of a bonnet, and flinging it out of the coach window into the road, where an old chiffonnier passing picked it up with his iron hook, put it on his own head, and walked away grinning. I declare, at the recital of his narrative, Charlotte laughed as pleasantly and happily as in former days; and, no doubt, there were more kisses between this poor little maid and her aunt.

Now, you will remark, that the General and his party, though they returned from the Palais Royal in a hackney-coach, went thither on foot, two and two—viz., Major MacWhirter leading, and giving his arm to Mrs. Bunch (who, I promise you, knew the shops in the Palais Royal well), and the General following at some distance, with his sister-in-law for a partner.

In that walk a conversation very important to Charlotte's interest took place between her aunt and her father.

'Ah, Baynes! this is a sad business about dearest Char,' Mrs. Mac broke out with a sigh.

'It is, indeed, Emily,' says the General, with a very sad groan on his part.

'It goes to my heart to see you, Baynes; it goes to Mac's heart. We talked about it ever so late last night. You were

suffering dreadfully; and all the brandy-pawnee in the world won't cure you, Charles.'

'No, faith,' says the General, with a dismal screw of the mouth. 'You see, Emily, to see that child suffer, tears my heart out—by George, it does. She has been the best child, and the most gentle, and the merriest, and the most obedient, and I never had a word of fault to find with her; and—poo-oooh!' Here the General's eyes, which have been winking with extreme rapidity, give way; and at the signal pooh! there issue out from them two streams of that eye-water which we have said is sometimes so good for the sight.

'My dear kind Charles, you were always a good creature,' says Emily, patting the arm on which hers rests. Meanwhile Major-General Baynes, C. B., puts his bamboo cane under his disengaged arm, extracts from his hind pocket a fine large yellow bandanna pocket-handkerchief, and performs a prodigious loud *obbligato*—just under the spray of the Rond Point fountain, opposite the Bridge of the Invalides, over which poor Philip has tramped many and many a day and night to see his little maid.

'Have a care with your cane, there, old imbecile!' cries an approaching foot-passenger, whom the General meets and charges with his iron ferule.

'Mille pardong, mosoo; je vous demande mille pardong,' says the old man, quite meekly.

'You are a good soul, Charles,' the lady continues; 'and my little Char is a darling. You never would have done this of your own accord. Mercy! And see what it was coming to! Mac only told me last night. You horrid, bloodthirsty creature! Two challenges—and dearest Mac as hot as pepper! Oh, Charles Baynes, I tremble when I think of the danger from which you have all been rescued! Suppose you brought home to Eliza—suppose dearest Mac brought home to me killed by this arm on which I am leaning. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful! We are sinners all, that we are, Baynes!'

'I humbly ask pardon for having thought of a great crime. I ask pardon,' says the General, very pale and solemn.

'If you had killed dear Mac, would you ever have had rest again, Charles?'

'No, I think not. I should not deserve it,' answers the contrite Baynes.

'You have a good heart. It was not *you* who did this. I know who it was. She always had a dreadful temper. The way in which she used to torture our poor dear Louisa who is

dead, I can hardly forgive now, Baynes. Poor suffering angel! Eliza was at her bedside nagging and torturing her up to the very last day. Did you ever see her with nurses and servants in India? The way in which she treated them was——'

'Don't say any more. I am aware of my wife's faults of temper. Heaven knows it has made me suffer enough!' says the General, hanging his head down.

'Why, man—do you intend to give way to her altogether? I said to Mac last night, "Mac, does he intend to give way to her altogether? The 'Army List' doesn't contain the name of a braver man than Charles Baynes, and is my sister Eliza to rule him entirely, Mac!" I said. No, if you stand up to Eliza, I know from experience she will give way. We have had quarrels, scores and hundreds, as you know, Baynes.'

'Faith, I do,' owns the General, with a sad smile on his countenance.

'And sometimes she has had the best and sometimes I have had the best, Baynes! But I never yielded, as you do, without a fight for my own. No, never, Baynes! And me and Mac are shocked, I tell you fairly, when we see the way in which you give up to her!'

'Come, come! I think you have told me often enough that I am henpecked,' says the General.

'And you give up not yourself only, Charles, but your dear, dear child—poor little suffering love!'

'The young man's a beggar!' cries the General, biting his lips.

'What were you, what was Mac and me when we married? We hadn't much besides our pay, had we? we rubbed on through bad weather and good, managing as best we could, loving each other, God be praised! And here we are, owing nobody anything, and me going to have a new bonnet!' and she tossed up her head and gave her companion a good-natured look through her twinkling eyes.

'Emily, you have a good heart! that's the truth,' says the General.

'And *you* have a good heart, Charles, as sure as my name's Mac Whirter; and I want you to act upon it, and I propose——'

'What?'

'Well, I propose that——' But now they have reached the Tuileries garden gates, and pass through, and continue their conversation in the midst of such a hubbub that we cannot overhear them. They cross the garden, and so make their way into the Palais Royal, and the purchase of the bonnet takes place; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by *that*

event, of course all discussion of domestic affairs becomes uninteresting.

But the gist of Baynes' talk with his sister-in-law may be divined from the conversation which presently occurred between Charlotte and her aunt. Charlotte did not come in to the public dinner. She was too weak for that; and '*un bon bouillon*' and a wing of fowl were served to her in the private apartment, where she had been reclining all day. At dessert, however, Mrs. MacWhirter took a fine bunch of grapes and a plump rosy peach from the table, and carried them to the little maid, and their interview may be described with sufficient accuracy, though it passed without other witnesses.

From the outbreak on the night of quarrels, Charlotte knew that her aunt was her friend. The glances of Mrs. MacWhirter's eyes, and the expression of her bonny, homely face, told her sympathy to the girl. There were no pallors now, no angry glances, no heart-beating. Miss Char could even make a little joke when her aunt appeared, and say, 'What beautiful grapes! Why, aunt, you must have taken them out of the new bonnet.'

'You should have had the bird of paradise, too, dear, only I see you have not eaten your chicken. She is a kind woman, Mme. Smolensk. I like her. She gives very nice dinners. I can't think how she does it for the money, I am sure!'

'She has been very, very kind to me; and I love her with all my heart!' cries Charlotte.

'Poor darling! We have all our trials, and yours have begun, my love!'

'Yes, indeed, aunt!' whimpers the young person; upon which osculation possibly takes place.

'My dear! when your papa took me to buy the bonnet, we had a long talk, and it was about you.'

'About me, aunt?' warbles Miss Charlotte.

'He would not take mamma; he would only go with me, alone. I knew he wanted to say something about you; and what do you think it was? My dear, you have been very much agitated here. You and your poor mamma are likely to disagree for some time. She will drag you to those balls and fine parties, and bring you those *fine partners*.'

'Oh, I hate them!' cries Charlotte. Poor little Walsingham Hely, what had he done to be hated?

'Well. It is not for me to speak of a mother to her own daughter. But you know mamma has *a way* with her. She expects to be obeyed. She will give you no peace. She will come back to her point again and again. You know how she

speaks of someone—a certain gentleman? If ever she sees him, she will be rude to him. Mamma can be rude at times—that I must say of my own sister. As long as you remain here——’

‘Oh, aunt, aunt! Don’t take me away, don’t take me away!’ cries Charlotte.

‘My dearest, are you afraid of your old aunt, and your uncle Mac, who is so kind, and has always loved you? Major Mac-Whirter has a will of his own, too, though of course I make no allusions. We know how admirably somebody has behaved to your family. Somebody who has been most *ungratefully* treated, though of course I make no allusions. If you had given away your heart to your father’s *greatest benefactor*, do you suppose I and Uncle Mac will quarrel with you? When Eliza married Baynes (your father was a penniless subaltern, then, my dear—and my sister was certainly neither a fortune nor a beauty), didn’t she go dead against the wishes of *our* father? Certainly she did! But she said she was of age—that she was, and a great deal more, too—and she would do as she liked, and she made Baynes marry her. Why should you be afraid of coming to us, love? You are nearer somebody here, but can you see him? Your mamma will never let you go out, but she will follow you like a shadow. You may write to him. Don’t tell *me*, child. Haven’t I been young myself; and when there was a difficulty between Mac and poor papa, didn’t Mac write to me, though he hates letters, poor dear, and certainly is *a stick* at them. And, though we were forbidden, had we not twenty ways of telegraphing to each other? Law! your poor dear grandfather was in such a rage with me once, when he found one, that he took down his great buggy whip to me, a grown girl!’

Charlotte, who has plenty of humor, would have laughed at this confession some other time, but now she was too much agitated by that invitation to quit Paris, which her aunt had just given her. Quit Paris? Lose the chance of seeing her dearest friend, her protector? If he was not with her was he not near her? Yes, near her always! On that horrible night, when all was so desperate, did not her champion burst forward to her rescue? Oh, the dearest and bravest! Oh, the tender and true!

‘You are not listening, you poor child!’ said Aunt Mac, surveying her niece with looks of kindness. ‘Now listen to me once more. Whisper!’ And sitting down on the settee by Charlotte’s side, Aunt Emily first kissed the girl’s round cheek, and then whispered into her ear.

Never, I declare, was medicine so efficacious, or rapid of

effect, as that wondrous distillment which Aunt Emily poured into her niece's ear! 'Oh, you goose!' she began by saying, and the rest of the charm she whispered into that pearly little pink shell round which Miss Charlotte's soft brown ringlets clustered. Such a sweet blush rose straightway to the cheek! Such sweet lips began to cry, 'Oh, you dear, dear aunt,' and then began to kiss aunt's kind face, that, I declare, if I knew the spell, I would like to pronounce it right off, with such a sweet young patient to practice on.

'When do we go? To-morrow, aunt, *n'est-ce pas?* Oh, I am quite strong! never felt so well in my life! I'll go and pack up *this instant*,' cries the young person.

'*Doucement!* Papa knows of the plan. Indeed, it was he who proposed it.'

'Dearest, best father!' ejaculates Miss Charlotte.

'But mamma does not; and if you show yourself very eager, Charlotte, she may object, you know. Heaven forbid that I should counsel dissimulation to a child; but under the circumstances, my love—— At least I own what happened between Mac and me. Law! I didn't care for papa's buggy whip! I knew it would not hurt; and as for Baynes, I am sure he would not hurt a fly. Never was man more sorry for what he has done. He told me so while we walked away from the bonnet-shop, while he was carrying my old yellow. We met somebody near the Bourse. How sad he looked, and how handsome, too! I bowed to him, and kissed my hand to him, that is, the knob of my parasol. Papa couldn't shake hands with him, because of my bonnet, you know, in the brown-paper bag. He has a grand beard, indeed! He looked like a wounded lion. I said so to papa. And I said "It is you who wound him, Charles Baynes!" "I know that," papa said. "I have been thinking of it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it; and it makes me dee'd unhappy." You know what papa sometimes says? Dear me! You should have heard them, when Eliza and I joined the army, years and years ago!

For once, Charlotte Baynes was happy at her father's being unhappy. The little maiden's heart had been wounded to think that her father could do his Charlotte a wrong. Ah, take warning by him, ye graybeards! And however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and say grace, and mumble your humble pie!

The General, then, did not shake hands with Philip; but Major MacWhirter went up in the most marked way, and gave the wounded lion his own paw, and said, 'Mr. Firmin, glad to

see you! If ever you come to Tours, mind, don't forget my wife and me. Fine day. Little patient much better! *Bon courage*, as they say!

I wonder what sort of a bungle Philip made of his correspondence with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that night? Every man who lives by his pen, if by chance he looks back at his writings of former years, lives in the past again. Our griefs, our pleasures, our youth, our sorrows, our dear, dear friends, resuscitate. How we tingle with shame over some of those fine passages! How dreary are those disinterred jokes! It was Wednesday night. Philip was writing off at home, in his inn, one of his grand tirades, dated 'Paris, Thursday'—so as to be in time, you understand, for the post of Saturday, when the little waiter comes and says, winking, 'Again that lady, M. Philippe!'

'What lady?' asks our own intelligent correspondent.

'That old lady who came the other day, you know.'

'*C'est moi, mon ami!*' cries Mme. Smolensk's well-known grave voice. 'Here is a letter, *d'abord*. But that says nothing. It was written before the *grande nouvelle*—the great news—the goods news!'

'What good news?' asks the gentleman.

'In two days miss goes to Tours with her aunt and uncle—this good Macvirterre. They have taken their places by the *diligence* of Lafitte and Caillard. They are thy friends. Papa encourages her going. Here is their card of visit. Go thou also; they will receive thee with open arms. What hast thou, my son?'

Philip looked dreadfully sad. An injured and unfortunate gentleman at New York had drawn upon him, and he had paid away everything he had but four francs, and he was living on credit until his next remittance arrived.

'Thou hast no money! I have thought of it. Behold of it! Let him wait—the proprietor!' And she takes out a bank-note which she puts in the young man's hand.

'*Tiens, il t'embrasse encor' c'te vieille!*' says the little knife-boy. '*J'aimerai pas ça, moi, par exemp'!*'

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE AND STYX (INFÉRIEUR).

OUR dear friend Mrs. Baynes was suffering under the influence of one of those panics which sometimes seized her, and during which she remained her husband's most obedient Eliza and vassal. When Baynes wore a certain expression of countenance, we have said that his wife knew resistance to be use-

less. That expression, I suppose, he assumed, when he announced Charlotte's departure to her mother, and ordered Mrs. General Baynes to make the necessary preparations for the girl. 'She might stay some time with her aunt,' Baynes stated. 'A change of air would do the child a great deal of good. Let everything necessary in the shape of hats, bonnets, winter clothes, and so forth, be got ready.' 'Was Char, then, to stay away so long?' asked Mrs. B. 'She has been so happy here that you want to keep her, and fancy she can't be happy without you!' I can fancy the General grimly replying to the partner of his existence. Hanging down her withered head, with a tear mayhap trickling down her cheek, I can fancy the old woman silently departing to do the bidding of her lord. She selects a trunk out of the store of Baynes' baggage. A young lady's trunk was a trunk in those days. Now it is a two or three storied edifice of wood, in which two or three full-grown bodies of young ladies (without crinoline) might be packed. I saw a little old countrywoman at the Folkstone station last year with her traveling baggage contained in a band-box tied up in an old cotton handkerchief hanging on her arm; and she surveyed Lady Knightsbridge's twenty-three black trunks, each well nigh as large as her ladyship's opera-box. Before these great edifices that old woman stood wondering dumbly. That old lady and I had lived in a time when crinoline was not; and yet, I think, women looked even prettier in that time than they do now. Well, a trunk and a band-box were fetched out of the baggage heap for little Charlotte, and I dare say her little brothers jumped and danced on the box with much energy to make the lid shut, and the General brought out his hammer and nails, and nailed a card on the box with 'Mlle. Baynes' thereon printed. And mamma had to look on and witness those preparations. And Walsingham Hely had called; and he wouldn't call again, she knew; and that fair chance for the establishment of her child was lost by the obstinacy of her self-willed, reckless husband. That woman had to water her soup with her furtive tears, to sit of nights behind hearts and spades, and brood over her crushed hopes. If I contemplate that wretched old Niobe much longer, I shall begin to pity her. Away softness! Take out thy arrows, the poisoned, the barbed, the rankling, and prod me the old creature well, god of the silver bow! Eliza Baynes had to look on, then, and see the trunks packed; to see her own authority over her own daughter wrested away from her; to see the undutiful girl prepare with perfect delight and alacrity to go away, without feeling a pang

at leaving a mother who had nursed her through adverse illnesses; who had scolded her for seventeen years.

The General accompanied the party to the *diligence* office. Little Char was very pale and melancholy indeed when she took her place in the coupé. 'She should have a corner; she had been ill, and ought to have a corner,' Unele Mae said, and cheerfully consented to be bodkin. Our three special friends are seated. The other passengers clamber into their places. Away goes the clattering team, as the General waves an adieu to his friends. 'Monstrous fine horses, those gray Normans; famous breed, indeed,' he remarks to his wife on his return.

'Indeed,' she echoes. 'Pray, in what part of the carriage was Mr. Firmin?' she presently asks.

'In no part of the carriage at all!' Baynes answers fiercely, turning beet-root red. And thus, though she had been silent, obedient, hanging her head, the woman showed that she was aware of her master's scheme, and why her girl had been taken away. She knew; but she was beaten. It remained for her but to be silent and bow her head. I dare say she did not sleep one wink that night. She followed the *diligence* in its journey. 'Char is gone,' she thought. 'Yes; in due time he will take from me the obedience of my other children, and tear them out of my lap.' He—that is, the General—was sleeping meanwhile. He had had in the last few days four awful battles—with his child, with his friends, with his wife—in which latter combat he had been conqueror. No wonder Baynes was tired, and needed rest. Anyone of those engagements was enough to weary the veteran.

If we take the liberty of looking into double-bedded rooms and peering into the thoughts which are passing under private nightcaps, may we not examine the coupé of a jingling *diligence* with an open window, in which a young lady sits wide awake by the side of her unele and aunt? These perhaps are asleep; but she is not. Ah, she is thinking of another journey! that blissful one from Boulogne, when *he* was there yonder in the imperial, by the side of the conductor. When the Mae-Whirter party had come to the *diligence* office, how her little heart had beat! How she had looked under the lamps at all the people lounging about the court! How she had listened when the clerk called out the names of the passengers; and, merey, what a fright she had been in, lest he should be there after all, while she stood yet leaning on her father's arm! But there was no—well, names, I think need scarcely be mentioned. There was no sign of the individual in question. Papa kissed her, and sadly said good-by. Good Mme. Smolensk came with

an adieu and an embrace for her dear Miss, and whispered, 'Courage, mon enfant,' and then said, 'Hold, I have brought you some bonbons.' There they were in a little packet. Little Charlotte put the packet into her little basket. Away goes the *diligence*, but the individual had made no sign.

Away goes the *diligence*; and every now and then Charlotte feels the little packet in her little basket. What does it contain—oh, what? If Charlotte could but read with her heart, she would see in that little packet—the sweetest bonbon of all perhaps it might be, or, ah me! the bitterest almond! Through the night goes the *diligence*, passing relay after relay. Uncle Mac sleeps. I think I have said he snored. Aunt Mac is quite silent, and Char sits plaintively with her lonely thoughts and her bonbons, as miles, hours, relays pass.

'These ladies, will they descend and take a cup of coffee, a cup of bouillon?' at last cries a waiter at the coupé door, as the carriage stop in Orleans. 'By all means a cup of coffee,' says Aunt Mac. 'The little Orleans wine is good,' cries Uncle Mac. '*Descendons!*' 'This way, Madame,' says the waiter. 'Charlotte, my love, some coffee?'

'I will—I will stay in the carriage. I don't want anything, thank you,' says Miss Charlotte. And the instant her relations are gone, entering the gate of the Lion Noir, where, you know, are the Bureaux des Messageries Lafitte, Caillard et Cie.—I say, on the very instant when her relations have disappeared, what do you think Miss Charlotte does?

She opens that packet of bonbons with fingers that tremble—tremble so, I wonder how she could undo the knot of the string (or do you think she had untied that knot under her shawl in the dark? I can't say. We never shall know). Well; she opens the packet. She does not care one fig for the lollipops, almonds, and so forth. She pounces on a little scrap of paper, and is going to read it by the light of the steaming stable lanterns, when— Oh, what made her start so?

In those old days there used to be two *diligences* which traveled nightly to Tours, setting out at the same hour, and stopping at almost the same relays. The *diligence* of Lafitte and Caillard supped at the Lion Noir at Orleans—the *diligence* of the Messageries Royales stopped at the Ecu de France, hard by.

Well, as the Messageries Royales are supping at the Ecu de France, a passenger strolls over from that coach, and strolls and strolls until he comes to the coach of Lafitte, Caillard, and Company, and to the coupé window where Miss Baynes is trying to decipher her bonbon.

He comes up—and as the night-lamps fall on his face and beard—his rosy face, his yellow beard—oh—— What means that scream of the young lady in the coupé of Lafitte, Caillard et Compagnie! I declare she has dropped the letter which she was about to read. It has dropped into a pool of mud under the *diligence* off fore-wheel. And he with the yellow beard, and a sweet happy laugh, and a tremble in his deep voice, says, ‘You need not read it. It was only to tell you what you know.’

Then the coupé window says, ‘O Philip! Oh, my——’

My what? You cannot hear the words, because the gray Norman horses come squealing and clattering up to their coach pole with such accompanying cries and imprecations from the horse-keepers and postilions, that no wonder the little warble is lost. It was not intended for you and me to hear; but perhaps you can guess the purport of the words. Perhaps in quite old, old days, you may remember having heard such little whispers, in a time when the song-birds in your grove caroled that kind of song very pleasantly and freely. But this, my good madam, is written in February. The birds are gone; the branches are bare; the gardener has actually swept the leaves off the walks; and the whole affair is an affair of a past year, you understand. Well! *carpe diem, fugit hora*, etc., etc. There, for one minute, for two minutes, stands Philip over the *diligence* off fore-wheel, talking to Charlotte at the window, and their heads are quite close—quite close. What are those pairs of lips warbling, whispering? ‘Hi! Gare! Ohé!’ The horsekeepers, I say, quite prevent you from hearing; and here come the passengers out of the Lion Noir, Aunt Mac still munching a great slice of bread and butter. Charlotte is quite comfortable, and does not want anything, dear aunt, thank you. I hope she nestles in her corner, and has a sweet slumber. On the journey the twin *diligences* pass and repass each other. Perhaps Charlotte looks out of her window sometimes and toward the other carriage. I don’t know. It is a long time ago. What used you to do in old days, ere railroads were, and when *diligences* ran? They were slow enough; but they have got to their journey’s end somehow. They were tight, hot, dusty, dear, stuffy, and uncomfortable; but, for all that, traveling was good sport sometimes. And if the world would have the kindness to go back for five-and-twenty or thirty years, some of us who have traveled on the Tours and Orleans Railway very comfortably would like to take the *diligence* journey now.

Having myself seen the city of Tours only last year, of course I don’t remember much about it. A man remembers boyhood,

and the first sight of Calais, and so forth. But after much travel or converse with the world, to see a new town is to be introduced to Jones. He is like Brown; he is not unlike Smith. In a little while you hash him up with Thompson. I dare not be particular, then, regarding Mr. Firmin's life at Tours, lest I should make topographical errors, for which the eritical schoolmaster would justly inflict chastisement. In the last novel I read about Tours, there were blunders from the effect of which you know the wretched author never recovered. It was by one Scott, and had young Quentin Durward for a hero, and Isabel de Croye for a heroine; and she sat in her hostel, and sang, 'Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh.' A pretty ballad enough; but what ignorance, my dear sir! What descriptions of Tours, of Liége, are in that fallacious story! Yes, so fallacious and misleading, that I remember I was sorry, not because the description was unlike Tours, but because Tours was unlike the description.

So Quentin Firmin went and put up at the snug little hostel of the Faisan; and Isabel de Baynes took up her abode with her uncle the Sire de MacWhirter; and I believe Master Firmin had no more money in his pocket than the Master Durward whose story the Scottish novelist told some forty years since. And I cannot promise you that our young English adventurer shall marry a noble heiress of vast property, and engage the Boar of Ardennes in a hand-to-hand combat; that sort of Boar, madam, does not appear in our modern drawing room histories. Of others, not wild, there be plenty. They gore you in clubs. They seize you by the doublet, and pin you against posts in public streets. They run at you in parks. I have seen them sit at bay after dinner, ripping, gashing, tossing, a whole company. These our young adventurer had in good sooth to encounter, as is the case with most knights. Who escapes them? I remember an eminent person talking to me about bores for two hours once. Oh, you stupid eminent person! You never knew that you yourself had tusks, little eyes in your *hure*; a bristly mane to cut into tooth-brushes; and a curly tail! I have a notion that the multitude of bores is enormous in the world. If a man is a bore himself, when he is bored—and you can't deny this statement—then what am I, what are you, what your father, grandfather, son—all your amiable acquaintance, in a word? Of this I am sure. Major and Mrs. MacWhirter were not brilliant in conversation. What would you and I do, or say, if we listen to the tittle-tattle of Tours. How the clergyman was certainly too fond of cards, and going to the

café; how the dinners those Popjoys gave were too absurdly ostentatious; and Popjoy, we know, in the Bench last year. How Mrs. Flights, going on with that Major of French Carabiniers, was really too etc., etc. 'How could I endure those people?' Philip would ask himself, when talking of that personage in after days, as he loved, and loves to do. 'How could I endure them, I say? Mac was a good man; but I knew secretly in my heart, sir, that he was a bore. Well; I loved him. I liked his old stories. I liked his bad old dinners; there is a very comfortable Touraine wine, by the way—a very warming little wine, sir. Mrs. Mac you never saw, my good Mrs. Pendennis. Be sure of this, you never would have liked her. Well, I did. I liked her house, though it was damp, in a damp garden, frequented by dull people. I should like to go and see that old house now. I am perfectly happy with my wife, but I sometimes go away from her to enjoy the luxury of living over our old days again. With nothing in the world but an allowance which was precarious, and had been spent in advance; with no particular plans for the future, and a few five-franc pieces for the present, by Jove, sir, how did I dare to be so happy? What idiots we were, my love, to be happy at all! We were mad to marry. Don't tell me; with a purse which didn't contain three months' consumption, would we dare to marry now? We should be put into the mad ward of the workhouse; that would be the only place for us. Talk about trusting in Heaven. Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! I have as good a right to go and buy a house in Belgrave Square, and trust to Heaven for the payment, as I had to marry when I did. We were paupers, Mrs. Char, and you know that very well!

'Oh, yes. We were very wrong; very!' says Mrs. Charlotte, looking up to her chandelier (which, by the way, is of very handsome Venetian old glass). 'We were very wrong, were not we, my dearest?' And herewith she will begin to kiss and fondle two or more babies that disport in her room—as if two or more babies had anything to do with Philip's argument, that a man has no right to marry who has no pretty well-assured means of keeping a wife.

Here, then, by the banks of Loire, although Philip had but a very few francs in his pocket, and was obliged to keep a sharp look-out on his expenses at the Hotel of the Golden Pheasant, he passed a fortnight of such happiness as I, for my part, wish to all young folks who read his veracious history. Though he was so poor, and ate and drank so modestly in the house, the maids, waiters, the landlady of the Pheasant, were as civil

to him—yes, as civil as they were to the gouty old Marchioness of Carabas herself, who stayed here on her way to the south, occupied the grand apartments, quarreled with her lodging, dinner, breakfast, bread-and-butter in general, insulted the landlady, in bad French, and only paid her bill under compulsion. Philip's was a little bill, but he paid it cheerfully. He gave only a small gratuity to the servants, but he was kind and hearty, and they knew he was poor. He was kind and hearty, I suppose because he was so happy. I have known the gentleman to be by no means civil; and have heard him storm, and hector, and browbeat landlord and waiters, as fiercely as the Marquis of Carabas himself. But now Philip the Bear was the most gentle of bears, because his little Charlotte was leading him.

Away with trouble and doubt, with squeamish pride and gloomy care! Philip had enough money for a fortnight, during which Tom Glazier, of the *Monitor*, promised to supply Philip's letters for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All the designs of France, Spain, Russia, gave that idle 'our correspondent' not the slightest anxiety. In the morning it was Miss Baynes; in the afternoon it was Miss Baynes. At six it was dinner and Charlotte; at nine it was Charlotte and tea. 'Anyhow, love-making does not spoil his appetite,' Major MacWhirter remarked. Indeed, Philip had a glorious appetite; and health bloomed in Miss Charlotte's cheek, and beamed in her happy little heart. Dr. Firmin, in the height of his practice, never completed a cure more skillfully than that which was performed by Dr. Firmin, junior.

'I ran the thing so close, sir,' I remember Philip bawling out, in his usual energetic way, while describing this period of his life's greatest happiness to his biographer, 'that I came back to Paris outside the *diligence*, and had not money enough to dine on the road. But I bought a sausage, sir, and a bit of bread—and a brutal sausage it was, sir—and I reached my lodgings with exactly two sous in my pocket.' Roger Bon-temps himself was not more content than our easy philosopher.

So Philip and Charlotte ratified and sealed the treaty of Tours, which they determined should never be broken by either party. Marry without papa's consent? Oh, never! Marry anybody but Philip? Oh, never—never! Not if she lived to be a hundred, when Philip would in consequence be in his hundred and ninth or tenth year, would this young Joan have any but her present Darby. Aunt Mac, though she may not have been the most accomplished or highly bred of ladies, was a warm-hearted and affectionate Aunt Mac. She caught in a

mild form the fever from these young people. She had not much to leave, and Mac's relations would want all *he* could spare when he was gone. But Charlotte should have her garnets, and her teapot, and her India shawl—that she should.* And with many blessings this enthusiastic old lady took leave of her future nephew-in-law when he returned to Paris and duty. Crack your whip, and scream your *hi!* and be off quick, postilion and *diligence!* I am glad we have taken Mr. Firmin out of that dangerous, lazy love-making place. Nothing is to me so sweet as sentimental writing. I could have written hundreds of pages describing Philip and Charlotte, Charlotte and Philip. But a stern sense of duty intervenes. My modest Muse puts a finger on her lip, and says, 'Hush about that business!' Ah, my worthy friend, you little know what soft-hearted people those cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I dare say you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub. Philip shall leave his sweetheart and go back to his business, and we will not have one word about tears, promises, raptures, partings. Never mind about these sentimentalities, but please, rather, to depict to yourself our young fellow so poor that when the coach stops for dinner at Orleans he can only afford to purchase a penny-loaf and a sausage for his own hungry cheek. When he reached the Hotel Poussin with his meager carpet-bag, they served him a supper which he ate to the admiration of all beholders in the little coffee room.

He was in great spirits and gayety. He did not care to make any secret of his poverty, and how he had been unable to afford to pay for dinner. Most of the guests at the Hotel Poussin knew what it was to be poor. Often and often they had dined on credit when they put back their napkins into their respective pigeon-holes. But my landlord knew his guests. They were poor men—honest men. They paid him in the end, and each could help his neighbor in a strait.

After Mr. Firmin's return to Paris, he did not care for a while to go to the Elysian Fields. They were not Elysian for him, except in Miss Charlotte's company. He resumed his newspaper correspondence, which occupied a day in each week, and he had the other six—nay, he scribbled on the seventh day likewise, and covered immense sheets of letter-paper with remarks upon all manner of subjects, addressed to a certain Made-

* I am sorry to say that in later days, after Mrs. Major MacWhirter's decease, it was found that she had promised these treasures *in writing* to several members of her husband's family, and that much heart-burning arose in consequence. But our story has nothing to do with these painful disputes.

moiselle, Mlle. Baynes, chez M. le Major Mac, etc. On these sheets of paper Mr. Firmin could talk so long, so loudly, so fervently, so eloquently to Miss Baynes, that she was never tired of hearing, or he of holding forth. He began imparting his dreams and his earliest sensations to his beloved before breakfast. At noon-day he gave her his opinion of the contents of the morning papers. His packet was ordinarily full and brimming over by post-time, so that his expressions of love and fidelity leaked from under the cover, or were squeezed into the queerest corners, where, no doubt, it was a delightful task for Miss Baynes to trace out and detect those little Cupids which a faithful lover despatched to her. It would be, 'I have found this little corner unoccupied. Do you know what I have to say in it? O Charlotte, I,' etc., etc. My sweet young lady, you can guess, or will one day guess, the rest; and will receive such dear, delightful, nonsensical double letters, and will answer them with that elegant propriety which I have no doubt Miss Baynes showed in her replies. Ah! if all who are writing and receiving such letters, or who have written and received such, or who remember writing and receiving such letters, would order a copy of this novel from the publishers, what reams, and piles, and pyramids of paper our ink would have to blacken! Since Charlotte and Philip had been engaged to each other, he had scarcely, except in those dreadful, ghastly days of quarrel, enjoyed the luxury of absence from his soul's blessing—the exquisite delights of writing to her. He could do few things in moderation, this man—and of this delightful privilege of writing to Charlotte he now enjoyed his heart's fill.

After brief enjoyment of the weeks of this rapture, when winter was come on Paris, and icicles hung on the bough, how did it happen that one day, two days, three days passed, and the postman brought no little letter in the well-known little handwriting for M. Philip Firmin, à Paris? Three days, four days, and no letter. Oh, torture, could she be ill? Could her aunt and uncle have turned against her, and forbidden her to write, as her father and mother had done before? Oh, grief, and sorrow and rage! As for jealousy, our leonine friend never knew such a passion. It never entered into his lordly heart to doubt of his little maiden's love. But still four, five days have passed, and not one word has come from Tours. The little Hotel Poussin was in a commotion. I have said that when our friend felt any passion very strongly he was sure to speak of it. Did Don Quixote lose any opportunity of declaring to the world that Dulcinea del Toboso was peerless among women?

Did not Antar bawl out in battle, 'I am the lover of Ibla'? Our knight had taken all the people of the hotel into his confidence somehow. They all knew of his condition—all, the painter, the poet, the half-pay Polish officer, the landlord, the hostess, down to the little knife-boy who used to come in with, 'The factor comes of to pass—no letter this morning.'

No doubt Philip's political letters became, under this outward pressure, very desponding and gloomy. One day, as he sat gnawing his mustaches at his desk, the little Anatole enters his apartment and cries, '*Tenez, M. Philippe. That lady again!*' And the faithful, the watchful, the active Mme. Somlensk once more made her appearance in his chamber.

Philip blushed and hung his head for shame. 'Ungrateful brute that I am,' he thought; 'I have been back more than a week, and never thought a bit about that good, kind soul, who came to my succor. I am an awful egotist. Love is always so.'

As he rose up to greet his friend, she looked so grave, and pale, and sad, that he could not but note her demeanor. '*Bon Dieu!* had anything happened?'

'*Ce pauvre Général* is ill, very ill, Philip,' Smolensk said, in her grave voice.

He was so gravely ill, Madame said, that his daughter had been sent for.

'Had she come?' asked Philip, with a start.

'You think but of her—you care not for the poor old man. You are all the same, you men. All egotists—all. Go! I know you! I never knew one that was not,' said Madame.

Philip has his little faults; perhaps egotism *is* one of his defects. Perhaps it is yours, or even mine.

'You have been here a week since Thursday last, and you have never written or sent to a woman who loves you well. Go! It was not well, M. Philippe.'

As soon as he saw her, Philip felt that he had been neglectful and ungrateful. We have owned so much already. But how should Madame know that he had returned on Thursday week? When they looked up after her reproof his eager eyes seemed to ask this question.

'Could she not write to me and tell me that you were come back? Perhaps she knew that you would not do so yourself. A woman's heart teaches her these experiences early,' continued the lady sadly; then she added; I tell you, you are good-for-nothings, all of you! And I repent me, see you, of having had the *bêtise* to pity you!

'I shall have my quarter's pay on Saturday. I was coming to you then,' said Philip.

‘Was it that I was speaking of? What! you are all cowards, men all! Oh, that I have been beast, beast, to think at last I had found a man of heart!’

How much or how often this poor Ariadne had trusted and been forsaken, I have no means of knowing, or desire of inquiring. Perhaps it is as well for the polite reader, who is taken into my entire confidence, that we should not know Mme. de Smolensk’s history from the first page to the last. Granted that Ariadne was deceived by Theseus; but then she consoled herself, as we may all read in ‘Smith’s Dictionary’; and then she must have deceived her father in order to run away with Theseus. I suspect—I suspect, I say, that these women who are so *very* much betrayed, are—but we are speculating on this French lady’s antecedents, when Charlotte, her lover, and her family are the persons with whom we have mainly to do.

These two, I suppose, forgot self, about which each for a moment had been busy and Madame resumed; ‘Yes, you have reason; Miss is here. It was time. Hold! Here is a note from her.’ And Philip’s kind messenger once more put a paper into his hands.

‘My dearest father is very, very ill. O Philip! I am so unhappy; and he is so good, and gentle, and kind, and loves me so!’

‘It is true,’ Madame resumed. ‘Before Charlotte came, he thought only of her. When his wife comes up to him, he turns from her. I have not loved her much, that lady, that is true. But to see her now, it is *navrant*. He will take no medicine from her. He pushes her away. Before Charlotte came, he sent for me, and spoke as well as his poor throat would let him, this poor General! His daughter’s arrival seemed to comfort him. But he says, “Not my wife! not my wife!” And the poor thing has to go away and cry in the chamber at the side. He says—in his French, you know—he has never been well since Charlotte went away. He has often been out. He has dined but rarely at our table, and there has always been a silence between him and Mme. la Générale. Last week he had a great inflammation of the chest. Then he took to bed, and Monsieur the Docteur came—the little doctor whom you know. Then a quinsy has declared itself, and he now is scarce able to speak. His condition is most grave. He lies suffering, dying, perhaps—yes, dying, do you hear? And you are thinking of your little schoolgirl! Men are all the same. Monsters! Go!’

Philip, who, I have said, is very fond of talking about Philip, surveys his own faults with great magnanimity and

good humor, and acknowledges them without the least intention to correct them. 'How selfish we are!' I can hear him say, looking at himself in the glass. 'By George! sir, when I heard simultaneously the news of that poor old man's illness, and of Charlotte's return, I felt that I wanted to see *her* that instant. I must go to her, and speak to her. The old man and his suffering did not seem to affect me. It is humiliating to have to own that we are selfish beasts. But we are, sir—we are brutes, by George! and nothing else.' And he gives a finishing twist to the ends of his flaming mustaches as he surveys them in the glass.

Poor little Charlotte was in such affliction that of course she must have Philip to console her at once. No time was to be lost. Quick! a cab *this* moment; and coachman, you shall have an extra for drink if you go quick to the Avenue de Valmy! Madame puts herself into the carriage, and as they go along, tells Philip more at length of the gloomy occurrences of the last few days. Four days since the poor General was so bad with his quinsy that he thought he should not recover, and Charlotte was sent for. He was a little better on the day of her arrival; but yesterday the inflammation had increased; he could not swallow; he could not speak audibly; he was in very great suffering and danger. He turned away from his wife. The unhappy General had been to Mme. Bunch in her tears and grief, complaining that after twenty year's fidelity and attachment her husband had withdrawn his regard from her. Baynes attributed even his illness to his wife; and at other times said it was a just punishment for his wicked conduct in breaking his word to Philip and Charlotte. If he did not see his dear child again he must beg her forgiveness for having made her suffer so. He had acted wickedly and ungratefully, and his wife had forced him to do what he did. He prayed that Heaven might pardon him. And he had behaved with wicked injustice toward Philip, who had acted most generously toward his family. And he had been a scoundrel—he knew he had—and Bunch, and MacWhirter, and the Doctor all said so—and it was that woman's doing. And he pointed to the scared wife as he painfully hissed out these words of anger and contrition; 'When I saw that child ill, and almost made mad, because I broke my word, I felt I was a scoundrel, Martin; and I was; and that woman made me so; and I deserve to be shot; and I shan't recover; I tell you I shan't.' Dr. Martin, who attended the General, thus described his patient's last talk and behavior to Philip.

It was the doctor who sent Madame in quest of the young

man. He found poor Mrs. Baynes with hot, tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick-chamber. 'You will find General Baynes very ill, sir,' she said to Philip with a ghastly calmness, and a gaze he could scarcely face. 'My daughter is in the room with him. It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me.' And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap.

Philip hardly knew the meaning of Mrs. Baynes' words as yet. He was agitated by the thought of the General's illness, perhaps by the notion that the beloved was so near. Her hand was in his a moment afterward; and, even in that sad chamber, each could give the other a soft pressure, a fond, silent signal of mutual love and faith.

The poor man laid the hands of the young people together, and his own upon them. The suffering to which he had put his daughter seemed to be the crime which specially affected him. He thanked Heaven he was able to see he was wrong. He whispered to his little maid a prayer for pardon in one or two words, which caused poor Charlotte to sink on her knees and cover his fevered hand with tears and kisses. Out of all her heart she forgave him. She had felt that the parent she loved and was accustomed to honor had been mercenary and cruel. It had wounded her pure heart to be obliged to think that her father could be other than generous, and just, and good. That he should humble himself before her, smote her with the keenest pang of tender commiseration. I do not care to pursue this last scene. Let us close the door as the children kneel by the sufferer's bedside, and to the old man's petition for forgiveness and to the young girl's sobbing vows of love and fondness, say a reverent Amen.

By the following letter, which he wrote a few days before the fatal termination of his illness, the worthy General, it would appear, had already despaired of his recovery.

MY DEAR MAC. I speak and breathe with such difficulty as I write this from my bed that I doubt whether I shall ever leave it. I do not wish to vex poor Eliza, and in my state cannot *enter into disputes* which I know would ensue regarding settlement of property. When I left England there was a claim hanging over me (young Firmin's) at which I was needlessly frightened, as having to satisfy it would swallow up *much more than everything I possessed in the world*. Hence made arrangements for leaving everything in Eliza's name and the children after. Will with Smith & Thompson, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. Think Char *won't be happy for a long time with her mother*. To break from F., who has been most generous to us, will break her heart. Will you and Emily keep her for a little? I gave *F. my promise*. As you told me, I have acted ill by him, which I own and deeply lament. If Char marries, *she ought to have her share*. May God bless her, her father prays, in case he should not see her again. And with best love to Emily, am yours, dear Mac, sincerely,
CHARLES BAYNES.

On the receipt of this letter, Charlotte disobeyed her father's

wish, and set forth from Tours instantly, under her worthy unele's guardianship. The old soldier was in his comrade's room when the General put the hands of Charlotte and her lover together. He confessed his fault, though it is hard for those who expect love and reverence to have to own to wrong and to ask pardon. Old knees are stiff to bend; brother reader, young or old, when our last hour comes, may ours have grace to do so.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURNS TO OLD FRIENDS.

THE three old comrades and Philip formed the little mourning proession which followed the General to his place of rest at Montmartre. When the service has been read, and the last volley has been fired over the buried soldier, the troops march to quarters with a quick step, and to a lively tune. Our veteran has been laid in the grave with brief ceremonies. We do not even prolong his obsequies with a sermon. His place knows him no longer. There are a few who remember him; a very, very few who grieve for him—so few that to think of them is a humiliation almost. The sun sets on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dews fall; children go to sleep in awe and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry. They are interested about their new black clothes, perhaps. They are presently at their work, plays, quarrels. They are looking forward to the day when the holidays will be over, and the eyes which shone here yesterday so kindly are gone, gone, gone. A drive to the cemetery, followed by a coach with four acquaintanees dressed in decorous black, who separate and go to their homes or elubs, and wear your crape for a few days after—can most of us expect much more? The thought is not ennobling or exhilarating, worthy sir. And, pray, why should we be proud of ourselves? Is it because we have been so good, or are so wise and great, that we expect to be beloved, lamented, remembered? Why, great Xerxes or blustering Bobadil must know in that last hour and resting-plaee how abjeet, how small, how low, how lonely they are, and what a little dust will cover them. Quick, drums and fifes, a lively tune! Whip the black team, coachman, and trot baek to town again—to the world, and to business, and duty!

I am for saying no single unkindness of General Baynes which is not forced upon me by my story-teller's office. We

know from Marlborough's story that the bravest man and greatest military genius is not always brave or successful in his battles with his wife; that some of the greatest warriors have committed errors in accounts and the distributions of *meum* and *tuum*. We can't disguise from ourselves the fact that Baynes permitted himself to be misled, and had weaknesses not quite consistent with the highest virtue.

When he became aware that his carelessness in the matter of Mrs. Firmin's trust-money had placed him in her son's power, we have seen how the old General, in order to avoid being called to account, fled across the water with his family and all his little fortune, and how terrified he was on landing on a foreign shore to find himself face to face with this dreadful creditor. Philip's renunciation of all claims against Baynes soothed and pleased the old man wonderfully. But Philip might change his mind, an adviser at Baynes' side repeatedly urged. To live abroad was cheaper and safer than to live at home. Accordingly Baynes, his wife, family, and money, all went into exile, and remained there.

What savings the old man had I don't accurately know. He and his wife were very dark upon this subject with Philip; and when the General died, his widow declared herself to be almost a pauper! It was impossible that Baynes should have left much money; but that Charlotte's share should have amounted to—that sum which may or may not presently be stated—was a little *too* absurd! You see Mr. and Mrs. Firmin are traveling abroad just now. When I wrote to Firmin, to ask if I might mention the amount of his wife's fortune, he gave me no answer; nor do I like to enter upon these matters of calculation without his explicit permission. He is of a hot temper; he might, on his return, grow angry with the friend of his youth, and say, 'Sir, how dare you talk about my private affairs? and what has the public to do with Mrs. Firmin's private fortune?'

When, the last rites over, good-natured Unele Mac proposed to take Charlotte back to Tours her mother made no objection. The widow had tried to do the girl such an injury, that perhaps the latter felt that forgiveness was impossible. Little Char loved Philip with all her heart and strength; had been authorized and encouraged to do so, as we have seen. To give him up now, because a richer suitor presented himself, was an act of treason from which her faithful heart revolted, and she never could pardon the instigator. You see, in this simple story, I scarcely care even to have reticence or secrets. I don't

want you to understand for a moment that Walsingham Hely was still crying his eyes out about Charlotte. Goodness bless you! It was two or three weeks ago—four or five weeks ago, that he was in love with *her!* He had not seen the Duchesse d'Ivry then, about whom you may remember he had the quarrel with Podichon, at the club in the Rue de Grammont. (He and the Duchesse wrote poems to each other, each in the other's native language.) The Charlotte had long past out of the young fellow's mind. That butterfly had fluttered off from our English rosebud, and had settled on the other elderly flower! I don't know that Mrs. Baynes was aware of young Hely's fickleness at this present time of which we are writing; but his visits had ceased, and she was angry and disappointed; and not the less angry because her labor had been in vain. On her part, Charlotte could also be resolutely unforgiving. Take her Philip from her! Never, never! Her mother force her to give up the man whom she had been encouraged to love? Mamma should have defended Philip, not betrayed him! If I command my son to steal a spoon, shall he obey me? And if he do obey and steal, and be transported, will he love me afterward? I think I can hardly ask for so much filial affection.

So there was strife between mother and daughter; and anger not the less bitter, on Mrs. Baynes' part, because her husband, whose cupidity or fear had, at first, induced him to take her side, had deserted her and gone over to her daughter. In the anger of that controversy Baynes died, leaving the victory and right with Charlotte. He shrank from his wife; would not speak to her in his last moments. The widow had these injuries against her daughter and Philip; and thus neither side forgave the other. She was not averse to the child's going away to her uncle; put a lean, hungry face against Charlotte's lip, and received a kiss which I fear had but little love in it. I don't envy those children who remain under the widow's lonely command; or poor Mme. Smolensk, who has to endure the arrogance, the grief, the avarice of that grim woman. Nor did Madame suffer under this tyranny long. *Galignani's Messenger* very soon announced that she had lodgings to let, and I remember being edified by reading one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that elegant apartments, select society, and an excellent table were to be found in one of the most airy and fashionable quarters of Paris. Inquire of Mme. la Baronne de S—sk, Avenue de Valmy, Champs Elysées.

We guessed without difficulty how this advertisement found its way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and very soon after its ap-

pearance Mme. de Smolensk's friend, Mr. Philip, made his appearance at our tea-table in London. He was always welcome among us elders and children. He wore a erape on his hat. As soon as the young ones were gone, you may be sure he poured his story out; and enlarged upon the death, the burial, the quarrels, the loves, the partings we have narrated. How could he be put in a way to earn three or four hundred a year? That was the present question. Ere he came to see us, he had already been totting up ways and means. He had been with our friend Mrs. Brandon; was staying with her. The Little Sister thought three hundred would be sufficient. They could have her second floor—not for nothing; no, no, but at a moderate price, which would pay her. They could have attics, if more rooms were needed. They could have her kitchen fire, and one maid, for the present, would do all their work. Poor little thing! She was very young. She would be past eighteen by the time she could marry; the Little Sister was for early marriages, against long courtships. 'Heaven helps those as helps themselves,' she said. And Mr. Philip thought this excellent advice, and Mr. Philip's friend, when asked for *his* opinion—'Candidly now, what's your opinion?' said, 'Is she in the next room? Of course you mean you are married already.'

Philip roared one of his great laughs. No, he was not married already. Had he not said that Miss Baynes was gone away to Tours to her aunt and uncle? But that he wanted to be married; but that he could never settle down to work till he married; but that he could have no rest, peace, health till he married that angel, he was ready to confess. Ready? All the street might hear him calling out the name and expatiating on the angelic charms and good of his Charlotte. He spoke so loud and long on this subject that my wife grew a little tired; and my wife *always* likes to hear other women praised, that (she says) I know she does. But when a man goes on roaring for an hour about Duleinea? You know such talk becomes fulsome at last; and, in fine, when he was gone, my wife said, 'Well, he is very much in love; so were you—I mean long before my time, sir; but does love pay the housekeeping bills, pray?'

'No, my dear. And love is always controlled by other people's advice; always,' says Philip's friend; who, I hope, you will perceive was speaking ironically.

Philip's friends had listened not impatiently to Philip's talk about Philip. Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again with that conversation, and renew their

own early times. Men are not quite so generous; Tityrus tires of hearing Corydon discourse endlessly on the charms of his shepherdess. And yet egotism is good talk. Even dull autobiographies are pleasant to read; and if to read, why not to hear? Had Master Philip not been such an egotist, he would not have been so pleasant a companion. Can't you like a man at whom you laugh a little? I had rather such an open-mouthed conversationist than your cautious jaws that never unlock without a careful application of the key. As for the entrance to Mr. Philip's mind, that door was always open when he was awake, or not hungry, or in a friend's company. Besides his love, and his prospects in life, his poverty, etc., Philip had other favorite topics of conversation. His friend the Little Sister was a great theme with him; his father was another favorite subject of his talk. By the way, his father had written to the Little Sister. The doctor said he was sure to prosper in his newly adopted country. He and another physician had invented a new medicine, which was to effect wonders, and in a few years would assuredly make the fortune of both of them. He was never without one scheme or another for making that fortune which never came. Whenever he drew upon poor Philip for little sums, his letters were sure to be especially magniloquent and hopeful. 'Whenever the doctor says he has invented the philosopher's stone,' said poor Philip, 'I am sure there will be a postscript to say that a little bill will be presented for so much, at so many days' date.'

Had he drawn on Philip lately? Philip told us when, and how often. We gave him all the benefit of our virtuous indignation. As for my wife's eyes, they gleamed with anger. What a man; what a father! Oh, he was incorrigible! 'Yes, I am afraid he is,' says poor Phil eomically, with his hands roaming at ease in his pockets. They contained little else than those big hands. 'My father is of a hopeful turn. His views regarding property are peculiar. It is a comfort to have such a distinguished parent, isn't it? I am always surprised to hear that he is not married again. I sigh for a step-mother,' Philip continued.

'Oh, *don't*, Philip!' cried Mrs. Laura, in a pet. 'Be generous; be forgiving; be noble; be Christian! Don't be cynical, and imitating—you know whom!'

Whom could she possibly mean, I wonder? After flashes, there came showers in this lady's eyes. From long habit I can understand her thoughts, although she does not utter them. She was thinking of those poor, noble, simple, friendless young

people, and asking Heaven's protection for them. I am not in the habit of over-praising my friends, goodness knows. The foibles of this one I have described honestly enough. But if I write down here that he was courageous, cheerful in adversity, generous, simple, truth-loving, above a scheme—after having said that he was a noble young fellow—*diwi*; and I won't cancel the words. Ardent lover as he was, our friend was glad to be back in the midst of the London smoke, and wealth, and bustle. The fog agreed with his lungs, he said. He breathed more freely in our great City than in that little English village in the center of Paris which he had been inhabiting. In his hotel, and at his café (where he composed his eloquent 'own correspondence'), he had occasion to speak a little French, but it never came very trippingly from his stout English tongue. 'You don't suppose I would like to be taken for a Frenchman,' he would say, with much gravity. I wonder whoever thought of mistaking friend Philip for a Frenchman?

As for that faithful Little Sister, her house and heart were still at the young man's service. We have not visited Thornhaugh Street for some time. Mr. Philip, whom we have been bound to attend, has been too much occupied with his love-making to bestow much thought on his affectionate little friend. She has been trudging meanwhile on her humble course of life, cheerful, modest, laborious, doing her duty, with a helping little hand ready to relieve many a fallen wayfarer on her road. She had a room vacant in her house when Philip came—a room, indeed! Would she not have had a house vacant, if Philip wanted it? But in the interval since we saw her last, the Little Sister, too, has had to assume black robes. Her father, the old Captain, has gone to his rest. His place is vacant in the little parlor; his bedroom is ready for Philip, as long as Philip will stay. She did not profess to feel much affliction for the loss of the captain. She talked of him constantly as though he were present; and made a supper for Philip and seated him in her Pa's chair. How she bustled [about on the night when Philip arrived! What a beaming welcome there was in her kind eyes! Her modest hair was touched with silver now; but her cheeks were like apples; her little figure was neat, and light, and active; and her voice, with its gentle laugh and little sweet bad grammar, has always seemed one of the sweetest of voices to me. Very soon after Philip's arrival in London, Mrs. Brandon paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Firmin's humble servant and biographer, and the two women had a fine sentimental consultation. All good women, you

know, are sentimental. The idea of young lovers, of match-making, of amiable poverty, tenderly excites and interest them. My wife, at this time, began to pour off fine long letters to Miss Baynes, to which the latter modestly and dutifully replied, with many expressions of fervor and gratitude for the interest which her friend in London was pleased to take in the little maid. I saw by these answers that Charlotte's union with Philip was taken as a received point by these two ladies. They discussed the ways and means. They did not talk about broughams, settlements, town and country houses, pin-moneys, trousseaux; and my wife, in computing their sources of income, always pointed out that Miss Charlotte's fortune, though certainly small, would give a very useful addition to the young couple's income. 'Fifty pounds a year not much! Let me tell you, sir, that fifty pounds a year is a very pretty little sum; if Philip can but make three hundred a year himself, Mrs. Brandon says they ought to be able to live quite nicely.' You ask, my genteel friend, is it possible that people can live for four hundred a year? How do they manage, *ces pauvres gens?* They eat, they drink, they are clothed, they are warmed, they have roofs over their heads, and glass in their windows; and some of them are as good, happy, and well-bred as their neighbors who are ten times as rich. Then, besides this calculation of money, there is the fond woman's firm belief that the day will bring its daily bread for those who work for it and ask for it in the proper quarter; against which reasoning many a man knows it is in vain to argue. As to my own little objections and doubts, my wife met them by reference to Philip's former love-affair with his cousin, Miss Twysden. 'You had no objection in that case, sir,' this logician would say. 'You would have had him take a creature without a heart. You would cheerfully have seen him made miserable for life, because you thought there was money enough and a genteel connection. Money indeed! Very happy Mrs. Woolcomb is with her money. Very creditably to all sides has *that* marriage turned out!' I need scarcely remind my readers of the unfortunate result of that marriage. Woolcomb's behavior to his wife was the agreeable talk of London society and of the London clubs very soon after the pair were joined in holy matrimony. Do we not all remember how Woolcomb was accused of striking his wife, of starving his wife, and how she took refuge at home and came to her father's house with a black eye? The two Twysdens were so ashamed of this transaction, that father and son left off coming to Bays', where I never heard their ab-

sence regretted but by one man, who said that Talbot owed him money for losses at whist for which he could get no settlement.

Should Mr. Firmin go and see his aunt in her misfortune? Bygones might be bygones, some of Philip's advisers thought. Now, Mrs. Twysden was unhappy, her heart might relent to Philip, whom she certainly had loved as a boy. Philip had the magnanimity to call upon her; and found her carriage waiting at the door. But a servant, after keeping the gentleman waiting in the dreary, well-remembered hall, brought him word that his mistress was out, smiled in his face with an engaging insolence, and proceeded to put cloaks, court-guides, and other female gear into the carriage in the presence of this poor deserted nephew. This visit it must be owned was one of Mrs. Laura's romantic efforts at reconciling enemies; as if, my good creature, the Twysdens ever let a man into their house who was poor or out of fashion! They lived in a constant dread lest Philip should call to borrow money of them. As if they ever lent money to a man who was in need! If they ask the respected reader to their house, depend upon it they think he is well to do. On the other hand, the Twysdens made a very handsome entertainment for the new Lord of Whipham and Ringwood who now reigned after his kinsman's death. They affably went and passed Christmas with him in the country; and they cringed and bowed before Sir John Ringwood as they had bowed and cringed before the earl in his time. The old earl had been a Tory in his latter days, when Talbot Twysden's views were also very conservative. The present Lord of Ringwood was a Whig. It is surprising how liberal the Tywsdens grew in the course of a fortnight's after-dinner conversation and pheasant-shooting talk at Ringwood. 'Hang it!' you know, young Twysden said, in his office afterward, 'a fellow must go with the politics of his family, you know!' and he bragged about the dinners, wines, splendors, cooks, and preserves of Ringwood as freely as in the time of his noble grand-uncle. Anyone who has kept a house-dog in London, which licks your boots and your platter, and fawns for the bones in your dish, knows how the animal barks and flies at the poor who come to the door. The Twysdens, father and son, were of this canine species; and there are vast packs of such dogs here and elsewhere.

If Philip opened his heart to us, and talked unreservedly regarding his hopes and his plans, you may be sure he had his little friend, Mrs. Brandon, also in his confidence, and that no person in the world was more eager to serve him. While we

were talking about what was to be done, this little lady was also at work in her favorite's behalf. She had a firm ally in Mrs. Mugford, the proprietor's lady of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mrs. Mugford had long been interested in Philip, his misfortunes and his love affairs. These two good women had made a sentimental hero of him. Ah, that they could devise some feasible scheme to help him! And such a chance actually did very soon present itself to these delighted women.

In almost all the papers of the new year appeared a brilliant advertisement, announcing the speedy appearance in Dublin of a new paper. It was to be called *The Shamrock*, and its first number was to be issued on the ensuing St. Patrick's day. I need not quote at length the advertisement which heralded the advent of this new periodical. The most famous pens of the national party in Ireland were, of course, engaged to contribute to its columns. Those pens would be hammered into steel of a different shape when the opportunity should offer. Beloved prelates, authors of world-wide fame, bards, the bold strings of whose lyres had rung through the isle already, and made millions of noble hearts to beat, and, by consequence, double the number of eyes to fill; philosophers, renowned for science; and illustrious advocates, whose manly voices had ever spoken the language of hope and freedom to an etc., etc., would be found rallying round the journal, and proud to wear the symbol of *The Shamrock*. Finally, Michael Cassidy, Esq., was chosen to be the editor of this new journal.

This was the M. Cassidy, Esq., who appeared, I think, at Mr. Firmin's call-supper; and who had long been the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If Michael went to Dame Street, why should not Philip be sub-editor at Pall Mall? Mrs. Brandon argued. Of course there would be a score of candidates for Michael's office. The editor would like the patronage. Barnet, Mugford's partner in the *Gazette*, would wish to appoint his man. Cassidy, before retiring, would assuredly intimate his approaching resignation to scores of gentlemen of his nation, who would not object to take the Saxon's pay until they finally shook his yoke off, and would eat his bread until the happy moment arrived when they could knock out his brains in fair battle. As soon as Mrs. Brandon heard of the vacant place, that moment she determined that Philip should have it. It was surprising what a quantity of information our little friend possessed about artists and pressmen, and their lives, families, ways and means. Many gentlemen of both professions came to Mr. Ridley's chambers, and called on the Little Sister on their

way to and fro. How Tom Smith had left the *Herald*, and gone to the *Post*; what price Jack Jones had for his picture, and who sat for the principle figures. I promise you Madam Brandon had all these interesting details by heart; and I think I have described this little person very inadequately, if I have not made you understand that she was as intrepid a little jobber as ever lived, and never scrupled to go any length to serve a friend. To be Archbishop of Canterbury, to be professor of Hebrew, to be teacher of a dancing school, to be organist for a church; for any conceivable place or function this little person would have asserted Philip's capability. 'Don't tell me! He can dance or preach (as the case may be), or write beautiful! And as for being unfit to be a sub-editor, I want to know, has he not as good a head and as good an education as that Cassidy, indeed? And is not Cambridge College the best college in the world? It is, I say. And he went there ever so long. And he might have taken the very best prize, only money was no object to him then, dear fellow, and he did not like to keep the poor out of what he didn't want!'

Mrs. Mugford had always considered the young man as very haughty, but quite the gentleman, and speedily was infected by her gossip's enthusiasm about him. My wife hired a fly, packed several of the children into it, called upon Mrs. Mugford, and chose to be delighted with that lady's garden, with that lady's nursery—with everything that bore the name of Mugford. It was a curiosity to remark in what a flurry of excitement these women plunged, and how they schemed, and coaxed, and caballed, in order to get this place for their *protégé*. My wife thought—she merely happened to surmise; nothing more, of course—that Mrs. Mugford's fond desire was to shine in the world. 'Could we not ask some people—with—with what you call handles to their names,—I think, I before heard you use some such terms, sir,—to meet the Mugfords? Some of Philip's old friends, who I am sure would be very happy to serve him.' Some such artifice was, I own, practiced. We coaxed, cajoled, fondled the Mugfords for Philip's sake, and Heaven forgive Mrs. Laura her hypocrisy. We had an entertainment then, I own. We asked our finest company, and Mr. and Mrs. Mugford to meet them; and we prayed that unlucky Philip to be on his best behavior to all persons who were invited to the feast.

Before my wife this lion of a Firmin was as a lamb. Rough, captious, and overbearing in general society, with those whom he loved and esteemed Philip was of all men the most modest and humble. He would never tire of playing with our chil-

dren, joining in their games, laughing and roaring at their little sports. I have never had such a laughter at my jokes as Philip Firmin. I think my wife liked him for that noble guffaw with which he used to salute those pieces of wit. He arrived a little late sometimes with his laughing chorus, but ten people at table were not so loud as this faithful friend. On the contrary, when those people for whom he has no liking venture on a pun or other pleasantry, I am bound to own that Philip's acknowledgement of their waggery must be anything but pleasant or flattering to them. Now, on occasion of this important dinner, I enjoined him to be very kind, and very civil, and very much pleased with everybody, and to stamp upon nobody's corns, as, indeed, why should he, in life? Who was he to be *ensor morum*? And it has been said that no man could admit his own faults with a more engaging candor than our friend.

We invited, then, Mugford, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his wife; and Biekerton, the editor of that periodical; Lord Egham, Philip's old college friend; and one or two more gentlemen. Our invitations to the ladies were not so fortunate. Some were engaged, others away in the country keeping Christmas. In fine, we considered ourselves rather lucky in securing old Lady Hixie, who lives hard by in Westminster, and who will pass for a lady of fashion when no person of greater note is present. My wife told her that the object of the dinner was to make our friend Firmin acquainted with the editor and proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with whom it was important that he should be on the most amicable footing. Oh! very well. Lady Hixie promised to be quite gracious to the newspaper gentleman and his wife; and kept her promise most graciously during the evening. Our good friend Mrs. Mugford was the first of our guests to arrive. She drove 'in her trap' from her villa in the suburbs; and after putting up his carriage at a neighboring livery-stable, her groom volunteered to help our servants in waiting at dinner. His zeal and activity were remarkable. China smashed, and dish-covers clanged in the passage. Mrs. Mugford said that 'Sam was at his old tricks'; and I hope the hostess showed she was mistress of herself amid that fall of china. Mrs. Mugford came before the appointed hour, she said, in order to see our children. 'With our late London dinner hours,' she remarked, 'children was never seen now.' At Hampstead, hers always appeared at the desert, and enlivened the table with their innocent outcries for oranges and struggles for sweetmeats. In the nursery, where one little maid, in her crisp long night-gown,

was saying her prayers; where another little person, in the most airy costume, was standing before the great barred fire; where a third Lilliputian was sitting up in its nightcap and surplice, surveying the scene below from its crib; the ladies found our dear Little Sister installed. She had come to see her little pets (she had known two or three of them from the very earliest times). She was a great favorite among them all; and, I believe, conspired with the cook down below in preparing certain delicacies for the table. A fine conversation then ensued about our children, about the Mugford children, about babies in general. And then the artful women (the house mistress and the Little Sister) brought Philip on the *tapis*, and discoursed, *à qui mieux*, about his virtues, his misfortunes, his engagement, and that dear little creature to whom he was betrothed. This conversation went on until carriage-wheels were heard in the square, and the knocker (there were actually knockers in that old-fashioned place and time) began to peal. 'Oh, bother! There's the company a-comin',' Mrs. Mugford said; and arranging her cap and flounces, with neat-handed Mrs. Brandon's aid, came downstairs, after taking a tender leave of the little people, to whom she sent a present next day of a pile of fine Christmas books, which had come to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for review. The kind woman had been coaxed, wheedled, and won over to our side, to Philip's side. He had *her* vote for the sub-editorship, whatever might ensue.

Most of our guests had already arrived, when at length Mrs. Mugford was announced. I am bound to say that she presented a remarkable appearance, and that the splendor of her attire was such as is seldom beheld.

Bickerton and Philip were presented to one another, and had a talk about French politics before dinner, during which conversation Philip behaved with perfect discretion and politeness. Bickerton had happened to hear Philip's letters well spoken of—in a good quarter, mind; and his cordiality increased when Lord Egham entered, called Philip by his surname and entered into a perfectly free conversation with him. Old Lady Hixie went into perfectly good society, Bickerton condescended to acknowledge. 'As for Mrs. Mugford,' says he, with a glance of wondering compassion at that lady, 'of course, I need not tell you that *she* is seen nowhere—nowhere.' This said, Mr. Bickerton stepped forward, and calmly patronized my wife, gave a good-natured nod for my own part, reminded Lord Egham that he had had the pleasure of meeting him at Egham; and then fixed on Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office (who, I

own, is one of our most genteel guests), with whom he entered into a discussion of some political matter of that day—I forget what; but the main point was that he named two or three leading public men with whom he had discussed the question, whatever it might be. He named very great names, and led us to understand that with the proprietors of those very great names he was on the most intimate and confidential footing. With his owners—with the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was on the most distant terms, and indeed I am afraid that his behavior to myself and my wife was scarcely respectful. I fancied I saw Philip's brow gathering wrinkles as his eye followed this man strutting from one person to another, and patronizing each. The dinner was a little late, from some reason best known in the lower regions. 'I take it,' says Bickerton, winking at Philip, in a pause of the conversation, 'that our good friend and host is not much used to giving dinners. The mistress of the house is evidently in a state of perturbation.' Philip gave such a horrible grimace that the other at first thought he was in pain.

'You, who have lived a great deal with old Ringwood, know what a good dinner is,' Bickerton continued, giving Firmin a knowing look.

'Any dinner is good which is accompanied with such a welcome as I get here,' said Philip.

'Oh, very good people, very good people, of course!' cries Bickerton.

I need not say he thinks he has perfectly succeeded in adopting the air of a man of the world. He went off to Lady Hixie and talked with her about the last great party at which he had met her; and then he turned to the host, and remarked that my friend, the doctor's son, was a fierce looking fellow. In five minutes he had the good fortune to make himself hated by Mr. Firmin. He walks through the world patronizing his betters. 'Our good friend is not much used to giving dinners—' isn't he? I say, what do you mean by continuing to endure this man? Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office, is a well-known diner-out; Lord Egham is a peer; Bickerton, in a pretty loud voice, talked to one or other of these during dinner and across the table. He sat next to Mrs. Mugford, but he turned his back on that bewildered woman and never condescended to address a word to her personally. 'Of course, I understand you, my dear fellow,' he said to me when, on the retreat of the ladies, we approached within whispering distance. 'You have these people at dinner for reasons of state. You have a book com-

ing out, and want to have it noticed in the paper. I make a point of keeping these people at a distance—the only way of dealing with them, I give you my word.'

Not one offensive word had Philip said to the chief writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and I began to congratulate myself that our dinner would pass without any mishap, when someone unluckily happening to praise the wine, a fresh supply was ordered. 'Very good claret. Who is your wine merchant? Upon my word, I get better claret here than I do in Paris—don't you think so, Mr. Fermin? Where do you generally dine at Paris?'

'I generally dine for thirty sous, and three francs on grand days, Mr. Beckerton,' growls Philip.

'My name is Bickerton.' ('What a vulgar thing for a fellow to talk about his thirty-sous dinners!' murmured my neighbor to me.) 'Well, there is no accounting for tastes! When I go to Paris, I dine at the *Trois Frères*. Give me the Burgundy at the *Trois Frères*.'

'That is because you great leader-writers are paid better than poor correspondents. I shall be delighted to be able to dine better.' And with this Mr. Firmin smiles at Mr. Mugford, his master and owner.

'Nothing so vulgar as talking shop,' says Bickerton, rather loud.

'I am not ashamed of the shop I keep. Are you of yours, Mr. Bickerton?' growls Philip.

'F. had him there,' says Mr. Mugford.

Mr. Bickerton got up from table, turning quite pale. 'Do you mean to be offensive, sir?' he asked.

'Offensive, sir? No, sir. Some men are offensive without meaning it. *You* have been several times to-night!' says Lord Philip.

'I don't see that I am called upon to bear this kind of thing at any man's table!' cried Mr. Bickerton. 'Lord Egham, I wish you good-night!'

'I say, old boy, what's the row about?' asked his lordship. And we were all astonished as my guest rose and left the table in great wrath.

'Serve him right, Firmin, I say!' said Mr. Mugford, again drinking off a glass.

'Why, don't you know?' says Tom Page. 'His father keeps a haberdasher's shop at Cambridge, and sent him to Oxford, where he took a good degree.'

And this had come of a dinner of conciliation—a dinner which was to advance Philip's interest in life!

‘Hit him again, I say,’ cried Mugford, whom wine had rendered eloquent. ‘He’s a supercilious beast, that Bickerton is, and I hate him, and so does Mrs. M.’

CHAPTER XXXI.

NARRATES THAT FAMOUS JOKE ABOUT MISS GRIGSBY.

FOR once Philip found that he had offended without giving general offense. In the confidence of female intercourse, Mrs. Mugford had already, in her own artless but powerful language, confirmed her husband’s statement regarding Mr. Bickerton, and declared that B. was a beast, and she was only sorry that Mr. F. had not hit him a little harder. So different are the opinions which different individuals entertain of the same event! I happen to know that Bickerton, on his side, went away, averring that we were quarrelsome, under-bred people; and that a man of any refinement had best avoid that kind of society. He does really and seriously believe himself our superior, and will lecture almost any gentleman on the art of being one. This assurance is not at all uncommon with your *parvenu*. Proud of his newly acquired knowledge of the art of exhausting the contents of an egg, the well-known little boy of the apologue rushed to impart his knowledge to his grandmother, who had been for many years familiar with the process which the child had just discovered. Which of us has not met with some such instructors? I know men who would be ready to step forward and teach Taglioni how to dance, Tom Sayers how to box, or the Chevalier Bayard how to be a gentleman. We most of us know such men, and undergo, from time to time, the ineffable benefit of their patronage.

Mugford went away from our little entertainment vowing, by George, that Philip shouldn’t want for a friend at the proper season; and this proper season very speedily arrived. I laughed one day, on going to the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, to find Philip installed in the sub-editor’s room, with a provision of scissors, wafers, and paste-pots, snipping paragraphs from this paper and that, altering, condensing, giving titles, and so forth; and, in a word, in regular harness. The three-headed calves, the great prize gooseberries, the old maiden ladies of wonderful ages who at length died in country places—it was wonderful (considering his little experience) how Firmin hunted out these. He entered into all the spirit of his business. He prided himself on the clever titles which he found for his paragraphs. When his paper was completed at the week’s end, he surveyed

it fondly—not the leading articles, or those profound and yet brilliant literary essays which appeared in the *Gazette*—but the births, deaths, marriages, markets, trials, and what not. As a shop-boy, having decorated his master's window, goes into the street, and pleased surveys his work; so the fair face of the *Pall Mall Gazette* rejoiced Mr. Firmin, and Mr. Bince, the printer of the paper. They looked with an honest pride upon the result of their joint labors. Nor did Firmin relish pleasantry on the subject. Did his friends allude to it and ask if he had shot any especially fine *canard* that week? Mr. Philip's brow would corrugate and his cheeks redden. He did not like jokes to be made at his expense; was not his a singular antipathy?

In his capacity of sub-editor, the good fellow had the privilege of taking and giving away countless theater orders, and panorama and diorama tickets; the *Pall Mall Gazette* was not above accepting such little bribes in those days, and Mrs. Mugford's familiarity with the names of opera singers, and splendid appearance in an opera-box, was quite remarkable. Friend Philip would bear away a heap of these cards of admission, delighted to carry off our young folks to one exhibition or another. But once at the diorama, where our young people sat in the darkness, very much frightened as usual, a voice from out the midnight gloom cried out; '*Who has come in with orders from the Pall Mall Gazette?*' A lady, two scared children, and Mr. Sub-editor Philip, all trembled at this dreadful summons. I think I should not dare to print the story even now, did I not know that Mr. Firmin was traveling abroad. It was a blessing the place was dark, so that none could see the poor sub-editor's blushes. Rather than cause any mortification to this lady, I am sure Philip would have submitted to rack and torture. But, indeed, her annoyance was very slight, except in seeing her friend annoyed. The humor of the scene surpassed the annoyance in the lady's mind, and caused her to laugh at the mishap; but I own our little boy (who is of an aristocratic turn, and rather too sensitive to ridicule from his schoolfellows) was not at all anxious to talk upon the subject, or to let the world know that he went to a place of public amusement 'with an order.'

As for Philip's landlady, the Little Sister, she, you know, had been familiar with the press, and pressmen, and orders for the play for years past. She looked quite young and pretty, with her kind smiling face and neat tight black dress, as she came to the theater—it was to an Easter piece—on Philip's arm, one evening. Our children saw her from their cab, as

they, too, were driving to the same performance. It was, 'Look, mamma! There's Philip and the Little Sister!' And then came such smiles, and nods, and delighted recognitions from the cab to the two friends on foot! Of course I have forgotten what was the piece which we all saw on that Easter evening. But those children will never forget; no, though they live to be a hundred years old, and though their attention was distracted from the piece by constant observation of Philip and his companion in the public boxes opposite.

Mr. Firmin's work and pay were both light, and he accepted both very cheerfully. He saved money out of his little stipend. It was surprising how economically he could live with his little landlady's aid and counsel. He would come to us, recounting his feats of parsimony with a childish delight; he loved to contemplate his sovereigns, as week by week the little pile accumulated. He kept a sharp eye upon sales, and purchased now and again articles of furniture. In this way he brought home a piano to his lodgings, on which he could no more play than he could on the tight-rope; but he was given to understand that it was a very fine instrument; and my wife played on it one day when we went to visit him, and he sat listening with his great hands on his knees, in ecstasies. He was thinking how one day, please Heaven, he should see other hands touching the keys—and player and instrument disappeared in a mist before his happy eyes. His purchases were not all always lucky. For example, he was sadly taken in at an auction about a little pearl ornament. Some artful Hebrews at the sale conspired and 'ran him up,' as the phrase is, to a price more than equal to the value of the trinket. 'But you know who it was for, ma'am,' one of Philip's apologists said. 'If she would like to wear his ten fingers he would cut 'em off and send 'em to her. But he keeps 'em to write her letters and verses—and most beautiful they are, too.'

'And the dearfellow, who was bred up in splendor and luxury, Mrs. Mugford, as you, ma'am, know too well—he won't drink no wine now. A little whisky and a glass of beer is all he takes. And his clothes—he who used to be so grand—you see how he is now, ma'am. Always the gentleman, and, indeed, a finer or grander looking gentleman never entered a room; but he is saving—you know for what, ma'am.'

And, indeed, Mrs. Mugford *did* know; and so did Mrs. Pen-dennis and Mrs. Brandon. And these three women worked themselves into a perfect fever interesting themselves for Mr. Firmin. And Mugford, in his rough, funny way, used to say;

‘Mr. P., a certain Mr. Heff has come and put our noses out of joint. He has, as sure as my name is Hem. And I am getting quite jealous of our sub-editor, and that is the long and short of it. But it’s good to see him haw-haw Bickerton if ever they meet in the office, that it is! Bickerton won’t bully *him* any more, I promise you!’

The conclaves and conspiracies of these women were endless in Philip’s behalf. One day, I let the Little Sister out of my house with a handkerchief to her eyes, and in a great state of flurry and excitement, which perhaps communicates itself to the gentleman who passes her at his own door. The gentleman’s wife is, on her part, not a little moved and excited. ‘What do you think Mrs. Brandon says? Philip is learning shorthand. He says he does not think he is clever enough to be a writer of any mark; but he can be a reporter, and with this, and his place at Mr. Mugford’s, he thinks he can earn enough to—— Oh, he is a fine fellow!’ I suppose feminine emotion stopped the completion of this speech. But when Mr. Philip slouched into dinner that day, his hostess did homage before him; she loved him; she treated him with a tender respect and sympathy which her like are ever wont to bestow upon brave and honest men in misfortune.

Why should not Mr. Philip Firmin, barrister-at-law, bethink him that he belonged to a profession which has helped very many men to competence, and not a few to wealth and honors? A barrister might surely hope for as good earnings as could be made by a newspaper reporter. We all know instances of men who, having commenced their careers as writers for the press, had carried on the legal profession simultaneously, and attained the greatest honors of the bar and the bench. ‘Can I sit in a Pump Court garret waiting for attorneys?’ asked poor Phil; ‘I shall break my heart before they come. My brains are not worth much; I should addle them altogether in poring over law books. I am not at all a clever fellow, you see; and I haven’t the ambition and obstinate will to succeed which carry on many a man with no greater capacity than my own. I may have as good brains as Bickerton, for example; but I am not so *bumptious* as he is. By claiming the first place wherever he goes, he gets it very often. My dear friends, don’t you see how modest I am? There never was a man less likely to get on than myself—you must own that; and I tell you that Charlotte and I must look forward to a life of poverty, of cheese-parings; and second floor lodgings at Pentonville or Islington. That’s about my mark. I

would let her off, only I know she would not take me at my word—the dear little thing! She has set her heart upon a hulking pauper; that's the truth. And I tell you what I am going to do. I am going seriously to learn the profession of poverty, and make myself master of it. What's the price of cowheel and tripe? You don't know. I do; and the right place to buy 'em. I am as good a judge of sprats as any man in London. My tap in life is to be small beer henceforth, and I am growing quite to like it, and think it is brisk, and pleasant, and wholesome.' There was not a little truth in Philip's account of himself, and his capacities and incapacities. Doubtless, he was not born to make a great name for himself in the world. But do we like those only who are famous? As well say we will only give our regard to men who have ten thousand a year, or are more than six feet high.

While of his three female friends and advisers, my wife admired Philip's humility, Mrs. Brandon and Mrs. Mugford were rather disappointed at his want of spirit, and to think that he aimed so low. I shall not say which side Firmin's biographer took in this matter. Was it my business to applaud or rebuke him for being humble-minded, or was I called upon to advise at all? My amiable reader, acknowledge that you and I in life pretty much go our own way. We eat the dishes we like because we like them, not because our neighbor relishes them. We rise early, or sit up late; we work, idle, smoke, or what not, because we choose so to do, not because the doctor orders. Philip, then, was like you and me, who will have our own way when we can. Will we not? If you won't, you do not deserve it. Instead of hungering after a stalled ox, he was accustoming himself to be content with a dinner of herbs. Instead of braving the tempest, he chose to take in sail, creep along shore, and wait for calmer weather.

So, on Tuesday of every week, let us say, it was this modest sub-editor's duty to begin snipping and pasting paragraphs for the ensuing Saturday's issue. He cut down the parliamentary speeches, giving due favoritism to the orators of the *Pall Mall Gazette* party, and meager outlines of their opponent's discourses. If the leading public men on the side of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave entertainments, you may be sure they were duly chronicled in the fashionable intelligence; if one of their party wrote a book it was pretty sure to get praise from the critic. I am speaking of simple old days, you understand. Of course there is *no* puffing, or jobbing, or false praise, or unfair censure now. Every critic knows what he is writing about, and writes with no aim but to tell truth.

Thus Philip, the dandy of two years back, was content to wear the shabbiest old coat; Philip, the Philippus of one-and-twenty, who rode showy horses, and rejoiced to display his horse and person in the park, now humbly took his place in an omnibus, and only on occasions indulged in a cab. From the roof of the larger vehicle he would salute his friends with perfect affability, and stare down on his aunt as she passed in her barouche. He never could be quite made to acknowledge that she purposely would not see him; or he would attribute her blindness to the quarrel which they had had, not to his poverty and present position. As for his cousin Ringwood, 'That fellow would commit any baseness,' Philip acknowledged; 'and it is I who have cut *him*,' our friend averred.

A real danger was lest our friend should in his poverty become more haughty and insolent than he had been in his days of better fortune, and that he should make companions of men who were not his equals. Whether was it better for him to be slighted in a fashionable club or to swagger at the head of the company in a tavern parlor? This was the danger we might fear for Firmin. It was impossible not to confess that he was choosing to take a lower place in the world than that to which he had been born.

'Do you mean that Philip is lowered, because he is poor?' asked an angry lady, to whom this remark was made by her husband—man and wife being both very good friends to Mr. Firmin.

'My dear,' replies the worldling of a husband, 'suppose Philip were to take a fancy to buy a donkey and sell cabbages? He would be doing no harm; but there is no doubt he would lower himself in the world's estimation.'

'Lower himself!' says the lady, with a toss of her head. 'No man lowers himself by pursuing an honest calling. No man!'

'Very good. There is Grundsell, the greengrocer, out of Tuthill Street, who waits at our dinners. Instead of asking him to wait, we should beg him to sit down at table; or perhaps *we* should wait, and stand with a napkin behind Grundsell.'

'Nonsense!'

'Grundsell's calling is strictly honest, unless he abuses his opportunities, and smuggles away——'

'——smuggles away stuff and nonsense!'

'Very good; Grundsell is *not* a fitting companion, then, for us, or the nine little Grundsell's for our children. Then why should Philip give up the friends of his youth, and forsake a club for a tavern parlor? You can't say our little friend, Mrs. Brandon, good as she is, is a fitting companion for him?'

‘If he had a good little wife, he would have a companion of his own degree; and he would be twice as happy; and he would be out of all danger and temptation—and the best thing he can do is to marry directly!’ cries the lady. ‘And, my dear, I think I shall write to Charlotte and ask her to come and stay with us.’

There was no withstanding this argument. As long as Charlotte was with us we were sure that Philip would be out of harm’s way, and seek for no other company. There was a snug little bedroom close by the quarters inhabited by our own children. My wife pleased herself by adorning this chamber, and Uncle Mac happening to come to London on business about this time, the young lady came over to us under his convoy, and I should like to describe the meeting between her and Mr. Philip in our parlor. No doubt it was very edifying. But my wife and I were not present, *vous concevez*. We only heard one shout of surprise and delight from Philip as he went into the room where the young lady was waiting. We had but said, ‘Go into the parlor, Philip. You will find your old friend Major Mac there. He has come to London on business, and has news of——’ There was no need to speak, for here Philip straightway bounded into the room.

And then came the shout. And then out came Major Mac, with such a droll twinkle in his eyes! What artifices and hypocrisies had we not to practise previously, so as to keep our secret from our children, who assuredly would have discovered it! I must tell you that the *paterfamilias* had guarded against the innocent prattle and inquiries of the children regarding the preparation of the little bedroom, by informing them that it was intended for Miss Grigsby, the governess, with whose advent they had long been threatened. And one of our girls, when the unconscious Philip arrived, said, ‘Philip, if you go into the parlor, you will find *Miss Grigsby, the governess, there.*’ And then Philip entered into that parlor, and then arose that shout, and then out came Uncle Mac, and then, etc., etc. And we called Charlotte, Miss Grigsby all dinner-time; and we called her Miss Grigsby next day; and the more we called her Miss Grigsby the more we all laughed. And the baby, who could not speak plain yet, called her Miss Gibby, and laughed loudest of all; and it was such fun. But I think Philip and Charlotte had the best of the fun, my dears, though they may not have laughed quite so loud as we did.

As for Mrs. Brandon, who, you may be sure, speedily came to pay us a visit, Charlotte blushed, and looked quite beautiful when she went up and kissed the Little Sister. ‘He *have*

told you about me, then!' she said, in her soft little voice, smoothing the young lady's brown hair. 'Should I have known him at all but for you, and did you not save his life for me when he was ill?' asked Miss Baynes. 'And mayn't I love everybody who loves him?' she asked. And we left these women alone for a quarter of an hour, during which they became the most intimate friends in the world. And all our household, great and small, including the nurse (a woman of a most jealous, domineering, and uncomfortable fidelity), thought well of our gentle young guest, and welcomed Miss Grigsby.

Charlotte, you see, is not so exceedingly handsome as to cause other women to perjure themselves by protesting that she is no great things after all. At the period with which we are concerned, she certainly had a lovely complexion, which her black dress set off, perhaps. And when Philip used to come into the room, she had always a fine garland of roses ready to offer him, and growing upon her cheeks, the moment he appeared. Her manners are so entirely unaffected and simple that they can't be otherwise than good; for is she not grateful, truthful, unconscious of self, easily pleased and interested in others? Is she very witty? I never said so—though that she appreciated *some* men's wit (whose names need not be mentioned) I cannot doubt. 'I say,' cries Philip, on that memorable first night of her arrival, and when she and other ladies had gone to bed, 'by George! isn't she glorious, I say! What can I have done to win such a pure little heart as that? *Non sum dignus*. It is too much happiness—to much, by George!' And his voice breaks behind his pipe, and he squeezes two fists into eyes that are brimful of joy and thanks. Where Fortune bestows such a bounty as this, I think we need not pity a man for what she withdraws. As Philip walks away at midnight (walks away? is turned out of doors; or surely he would have gone on talking till dawn), with the rain beating in his face, and fifty or a hundred pounds for all his fortune in his pocket, I think there goes one of the happiest of men—the happiest and richest. For is he not possessor of a treasure which he could not buy, or would not sell, for all the wealth of the world?

My wife may say what she will, but she assuredly is answerable for the invitation to Miss Baynes, and for all that ensued in consequence. At a hint that she would be a welcome guest in our house, in London, where all her heart and treasure lay, Charlotte Baynes gave up straightways her dear aunt at Tours, who had been kind to her; her dear uncle, her dear mamma, and all her dear brothers—following that natural law which

ordains that a woman, under certain circumstances, shall resign home, parents, brothers, sisters, for the sake of that one individual who is henceforth to be dearer to her than all. Mrs. Baynes, the widow, growled a complaint at her daughter's ingratitude, but did not refuse her consent. She may have known that little Hely, Charlotte's volatile admirer, had fluttered off to another flower by this time, and that a pursuit of that butterfly was in vain; or she may have heard that he was going to pass the spring—the butterfly season—in London, and hoped that he perchance might again light on her girl. Howbeit, she was glad enough that her daughter should accept an invitation to our house, and owned that as yet the poor child's share of this life's pleasure had been but small. Charlotte's modest little trunks were again packed, then, and the poor child was sent off, I won't say with how small a provision of pocket money, by her mother. But the thrifty woman had but little, and of it was determined to give as little as she could. 'Heaven will provide for my child,' she would piously say; and hence interfered very little with those agents whom Heaven sent to befriend her children. 'Her mother told Charlotte that she would send her some money next Tuesday,' the Major told us; 'but, between ourselves, I doubt whether she will. Between ourselves, my sister-in-law is always going to give money next Tuesday; but somehow Wednesday comes, and the money has not arrived. I could not let the little maid be without a few guineas, and have provided her out of a half-pay purse; but mark me, that pay-day Tuesday will never come.' Shall I deny or confirm the worthy Major's statement? Thus far I will say, that Tuesday most certainly came; and a letter from her mamma to Charlotte, which said that one of her brothers and a younger sister were going to stay with Aunt Mae; and that as Char was so happy with her most hospitable and kind friends, a fond widowed mother, who had given up all pleasures for herself, would not interfere to prevent a darling child's happiness.

It has been said that three women whose names have been given up, were conspiring in the behalf of this young person and the young man her sweetheart. Three days after Charlotte's arrival at our house, my wife persists in thinking that a drive into the country would do the child good, orders a brougham, dresses Charlotte in her best, and trots away to see Mrs. Mugford at Hampstead. Mrs. Brandon is at Mrs. Mugford's, of course quite by chance; and I feel sure that Charlotte's friend compliments Mrs. Mugford upon her garden, upon her nursery, upon her luncheon, upon everything that is hers.

‘Why, dear me,’ says Mrs. Mugford (as the ladies discourse upon a certain subject), ‘what does it matter? Me and Mugford married on two pounds a week; and on two pounds a week my dear eldest children were born. It was a hard struggle sometimes, but we were all the happier for it; and I’m sure, if a man won’t risk a little he don’t deserve much. I know *I* would risk, if I were a man, to marry such a pretty young dear. And I should take a young man to be but a mean-spirited fellow who waited and went shilly-shallying when he had but to say the word and be happy. I thought Mr. F. was a brave, courageous gentleman, I did, Mrs. Brandon. Do you want me for to have a bad opinion of him? My dear, a little of that cream. It’s very good. We ’ad a dinner yesterday, and a cook down from town, on purpose.’ This speech, with appropriate imitations of voice and gesture, was repeated to the present biographer by the present biographer’s wife, and he now began to see in what webs and meshes of conspiracy these artful women had enveloped the subject of the present biography.

Like Mrs. Brandon, and the other matron, Charlotte’s friend, Mrs. Mugford became interested in the gentle young creature, and kissed her kindly, and made her a present on going away. It was a brooch in the shape of a thistle, if I remember aright, set with amethysts and a lovely Scottish stone called, I believe a cairngorm. ‘She aint no style about her; and I confess, from a general’s daughter, brought up on the Continent, I should have expected better. But we’ll show her a little of the world and the opera, Brandon, and she’ll do very well, of that I make no doubt.’ And Mrs. Mugford took Miss Baynes to the opera, and pointed out the other people of fashion there assembled. And delighted Charlotte was. I make no doubt there was a young gentleman of our acquaintance at the back of the box who was very happy too. And this year, Philip’s kinsman’s wife, LADY RINGWOOD, had a box, in which Philip saw her and her daughters, and little Ringwood Twysden paying assiduous court to her ladyship. They met in the crushroom by chance again, and Lady Ringwood looked hard at Philip and the blushing young lady on his arm. And it happened that Mrs. Mugford’s carriage—the little one-horse trap which opens and shuts so conveniently—and Lady Ringwood’s tall, emblazoned chariot of state, stopped the way together. And from the tall emblazoned chariot the ladies looked not unkindly at the trap which contained the beloved of Philip’s heart; and the carriages departed each on its way; and Ringwood Twysden, seeing his cousin advancing toward him, turned very pale,

and dodged at a double quick down an arcade. But he need not have been afraid of Philip. Mr. Firmin's heart was all softness and benevolence at that time. He was thinking of those sweet, sweet eyes that had just glanced to him a tender good-night; of that little hand which a moment since had hung with fond pressure on his arm. Do you suppose in such a frame of mind he had leisure to think of a nauseous little reptile crawling behind him? He was so happy that night, that Philip was King Philip again. And he went to the Haunt, and sang his song of *Garryowen na gloria*, and greeted the boys assembled, and spent at least three shillings over his supper and drinks. But the next day being Sunday Mr. Firmin was at Westminster Abbey, listening to the sweet church chants, by the side of the very same young person whom he had escorted to the opera on the night before. They sat together so close that one must have heard exactly as well as the other. I dare say it is edifying to listen to anthems *à deux*. And how complimentary to the clergyman to have to wish that the sermon was longer! Through the vast cathedral aisles the organ notes peal gloriously. Ruby and topaz and amethyst blazed from the great church windows. Under the tall arcades the young people went together. Hand in hand they passed, and thought no ill.

Do gentle readers begin to tire of this spectacle of billing and cooing? I have tried to describe Mr. Philip's love affairs with as few words and in as modest phrases as may be—omitting the raptures, the passionate vows, the reams of correspondence, and the usual commonplaces of his situation. And yet, my dear madam, though you and I maybe past the age of billing and cooing, though your ringlets, which I remember a lovely auburn, are now—well—are now a rich purple and green black, and my brow may be as bald as a cannon ball—I say, though we are old, we are not too old to forget. We may not care about the pantomime much now, but we like to take the young folks, and see them rejoicing. From the window where I write, I can look down into the garden of a certain square. In that garden I can at this moment see a young gentleman and lady of my acquaintance pacing up and down. They are talking some such talk as Milton imagines our first parents engaged in; and yonder garden is a paradise to my young friends. Did they choose to look outside the railings of the square, or at any other objects than each other's noses, they might see—the tax-gatherer we will say—with his book, knocking at one door, the doctor's brougham at a second, a hatchment over the windows of a third mansion, the baker's boy discoursing with the house-

maid over the railings of a fourth. But what to them are these phenomena of life? Arm in arm my young folks go pacing up and down their Eden, and discoursing about that happy time which I suppose is now drawing near, about that charming little snuggery for which the furniture is ordered, and to which, miss, your old friend and very humble servant will take the liberty of forwarding his best regards and a neat silver teapot. I dare say, with these young people, as with Mr. Philip and Miss Charlotte, all occurrences of life seem to have reference to that event which forms the subject of their perpetual longing and contemplation. There is the doctor's brougham driving away, and Imogene says to Alonzo, 'What anguish I shall have if you are ill!' Then there is the carpenter putting up the hatchment. 'Ah, my love, if you were to die, I think they might put up a hatchment for both of us,' says Alonzo, with a killing sigh. Both sympathize with Mary and the baker's boy whispering over the railings. Go to, gentle baker's boy, we also know what it is to love!

The whole soul and strength of Charlotte and Philip being bent upon marriage, I take leave to put in a document which Philip received at this time; and can imagine that it occasioned no little sensation:

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.

And so you are returned to the great city—to the *funum*, the *strepitum*, and I sincerely hope the *opes* of our Rome! Your own letters are but brief; but I have an occasional correspondent (there are few, alas! who remember *the exile!*) who keeps me *au courant* of my Philip's history, and tells me that you are industrious, that you are cheerful, that you prosper; Cheerfulness is the companion of Industry, Prosperity their offspring. That that prosperity may attain the *fullest growth*, is an absent father's fondest prayer! Perhaps ere long I shall be able to announce to you that I too am prospering. I am engaged in pursuing a scientific discovery here (it is medical, and connected with my own profession), of which the results *ought* to lead to Fortune, unless the jade has forever deserted George Brand Firmin! So you have embarked in the drudgery of the press, and have become a member of the *fourth estate*. It has been despised, and press-man and poverty were for a long time supposed to be synonymous. But the power, the wealth of the press are daily developing, and they will increase yet further. I confess I should have liked to hear that my Philip was pursuing his profession of the bar, at which honor, splendid competence, nay, aristocratic rank, are the prizes of the *bold*, the *industrious*, and the *deserving*. Why should you not?—should I not still hope that you may gain legal eminence and position? A father who has had much to suffer, who is descending the vale of years alone and in a distant land, would be soothed in his exile if he thought his son would one day be able to repair the shattered fortunes of his race. But it is not yet, I fondly think, too late. You may yet qualify for the bar, and one of its prizes may fall to you. I confess it was not without a pang of grief I heard from our kind little friend Mrs. B., you were studying shorthand in order to become a newspaper reporter. And has Fortune, then, been so relentless to me that my son is to be compelled to follow such a calling? I shall try and he resigned. I had hoped higher things for you—for me.

My dear boy, with regard to your romantic attachment for Miss Baynes, which our good little Brandon narrates to me, in her *peculiar orthography*, but with much *touching simplicity*—I make it a rule not to say a word of comment, of warning, or remonstrance. As sure as you are your father's son, you will take your own line in any matter of attachment to a woman, and all the fathers in the world won't stop you. In Philip of four-and-twenty I recognize his father thirty years ago. My father scolded, entreated, quarreled with me, never forgave me. I will learn to be more generous toward my son. I may grieve, but I bear you no malice. If ever I achieve wealth again, you shall not be deprived of it. I suffered so myself from a harsh father, that I will never be one to my son!

As you have put on the livery of the Muses, and regularly entered yourself of the Fraternity of the Press, what say you to a little addition to your income by letters ad-

dressed to my friend, the editor of the new journal, called here the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand*. It is the fashionable journal published here; and your qualifications are precisely those which would make your services valuable as a contributor. Dr. Geraldine, the editor, is not, I believe, a relative of the Leinster family, but a self-made man, who arrived in this country some years since, poor, and an exile from his native country. He advocates Repeal politics in Ireland; but with these of course you need have nothing to do. And he is much too liberal to expect these from his contributors. I have been of service professionally to Mrs. Geraldine and himself. My friend of the *Emerald* introduced me to the doctor. Terrible enemies in print, in private they are perfectly good friends, and the little passages of arms between the two journalists serve rather to amuse than to irritate. 'The grocer's boy from Ormond Quay' (Geraldine once, it appears, engaged in that 'useful but humble calling', and the 'miscreant from Cork'—the editor of the *Emerald* comes from that city—assail each other in public but drink whisky-and-water *galore* in private. If you write for Geraldine, of course you will say nothing disrespectful about *grocers' boys*. *His dollars are good silver*, of that you may be sure. Dr. G. knows a part of your history; he knows that you are now fairly engaged in literary pursuits; that you are a man of education, a gentleman, a man of the world, a man of courage. I have answered for your possessing all these qualities. (The doctor, in his droll, humorous way, said that if you were a chip of the old block you would be just what he called 'the grit.') Political treatises are not so much wanted as personal news regarding the notabilities of London, and these, I assured him, you were the very man to be able to furnish. You, who know everybody, who have lived with the great world—the world of lawyers, the world of artists, the world of the university—have already had an experience to which few gentlemen of the press can boast of, and may turn that experience to profit. Suppose you were to trust a little to your imagination in composing these letters? there can be no harm in being *poetical*. Suppose an *intelligent correspondent* writes that he has met the D-ke of W-l-l-ngt-n, had a private interview with the Pr-m-r, and so forth, who is to say him nay? And this is the kind of talk our *gobe-mouches* of New York delight in. My worthy friend, Dr. Geraldine, for example—between ourselves his name is Finnigan, but his private history is *strictly entre nous*—when he first came to New York astonished the people by the copiousness of his anecdotes regarding the *English aristocracy*, of whom he knows as much as he does of the Court of Pekin. He was smart, ready, sarcastic, amusing; he found readers; from one success he advanced to another, and the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* is likely to make *this worthy man's fortune*. You really may be serviceable to him, and may justly earn the *liberal remuneration* which he offers for a weekly letter. Anecdotes of men and women of fashion—the more gay and lively the more welcome—the *quicquid agunt homines*, in a word—should be the *farrago libelli*. Who are the reigning beauties of London! and Beauty, you know, has a rank and fashion of its own. Has anyone lately won or lost on the turf or at play! What are the clubs talking about? Are there any duels? What is the last scandal? Does the good old Duke keep his health? Is that affair over between the Duchess of This and Captain That?

Such is the information which our *badauds* here like to have, and for which my friend the doctor will pay at the rate of — dollars per letter. Your name need not appear at all. The remuneration is certain. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser*, as our lively neighbors say. Write in the first place in confidence to me; and in whom can you confide more safely than in your father?

You will, of course, pay your respects to your relative the new Lord of Ringwood. For a young man whose family is so powerful as yours, there can surely be no derogation in entertaining some feudal respect, and who knows whether and how soon Sir John Ringwood may be able to help his cousin? By the way, Sir John is a Whig, and your paper is a Conservative. But you are, above all, *homme du monde*. In such a subordinate place as you occupy with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a man's private politics do not surely count at all. If Sir John Ringwood, your kinsman, sees any way of helping you, so much the better, and of course your politics will be those of your family. I have no knowledge of him. He was a very quiet man at college, where, I regret to say, your father's friends were not of the quiet sort at all. I trust I have repented. I have sown my wild oats. And ah! how pleased I shall be to hear that my Philip has bent *his proud head* a little, and is ready to submit more than he used of old to the customs of the world. Call upon Sir John, then. As a Whig gentleman of large estate, I need not tell you that he will expect *respect* from you. He is your kinsman; the representative of your grandfather's gallant and noble race. He bears the name your mother bore. To *her* my Philip was always gentle, and for her sake you will comply with the wishes of

Your affectionate father,
G. B. F.

I have not said a word of compliment to mademoiselle. I wish her so well that I own I wish she were about to marry a richer suitor than my dear son. Will fortune ever permit me to embrace my daughter-in-law, and take your children on my knee? You will speak kindly to them of their grandfather, will you not? Poor General Baynes, I have heard, used violent and unseemly language regarding me, which I most heartily par-

den. I am grateful when I think *that I never did General B. an injury*; grateful and proud to accept benefits from my own son. These I treasure up in my heart; and still hope I shall be able to repay with something more substantial than my fondest prayers. Give my best wishes, then, to Miss Charlotte, and try and teach her to think kindly of her Philip's father.

Miss Charlotte Baynes, who kept the name of Miss Grigsby, the governess, among all the roguish children of a facetious father, was with us one month, and her mamma expressed great cheerfulness at her absence, and at the thought that she had found such good friends. After two months her uncle, Major MacWhirter returned from visiting his relations in the North, and offered to take his niece back to France again. He made this proposition with the jolliest air in the world, and as if his niece would jump for joy to go back to her mother. But to the Major's astonishment, Miss Baynes turned quite pale, ran to her hostess, flung herself into that lady's arms, and then there began an osculatory performance which perfectly astonished the good Major. Charlotte's friend, holding Miss Baynes tight in her embrace, looked fiercely at the Major over the girl's shoulder, and defied him to take her away from that sanctuary.

'Oh, you dear, good friend!' Charlotte gurgled out, and sobbed I know not what more expressions of fondness and gratitude.

But the truth is, that two sisters, or mother and daughter, could not love each other more heartily than these two personages. Mother and daughter forsooth! You should have seen Charlotte's piteous look when sometimes the conviction would come on her that she ought at length to go home to mamma; such a look as I can fancy Iphigenia casting on Agamemnon, when, in obedience to a painful sense of duty, he was about to—use the sacrificial knife. No, we all loved her. The children would howl at the idea of parting with their Miss Grigsby. Charlotte, in return, helped them to very pretty lessons in music and French—served hot, as it were, from her own recent studies at Tours—and a good daily governess operated on the rest of their education to everybody's satisfaction.

And so months rolled on and our young favorite still remained with us. Mamma fed the little maid's purse with occasional remittances; and begged her hostess to supply her with all necessary articles from the milliner. Afterward, it is true, Mrs. General Baynes— But why enter upon these painful family disputes in a chapter which has been devoted to sentiment?

As soon as Mr. Firmin received the letter above faithfully copied (which the exception of the pecuniary offer, which I do not consider myself at liberty to divulge), he hurried down from Thornhaugh Street to Westminster. He dashed by

Buttons, the page; he took no notice of my wondering wife at the drawing room door; he rushed to the second floor, bursting open the schoolroom door, where Charlotte was teaching our dear third daughter to play 'In my Cottage near a Wood.'

'Charlotte! Charlotte!' he cried out.

'La, Philip! don't you see Miss Grigsby is giving us lessons?' said the children.

But he would not listen to those wags, and still beckoned Charlotte to him. That young woman rose up and followed him out of the door; indeed she would have followed him out of the window; and there, on the stairs, they read Dr. Firmin's letter, with their heads quite close together, you understand.

'Two hundred a year more,' said Philip, his heart throbbing so that he could hardly speak; 'and your fifty—and two hundred the *Gazette*—and——'

'O Philip!' was all Charlotte could say, and then—— There was a pretty group for the children to see, and for an artist to draw!

CHAPTER XXXII.

WAYS AND MEANS.

OF course any man of the world, who is possessed of decent prudence, will perceive that the idea of marrying on four hundred and fifty pounds a year, so secured as was Master Philip's income, was preposterous and absurd. In the first place, you can't live on four hundred and fifty pounds a year, that is a certainty. People do live on less, I believe. But a life without a brougham, without a decent house, without claret for dinner, and a footman to wait, can hardly be called existence. Philip's income might fail any day. He might not please the American paper. He might quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And then what would remain to him? Only poor little Charlotte's fifty pounds a year! So Philip's most intimate male friend—a man of the world, and with a good deal of experience—argued. Of course I was not surprised that Philip did not choose to take my advice; though I did not expect he would become so violently angry, call names almost, and use most rude expressions when, *at his express desire*, this advice was tendered to him. If he did not want it, why did he ask for it? The advice might be unwelcome to him, but why did he choose to tell me at my own table, over my own claret, that it was the advice of a sneak and a worldling? 'My good fellow, that claret, though it is a second growth, and I can afford no better, costs seventy-two shillings a dozen. How much is six times three hundred and



A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

sixty-five? A bottlé a day is the least you can calculate (the fellow would come to my house and drink two bottles to himself, with the utmost nonchalance). A bottle per diem of that light claret—of that second-growth stuff—costs one hundred and four guineas a year, do you understand? or, to speak plainly with you, *one hundred and nine pounds four shillings!*

‘Well,’ says Philip, ‘*après?* We’ll do without. Meantime I will take what I can get!’ and he tosses off about a pint as he speaks (these *mousseline* glasses are not only enormous, but they break by dozens). He tosses off a pint of my Larose, and gives a great roar of laughter, as if he had said a good thing!

Philip Firmin *is* coarse and offensive at times, and Bicker-ton in holding this opinion is not altogether wrong.

‘I’ll drink claret when I come to you, old boy,’ he says, grinning; ‘and at home I will have whisky-and-water.’

‘But suppose Charlotte is ordered claret!’

‘Well, she can have it,’ says this liberal lover; ‘a bottle will last her a week.’

‘Don’t you see,’ I shriek out, ‘that even a bottle a week costs something like—six by fifty-two—eighteen pounds a year!’ (I own it is really only fifteen twelve; but, in the hurry of argument, a man *may* stretch a figure or so.) ‘Eighteen pounds for Charlotte’s claret; as much, at least, you great boozy toper, for your whisky and beer. Why, you actually want a tenth part of your income for the liquor you consume! And then clothes; and then lodging; and then coals; and then doctor’s bills; and then pocket-money; and then sea-side for the little dears. Just have the kindness to add these things up, and you will find that you have about two-and-ninepence left to pay the grocer and the butcher.’

‘What you call prudence,’ says Philip, thumping the table, and, of course, breaking a glass, ‘I call cowardice—I call blasphemy! Do you mean, as a Christian man, to tell me that two young people and a family, if it should please Heaven to send them one, cannot subsist upon £500 a year? Look round, sir, at the myraids of God’s creatures who live, love, are happy and poor, and be ashamed of the wicked doubt which you utter!’ And he starts up, and strides up and down the dining room, curling his flaming mustache, and rings the bell fiercely, and says, ‘Johnson, I’ve broke a glass. Get me another.’

In the drawing room, my wife asks what we two were fighting about? And, as Charlotte is upstairs, telling the children stories as they are put to bed, or writing to her dear mamma, or what not, our friend **bursts out** with more rude and violent

expressions than he had used in the dinner room over my glasses which he was smashing, tells my own wife that I am an atheist or at best a miserable skeptic and Sadducee; that I doubt of the goodness of Heaven, and am not thankful for my daily bread. And, with one of her kindling looks directed toward the young man, of course my wife sides with him. Miss Char presently came down from the young folks, and went to the piano, and played us Beethoven's 'Dream of St. Jerome,' which always soothes me, and charms me, so that I fancy it is a poem of Tennyson in music. And our children, as they sink off to sleep overhead, like to hear soft music, which soothes them into slumber, Miss Baynes says. And Miss Charlotte looks very pretty at her piano; and Philip lies gazing at her with his great feet and hands tumbled over one of our armchairs. And the music, with its solemn cheer, makes us all very happy and kind-hearted, and ennobles us somehow as we listen. And my wife wears her *benedictory* look whenever she turns toward these young people. She has worked herself up to the opinion that yonder couple ought to marry. She can give chapter and verse for her belief. To doubt about the matter at all is wicked according to her notions. And there are certain points upon which, I humbly own, that I don't dare to argue with her.

When the women of the house have settled a matter, is there much use in man's resistance? If my harem orders that I shall wear a yellow coat and pink trousers, I know that, before three months are over, I shall be walking about in *rose-tendre* and canary-colored garments. It is the perseverance which conquers, the daily return to the object desired. Take my advice, my dear sir, when you see your womankind resolute about a matter, give up at once, and have a quiet life. Perhaps to one of these evening entertainments, where Miss Baynes played the piano, as she did very pleasantly, and Mr. Philip's great clumsy fist turned the leaves, little Mrs. Brandon would come tripping in, and as she surveyed the young couple, her remark would be, 'Did you ever see a better suited couple?' When I came home from chambers, and passed the dining room door, my eldest daughter with a knowing face would bar the way and say, 'You mustn't go in there, papa! Miss Grigsby is there, and Master Philip is *not to be disturbed at his lessons!*' Mrs. Mugford had begun to arrange marriages between her young people and ours from the very first day she saw us; and Mrs. M.'s eh. filly Toddles, rising two years, and our three year old colt Billyboy, were rehearsing in the nursery the endless little comedy which the grown-up young persons were performing in the drawing room.

With the greatest frankness Mrs. Mugford gave her opinion that Philip, with four or five hundred a year, would be no better than a sneak if he delayed to marry. How much had she and Mugford when *they* married, she would like to know? 'Emily Street, Pentonville, was where *we* had apartments,' she remarked; 'we were pinched sometimes; but we owed nothing; and our housekeeping books I can show you.' I believe Mrs. M. actually brought these dingy relics of her honeymoon for my wife's inspection. I tell you, my house was peopled with these friends of matrimony. Flies were forever in requisition, and our boys were very sulky at having to sit for an hour at Schoolbred's, while certain ladies lingered there over blankets, tablecloths, and what not. Once I found my wife and Charlotte flitting about Wardour Street, the former lady much interested in a great Dutch cabinet, with a glass cupboard and corpulent drawers. And that cabinet was, ere long, carted off to Mrs. Brandon's, Thornhaugh Street; and in that glass cupboard there was presently to be seen a neat set of china for tea and breakfast. The end was approaching. That event, with which the third volume of the old novels used to close, was at hand. I am afraid our young people can't drive off from St. George's in a chaise and four, and that no noble relative will lend them his castle for the honeymoon. Well; some people cannot drive to happiness, even with four horses; and other folks can reach the goal on foot. My venerable Muse stoops down, unlooses her *cothurnus* with some difficulty, and prepares to fling that old shoe after the pair.

Tell, venerable Muse! what were the marriage gifts which friendship provided for Philip and Charlotte? Philip's cousin, Ringwood Twysden, came simpering up to me at Bays' Club one afternoon and said: 'I hear my precious cousin is going to marry. I think I shall send him a broom to sweep a crossin'.' I was nearly going to say, 'This was a piece of generosity to be expected from your father's son;' but the fact is, that I did not think of this withering repartee until I was crossing St. James' Park on my way home, when Twysden of course was out of ear-shot. A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world. If we could but hear the *unspoken* jokes how we should all laugh; if we could but speak them, how witty we should be! When you have left the room, you have no notion what clever things I was going to say when you baulked me by going away. Well then, the fact is, the Twysden family gave Philip nothing on his marriage, being the exact sum of regard which they professed to have for him.

MRS. MAJOR MACWHIRTER gave the bride an Indian brooch, representing the Taj Mahal at Agra, which General Baynes had given to his sister-in-law in old days. At a later period, it is true, Mrs. Mac asked Charlotte for the brooch back again; but this was when many family quarrels had raged between the relatives—quarrels which to describe at length would be to tax too much the writer and the readers of this history.

MRS. MUGFORD presented an elegant plated coffee-pot, six drawing room almanacs (spoils of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and fourteen richly cut jelly-glasses, most useful for negus if the young couple gave evening-parties; for dinners they would not be able to afford.

MRS. BRANDON made an offering of two table-cloths and twelve dinner napkins, most beautifully worked, and I don't know how much house linen.

THE LADY OF THE PRESENT WRITER—Twelve tea-spoons in bullion, and a pair of sugar-tongs. Mrs. Baynes, Philip's mother-in-law, sent him also a pair of sugar-tongs, of a light manufacture, easily broken. He keeps a tong to the present day and speaks very satirically regarding that relic.

PHILIP'S INN OF COURT—A bill for commons and Inn taxes, with the Treasurer's compliments.

And these, I think, formed the items of poor little Charlotte's meager trousseau. Before Cinderella went to the ball she was almost as rich as our little maid. Charlotte's mother sent a grim consent to the child's marriage, but declined herself to attend it. She was ailing and poor. Her year's widowhood was just over. She had her other children to look after. My impression is that Mrs. Baynes thought that she would be out of Philip's power so long as she remained abroad, and that the General's savings would be secure from him. So she delegated her authority to Philip's friends in London, and sent her daughter a moderate wish for her happiness, which may or may not have profited the young people.

'Well, my dear, you are rich, compared to what I was, when I married,' little Mrs. Brandon said to her young friend. 'You will have a good husband. That is more than I had. You will have good friends; and I was almost alone for a time, until it pleased God to befriend me.' It was not without a feeling of awe that we saw these young people commence that voyage of life on which henceforth they were to journey together; and I am sure that of the small company who accompanied them to the silent little chapel where they were joined in marriage there was not one who did not follow them with

tender good wishes and heartfelt prayers. They had a little purse provided for a month's holiday. They had health, hope, good spirits, good friends. I have never learned that life's trials were over after marriage; only lucky is he who has a loving companion to share them. As for the lady with whom Charlotte had stayed before her marriage, she was in a state of the most lachrymose sentimentality. She sat on the bed in the chamber which the little maid had vacated. Her tears flowed copiously. She knew not why, she could not tell how the girl had wound herself round her maternal heart. And I think if Heaven had decreed this young creature should be poor, it had sent her many blessings and treasures in compensation.

Every respectable man and woman in London will, of course, pity these young people, and reprobate the mad risk which they were running, and yet, by the influence and example of a sentimental wife, probably, so madly sentimental have I become, that I own sometimes I almost fancy these misguided wretches were to be envied.

A melancholy little chapel it is where they were married, and stands hard by our house. We did not decorate the church with flowers, or adorn the beadles with white ribbons. We had, I must confess, a dreary little breakfast, not in the least enlivened by Mugford's jokes, who would make a speech *de circonstance*, which was not, I am thankful to say, reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. 'We shan't charge you for advertising the marriage *there*, my dear,' Mrs. Mugford said. 'And I've already took it myself to Mr. Burjoyce.' Mrs. Mugford had insisted upon pinning a large white favor upon John, who drove her from Hampstead; but that was the only ornament present at the nuptial ceremony, much to the disappointment of the good lady. There was a very pretty cake, with two doves in sugar, on the top, which the Little Sister made and sent, and no other hymeneal emblem. Our little girls as bridesmaids appeared, to be sure, in new bonnets and dresses, but everybody else looked so quiet and demure, that when we went into the church, three or four street urchins knocking about the gate, said, 'Look at 'em. They're going to be 'ung.' And so the words are spoken, and the indissoluble knot is tied. Amen. For better, for worse, for good days or evil, love each other, cling to each other, dear friends. Fulfill your course, and accomplish your life's toil. In sorrow, soothe each other; in illness watch and tend. Cheer, fond wife, the husband's struggle; lighten his gloomy hours with your tender smiles, and gladden his home with your love. Husband, father, what-

soever your lot, be your heart pure, your life honest. For the sake of those who bear your name, let no bad action sully it. As you look at those innocent faces, which ever tenderly greet you, be yours, too, innocent, and your conscience without reproach. As the young people kneel before the altar-railing, some such thoughts as these pass through a friend's mind who witnesses the ceremony of their marriage. Is not all we hear in that place meant to apply to ourselves, and to be carried away for everyday cogitation?

After the ceremony we sign the book, and walk back demurely to breakfast. And Mrs. Mugford does not conceal her disappointment at the small preparations made for the reception of the marriage party. 'I call it shabby, Brandon; and I speak my mind. No favors. Only your cake. No speeches to speak of. No lobster-salad; and wine on the sideboard. I thought your Queen Square friends knew how to do the thing better! When one of *my* gurls is married, I promise you we shan't let her go out of the back door; and at least we shall have the best four grays that Newman's can furnish. It's my belief your young friend is getting too fond of money, Brandon, and so I have told Mugford.' But these, you see, were only questions of taste. Good Mrs. Mugford's led her to a green satin dress and pink turban, when other ladies were in gray or quiet colors. The intimacy between our two families dwindled immediately after Philip's marriage; Mrs. M., I am sorry to say, setting us down as shabby-genteel people, and she couldn't bear screwing—never could!

Well; the speeches were spoken. The bride was kissed, and departed with her bridegroom; they had not even a valet and lady's-maid to bear them company. The route of the happy pair was to be Canterbury, Folkestone, Boulogne, Amiens, Paris, and Italy perhaps, if their little stock of pocket-money would serve them so far. But the very instant when half was spent, it was agreed that these young people should turn their faces homeward again; and meanwhile the printer and Mugford himself agreed that they would do Mr. Sub-editor's duty. How much had they in the little purse for their pleasure-journey? That is no business of ours, surely; but with youth, health, happiness, love, among their possessions, I don't think our young friends had need to be discontented. Away then they drive in their cab to the railway station. Farewell, and Heaven bless you, Charlotte and Philip! I have said how I found my wife crying in her favorite's vacant bedroom. The marriage table did coldly furnish forth a funeral kind of

dinner. The cold chicken choked us all, and the jelly was but a sickly compound to my taste, though it was the Little Sister's most artful manufacture. I own for one I was quite miserable. I found no comfort at clubs, nor could the last new novel fix my attention. I saw Philip's eyes and heard the warble of Charlotte's sweet voice. I walked off from Bays', and through Old Parr Street, where Philip had lived, and his parents entertained me as a boy; and then tramped to Thornhaugh Street, rather ashamed of myself. The maid said, mistress was in Mr. Philip's rooms, the two pair—and what was that I heard on the piano as I entered the apartment? Mrs. Brandon sat there hemming some chintz window-curtains, or bed-curtains, or what not; by her side sat my own eldest girl stitching away very resolutely; and at the piano—the piano which Philip had bought—there sat my own wife picking out that 'Dream of St. Jerome,' of Beethoven, which Charlotte used to play so delicately. We had tea out of Philip's tea-things, and a nice hot cake, which consoled some of us. But I have known few evenings more melancholy than that. It felt like the first night at school after the holidays when we all used to try and appear cheerful, you know. But ah! how dismal the gayety was; and how dreary that lying awake in the night, and thinking of the happy days just over.

The way in which we looked forward for letters from our bride and bridegroom was quite a curiosity. At length a letter arrived from these personages; and as it contains no secret, I take the liberty to print it *in extenso*.

AMIENS, *Friday*. PARIS, *Saturday*.

DEAREST FRIENDS—(For the dearest friends you *are* to us, and will continue to be *as long as we live*): We perform our promise of writing to you to say that we are *well*, and *safe*, and *happy*! Philip says I mustn't use *dashes*, but I can't help it. He says, he supposes I am dashing off a letter. You know his joking way. Oh, what a blessing it is to see him so happy. And if he is happy I am. I tremble to think *how* happy. He sits opposite me, smoking his cigar, looking so noble! *I like it*, and I went to our room and *brought him this one*. He says, 'Char, if I were to say bring me your head, you would order a waiter to cut it off.' Pray, did I not promise three days ago to love, honor, and obey him, and am I going to break my promise already? I hope not. I pray not. All my life I hope I shall be trying to keep that promise of mine. We liked Canterbury almost as much as dear Westminster. We had an open carriage and took a *glorious drive* to Folkestone, and in the crossing Philip was ill, and I wasn't. And he looked very droll; and he was in a dreadful bad humor; and that was my first appearance as nurse. I think I should like him to be a *little* ill sometimes, so that I may sit up and take care of him. We went through the cords at the custom-house at Boulogne; and I remembered how, two years ago, I passed through those very cords with my poor papa, and *he* stood outside, and saw us! We went to the Hôtel des Bains. We walked about the town. We went to the Tintelleries, where we used to live, and to your house in the Haute Ville, where I remember *everything as if it was yesterday*. Don't you remember, as we were walking one day, you said, 'Charlotte, there is the steamer coming; there is the smoke of his funnel;' and I said, 'What steamer?' and you said, 'The Philip, to be sure.' And he came up smoking his pipe! We passed over and over the old grounds where we used to walk. We went to the pier, and gave money to the poor little hunchback who plays the guitar, and he said, '*Merci, madame*.' How droll it sounded? And that good kind Marie at the Hôtel des Bains remembered us, and called us '*mes enfans*.' And if you were not the most good-natured woman in the world, I think I should be ashamed to write such nonsense.

Think of Mrs. Brandon having knitted me a purse, which she gave me as we went away from *dear, dear* Queen Square; and when I opened it, there were five sovereigns in it! When we found what the purse contained, Philip used one of his great *jurons* (as he always does when he is most tender-hearted), and he said that woman was an angel, and that we would keep those five sovereigns, and never change them. Ah, I am thankful my husband has such friends! I will love all who love him—you most of all. For were not you the means of bringing this noble heart to me? I fancy I have known *bigger people*, since I have known you, and some of your friends. Their talk is simpler, their thoughts are greater than—those with whom I used to live. P. says, Heaven has given Mrs. Brandon such a great heart, that she must have a good intellect. If loving my Philip he wisdom, I know someone who will be very wise!

If I was not in a very great hurry to see mamma, Philip said we might stop a day at Amiens. And we went to the Cathedral, and to whom do you think it is dedicated? to *my saint*: to SAINT FIRMIN! and oh! I prayed to Heaven to give me strength to devote my life to *my saint's service*, to love him always as a pure, true wife; in sickness to guard him, in sorrow to soothe him. I will try and *learn* and *study*, not to make my intellect equal to his—very few women can hope for that—but that I may better comprehend him, and give him a companion more worthy of him. I wonder whether there are many men in the world as clever as our husbands? Though Philip is so modest. He says he is not clever *at all*. Yet I know he is, and grander somehow than other men. I said nothing, but I used to listen at Queen Square; and some who came who thought best of themselves, seemed to me pert, and worldly, and small; and some were like princes somehow. My Philip is one of the princes. Ah, dear friend! may I not give thanks where thanks are due, that I am chosen to be the wife of a true gentleman? Kind, and brave, and loyal Philip! Honest and generous—above deceit or selfish scheme. Oh, I hope it is not wrong to be so happy!

We wrote to mamma and dear Mme. Smolensk to say we were coming. Mamma finds Mme. de Valentinois' boarding house even dearer than dear Mme. Smolensk's. I *don't mean* a pun! She says she has found out that Mme. de Valentinois' real name is Cornichon; that she was a person of the worst character, and that cheating at *ecarté* was practiced at her house. She took up her own two francs and another two-franc piece from the card-table, saying that Colonel Bonlotte was cheating, and by rights the money was hers. She is going to leave Mme. de Valentinois at the end of her month, or as soon as her children, who have the measles, can move. She desired that on no account I would come to see her at Mme. V.'s; and she brought Philip £12 10s. in five-franc pieces, which she laid down on the table before him, and said it was my first quarter's payment. It is not due yet, I know. 'But do you think I will be beholden,' says she, 'to a man like you!' And P. shrugged his shoulders, and put the *rouleau* of silver pieces into a drawer. He did not say a word, but of course, I saw he was ill pleased. 'What shall we do with your fortune, Char?' he said, when mamma went away. And a part we spent at the opera and at Véry's restaurant, where we took our dear kind Mme. Smolensk. Ah, how good that woman was to me! Ah, how I suffered in that house when mamma wanted to part me from Philip! We walked by and saw the windows of the room where that horrible, horrible tragedy was performed, and Philip shook his fist at the green *jalouses*. 'Good Heavens!' he said: 'how, my darling, how I was made to suffer there!' I hear no malice. I will do no injury. But I can never forgive; never! I can forgive mamma, who made my husband so unhappy; but can I love her again? Indeed and indeed I have tried. Often and often in my dreams that horrid tragedy is acted over again; and they are taking him from me, and I feel as if I should die. When I was with you I used often to be afraid to go to sleep for fear of that dreadful dream, and I kept one of his letters under my pillow so that I might hold it in the night. And now! No one can part us!—oh, no one!—until the end comes!

He took me about to all his old *bachelor haunts*; to the Hôtel Poussin, where he used to live, which is very dingy but comfortable. And he introduced me to the landlady in a Madras handkerchief, and to the landlord (in earrings and with no coat on), and to the little boy who *frottes* the floors. And he said, '*Tiens*' and '*merci, madame!*' as we gave him a five-franc piece *out of my fortune*. And then we went to the café opposite the Bourse, where Philip used to write his letters; and then we went to the Palais Royal, where Mme. de Smolensk was in waiting for us. And then we went to the play. And then we went to Tortoni's to take ices. And then we walked a part of the way home with Mme. Smolensk under a hundred million blazing stars; and then we walked down the Champs Elysées avenues, by which Philip used to come to me, and beside the plashing fountains shining under the silver moon. And, O Laura! I wonder under the silver moon was anybody so happy as your *loving and grateful*. C. F.

P. S. [In the handwriting of Philip Firmin, Esq.]—MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I'm so jolly that it seems like a dream. I have been watching Charlotte scribble, scribble for an hour past; and wondered and thought is it actually true? and gone and convinced myself of the truth by looking at the paper and the dashes which she will put under the words. My dear friends, what have I done in life that I am to be made a present

of a little angel? Once there was so much wrong in me, and my heart was so black and revengeful, that I knew not what might happen to me. She came and rescued me. The love of this creature purifies me—and—and I think that is all. I think I only want to say that I am the happiest man in Europe. That Saint Firmin at Amiens! Didn't it seem like a good omen? By St. George! I never heard of St. F. until I lighted on him in the cathedral. When shall we write next? Where shall we tell you to direct? We don't know where we are going. We don't want letters. But we are not the less grateful to dear, kind friends; and our names are
P. AND C. F.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DESCRIBES A SITUATION INTERESTING BUT NOT UNEXPECTED.

ONLY very willful and silly children cry after the moon. Sensible people who have shed their sweet tooth can't be expected to be very much interested about honey. We may hope Mr. and Mrs. Philip Firmin enjoyed a pleasant wedding tour and that sort of thing; but as for chronicling its delights or adventures, Miss Sowerby and I vote that the task is altogether needless and immoral. Young people are already much too sentimental, and inclined to idle, maudlin reading. Life is earnest, Miss Sowerby remarks (with a strong inclination to spell 'earnest' with a large E). Life is labor. Life is duty. Life is rent. Life is taxes. Life brings its ills, bills, doctor's pills. Life is not a mere calendar of honey and moonshine. Very good. But without love, Miss Sowerby, life is just death, and I know, my dear, you would no more care to go on with it, than with a new chapter of—of our dear friend Boreham's new story.

Between ourselves, Philip's humor is not much more light-some than that of the ingenious contemporary above named; but if it served to amuse Philip himself, why baulk him of a little sport? Well, then; he wrote us a great ream of lumbering pleasantries, dated Paris, Thursday; Geneva, Saturday. Summit of Mont Blanc, Monday; Timbuctoo, Wednesday. Peking, Friday—with facetious descriptions of those spots and cities. He said that in the last named place, Charlotte's shoes being worn out, those which she purchased were rather tight for her, and the high heels annoyed her. He stated that the beef at Timbuctoo was not cooked enough for Charlotte's taste, and that the Emperor's attentions were becoming rather marked, and so forth; whereas poor little Char's simple postscripts mentioned no travelling at all: but averred that they were staying at St. Germain, and as happy as the day was long. As happy as the day was long? As it was short, alas! Their little purse was very slenderly furnished; and in a very, very brief holiday, poor Philip's few napoleons had almost all rolled away. Luckily, it was pay-day when the young people came back to London. They were almost reduced to the Little Sister's wed-

ding present; and surely they would rather work than purchase a few hours' more ease with that poor widow's mite.

Who talked and was afraid of poverty? Philip, with his two newspapers, averred that he had enough; more than enough; could save; could put by. It was at this time that Ridley, the Academician, painted that sweet picture, No. 1976—of course, you remmber it—'Portrait of a Lady.' He became romantically attached to the second-floor lodger; would have no noisy parties in his rooms, or smoking, lest it should annoy her. Would Mrs. Firmin desire to give entertainments of her own? His studio and sitting room were at her orders. He fetched and carried. He brought presents, and theater-boxes. He was her slave of slaves. And she gave him back in return for all this romantic adoration a condescending shake of a soft little hand, and a kind look from a pair of soft eyes, with which the painter was fain to be content. Low of stature, and of misshapen form, J. J. thought himself naturally outcast from marriage and love, and looked in with longing eyes at the paradise which he was forbidden to enter. And Mr. Philip sat within this Palace of Delight; and lolled at his ease and took his pleasure, and Charlotte ministered to him. And once in a way, my lord sent out a crumb of kindness, or a little cup of comfort, to the outcast at the gate, who blessed his benefactress, and my lord his benefactor, and was thankful. Charlotte had not twopence; but she had a little court. It was the fashion for Philip's friends to come and bow before her. Very fine gentlemen who had known him at college, and forgot him, or sooth to say, thought him rough and overbearing, now suddenly remembered him, and his young wife had quite fashionable assemblies at her five o'clock tea-table. All men liked her, and Miss Sowerby of course says Mrs. Firmin was a good-natured, quite harmless little woman, rather pretty, and—you know my, dear—such as men like. Look you, if I like cold veal, dear Sowerby, it is that my tastes are simple. A fine tough old dry camel, no doubt, is a much nobler and more sagacious animal—and perhaps you think a double hump is quite a delicacy.

Yes; Mrs. Philip was a success. She had scarce any female friends as yet, being too poor to go into the world; but she had Mrs. Pendennis, and dear little Mrs. Brandon, and Mrs. Mugford, whose celebrated trap repeatedly brought delicacies for the bride from Hampstead, whose chaise was once or twice a week at Philip's door, and who was very much exercised and impressed by the fine company whom she met in Mrs. Firmin's

apartments. 'Lord Thingambury's card! what next, Brandon, upon my word? Lady Slowby at home? well, I never, Mrs. B.!' In such artless phrases Mrs. Mugford would express her admiration and astonishment during the early time, and when Charlotte still retained the good lady's favor. That a state of things far less agreeable ensued, I must own. But though there is ever so small a cloud in the sky even now, let us not heed it for a while, and bask and be content and happy in the sunshine. 'O Laura, I tremble when I think how happy I am!' was our little bird's perpetual warble. 'How did I live when I was at home with mamma?' she would say. 'Do you know that Philip never scolds me? If he were to say a rough word I think I should die; whereas mamma was barking, barking from morning till night, and I didn't care a pin.' This is what comes of injudicious scolding, as of any other drug. The wholesome medicine loses its effects. The inured patient calmly takes a dose what would frighten or kill a stranger. Poor Mrs. Baynes' crossed letters came still, and I am not prepared to pledge my word that Charlotte read them all. Mrs. B. offered to come and superintend and take care of dear Philip when an interesting event should take place. But Mrs. Brandon was already engaged for this important occasion, and Charlotte became so alarmed lest her mother should invade her, that Philip wrote curtly, and positively forbade Mrs. Baynes. You remember the picture 'A Cradle' by J. J.? the two little rosy feet brought I don't know many hundred guineas apiece to Mr. Ridley. The mother herself did not study babydom more fondly and devotedly than Ridley did in the ways, looks, features, anatomies, attitudes, baby-clothes, etc., of this first born infant of Charlotte and Philip Firmin. My wife is very angry because I have forgotten whether the first of the young Firmin brood was a boy or a girl, and says I shall forget the names of my own children next. Well? 'At this distance of time, I *think* it was a boy, for their boy is very tall, you know—a great deal taller—— *Not* a boy? Then, between ourselves, I have no doubt it was a——' 'A goose,' says the lady; which is not even reasonable.

This is certain, we all thought the young mother looked very pretty, with her pink cheeks and beaming eyes, as she bent over the little infant. J. J. says he thinks there is something *heavenly* in the looks of young mothers at that time. Nay, he goes so far as to declare that a tigress at the Zoölogical Gardens looks beautiful and gentle as she bends her black nozzle over her cubs. And if a tigress, why not Mrs. Philip?

Oh, ye powers of sentiment, in what a state J. J. was about this young woman! There is a brightness in a young mother's eye; there are pearl and rose tints on her cheek, which are sure to fascinate a painter. This artist used to hang about Mrs. Brandon's rooms, till it was droll to see him. I believe he took off his shoes in his own studio, so as not to disturb by his creaking the lady overhead. He purchased the most preposterous mug, and other presents for the infant. Philip went out to his club or his newspaper as he was ordered to do. But Mr. J. J. could not be got away from Thornhaugh Street, so that little Mrs. Brandon laughed at him—absolutely laughed at him.

During all this while Philip and his wife continued in the very greatest favor with Mr. and Mrs. Mugford, and were invited by that worthy couple to go with their infant to Mugford's villa at Hampstead, where a change of air might do good to dear baby and dear mamma. Philip went to this village retreat. Streets and terraces now cover over the house and grounds which worthy Mugford inhabited, and which people say he used to call his Russian Irby. He had amassed in a small space a heap of country pleasures. He had a little garden; a little paddock; a little greenhouse; a little cucumber-frame; a little stable for his little trap; a little Guernsey cow; a little dairy; a little pigsty; and with this little treasure the good man was not a little content. He loved and praised everything that was his. No man admired his own port more than Mugford, or paid more compliments to his own butter and home-baked bread. He enjoyed his own happiness. He appreciated his own worth. He loved to talk of the days when he was a poor boy in London streets, and now—'now try that glass of port, my boy, and say whether the Lord Mayor has got any better,' he would say, winking at his glass and his company. To be virtuous, to be lucky, and constantly to think and own that you are so—is not this true happiness? To sing hymns in praise of himself is a charming amusement—at least to the performer; and anybody who dined at Mugford's table was pretty sure to hear some of this music after dinner. I am sorry to say Philip did not care for this trumpet-blowing. He was frightfully bored at Haverstock Hill; and when bored, Mr. Philip is not altogether an agreeable companion. He will yawn in a man's face, he will contradict you freely. He will say the mutton is tough, or the wine not fit to drink; that such and such an orator is overrated, and such and such a politician is a fool. Mugford and his guest had battles after dinner, had actually high words. 'What-hever is it, Mug-

ford? and what were you quarreling about in the dining room?' asks Mrs. Mugford. 'Quarréling? It's only the sub-editor snoring,' said the gentleman, with a flushed face. 'My wine aint good enough for him; and now my gentleman must put his boots upon a chair and go to sleep under my nose. . He is a cool hand, and no mistake, Mrs. M.' At this juncture poor little Char would gently glide down from a visit to her baby; and would play something on the piano, and soothe the rising anger; and thus Philip would come in from a little walk in the shrubberies, where he had been blowing a little cloud. Ah! there was a little cloud rising indeed—quite a little one—nay, not so little. When you consider that Philip's bread depended on the good-will of these people, you will allow that his friends might be anxious regarding the future. A word from Mugford, and Philip and Charlotte and the child were adrift on the world. And these points Mr. Firmin would freely admit, while he stood discoursing of his own affairs (as he loved to do), his hands in his pockets, and his back warming at our fire.

'My dear fellow,' says the candid bridegroom, 'these things are constantly in my head. I used to talk about 'em to Char, but I don't now. They disturb her, the poor thing; and she clutches hold of the baby; and—and it tears my heart out to think that any grief should come to her. I try and do my best, my good people—but when I'm bored I can't help showing I'm bored, don't you see? I can't be a hypocrite. No, not for two hundred a year, or for twenty thousand. You can't make a silk purse out of that sow's-ear of a Mugford. A very good man. I don't say no. A good father, a good husband, a generous host, and a most tremendous bore, and cad. Be agreeable to him? How can I be agreeable when I am being killed? He has a story about Leigh Hunt being put into Newgate, where Mugford, bringing him proofs, saw Lord Byron. I cannot keep awake during that story any longer; or, if awake, I grind my teeth, and swear inwardly, so that I know I'm dreadful to hear and see. Well, Mugford has yellow satin sofas in the "droaring room" '—

'O Philip!' says a lady; and two or three circumjacent children set up an insane giggle, which is speedily and sternly silenced.

'I tell you she calls it "droaring room." You know she does, as well as I do. She is a good woman; a kind woman; a hot tempered woman. I hear her scolding the servants in the kitchen with immense vehemence, and at prodigious length. But how can Char frankly be the friend of a woman who calls a drawing

room a droaring room? With our dear little friend in Thornhaugh Street, it is different. She makes no pretence even at equality. Here is a patron and patroness, don't you see? When Mugford walks me round his paddock and gardens, and says, "Look year, Firmin;" or scratches one of his pigs on the baek, and says, "We'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday"—[explosive attempts at insubordination and derision on the part of the children again are severely checked by the parental authorities]—"we'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday," I felt inclined to throw him or myself into the trough over the palings. Do you know that that man put that hand into his pocket and offered me some filberts?"

Here I own the lady to whom Philip was addressing himself turned pale and shuddered.

'I can no more be that man's friend que celui du domestique qui vient d'apporter le what-d'you-call'em? le coal seuttle'—(John entered the room with that useful article during Philip's oration—and we allowed the elder children to laugh this time, for the fact is, none of us knew the French for coal seuttle, and I will wager there is no such word in Chambaud). 'This holding back is not arroganee,' Philip went on. 'This retieence is not want of humility. To serve that man honestly is one thing; to make friends with him, to laugh at his dull jokes, is to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, is subserviency and hypoerisy on my part. I ought to say to him, Mr. Mugford, I will give you my work for your wage; I will compile your paper, I will produce an agreeable miscellany containing proper proportions of news, politics, and seandal, put titles to your paragraphs, see the *Pall Mall Gazette* ship-shape through the press, and go home to my wife and dinner. You are my employer, but you are not my friend, and—bless my soul! there is five o'clock striking!' (The time piece in our drawing room gave that announeement as he was speaking.) 'We have what Mugford calls a white-choker dinner to-day, in honor of the pig!' And with this Philip plunges out of the house, and I hoped reached Hampstead in time for the entertainment.

Philip's friends in Westminster felt no little doubt about his prospects, and the Little Sister shared their alarm. 'They are not fit to be with those folks,' Mrs. Brandon said, 'though as for Mrs. Philip, dear thing, I am sure nobody can ever quarrel with *her*. With me it's different. I never had no education, you know—no more than the Mugfords, but I don't like to see my Philip sittin' down as if he was the guest and equal of that fellar.' Nor indeed did it ever enter 'that

fellar's' head that Mr. Frederiek Mugford could be Mr. Philip Firmin's equal. With our knowledge of the two men, then, we all dismally looked forward to a rupture between Firmin and his patron.

As for the New York journal, we were more easy in respect to Philip's success in that quarter. Several of his friends made a vow to help him. We clubbed club-stories; we begged from our polite friends anecdotes (that would bear sea-transport) of the fashionable world. We happened to overhear the most remarkable conversations between the most influential public characters who had no secrets from us. We had astonishing intelligence at most European courts; exclusive reports of the Emperor of Russia's last joke—his last? his next, very likely. We knew the most secret designs of the Austrian Privy Council; the views which the Pope had in his eye; who was the latest favorite of the Grand Turk, and so on. The upper Ten Thousand at New York were supplied with a quantity of information which I trust profited them. It was 'Palmerston remarked yesterday at dinner,' or, 'The good old Duke said last night at Apsley House to the French Ambassador,' and the rest. The letters were signed 'Philalethes'; and, as nobody was wounded by the shafts of our long bow, I trust Mr. Philip and his friends may be pardoned for twanging it. By information procured from learned female personages, we even managed to give accounts, more or less correct, of the latest ladies' fashions. We were members of all the clubs; we were present at the routs and assemblies of the political leaders of both sides. We had little doubt that Philalethes would be successful at New York, and looked forward to an increased payment for his labors. At the end of the first year of Philip Firmin's married life, we made a calculation by which it was clear that he had actually saved money. His expenses, to be sure, were increased. There was a baby in the nursery; but there was a little bag of sovereigns in the cupboard, and the thrifty young fellow hoped to add still more to his store.

We were relieved at finding that Firmin and his wife were not invited to repeat their visit to their employer's house at Hampstead. An occasional invitation to dinner was still sent to the young people; but Mugford, a haughty man in his way, with a proper spirit of his own, had the good sense to see that much intimacy could not arise between him and his sub-editor, and magnanimously declined to be angry at the young fellow's easy supereiliousness. I think that indefatigable Little Sister was the peacemaker between the houses of Mugford and Fir-

min junior, and that she kept both Philip and his master on their good behavior. At all events, and when a quarrel did arise between them, I grieve to have to own it was poor Philip who was in the wrong.

You know in the old, old days the young king and queen never gave any christening entertainment without neglecting to invite some old fairy, who was furious at the omission. I am sorry to say Charlotte's mother was so angry at not being appointed godmother to the new baby, that she omitted to make her little quarterly payment of £12 10s.; and has altogether discontinued that payment from that remote period up to the present time, so that Philip says his wife has brought him a fortune of £35, paid in three instalments. There was the first quarter paid when the old lady 'would not be beholden to a man like him.' Then there came a second quarter—and then—but I dare say I shall be able to tell when and how Philip's mamma-in-law paid the rest of her poor little daughter's fortune.

Well, Regent's Park is a fine healthy place for infantine diversion, and I don't think Philip at all demeaned himself in walking there with his wife, her little maid, and his baby on his arm. 'He is as rude as a bear, and his manners are dreadful; but he has a good heart, that I will say for him,' Mugford said to me. In his drive from London to Hampstead, Mugford once or twice met the little family group, of which his sub-editor formed the principle figure; and for the sake of Philip's young wife and child Mr. M. pardoned the young man's vulgarity, and treated him with long-suffering.

Poor as he was, this was his happiest time, my friend is disposed to think. A young child, a young wife, whose whole life was a tender caress of love for child and husband, a young husband watching both—I recall the group, as we used often to see it in those days, and see a something sacred in the homely figures. On the wife's bright face what a radiant happiness there is, and what a rapturous smile! Over the sleeping infant and the happy mother the father looks with pride and thanks in his eyes. Happiness and gratitude fill his simple heart, and prayer involuntary to the Giver of good, that he may have strength to do his duty as father, husband; that he may be enabled to keep want and care from those dear innocent beings; that he may defend them, befriend them, leave them a good name. I am bound to say that Philip became thrifty and saving for the sake of Char and the child; that he came home early of nights; that he thought his child a wonder; that he never tired of speaking about that infant in our house,

about its fatness, its strength, its weight, its wonderful early talents and humor. He felt himself a man now for the first time, he said. Life had been play and folly until now. And now especially he regretted that he had been idle, and had neglected his opportunities as a lad. Had he studied for the bar, he might have made that profession now profitable, and a source of honor and competence to his family. Our friend estimated his own powers very humbly; I am sure he was not the less amiable on account of that humility. Oh, fortunate he, of whom Love is the teacher, the guide and master, the reformer and chastener! Where was our friend's former arrogance, self-confidence, and boisterous profusion? He was at the feet of his wife and child. He was quite humbled about himself; or gratified himself in fondling and caressing these. They taught him, he said; and as he thought of them, his heart turned in awful thanks to the gracious Heaven which had given them to him. As the tiny infant hand closes round his fingers, I can see the father bending over mother and child, and interpret those maybe unspoken blessings which he asks and bestows. Happy wife, happy husband! However poor his little home may be, it holds treasures and wealth inestimable; whatever storms may threaten without, the home fire-side is brightened with welcome of the dearest eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH I OWN THAT PHILIP TELLS AN UNTRUTH.

CHARLOTTE (and the usual little procession of nurse, baby, etc.) once made their appearance at our house in Queen Square, where they were ever welcomed by the lady of the mansion. The young woman was in a great state of elation, and when we came to hear the cause of her delight, her friends too opened the eyes of wonder. She actually announced that Dr. Firmin had sent over a bill of forty pounds (I may be incorrect as to the sum) from New York. It had arrived that morning and she had seen the bill, and Philip had told her that his father had sent it; and was it not a comfort to think that poor Dr. Firmin was endeavoring to repair some of the evil which he had done; and that he was repenting, and, perhaps, was going to become quite honest and good? This was indeed an astounding piece of intelligence; and the two women felt joy at the thought of that sinner repenting, and someone else was accused of cynicism, skepticism, and so forth, for doubting the correctness of the information. 'You believe in no one, sir. You are

always incredulous about good,' etc., etc., etc., was the accusation brought against the reader's very humble servant. Well, about the contrition of this sinner, I confess I still continued to have doubts; and thought a present of forty pounds to a son, to whom he owed thousands, was no great proof of the doctor's amendment.

And oh, how vexed some people were when the real story came out at last! Not for the money's sake—not because they were wrong in argument, and I turned out to be right. Oh, no! But because it was proved that this unhappy doctor had no present intention of repenting at all. This brand would not come out of the burning, whatever we might hope; and the doctor's supporters were obliged to admit as much when they came to know the real story. 'O Philip,' cries Mrs. Laura, when next she saw Mr. Firmin. 'How pleased I was to hear of that letter!'

'What letter?' asks the gentleman.

'That letter from your father at New York,' says the lady.

'Oh,' says the gentleman addressed, with a red face.

'What then? Is it not—is it not all true?' we ask.

'Poor Charlotte does not understand about business,' says Philip; 'I did not read the letter to her. Here it is.' And he hands over the document to me, and I have the liberty to publish it.

NEW YORK, —

And so, my dear Philip, I may congratulate myself on having achieved *ancestral* honor, and may add grandfather to my titles? How quickly this one has come! I feel myself a young man still, *in spite of the blows of misfortune*—at least I know I was a young man but yesterday, when I may say with our dear old poet, *Non sine gloriâ militavi*. Suppose I too were to tire of solitary widowhood and re-enter the married state. There are one or two ladies here who would still condescend to look not unfavorably on the retired *English gentleman*. Without vanity I may say it, a man of birth and position in England acquires a polish and refinement of manner which dollars cannot purchase, and many a *Wall Street* millionaire might envy!

Your wife has been pronounced to be an angel by a *little correspondent* of mine, who gives me fuller intelligence of my family than my son condescends to furnish. Mrs. Philip I hear is gentle; Mrs. Brandon says she is beautiful—she is all good humored. I hope you have taught her to think not *very* badly of her husband's father? I was the dupe of villains who lured me into their schemes; who robbed me of a life's earnings; who induced me by their *false representations* to have such confidence in them, that I embarked all my property, and yours, my poor boy, alas! in their undertakings. Your Charlotte will take the liberal, the wise, the *just* view of the case, and pity rather than blame my misfortune. Such is the view, I am happy to say, generally adopted in this city; where there are men of the world who know the vicissitudes of a mercantile career, and can make allowances for misfortune. What made Rome at first great and prosperous? Were its first colonists all wealthy patricians? Nothing can be more satisfactory than the disregard shown here to *mere pecuniary difficulty*. At the same time to be a gentleman is to possess no trifling privilege in this society, where the advantages of birth, respected name, and early education *always* tell in the possessor's favor. Many persons whom I visit here have certainly not these advantages—and in the highest society of the city I could point out individuals who have had pecuniary misfortunes like myself, who have gallantly renewed the combat after their fall, and are now *fully* restored to competence, to wealth, and the respect of the world! I was in a house in Fifth Avenue last night. Is Washington White shunned by his fellow-men because he has been a bankrupt three times? Anything more elegant or profuse than his entertainment I have not witnessed on this continent. His lady had diamonds which a duchess might envy. The most costly wines, the most magnificent supper, and myriads of canvas-backed ducks covered his board. Dear Charlotte, my friend Captain Clodops brings you over three brace of these from your father-in-law, who hopes they will furnish your little dinner-table. We eat currant jelly with them here, but I like an old English lemon and *cayenne* sauce better.

By the way, dear Philip, I trust you will not be inconvenienced by a little financial operation, which necessity (alas !) has compelled me to perform. Knowing that your quarter with the *Upper Ten Thousand Gazette* was now due, I have made so bold as to request Colonel —— to pay it over to me. Promises to pay must be met here as with us—an obdurate holder of an unlucky acceptance of mine (I am happy to say there are very few such) would admit of *no delay*, and I have been compelled to appropriate my poor Philip's earnings. I have only put you off for ninety days ; with your credit and wealthy friends you can *easily negotiate the bill enclosed*, and I *promise you* that when presented it shall be honored by my Philip's ever affectionate father,
G. B. F.

By the way, your Philaethes' letters are not *quite spicy* enough, my worthy friend the colonel says. They are *elegant and gay*, but the public here desires to have *more personal news* ; a *little scandal about Queen Elizabeth*, you understand ? Can't you attack somebody ? Look at the letters and articles published by my respected friend of the *New York Emerald* ! The readers here like a *high spiced article* ; and I recommend P. F. to put a little more pepper in his dishes. What a comfort to me it is to think that I have procured this place for you, and have been enabled to help my son and his young family !
G. B. F.

Enclosed in this letter was a slip of paper which poor Philip supposed to be a check when he first beheld it, but which turned out to be his papa's promissory note, payable at New York four months after date. And this document was to represent the money which the elder Firmin had received in his son's name ! Philip's eyes met his friend's when they talked about this matter. Firmin looked almost as much ashamed as if he himself had done the wrong.

'Does the loss of this money annoy you ?' asked Philip's friend.

'The manner of the loss does,' said poor Philip 'I don't care about the money. But he should not have taken this. He should not have taken this. Think of poor Charlotte and the child being in want possibly ! Oh, friend, it's hard to bear, isn't it ? I'm an honest fellow, aint I ? I think I am. I pray Heaven I am. In any extremity of poverty could I have done this ? It was my father who introduced me to these people. I suppose he thinks he has a right to my earnings ; and if he is in want, you know, so he has.'

'Had you not better write to the New York publishers and beg them henceforth to remit to you directly ?' asks Philip's friend.

'That would be to tell them that he has disposed of the money,' groans Philip. 'I can't tell them that my father is a——'

'No ; but you can thank them for having handed over such a sum on your account to the doctor ; and warn them that you will draw on them from this country henceforth. They won't in this case pay the next quarter to the doctor.'

'Suppose he is in want, ought I not to supply him ?' Firmin said. 'As long as there are four crusts in the house, the doctor ought to have one. Ought I to be angry with him for helping himself, old boy ?' and he drinks a glass of wine, poor fellow, with a rueful smile. By the way, it is my duty to mention here, that the elder Firmin was in the habit of giving very elegant little dinner-parties at New York, where little

dinner-parties are much more costly than in Europe—‘in order,’ he said, ‘to establish and keep up his connection as a physician. *As a bon-vivant*, I am informed, the doctor began to be celebrated in his new dwelling-place, where his anecdotes of the British aristocracy were received with pleasure in certain circles.

But it would be as well henceforth that Philip should deal directly with his American correspondents, and not employ the services of so very expensive a broker. To this suggestion he could not but agree. Meanwhile—and let this be a warning to men never to deceive their wives in any the slightest circumstances; to tell them *everything* they wish to know, to keep nothing hidden from those dear and excellent beings—you must know, ladies, that when Philip’s famous ship of dollars arrived from America, Firmin had promised his wife that baby should have a dear delightful white cloak trimmed with the most lovely tape, on which poor Charlotte had often cast a longing eye as she passed by the milliner and curiosity shops in Hanway Yard, which, I own, she loved to frequent. Well; when Philip told her that his father had sent home forty pounds, or what not, thereby deceiving his fond wife, the little lady went away straight to her darling shop in the Yard—(Hanway Yard has become a street now, but ah! it is always delightful)—Charlotte, I say, went off, ran off to Hanway Yard, pavid with fear lest the darling cloak should be gone, found it—oh joy! still in Miss Isaacson’s window; put it on baby straightway then and there; kissed the dear infant, and was delighted with the effect of the garment, which all the young ladies at Miss Isaacson’s pronounced to be perfect; and took the cloak away on baby’s shoulders, promising to send the money, five pounds, if you please, next day. And in this cloak baby and Charlotte went to meet papa when he came home; and I don’t know which of them, mamma or baby, was the most pleased and absurd and happy baby of the two. On his way home from his newspaper, Mr. Philip had orders to pursue a certain line of streets, and when his accustomed hour for returning from his business drew nigh, Mrs. Char went down Thornhaugh Street, down Rathbone Place, with Betsy the nursekin and baby in the new cloak. Behold, he comes at last—papa—striding down the street. He sees the figures; he sees the child, which laughs, and holds out its little pink hands, and crows a recognition. And ‘Look—look, papa,’ cries the happy mother. (Away! I cannot keep up the mystery about the baby any longer, and though I had forgotten for a moment the child’s sex, remembered it the instant after, and

that it was a girl to be sure and that its name was Laura Caroline.) 'Look, look, papa!' cries the happy mother. 'She has got another little tooth since the morning, such a beautiful little tooth—and look here, sir, don't you observe anything?'

'Any what?' asks Philip.

'La! sir,' says Betsy, giving Laura Caroline a great toss, so that her white cloak floats in the air.

'Isn't it a dear cloak?' cries mamma; 'and doesn't baby look like an angel in it? I bought it at Miss Isaacson's to-day as you got your money from New York; and oh, my dear, it only cost five guineas.'

'Well, it's a week's work,' sighs poor Philip; 'and I think I need not grudge that to give Charlotte pleasure.' And he feels his empty pockets rather ruefully.

'God bless you, Philip,' says my wife, with her eyes full. 'They came here this morning, Charlotte and the nurse and the baby in the new—the new——' Here the lady seized hold of Philip's hand, and fairly broke out into tears. Had she embraced Mr. Firmin before her husband's own eyes, I should not have been surprised. Indeed she confessed that she was on the point of giving way to this most sentimental outbreak.

And now, my brethren, see how one crime is the parent of many, and one act of duplicity leads to a whole career of deceit. In the first place, you see, Philip had deceived his wife—with the pious desire, it is true, of screening his father's little peculiarities—but, *ruat cœlum*, we must tell no lies. No; and from this day forth I order John never to say Not at home to the greatest bore, dun, dawdle of my acquaintance. If Philip's father had not deceived him, Philip would not have deceived his wife; if he had not deceived his wife, she would not have given five guineas for that cloak for the baby. If she had not given five guineas for the cloak, my wife would never have entered into a secret correspondence with Mr. Firmin, which might, but for my own sweetness of temper, have bred jealousy, mistrust, and the most awful quarrels—nay, duels—between the heads of the two families. Fancy Philip's body lying stark upon Hampstead Heath with a bullet through it, dispatched by the hand of his friend! Fancy a cab driving up to my own house, and from it—under the eyes of the children at the parlor windows—their father's bleeding corpse ejected! Enough of this dreadful pleasantry! Two days after the affair of the cloak, I found a letter in Philip's handwriting addressed to my wife, and thinking that the note had

reference to a matter of dinner then pending between our families, I broke the envelope and read as follows:

THORNHAUGH STREET, *Thursday.*

MY DEAR, KIND GODMAMMA,—As soon as ever I can write and speak, I will thank you for being so kind to me. My Mamma says she is very jealous, and as she bought my cloak she can't think of allowing you to pay for it. But she desires me never to forget your kindness to us, and though I don't know anything about it now, she promises to tell me when I am old enough. Meanwhile I am your grateful and affectionate little goddaughter,
L. C. F.

Philip was persuaded by his friends at home to send out the request to his New York employers to pay his salary henceforth to himself; and I remember a dignified letter came from his parent, in which the matter was spoken of in sorrow rather than in anger; in which the doctor pointed out that this precautionary measure seemed to imply a doubt on Philip's side of his father's honor; and surely, surely, he was unhappy enough and unfortunate enough already without meriting this mistrust from his son. The duty of a son to honor his father and mother was feelingly pointed out, and the doctor meekly trusted that Philip's children would give *him* more confidence than he seemed to be inclined to award to his unfortunate father. Never mind. He should bear no malice. If Fortune ever smiled on him again, and something told him she would, he would show Philip that he could forgive; although he might not be able to forget that in his exile, his solitude, his declining years, his misfortune, his own child had mistrusted him. This he said was the most cruel blow of all for his susceptible heart to bear.

This letter of paternal remonstrance was inclosed in one from the doctor to his old friend the Little Sister, in which he vaunted a discovery which he and some other scientific gentlemen were engaged in perfecting—of a medicine which was to be extraordinarily efficacious in cases in which Mrs. Brandon herself was often specially and professionally engaged, and he felt sure that the sale of this medicine would go far to retrieve his shattered fortune. He pointed out the complaints in which this medicine was most efficacious. He would send some of it, and details regarding its use, to Mrs. Brandon, who might try its efficacy upon her patients. He was advancing slowly, but steadily, in his medical profession, he said; though, of course, he had to suffer from the jealousy of his professional brethren. Never mind. Better times, he was sure, were in store for all; when his son should see that a wretched matter of forty pounds more should not deter him from paying all just claims upon him. Amen! We all heartily wished for the day when Philip's father should be able to settle his little accounts. Meanwhile,

the proprietors of the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* were instructed to write directly to their London correspondent.

Although Mr. Firmin prided himself, as we have seen, upon his taste and dexterity as sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I must own that he was a very insubordinate officer, with whom his superiors often had cause to be angry. Certain people were praised in the *Gazette*—certain others were attacked. Very dull books were admired, and very lively works attacked. Some men were praised for everything they did; some others were satirized, no matter what their works were. 'I find,' poor Philip used to say with a groan, 'that in matters of criticism especially there are so often private reasons for the praise and the blame administered, that I am glad, for my part, my only duty is to see the paper through the press. For instance, there is Harrocks, the tragedian, of Drury Lane; every piece in which he appears is a masterpiece and his performance the greatest triumph ever witnessed. Very good. Harrocks and my excellent employer are good friends, and dine with each other; and it is natural that Mugford should like to have his friend praised, and to help him in every way. But Balderson, of Covent Garden, is also a very fine actor. Why can't our critic see his merit as well as Harrocks's? Poor Balderson is never allowed any merit at all. He is passed over with a sneer, or a curt word of cold commendation, while columns of flattery are not enough for his rival.'

'Why, Mr. F., what a flat you must be, askin' your pardon,' remarked Mugford, in reply to his sub-editor's simple remonstrances. 'How can we praise Balderson, when Harrocks is our friend? Me and Harrocks are thick. Our wives are close friends. If I was to let Balderson be praised, I should drive Harrocks mad. I *can't* praise Balderson, don't you see, out of justice to Harrocks!'

Then there was a certain author whom Bickerton was forever attacking. They had had a private quarrel, and Bickerton revenged himself in this way. In reply to Philip's outcries and remonstrances, Mr. Mugford only laughed; 'The two men are enemies, and Bickerton hits him whenever he can. Why, that's only human nature, Mr. F.,' says Philip's employer.

'Great Heavens!' bawls out Firmin, 'do you mean to say that the man is base enough to strike at his private enemies through the press?'

'Private enemies! private gammon, Mr. Firmin!' cries Philip's employer. 'If I have enemies—and I have, there's no doubt about that—I serve them out whenever and wherever I

man. And let me tell you I don't half relish having my conduct called base. It's only natural; and it's right. Perhaps you would like to praise your enemies, and abuse your friend? If that's your line, let me tell you you won't do in the noospaper business, and had better take to some other trade.' And the employer parted from his subordinate in some heat.

Mugford, indeed, feelingly spoke to me about this insubordination of Philip. 'What does the fellow mean by quarreling with his bread and butter?' Mr. Mugford asked. 'Speak to him, and show him what's what, Mr. P., or we shall come to a quarrel, mind you—and I don't want that, for the sake of his little wife, poor little delicate thing. Whatever is to happen to them, if we don't stand by them?'

What was to happen to them, indeed? Anyone who knew Philip's temper as we did, was aware how little advice or remonstrance were likely to affect that gentleman. 'Good Heavens!' he said to me, when I endeavored to make him adopt a conciliatory tone toward his employer, 'do you want to make me Mugford's galley-slave? I shall have him standing over me and swearing at me as he does at the printers. He looks into my room at times when he is in a passion, and glares at me as if he would like to seize me by the throat; and after a word or two he goes off, and I hear him curse the boys in the passage. One day it will be on me that he will turn, I feel sure of that. I tell you the slavery is beginning to be awful. I wake of a night and groan and chafe, and poor Char, too, wakes and asks, "What is it, Philip?" I say it is rheumatism. Rheumatism!' Of course to Philip's malady his friends tried to apply the commonplace anodynes and consolations. He must be gentle in his bearing. He must remember that his employer had not been bred a gentleman, and that, though rough and coarse in language, Mugford had a kind heart. 'There is no need to tell me he is not a gentleman, I know that,' says poor Phil. 'He is kind to Char and the child, that is the truth, and so is his wife. I am a slave for all that. He is my driver. He feeds me. He hasn't beat me yet. When I was away at Paris I did not feel the chain so much. But it is scarcely tolerable now, when I have to see my jailer four or five times a week. My poor little Char, why did I drag you into this slavery?'

'Because you wanted a consoler, I suppose,' remarks one of Philip's comforters. 'And do you suppose Charlotte would be happier if she were away from you? Though you live up two pair of stairs, is any home happier than yours, Philip? You often own as much when you are in happier moods. Who

has not his work to do, and his burden to bear? You say sometimes that you are imperious and hot-tempered. Perhaps your slavery, as you call it, may be good for you.'

'I have doomed myself and her to it,' says Philip, hanging down his head.

'Does she ever repine?' asks his adviser. 'Does she not think herself the happiest little wife in the world? See here, Philip, here is a note from her yesterday in which she says as much. Do you want to know what the note is about, sir?' says the lady with a smile. 'Well, then, she wanted a receipt for that dish which you liked so much on Friday, and she and Mrs. Brandon will make it for you.'

'And if it consisted of minced Charlotte,' says Philip's other friend, 'you know she would cheerfully chop herself up and have herself served with a little cream sauce and sippets of toast for your honor's dinner.'

This was undoubtedly true. Did not Job's friends make many true remarks when they visited him in his affliction? Patient as he was, the patriarch groaned and lamented, and why should not poor Philip be allowed to grumble, who was not a model of patience at all? He was not broke in as yet. The mill-horse was restive and kicked at his work. He would chafe not seldom at the daily drudgery, and have his fits of revolt and despondency. Well? Have others not had to toil, to bow the proud head, and carry the daily burden? Don't you see Pegasus, who was going to win the plate, a weary, broken-knee'd, broken-down old cab-hack shivering in the rank; or a sleek gelding, mayhap, pacing under a corpulent master in Rotten Row? Philip's crust began to be scanty, and was dipped in bitter waters. I am not going to make a long story of this part of his career, or parade my friend as too hungry and poor. He is safe now, and out of all peril, Heaven be thanked! but he had to pass through hard times, and to look out very wistfully lest the wolf should enter at the door. He never laid claim to be a man of genius, nor was he a successful quack who could pass as a man of genius. When there were French prisoners in England, we know how stout old officers who had plied their sabers against Mamelukes, or Russians, or Germans, were fain to carve little gimcracks in bone with their penknives, or make baskets and boxes of chipped straw, and piteously sell them to casual visitors to their prison. Philip was poverty's prisoner. He had to make such shifts, and do such work, as he could find in his captivity. I do not think men who have undergone the struggle and served the dire

task-master like to look back and recall the grim apprenticeship. When Philip says now, 'What fools we were to marry, Char,' she looks up radiantly, with love and happiness in her eyes—looks up to Heaven and is thankful; but grief and sadness come over her husband's face at the thought of those days of pain and gloom. She may soothe him, and he may be thankful too; but the wounds are still there which were dealt to him in the cruel battle with fortune. Men are ridden down in it. Men are poltroons and run. Men maraud, break ranks, are guilty of meanness, cowardice, shabby plunder. Men are raised to rank and honor, or drop and perish unnoticed on the field. Happy he who comes from it with his honor pure! Philip did not win crosses and epaulets. He is like us, my dear sir, not a heroic genius at all. And it is to be hoped that all three have behaved with an average pluck, and have been guilty of no meanness, or treachery, or desertion. Did you behave otherwise, what would wife and children say? As for Mrs. Philip, I tell you she thinks to this day that there is no man like her husband, and is ready to fall down and worship the boots in which he walks.

How do men live? How is rent paid? How does the dinner come day after day? As a rule there *is* dinner. You might live longer with less of it, but you can't go without it and live long. How did my neighbor 23 earn his carriage, and how did 24 pay for his house? As I am writing this sentence Mr. Cox, who collects the taxes in this quarter, walks in. How do you do, Mr. Cox? We are not in the least afraid of meeting one another. Time was—two, three years of time—when poor Philip was troubled at the sight of Cox; and this troublous time his biographer intends to pass over in a very few pages.

At the end of six months the Upper Ten Thousand of New York heard with modified wonder that the editor of that fashionable journal had made a retreat from the city, carrying with him the scanty contents of the till; so the contributions of Philalethes never brought our poor friend any dollars at all. But though one fish is caught and eaten, are there not plenty more left in the sea? At this very time, when I was in a natural state of despondency about poor Philip's affairs, it struck Tregarvan, the wealthy Cornish Member of Parliament, that the Government and the House of Commons slighted his speeches and his views on foreign politics; that the wife of the Foreign Secretary had been very inattentive to Lady Tregarvan; that the designs of a Great Power were most menacing and dangerous, and ought to be exposed and counteracted; and

that the peerage which he had long desired ought to be bestowed on him. Sir John Tregarvan applied to certain literary and political gentlemen with whom he was acquainted. He would bring out the *European Review*. He would expose the designs of that Great Power which was menacing Europe. He would show up in his proper colors a Minister who was careless of the country's honor, and forgetful of his own; a Minister whose arrogance ought no longer to be tolerated by the country gentlemen of England. Sir John, a little man in brass buttons, and a tall head, who loves to hear his own voice, came and made a speech on the above topics to the writer of the present biography; that writer's lady was in his study as Sir John expounded his views at some length. She listened to him with the greatest attention and respect. She was shocked to hear of the ingratitude of Government; astounded and terrified by his exposition of the designs of—of that Great Power whose intrigues were so menacing to European tranquillity. She was most deeply interested in the idea of establishing the *Review*. He would, of course, be himself the editor; and—and—here (the woman looked across the table at her husband with a strange triumph in her eyes)—she knew, they both knew, the very man *of all the world* who was most suited to act as sub-editor under Sir John—a gentleman, one of the truest that ever lived—a university man; a man remarkably versed in the European languages—that is, in French most certainly. And now the reader, I dare say, can guess who this individual was. 'I knew it at once,' says the lady, after Sir John had taken his leave. 'I told you that those dear children would not be forsaken.' And I would no more try and persuade her that the *European Review* was not ordained of all time to afford maintainance to Philip, than I would induce her to turn Mormon, and accept all the consequences to which ladies must submit when they make profession of that creed.

'You see, my love,' I say to the partner of my existence 'what other things must have been ordained of all time as well as Philip's appointment to be sub-editor of the *European Review*. It must have been decreed *ab initio* that Lady Plinlimmon should give evening-parties, in order that she might offend Lady Tregarvan by not asking her to those parties. It must have been ordained by fate that Lady Tregarvan should be of a jealous disposition, so that she might hate Lady Plinlimmon, and was to work upon her husband, and inspire him with anger and revolt against his chief. It must have been ruled by destiny that Tregarvan should be rather a weak and wordy personage,

faneying that he had a talent for literary composition. Else he would not have thought of setting up the *Review*. Else he would never have been angry with Lord Plinlimmon for not inviting him to tea. Else he would not have engaged Philip as sub-editor. So, you see, in order to bring about this event, and put a couple of hundred a year into Philip Firmin's pocket, the Tregarvans have to be born from the earliest times; the Plinlimmons have to spring up in the remotest ages, and come down to the present day; Dr. Firmin has to be a rogue, and undergo his destiny of cheating his son of money; all mankind up to the origin of our race are involved in your proposition, and we actually arrive at Adam and Eve, who are but fulfilling their destiny, which was to be the ancestors of Philip Firmin.'

'Even in our first parents there was doubt and skepticism and misgiving,' says the lady, with strong emphasis on the words. 'If you mean to say that there is no such thing as a Superior Power watching over us, and ordaining things for our good, you are an atheist—and such a thing as an atheist does not exist in the world, and I would not believe you if you said you were one twenty times over.'

I mention these points by the way, and as samples of lady-like logic. I acknowledge that Philip himself, as he looks back at his past career, is very much moved. 'I do not deny,' he says gravely, 'that these things happened in the natural order. I say I am grateful for what happened; and look back at the past not without awe. In great grief and danger maybe, I have had timely rescue. Under great suffering I have met with supreme consolation. When the trial has seemed almost too hard for me it has ended, and our darkness has been lightened. *Ut vivo et valeo—si valeo*, I know by Whose permission this is—and would you forbid me to be thankful? to be thankful for my life; to be thankful for my children; to be thankful for the daily bread which has been granted to me, and the temptation from which I have been rescued? As I think of the past and its bitter trials, I bow my head in thanks and awe. I wanted success, and I found it. I fell on evil times and good friends pitied and helped me—good friends like yourself, your dear wife, many another I could name. In what moments of depression, old friend, have you not seen me, and cheered me? Do you know in the moments of our grief the inexpressible value of your sympathy? Your good Samaritan takes out only twopence maybe for the wayfarer, whom he has rescued, but the little timely supply saves a life. You remember dear old Ned St. George—dead in the West Indies years ago? Before

he got his place Ned was hanging on in London, so utterly poor and ruined, that he had not often a shilling to buy a dinner. He used often to come to us, and my wife and our children loved him; and I used to leave a heap of shillings on my study-table, so that he might take two or three as he wanted them. Of course you remember him. You were at the dinner which we gave him on his getting his place. I forget the cost of that dinner; but I remember my share amounted to the exact number of shillings which poor Ned had taken off my table. He gave me the money then and there at the tavern at Blackwall. He said it seemed providential. But for those shillings, and the constant welcome at our poor little table, he said he thought he should have made away with his life. I am not bragging of the twopence which I gave, but thanking God for sending me there to give it. *Benedico Benedictus*. I wonder sometimes am I the I of twenty years ago? before our heads were bald, friend, and when the little ones reached up to our knees? Before dinner you saw me in the library reading in that old *European Review* which your friend Tregarvan established. I came upon an article of my own, and a very dull one, on a subject which I knew nothing about. 'Persian politics, and the intrigues at the Court of Teheran.' It was done to order. Tregarvan had some special interest about Persia, or wanted to vex Sir Thomas Nobbles, who was Minister there. I breakfast with Tregarvan in the Albany, the facts (we will call them facts) and papers were supplied to me, and I went home to point out the delinquencies of Sir Thomas, and the atrocious intrigues of the Russian Court. Well, sir, Nobbles, Tregarvan, Teheran, all disappeared as I looked at the text in the old volume of the *Review*. I saw a deal table in a little room, and a reading-lamp, and a young fellow writing at it, with a sad heart, and a dreadful apprehension torturing him. One of our children was ill in the adjoining room, and I have before me the figure of my wife coming in from time to time to my room and saying, 'She is asleep now, and the fever is much lower.'

Here our conversatoin was interrupted by the entrance of a tall young lady, who says, 'Papa, the coffee is quite cold; and the carriage will be here very soon, and both mamma and my godmother say they are growing very angry. Do you know you have been talking here for two hours?'

Had two hours actually slipped away as we sat prattling about old times? As I narrate them, I prefer to give Mr. Firmin's account of his adventures in his own words, where I can recall or imitate them. Both of us are graver and more reverend

seigniors than we were at the time of which I am writing. Has not Firmin's girl grown up to be taller than her godmother? Veterans both, we love to prattle about the merry days when we were young—(the merry days? no, the past is never merry)—about the days when we were young; and do we grow young in talking of them, or only indulge in a senile cheerfulness and prolixity?

Tregarvan sleeps with his Cornish fathers; Europe for many years has gone on without her *Review*; but it is a certainty that the establishment of that occult organ of opinion tended very much to benefit Philip Firmin, and helped for a while to supply him and several innocent people dependent on him with their daily bread. Of course, as they were so poor, this worthy family increased and multiplied; and as they increased, and as they multiplied, my wife insists that I should point out how support was found for them. When there was a second child in Philip's nursery, he would have removed from his lodgings in Thornhaugh Street, but for the prayers and commands of the affectionate Little Sister, who insisted that there was plenty of room in the house for everybody and who said that if Philip went away she would cut off her little godchild with a shilling. And then indeed it was discovered for the first time, that this faithful and affectionate creature had endowed Philip with all her property. These are the rays of sunshine in the dungeon. These are the drops of water in the desert. And with a full heart our friend acknowledges how comfort came to him in his hour of need.

Though Mr. Firmin has a very grateful heart, it has been admitted that he was a loud, disagreeable Firmin at times, impetuous in his talk, and violent in his behavior; and we are now come to that period of his history, when he had a quarrel in which I am sorry to say Mr. Philip was in the wrong. Why do we consort with those whom we dislike? Why is it that men *will* try and associate between whom no love is? I think it was the ladies who tried to reconcile Philip and his master; who brought them together, and strove to make them friends; but the more they met the more they disliked each other; and now the Muse has to relate their final and irreconcilable rupture.

Of Mugford's wrath the direful tale relate, O Muse! and Philip's pitiable fate. I have shown how the men had long been inwardly envenomed one against the other. 'Because Firmin is as poor as a rat, that's no reason why he should adopt that hawhaw manner, and them high and mighty airs toward a man who gives him the bread he eats,' Mugford argued not

unjustly. 'What do I care for his being a university man? I am as good as he is. I am better than his old scamp of a father, who was a college man too, and lived in fine company. I made my own way in the world, independent, and supported myself since I was fourteen years of age, and helped my mother and brothers too, and that's more than my sub-editor can say, who can't support himself yet. I could get fifty sub-editors as good as he is, by calling out of window into the street, I could. I say, hang Firmin! I'm a-losing all patience with him.' On the other hand, Mr. Philip was in the habit of speaking his mind with equal candor. 'What right has that person to call me Firmin?' he asked. 'I am Firmin to my equals and friends. I am this man's laborer at four guineas a week. I give him his money's worth and on every Saturday evening we are quits. Call me Philip, indeed, and strike me in the side! I choke, sir, as I think of the confounded familiarity!' 'Confound his impudence!' was the cry, and the not unjust cry, of the laborer and his employer. The men should have been kept apart; and it was a most mistaken Christian charity and female conspiracy which brought them together. 'Another invitation from Mugford. It was agreed that I was never to go again, and I won't go,' says Philip to his meek wife. 'Write and say we are engaged, Charlotte.'

'It is for the 18th of next month, and this is the 23d,' said poor Charlotte. 'We can't well say that we are engaged so far off.'

'It is for one of his grand ceremony parties,' urged the Little Sister. 'You can't come to no quarreling there. He has a good heart. So have you. There's no good quarreling with him. O Philip, do forgive, and be friends!' Philip yielded to the remonstrances of the women, as we all do; and a letter was sent to Hampstead, announcing that Mr. and Mrs. P. F. would have the honor of, etc.

In his quality of newspaper proprietor, musical professors and opera singers paid much court to Mr. Mugford; and he liked to entertain them at his hospitable table; to brag about his wines, cookery, plate, garden, prosperity, and private virtue, during dinner, while the artists sat respectfully listening to him; and to go to sleep and snore, or wake up and join cheerfully in a chorus, when the professional people performed in the drawing room. Now, there was a lady who was once known at the theater by the name of Mrs. Ravenswing, and who had been forced on to the stage by the misconduct of her husband, a certain Walker, one of the greatest scamps who ever entered a jail. On Walker's death, this lady married a Mr.

Woolsey, a wealthy tailor, who retired from his business, as he caused his wife to withdraw from hers.

Now, more worthy and honorable people do not live than Woolsey and his wife, as those know who were acquainted with their history. Mrs. Woolsey is loud. Her *h*'s are by no means where they should be; her knife at dinner is often where it should not be. She calls men aloud by their names, and without any prefix of courtesy. She is very fond of porter, and has no scruple in asking for it. She sits down to play the piano and to sing with perfect goodnature and if you look at her hands as they wander over the keys—well, I don't wish to say anything unkind, but I am forced to own that those hands are not so white as the ivory which they thump. Woolsey sits in perfect rapture listening to his wife. Mugford presses her to take a glass of 'something' afterward; and the good-natured soul says she will take 'something 'ot.' She sits and listens with infinite patience and good humor while the little Mufords go through their horrible little musical exercises; and these over, she is ready to go back to the piano again, and sing more songs and drink more 'ot.'

I do not say that this was an elegant woman, or a fitting companion for Mrs. Philip; but I know that Mrs. Woolsey was a good, clever, and kindly woman, and that Philip behaved rudely to her. He never meant to be rude to her, he said; but the truth is, he treated her, her husband, Mugford, and Mrs. Mugford, with a haughty ill-humor which utterly exasperated and perplexed them.

About this poor lady, who was modest and innocent as Susannah, Philip had heard some wicked elders at wicked clubs tell wicked stories in old times. There was that old Trail, for instance, what woman escaped from *his* sneers and slanders? There were others who could be named, and whose testimony was equally untruthful. On an ordinary occasion Philip would never have cared or squabbled about a question of precedence, and would have taken any place assigned to him at any table. But when Mrs. Woolsey in crumpled satins and blowzy lace made her appearance, and was eagerly and respectfully saluted by the host and hostess, Philip remembered those early stories about the poor lady; his eyes flashed wrath, and his breast beat with an indignation which almost choked him. Ask that woman to meet my wife? he thought to himself, and looked so ferocious and desperatethat the timid little wife gazed with alarm at her Philip, and crept up to him and whispered, 'What is it, dear?'

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mugford and Mrs. Woolsey were in full

colloquy about the weather, the nursery, and so forth—and Woolsey and Mugford giving each other the hearty grasp of friendship. Philip, then, scowling at the newly arrived guests, turning his great hulking back upon the company, and talking to his wife, presented a not agreeable figure to his entertainer.

‘Hang the fellow’s pride!’ thought Mugford. ‘He chooses to turn his back upon my company because Woolsey was a tradesman. An honest tailor is better than a bankrupt, swindling doctor, I should think. *Woolsey* need not be ashamed to show his face, I suppose. Why did you make me ask that fellar again, Mrs. M.? Don’t you see, our society aint good enough for him?’

Philip’s conduct, then, so irritated Mugford, that when dinner was announced, he stepped forward and offered his arm to Mrs. Woolsey; having intended in the first instance to confer that honor upon Charlotte. ‘I’ll show him,’ thought Mugford, ‘that an honest tradesman’s lady who pays his way, and is not afraid of anybody, is better than my sub-editor’s wife, the daughter of a bankrupt swell.’ Though the dinner was illuminated by Mugford’s grandest plate, and accompanied by his very best wine, it was a gloomy and weary repast to several people present, and Philip and Charlotte, and I dare say Mugford, thought it never would be done. Mrs. Woolsey, to be sure, placidly ate her dinner, and drank her wine; while, remembering these wicked legends against her, Philip sat before the poor unconscious lady, silent, with glaring eyes, insolent and odious; so much so, that Mrs. Woolsey imparted to Mrs. Mugford her surprise that the tall gentleman must have got out of bed the wrong leg foremost.

Well, Mrs. Woolsey’s carriage and Mr. Firmin’s cab were announced at the same moment; and immediately Philip started up and beckoned his wife away. But Mrs. Woolsey’s carriage and lamps of course had the precedence; and this lady Mr. Mugford accompanied to her carriage step.

He did not pay the same attention to Mrs. Firmin. Most likely he forgot. Possibly he did not think etiquette required he should show that sort of politeness to a sub-editor’s wife; at any rate, he was not so rude as Philip himself had been during the evening, but he stood in the hall looking at his guests departing in their cab, when, in a sudden gust of passion, Philip stepped out of the carriage, and stalked up to his host, who stood there in his own hall confronting him, Philip declared, with a most impudent smile on his face.

‘Come back to light a pipe I suppose? Nice thing for your wife, aint it?’ said Mugford, relishing his own joke.

‘I am come back, sir,’ said Philip, glaring at Mugford, ‘to ask how you dared invite Mrs. Philip Firmin to meet that woman?’

Here, on his side, Mr. Mugford lost his temper, and from this moment *his* wrong begins. When he was in a passion, the language used by Mr. Mugford was not, it appears, choice. We have heard that, when angry, he was in the habit of swearing freely at his subordinates. He broke out on this occasion also with many oaths. He told Philip that he would stand his impudence no longer; that he was as good as a swindling doctor’s son; that though he hadn’t been to college he could buy and pay them as had; and that if Philip liked to come into the back yard for ten minutes, he’d give him one—two, and show him whether he was a man or not. Poor Char, who, indeed, fancied that her husband had gone back to light his cigar, sat a while unconscious in her cab and supposed that the two gentlemen were engaged on newspaper business. When Mugford began to pull his coat off, she sat wondering, but not in the least understanding the meaning of the action. Philip had described his employer as walking about his office without a coat and using energetic language.

But when, attracted by the loudness of the talk, Mrs. Mugford came forth from her neighboring drawing room, accompanied by such of her children as had not yet gone to roost—when, seeing Mugford pulling off his dress-coat, she began to scream—when, lifting his voice over hers, Mugford poured forth oaths, and frantically shook his fists at Philip, asking how that blackguard dared insult him in his own house, and proposing to knock his head off at that moment—then poor Char, in wild alarm, sprang out of the cab, and ran to her husband, whose whole frame was throbbing, whose nostrils were snorting with passion. Then Mrs. Mugford, springing forward, placed her ample form before her husband’s, and calling Philip a great cowardly beast, asked him if he was going to attack that little old man? Then Mugford dashing his coat down to the ground, called with fresh oaths to Philip to come on. And, in fine, there was a most unpleasant row, occasioned by Mr. Philip Firmin’s hot temper.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

To reconcile these two men was impossible, after such a quarrel as that described in the last chapter. The only chance of peace was to keep the two men apart. If they met, they

would fly at each other. Mugford always persisted that he could have got the better of his great hulking sub-editor, who did not know the use of his fists. In Mugford's youthful time, bruising was a fashionable art; and the old gentleman still believed in his own skill and prowess. 'Don't tell me,' he would say; 'though the fellar is as big as a life-guardsmen, I would have doubled him up in two minutes.' I am very glad, for poor Charlotte's sake and his own, that Philip did not undergo the doubling-up process. He himself felt such a wrath and surprise at his employer as, I suppose, a lion does when a little dog attacks him. I should not like to be that little dog; nor does my modest and peaceful nature at all prompt and impel me to combat with lions.

It was mighty well Mr. Philip Firmin had shown his spirit, and quarreled with his bread-and-butter; but when Saturday came, what philanthropist would hand four sovereigns and four shillings over to Mr. F., as Mr. Burjoice, the publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had been accustomed to do? I will say for my friend that a still keener remorse than that which he felt about money thrown away attended him when he found that Mrs. Woolsey, toward whom he had cast a sidelong stone of persecution, was a most respectable and honorable lady. 'I should like to go, sir, and grovel before her,' Philip said, in his energetic way. 'If I see that tailor, I will request him to put his foot on my head, and trample on me with his high-lows. Oh, for shame! for shame! Shall I never learn charity toward my neighbors, and always go on believing in the lies which people tell me? When I meet that scoundrel Trail at the club, I must chastise him. How dared he take away the reputation of an honest woman?' Philip's friends besought him, for the sake of society and peace, not to carry this quarrel farther. 'If,' we said, 'every woman whom Trail has maligned had a champion who should box Trail's ears at the club, what a vulgar, quarrelsome place that club would become! My dear Philip, did you ever know Mr. Trail say a good word of man or woman?' and by these or similar entreaties and arguments, we succeeded in keeping the Queen's peace.

Yes; but how find another *Pall Mall Gazette*? Had Philip possessed seven thousand pounds in the three per cents., his income would have been no greater than that which he drew from Mugford's faithful bank. Ah, how wonderful ways and means are! When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing represents money, I am lost in respectful astonishment. A man takes his own case, as he says his own

prayers, on behalf of himself and his family. I am paid, we will say, for the sake of illustration, at the rate of sixpence per line. With the words, 'Ah, how wonderful,' to the words 'per line' I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea—actually enough to make breakfast for the family and the servants of the house; and the charwoman, *their* servant, can shake up the tea-leaves with a fresh supply of water, sop the crusts, and get a meal *tant bien que mal*. Wife, children, guests, servants, charwoman, we are all actually making a meal off Philip Firmin's bones as it were. And my next door neighbor, whom I see marching away to chambers, umbrella in hand? And next door but one the City man? And next door but two the doctor? I know the baker has left loaves at everyone of their doors this morning, that all their chimneys are smoking, and they will all have breakfast. Ah, thank God for it! I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to work for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men; to work for it, and I hope to pray for it, too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. *Panem nostrum da nobis hodie*. Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labor with a stouter heart; as he creeps to his rest when the day's labor is over and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it unto night. How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near, twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed and glowed with the dawning light, and as the luminary appeared, the boatman knelt on the rosy deck, and adored Allah? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble house-tops round about your home shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labor. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes; and the steward deal kindly with the laborer.

So two of Philip's cables cracked and gave way after a very brief strain, and the poor fellow held by nothing now but that wonderful *European Review* established by the mysterious Tregarvan. Aetors, a people of superstitions and traditions, opine that Heaven, in some mysterious way, makes managers for their benefit. In like manner, Review proprietors are sent to provide the pabulum for us men of letters. With what

complacency did my wife listen to the somewhat long-winded and pompous oratory of Tregarvan! He pompous and commonplace? Tregarvan spoke with excellent good sense. That wily woman never showed she was tired of his conversation. She praised him to Philip behind his back, and would not allow a word in his disparagement. As a doctor will punch your chest, your liver, your heart, listen at your lungs, squeeze your pulse, and what not, so this practitioner studied, shampooed, auscultated Tregarvan. Of course, he allowed himself to be operated upon. Of course, he had no idea that the lady was flattering, wheedling, humbugging him; but thought that he was a very well-informed, eloquent man, who had seen and read a great deal, and had an agreeable method of imparting his knowledge, and that the lady in question was a sensible woman, naturally eager for more information. Go, Delilah! I understand your tricks! I know many another Omphale in London, who will coax Hercules away from his club, to come and listen to her wheedling talk.

One great difficulty we had was to make Philip read Tregarvan's own articles in the *Review*. He at first said he could not, or that he could not remember them; so that there was no use in reading them. And Philip's new master used to make artful allusions to his own writings in the course of conversation, so that our unwary friend would find himself under examination in any casual interview with Tregarvan, whose opinions on free-trade, malt-tax, income-tax, designs of Russia, or what not, might be accepted or denied, but ought at least to be known. We actually made Philip get up his owner's articles. We put questions to him, privily, regarding them — 'coached' him, according to the university phrase. My wife humbugged that wretched Member of Parliament in a way which makes me shudder, when I think of what hypocrisy the sex is capable. Those arts and dissimulations with which she wheedles others, suppose she exercise them on *me*? Horrible thought! No, angel! To others thou mayest be a coaxing hypocrite; to me thou art all candor. *Other* men may have been humbugged by other women; but I am not to be taken in by that sort of thing; and thou art all candor!

We had then so much per annum as editor. We were paid, besides, for our articles. We had really a snug little pension out of this *Review*, and we prayed it might last forever. We might write a novel. We might contribute articles to a daily paper; get a little parliamentary practice as a barrister. We actually did get Philip into a railway case or two, and my wife

must be coaxing and hugging solicitors' ladies, as she had wheedled and coaxed Members of Parliament. Why, I do believe my Delilah set up a flirtation with old Bishop Cross-sticks, with an idea of getting her *protégé* a living; and though the lady indignantly repudiates this charge, will she be pleased to explain how the bishop's sermons were so outrageously praised in the *Review*?

Philip's roughness and frankness did not displease Tregarvan, to the wonder of us all, who trembled lest he should lose this as he had lost his former place. Tregarvan had more country-houses than one, and at these not only was the editor of the *Review* made welcome, but the editor's wife and children, whom Tregarvan's wife took into especial regard. In London, Lady Mary had assemblies where our little friend Charlotte made her appearance; and half-a-dozen times in the course of the season the wealthy Cornish gentleman feasted his retainers of the *Review*. His wine was excellent and old; his jokes were old, too; his table pompous, grave, plentiful. If Philip was to eat the bread of dependence, the loaf was here very kindly prepared for him; and he ate it humbly, and with not too much grumbling. This diet chokes some proud stomachs and disagrees with them; but Philip was very humble now, and of a nature grateful for kindness. He is one who requires the help of friends, and can accept benefits without losing independence—not all men's gifts, but some men's, whom he repays not only with coin, but with an immense affection and gratitude. How that man did laugh at my witticisms! How he worshiped the ground on which my wife walked! He elected himself our champion. He quarreled with other people who found fault with our characters, or would not see our perfections. There was something affecting in the way in which this big man took the humble place. We could do no wrong in his eyes; and woe betide the man who spoke disparagingly of us in his presence!

One day, at his patron's table, Philip exercised his valor and championship in our behalf by defending us against the evil speaking of that Mr. Trail who has been mentioned before as a gentleman difficult to please, and credulous of ill regarding his neighbor. The talk happened to fall upon the character of the reader's most humble servant, and Trail, as may be imagined, spared me no more than the rest of mankind. Would you like to be liked by all people? That would be a reason why Trail should hate you. Were you an angel fresh dropped from the skies, he would espy dirt on your robe, and a black feather or two in your wing. As for me, I know I am not

angelical at all; and in walking my native earth, can't help a little mud on my trousers. Well; Mr. Trail began to paint my portrait, laying on those dark shadows which that well-known master is in the habit of employing. I was a parasite of the nobility; I was a heartless sycophant, house-breaker, drunkard, murderer, returned convict, etc., etc. With a little imagination, Mrs. Candour can fill up the outline, and arrange the colors so as to suit her amiable fancy.

Philip had come late to dinner; of *this* fault, I must confess, he is guilty only too often. The company were at table; he took the only place vacant, and this happened to be at the side of Mr. Trail. On Trail's other side was a portly individual, of a healthy and rosy countenance and voluminous white waistcoat, to whom Trail directed much of his amiable talk, and whom he addressed once or twice as Sir John. Once or twice already we have seen how Philip quarreled at table. He cried *mea culpa* loudly and honestly enough. He made vows of reform in this particular. He succeeded, dearly beloved brethren, not much worse or better than you or I do, who confess our faults, and go on promising to improve, and stumbling and picking ourselves up every day. The pavement of life is strewn with orange-peel; and who has not slipped on the flags?

'He is the most conceited man in London,' Trail was going on, 'and one of the most worldly. He will throw over a colonel to dine with a general. He wouldn't throw over you two baronets—he is a great deal too shrewd a fellow for that. He wouldn't give *you* up, perhaps, to dine with a lord; but any ordinary baronet he would.'

'And why not us as well as the rest?' asks Tregarvan, who seemed amused at the speaker's chatter.

'Because you are not like common baronets at all. Because your estates are a great deal too large. Because, I suppose, you might either of you go to the Upper House any day. Because, as an author, he may be supposed to be afraid of a certain *Review*,' cries Trail, with a loud laugh.

'Trail is speaking of a friend of yours,' said the host, nodding and smiling, to the newcomer.

'Very lucky for my friend,' growls Philip, and eats his soup in silence.

'By the way, that article of his on Mme. de Sévigné is poor stuff. No knowledge of the period. Three gross blunders in French. A man can't write of French society unless he has lived in French society. What does Pendennis know of it! A man who makes blunders like those can't understand French.

A man who can't speak French can't get on in French society. Therefore he can't write about French society. All these propositions are clear enough. Thank you. Dry champagne if you please. He is enormously overrated, I tell you; and so is his wife. They used to put her forward as a beauty; and she is only a dowdy woman out of a nursery. She has no style about her.'

'She is only one of the best women in the world,' Mr. Firmin called out, turning very red; and hereupon entered into a defense of characters and pronounced a eulogium upon both and each of us in which I hope there was some little truth. However, he spoke with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Trail found himself in a minority.

'You are right to stand up for your friends, Firmin!' cried the host. 'Let me introduce you to——'

'Let me introduce myself,' said the gentleman on the other side of Mr. Trail. 'Mr. Firmin, you and I are kinsmen—I am Sir John Ringwood.' And Sir John reached a hand to Philip across Trail's chair. They talked a great deal together in the course of the evening; and when Mr. Trail found that the great country gentleman was friendly and familiar with Philip, and claimed a relationship with him, his manner toward Firmin altered. He pronounced afterward a warm eulogy upon Sir John for his frankness and good nature in recognizing his unfortunate relative, and charitably said 'Philip might not be like the doctor, and could not help having a rogue for a father.' In former days, Trail had eaten and drunken freely at that rogue's table. But we must have truth, you know, before all things; and if your own brother has committed a sin, common justice requires that you should stone him.

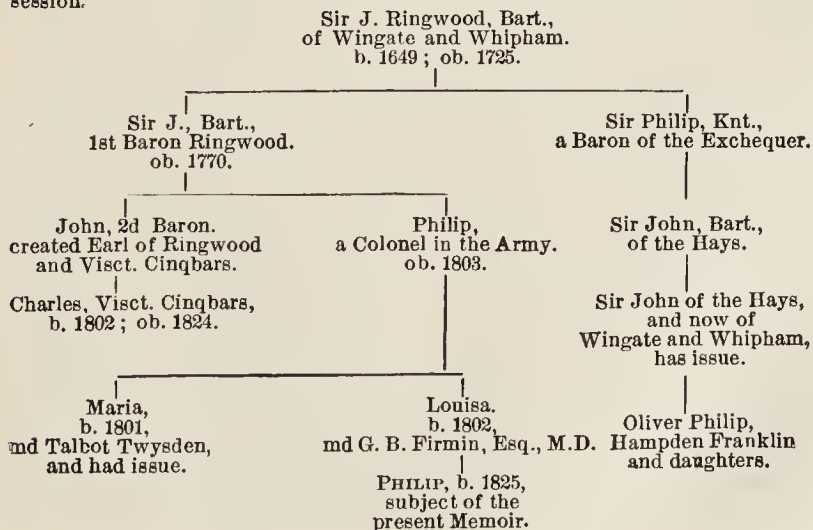
In former days, and not long after Lord Ringwood's death, Philip had left his card at this kinsman's door and Sir John's butler, driving in his master's brougham, had left a card upon Philip, who was not over well pleased by this acknowledgment of his civility, and, in fact, employed abusive epithets when he spoke of the transaction. But when the two gentlemen actually met, their intercourse was kindly and pleasant enough. Sir John listened to his relative's talk—and it appears, Philip comforted himself with his usual free and easy manner—with interest and curiosity; and owned afterward that evil tongues had previously been busy with the young man's character, and that slander and untruth had been spoken regarding him. In this respect, if Philip is worse off than his neighbors, I can only say his neighbors are fortunate.

Two days after the meeting of the cousins, the tranquillity

of Thornhaugh Street was disturbed by the appearance of a magnificent yellow chariot, with crests, hampercloths, a be-wigged coachman, and a powdered footman. Betsy, the nurse, who was going to take baby out for a walk, encountered this giant on the threshold of Mrs. Brandon's door; and a lady within the chariot delivered three cards to the tall menial, who transferred them to Betsy. And Betsy persisted in saying that the lady in the carriage admired baby very much, and asked its age, at which baby's mamma was not in the least surprised. In due course, an invitation to dinner followed, and our friends became acquainted with their kinsfolk.

If you have as good memory for pedigrees—and in my youthful time every man *de bonne amison* studied genealogies, and had his English families in his memory—you know that this Sir John Ringwood, who succeeded to the principal portion of the estates, but not to the titles of the late earl, was descended from a mutual ancestor, a Sir John, whose elder son was ennobled (temp. Geo. I.,) while the second son, following the legal profession, became a judge, and had a son, who became a baronet, and who begat that present Sir John who has just been shaking hands with Philip across Trail's back.* Thus the two men were cousins; and in right of the heiress, his poor mother, Philip might quarter the Ringwood arms on his carriage, whenever he drove out. These, you know, are argent, a dexter sinople on a fesse wavy of the first—or pick out, my

* Copied, by permission of P. Firmin, Esq., from the Genealogical Tree in his possession.



dear friend, any coat you like out of the whole heraldic wardrobe, and accommodate it to our friend Firmin.

When he was a young man at college, Philip had dabbled a little in this queer science of heraldry, and used to try and believe the legends about his ancestry, which his fond mother imparted to him. He had a great book-plate made for himself, with a prodigious number of quarterings, and could recite the alliances by which such and such a quartering came into his shield. His father rather confirmed these histories, and spoke of them and of his wife's noble family with much respect; and Philip, artlessly whispering to a vulgar boy at school that he was descended from King John, was thrashed very unkindly by the vulgar upper boy, and nicknamed King John for many a long day after. I dare say many other gentlemen who profess to trace their descent from ancient kings have no better or worse authority for their pedigree than friend Philip.

When our friend paid his second visit to Sir John Ringwood, he was introduced to his kinsman's library; a great family tree hung over the mantelpiece, surrounded by a whole gallery of defunct Ringwoods, of whom the Baronet was now the representative. He quoted to Philip the hackneyed old Ovidian lines (some score of years ago a great deal of that old coin was current in conversation). As for family, he said, and ancestors, and what we have not done ourselves, these things we can hardly call ours. Sir John gave Philip to understand that he was a stanch Liberal. Sir John was for going with the age. Sir John had fired a shot from the Paris barricades. Sir John was for the rights of man everywhere all over the world. He had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, and the First Consul Bonaparte, on his walls along with his ancestors. He had lithograph copies of Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence, and the Signatures to the Death of Charles I. He did not scruple to own his preference for republican institutions. He wished to know what right had any man—the late Lord Ringwood for example—to sit in a hereditary House of Peers and legislate over him? That lord had had a son, Cinqbars, who died many years before, a victim of his own follies and debaucheries. Had Lord Cinqbars survived his father, he would now be sitting an earl in the House of Peers—the most ignorant young man, the most unprincipled young man, reckless, dissolute, of the feeblest intellect, and the worst life. Well, had he lived and inherited the Ringwood property, that creature would have been an earl; whereas he, Sir John, his superior in morals, in

character, in intellect, his equal in point of birth (for had they not both a common ancestor?) was Sir John still. The inequalities in men's chances in life were monstrous and ridiculous. He was determined, henceforth, to look at a man for himself alone, and not esteem him for any of the absurd caprices of fortune.

As the republican was talking to his relative, a servant came into the room and whispered to his master that the plumber had come with his bill as by appointment; upon which Sir John rose up in a fury, asked the servant how he dared to disturb him, and bade him to tell the plumber to go to the lowest depth of Tartarus. Nothing could equal the insolence and rapacity of tradesmen, he said, except the insolence and idleness of servants; and he called this one back, and asked him how he dared to leave the fire in that state? stormed and raged at him with a volubility which astonished his new acquaintance; and, the man being gone, resumed his previous subject of conversation, viz., natural equality and the outrageous injustice of the present social system. After talking for half an hour, during which Philip found that he himself could hardly find an opportunity of uttering a word, Sir John took out his watch, and got up from his chair; at which hint Philip too rose, not sorry to bring the interview to an end. And here-with Sir John accompanied his kinsman into the hall, and to the street door, before which the Baronet's groom was riding, leading his master's horse. And Philip heard the Baronet using violent language to the groom, as he had done to the servant within doors. Why, the army in Flanders did not swear more terribly than this admirer of republican institutions and advocate of the rights of man.

Philip was not allowed to go away without appointing a day when he and his wife would partake of their kinsman's hospitality. On this occasion, Mrs. Philip comported herself with so much grace and simplicity, that Sir John and Lady Ringwood pronounced her to be a very pleasing and ladylike person; and I dare say wondered how a person in her rank of life could have acquired mannersthat were so refined and agreeable. Lady Ringwood asked after the child which she had seen, praised its beauty; of course, won the mother's heart, and thereby caused her to speak with perhaps more freedom than she would otherwise have felt at a first interview. Mrs. Philip has a dainty touch on the piano, and a sweet singing voice that is charmingly true and neat. She performed at the dinner some of the songs of her little *repertoire*, and pleased her audience. Lady Ringwood loved good music, and was

herself a fine performer of the ancient school, when she played Haydn and Mozart under the tuition of good old Sir George Thrum. The tall and handsome beneficed clergyman who acted as major-domo of Sir John's establishment, placed a parcel in the carriage when Mr. and Mrs. Philip took their leave, and announced with much respectful deference that the cab was paid. Our friends no doubt would have preferred to dispense with this ceremony; but it is ill looking even a gift cab-horse in the mouth, and so Philip was a gainer of some two shillings by his kinsman's liberality.

When Charlotte came to open the parcel which major-domo, with his lady's compliments, had placed in the cab, I fear she did not exhibit that elation which we ought to feel for the favors of our friends. A couple of little frocks, of the cut of George IV., some little red shoes of the same period, some crumpled sashes, and other small articles of wearing apparel, by her ladyship's order by her ladyship's lady's-maid; and Lady Ringwood kissing Charlotte at her departure, told her that she had caused this little packet to be put away for her. 'H'm,' says Philip, only half pleased. 'Suppose Sir John had told his butler to put up one of his blue coats and brass buttons for me, as well as pay the cab?'

'If it was meant in kindness, Philip, we must not be angry,' pleaded Philip's wife; 'and I am sure if you had heard her and the Miss Ringwoods speak of baby, you would like them, as I intend to do.'

But Mrs. Philip never put those moldy old red shoes upon baby; and as for the little frocks, children's frocks are made so much fuller now that Lady Ringwood's presents did not answer at all. Charlotte managed to furbish up a sash, and a pair of epaulets for her child—epaulets are they called? Shoulder-knots—what you will, ladies; and with these ornaments Miss Firmin was presented to Lady Ringwood and some of her family.

The good will of these new found relatives of Philip's was laborious, was evident, and yet I must say was not altogether agreeable. At the first period of their intercourse—for this, too, I am sorry to say came to an end, or presently suffered interruption—tokens of affection in the shape of farm produce, country butter and poultry, and actual butcher's meat came from Berkeley Square to Thornhaugh Street. The duke of Double-glo'ster I know is much richer than you are; but if he were to offer to make you a present of half-a-crown, I doubt whether you would be quite pleased. And so with Philip and his relatives. A hamper brought in the brougham, containing hot-house grapes and country butter, is very well, but a leg

of mutton, I own, was a gift that was rather tough to swallow. It *was* tough. That point we ascertained and established amid roars of laughter one day when we dined with our friends. Did Lady Ringwood send a sack of turnips in the brougham too? In a word, we ate Sir John's mutton, and we laughed at him, and be sure many a man has done the same by you and me. Last Friday, for instance, as Jones and Brown go away after dining with your humble servant. 'Did you ever see such profusion and extravagance?' asks Brown. 'Profusion and extravagance!' cries Jones, that well-known epicure. 'I never saw anything so shabby in my life. What does the fellow mean by asking *me* to such a dinner?' 'True,' says the other, 'it *was* an abominable dinner, Jones, as you justly say; but it was very profuse in him to give it. Don't you see?' and so both our good friends are agreed.

Ere many days were over the great yellow chariot and its powdered attendants again made their appearance before Mrs. Brandon's modest door in Thornhaugh Street, and Lady Ringwood and two daughters descended from the carriage and made their way to Mr. Philip's apartments in the second floor, just as that worthy gentleman was sitting down to dinner with his wife. Lady Ringwood, bent upon being gracious, was in ecstasies with everything she saw—a clean house—a nice little maid—pretty picturesque rooms—odd rooms—and what charming pictures! Several of these were the work of the fond pencil of poor J. J., who, as has been told, had painted Philip's beard and Charlotte's eyebrow, and Charlotte's baby a thousand and a thousand times. 'May we come in? Are we disturbing you? What dear little bits of china! What a beautiful mug, Mr. Firmin!' This was poor J. J.'s present to his goddaughter. 'How nice the luncheon looks! Dinner, is it? How pleasant to dine at this hour!' The ladies were determined to be charmed with everything round about them.

'We are dining on your poultry. May we offer some to you and Miss Ringwood,' says the master of the house.

'Why don't you dine in the dining room? Why do you dine in a bedroom?' asks Franklin Ringwood, the interesting young son of the Baron of Ringwood.

'Somebody else lives in the parlor,' says Mrs. Philip. On which the boy remarks, 'We have two dining rooms in Berkeley Square. I mean for us, besides papa's study, which I mustn't go into. And the servants have two dining rooms and——'

'Hush!' here cries mamma, with the usual remark regarding the beauty of silence in little boys.

But Franklin persists in spite of the 'Hushes!' 'And so we have at Ringwood; and at Whipham there's ever so many dining rooms—ever so many—and I like Whipham a great deal better than Ringwood, because my pony is at Whipham.'

You have not got a pony. You are too poor.'

'Franklin!'

'You said he was too poor; and you would not have had chickens if we had not given them to you. Mamma, you know you said they were very poor, and would like them.'

And here mammalooked red, and I daresay Philip's cheeks and ears tingled, and for once Mrs. Philip was thankful at hearing her baby cry, for it gave her a pretext for leaving the room and flying to the nursery, whither the other two ladies accompanied her.

Meanwhile Master Franklin went on with his artless conversation. 'Mr. Philip, why do they say you are wicked? You do not look wicked; and I am sure Mrs. Philip does not look wicked—she looks very good.'

'Who says I am wicked?' asks Mr. Firmin of his candid young relative.

'Oh, ever so many! Cousin Ringwood says so; and Blanche says so; and Woolcomb says so; only I don't like him, he's so very brown. And when they heard you had been to dinner, "Has that beast been here?" Ringwood says. And I don't like him a bit. But I like you, at least I think I do. You only have oranges for dessert. We always have lots of things for dessert at home. *You* don't, I suppose, because you've got no money—only a very little.'

'Well; I have got only a very little,' says Philip.

'I have some—ever so much. And I'll buy something for your wife; and I shall like to have you better at home than Blanche, and Ringwood, and that Woolcomb; and they never give me anything. You can't, you know; because you are so very poor—you are; but we'll often send you things, I dare say. And I'll have an orange, please, thank you. And there's a chap at our school, and his name is Suckling, and he ate eighteen oranges, and wouldn't give one away to anybody. Wasn't he a greedy pig? And I have wine with my oranges—I do; a glass of wine—thank you. That's jolly. But you don't have it often, I suppose, because you're so very poor.'

I am glad Philip's infant could not understand, being yet of too tender age, the compliments which Lady Ringwood and her daughter passed upon her. As it was, the compliments charmed the mother, for whom indeed they were intended, and did not inflame the unconscious baby's vanity.

What would the polite mamma and sister have said if they had heard that unlucky Franklin's prattle? The boy's simplicity amused his tall cousin. 'Yes,' says Philip, 'we are very poor, but we are very happy, and don't mind—that's the truth.'

'Mademoiselle, that's the German governess, said she wondered how you could live at all; and I don't think you could if you ate as much as she did. You should see her eat; she is such a *oner* at eating. Fred, my brother, that's the one who is at college, one day tried to see how Mlle. Wallfisch could eat, and she had twice of soup, and then she said *sivoplay*; and then twice of fish, and she said *sivoplay* for more; and then she had roast mutton—no, I think, roast beef it was; and she eats the pease with her knife; and then she had raspberry jam pudding, and ever so much beer, and then——' But what came then we never shall know; because while young Franklin was choking with laughter (accompanied with a large piece of orange) at the ridiculous recollection of Miss Wallfisch's appetite, his mamma and sister came downstairs from Charlotte's nursery, and brought the dear boy's conversation to an end. The ladies chose to go home, delighted with Philip, baby, Charlotte. Everything was *so* proper. Everything was so nice. Mrs. Firmin was so ladylike. The fine ladies watched her, and her behavior, with that curiosity which the Brobdingnag ladies displayed when they held up little Gulliver on their palms, and saw him bow, smile, dance, draw his sword, and take off his hat, just like a man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH THE DRAWING ROOMS ARE NOT FURNISHED AFTER ALL.

WE cannot expect to be loved by a relative whom we have knocked into an illuminated pond, and whose coat-tails, pantaloons, nether limbs, and best feelings we have lacerated with ill treatment and broken glass. A man whom you have so treated behind his back will not be sparing of his punishment behind yours. Of course all the Twysdens, male and female, and Woolcomb, the dusky husband of Philip's former love, hated and feared, and maligned him; and were in the habit of speaking of him as a truculent and reckless savage and monster, coarse and brutal in his language and behavior, ragged, dirty, reckless in his personal appearance; recking with smoke, perpetually reeling in drink, indulging in oaths, actions, laughter which rendered him intolerable in civilized society. The Twysdens, during Philip's absence abroad, had

been very respectful and assiduous in courting the new head of the Ringwood family. They had flattered Sir John, and paid court to my lady. They had been welcomed at Sir John's houses in town and country. They had adopted his politics in a great measure, as they had adopted the politics of the deceased peer. They had never lost an opportunity of abusing poor Philip and of ingratiating themselves. They had never refused any invitation from Sir John in town or country, and had ended by utterly boring him and Lady Ringwood and the Ringwood family in general. Lady Ringwood learned somewhere how pitilessly Mrs. Woolcomb had jilted her cousin when a richer suitor appeared in the person of the West Indian. Then news came how Philip had administered a beating to Woolcomb, to young Twysden, to a dozen who set on him. The early prejudices began to pass away. A friend or two of Philip's told Ringwood how he was mistaken in the young man, and painted a portrait of him in colors much more favorable than those which his kinsfolk employed. Indeed, dear relations, if the public wants to know our little faults and errors, I think I know who will not grudge the requisite information. Dear Aunt Candour, are you not still alive, and don't you know what we had for dinner yesterday and the amount (monstrous extravagance!) of the washerwoman's bill?

Well, the Twysden family so bespattered poor Philip with abuse, and represented him as a monster of such hideous mien, that no wonder the Ringwoods avoided him. They then began to grow utterly sick and tired of his detractors. And then Sir John, happening to talk with his brother Member of Parliament, Tregarvan, in the House of Commons, heard quite a different story regarding our friend to that with which the Twysdens had regaled him, and, with no little surprise on Sir John's part, was told by Tregarvan how honest, rough, worthy, affectionate, and gentle this poor maligned fellow was; how he had been sinned against by his wretch of a father, whom he had forgiven and actually helped out of his wretched means; and how he was making a brave battle against poverty, and had a sweet little loving wife and child, whom every kind heart would willingly strive to help. Because people are rich they are not of necessity ogres. Because they are born gentlemen and ladies of good degree, are in easy circumstances, and have a generous education, it does not follow that they are heartless and will turn their back on a friend. *Mois que vous parle*—I have been in a great strait of sickness near to death, and the friends who came to help me with every comfort, succor,

sympathy were actually gentlemen, who lived in good houses, and had a good education. They didn't turn away because I was sick, or fly from me because they thought I was poor; on the contrary, hand, purse, succor, sympathy were ready, and praise be to Heaven. And so too did Philip find help when he needed it, and succor when he was in poverty. Tregarvan, we will own, was a pompous little man, his House of Commons speeches were dull, and his written documents awfully slow; but he had a kind heart; he was touched by that picture which Laura drew of the young man's poverty, and honesty, and simple hopefulness in the midst of hard times; and we have seen how the *European Review* was thus entrusted to Mr. Philip's management. Then some artful friends of Philip's determined that he should be reconciled to his relations, who were well to do in the world, and might serve him. And I wish, dear reader, that your respectable relatives and mine would bear this little paragraph in mind and leave us both handsome legacies. Then Tregarvan spoke to Sir John Ringwood, and that meeting was brought about, where, for once at least, Mr. Philip quarreled with nobody.

And now came another little piece of good luck, which, I suppose, must be attributed to the same kind friend who had been scheming for Philip's benefit, and who is never so happy as when her little plots for her friend's benefit can be made to succeed. Yes; when that arch-jobber—don't tell me; I never knew a woman worth a pin who wasn't—when that arch-jobber, I say, has achieved a job by which some friend is made happy, her eyes and cheeks brighten with triumph. Whether she has put a sick man into a hospital, or got a poor woman a family's washing, or made a sinner repent and return to wife, husband, or what not, that woman goes off and pays her thanks, where thanks are due, with such fervor, with such lightness, with such happiness, that I assure you she is a sight to behold. Hush! When one sinner is saved, who are glad? Some of us know a woman or two pure as angels—know, and are thankful.

When the person about whom I have been prattling has one of her benevolent jobs on hand, or has completed it, there is a sort of triumph and mischief in her manner, which I don't know otherwise how to describe. She does not understand my best jokes at this period, or answers them at random, or laughs very absurdly and vacantly. She embraces her children wildly, and at the most absurd moments, is utterly unmindful when they are saying their lessons, prattling their little questions and so forth. I recall all these symptoms (and put this

and that together, as the saying is) as happening on one especial day, at the commencement of Easter Term, eighteen hundred and never mind what—as happening on one especial morning when this lady had been astoundingly *distracte* and curiously excited. I now remember how, during her children's dinner-time, she sat looking into the square out of her window, and scarcely attending to the little innocent cries for mutton which the children were offering up.

At last there was a rapid clank over the pavement, a tall figure passed the parlor windows, which our kind friends know look into Queen Square, and then came a loud ring at the bell, and I thought the mistress of the house gave an ah—a sigh—as though her heart was relieved.

The street door was presently opened, and then the dining room door, and Philip walks in with his hat on, his blue eyes staring before him, his hair flaming about, and 'La, Uncle Philip!' cry the children. 'What have you done to yourself? You have shaved off your mustache.' And so he had, I declare.

'I say, Pen, look here! This has been left at chambers; and Cassidy has sent it on by his clerk,' our friend said. I forget whether it has been stated that Philip's name still remained on the door of those chambers in Parchment Buildings, where we once heard his song of 'Dr. Luther,' and were present at his call-supper.

The document which Philip produced was actually a brief. The papers were superscribed, 'In Parliament, Polwheedle and Tredyddlum Railway. To support bill, Mr. Firmin; retainer five guineas; brief, fifty guineas; consultation, five guineas. With you Mr. Armstrong, Sir J. Whitworth, Mr. Pinkerton.' Here was a wonder of wonders! A shower of gold was poured out on my friend. A light dawned upon me. The proposed bill was for a Cornish line. Our friend Tregarvan was concerned in it, the line passing through his property, and my wife had canvassed him privately, and by her wheedling and blandishments had persuaded Tregarvan to use his interest with the agents and get Philip this welcome aid.

Philip eyed the paper with a queer expression. He handled it as some men handle a baby. He looked as if he did not know what to do with it, and if he should like to drop it. I believe I made some satirical remark to this effect as I looked at our friend with his paper.

'He holds a child beautifully,' said my wife with much enthusiasm; 'much better than some people who laugh at him.'

'And he will hold this no doubt much to his credit. May

this be the father of many briefs. May you have bags full of them!' Philip has all our good wishes. They did not cost much or avail much, but they were sincere. I know men who can't for the lives of them give even that cheap coin of good will, but hate their neighbor's prosperity, and are angry with them when they cease to be dependent and poor.

We have said how Cassidy's astonished clerk had brought the brief from chambers to Firmin at his lodgings at Mrs. Brandon's in Thornhaugh Street. Had a bailiff served him with a writ, Philip could not have been more surprised, or in a greater tremor. A brief? *Grands Dieux!* What was he to do with a brief? He thought of going to bed, and being ill, or flying from home, country, family. Brief? Charlotte, of course, seeing her husband alarmed, began to quake too. Indeed, if his worship's finger aches, does not her whole body suffer? But Charlotte's and Philip's constant friend, the Little Sister, felt no such fear. 'Now there's this opening, you must take it, my dear,' she said. 'Suppose you don't know much about law——' 'Much! nothing,' interposed Philip. 'You might ask me to play the piano; but as I never happened to have learned——'

'La—don't tell me! You mustn't show a faint heart. Take the business, and do it as best you can. You'll do it better next time, and next. The Bar's a gentleman's business. Don't I attend a judge's lady, which I remember her with her first in a little bit of a house in Bernard Street, Russell Square; and now haven't I been to her in Eaton Square, with a butler and two footmen, and carriages ever so many? You may work on at your newspapers and get a crust, and when you're old, and if your quarrel—and you have a knack of quarreling—he has, Mrs. Firmin. I knew him before you did. Quarrelsome he is, and he will be, though you think him an angel, to be sure. Suppose you quarrel with your newspaper masters, and your reviews, and that you lose your place. A gentleman like Mr. Philip oughtn't to have a master. I couldn't bear to think of your going down of a Saturday to the publishing office to get your wages like a workman.'

'But I *am* a workman,' interposes Philip.

'La! But do you mean to remain one forever? I would rise, if I was a man!' said the intrepid little woman; 'I would rise or I'd know the reason why. Who knows how many in family you're going to be? I'd have more spirit than to live in a second floor—I would!'

And the Little Sister said this, though she clung round Philip's child with a rapture of fondness which she tried in

vain to conceal; though she felt that to part from it would be to part from her life's chief happiness; though she loved Philip as her own son; and Charlotte—well, Charlotte for Philip's sake—as women love other women.

Charlotte came to her friends in Queen Square, and told us of the resolute Little Sister's advice and conversation. She knew that Mrs. Brandon only loved her as something belonging to Philip. She admired this Little Sister; and trusted her; and could afford to bear that little somewhat scornful domination which Brandon exercised. 'She does not love me, because Philip does,' Charlotte said. 'Do you think I could like her, or any woman, if I thought Philip loved them? I could kill them, Laura, that I could!' And at this sentiment I imagine daggers shooting out of a pair of eyes that were ordinarily very gentle and bright.

Not having been engaged in the case in which Philip had the honor of first appearing, I cannot enter into particulars regarding it, but am sure that case must have been uncommonly strong in itself which could survive such an advocate. He passed a frightful night of torture before appearing in committee room. During that night, he says, his hair grew gray. His old college friend and comrade, Pinkerton, who was with him in the case, 'coached' him on the day previous; and indeed it must be owned that the work which he had to perform was not of a nature to impair the inside or the outside of his skull. A great man was his leader; his friend Pinkerton followed; and all Mr. Philip's business was to examine a half dozen witnesses by questions previously arranged between them and the agents.

When you hear that, as a reward of his services in this case, Mr. Firmin received a sum of money sufficient to pay his modest family expenses for some four months, I am sure, dear and respected literary friends, that you will wish the lot of a parliamentary barrister had been yours, or that your immortal works could be paid with such a liberality as rewards the labors of these lawyers. '*Nimmer erscheinen die Götter allein.*' After one agent had employed Philip, another came and secured his valuable services; him two or three others followed, and our friend positively had money in bank. Not only were apprehensions of poverty removed for the present but we had every reason to hope that Firmin's prosperity would increase and continue. And when a little son and heir was born, which blessing was conferred upon Mr. Philip about a year after his daughter, our godchild, saw the light, we should have thought it shame to have any misgivings about the future, so

cheerful did Philip's prospects appear. 'Did I not tell you,' said my wife, with her usual kindling romance, 'that comfort and succor would be found for these in the hour of their need?' Amen. We were grateful that comfort and succor should come. No one, I am sure, was more humbly thankful than Philip himself for the fortunate chances which befell him.

He was alarmed rather than elated by his sudden prosperity. 'It can't last,' he said. 'Don't tell me. The attorneys must find me out before long. They cannot continue to give their business to such an ignoramus; and I really think I must remonstrate with them.' You should have seen the Little Sister's indignation when Philip uttered this sentiment in her presence. 'Give up your business? Yes, do!' she cried, tossing up Philip's youngest born. 'Fling this baby out of window, why not indeed, which Heaven has sent you! You ought to go down on your knees and ask pardon for having thought anything so wicked.' Philip's heir, by the way, immediately on his entrance into the world, had become the prime favorite of this unreasoning woman. The little daughter was passed over as a little person of no account, and so began to entertain the passion of jealousy at almost the very earliest age at which even the female breast is capable of enjoying it.

And though this Little Sister loved all these people with an almost ferocious passion of love, and lay awake, I believe, hearing their infantine cries, or crept on stealthy feet in darkness to their mother's chamber door, behind which they lay sleeping; though she had, as it were, a rage for these infants, and was wretched out of their sight, yet, when a third and a fourth brief came to Philip, and he was enabled to put a little money aside, nothing would content Mrs. Brandon but that he should go into a house of his own. 'A gentleman,' she said, 'ought not to live in a two-pair lodging; he ought to have a house of his own.' So, you see, she hastened on the preparations for her own execution. She trudged to the brokers' shops and made wonderful bargains of furniture. She cut chintzes, and covered sofas, and sewed, and patched, and fitted. She found a house and took it—Milman Street, Guildford Street, opposite the 'Fondling' (as the dear little soul called it), a most genteel, quiet little street, 'and quite near for me to come,' she said, 'to see my dears.' Did she speak with dry eyes? Mine moisten sometimes when I think of the faith, of the generosity, of the sacrifice, of that devoted, loving creature.

I am very fond of Charlotte. Her sweetness and simplicity won all our hearts at home. No wife or mother ever was more

attached and affectionate; but I own there was a time when I hated her, though of course that highly principled woman, the wife of the author of the present memoirs, says that the statement I am making here is stuff and nonsense, not to say immoral and irreligious. Well, then, I hated Charlotte for the horrible eagerness which she showed in getting away from this Little Sister, who clung round those children, whose first cries she had heard. I hated Charlotte for a cruel happiness which she felt as she hugged the children to her heart; her own children in their own room, whom she would dress, and watch, and wash, and tend; and for whom she wanted no aid. No aid, *entendez-vous!* Oh, it was a shame, a shame! In the new house, in the pleasant little trim new nursery (fitted up by whose fond hands we will not say), is the mother glaring over the cot, where the little, soft, round cheeks are pillowed; and yonder in the rooms in Thornhaugh Street, where she has tended them for two years, the Little Sister sits lonely, as the moonlight streams in. God help thee, little suffering faithful heart! Never but once in her life before had she known so exquisite a pain.

Of course, we had an entertainment in the new house; and Philip's friends, old and new, came to the house-warming. The family coach of the Ringwoods blocked up that astonished little street. The powder on their footmen's heads nearly brushed the ceiling, as the monsters rose when the guests passed in and out of the hall. The Little Sister merely took charge of the tea room. Philip's 'library' was that usual little cupboard beyond the dining room. The little drawing room was dreadfully crowded by an ex-nursery piano, which the Ringwoods bestowed upon their friends; and somebody was in duty bound to play upon it on the evening of this *soirée*; though the Little Sister chafed downstairs at the music. In fact her very words were 'Rat that piano!' She 'ratted' the instrument, because the music would wake her little dears upstairs. And that music *did* wake them; and they howled melodiously, and the Little Sister, who was about to serve Lady Jane Tregarvan with some tea, dashed upstairs to the nursery; and Charlotte had reached the room already; and she looked angry when the Little Sister came in; and she said, 'I am sure, Mrs. Brandon, the people downstairs will be wanting their tea;' and she spoke with some asperity. And Mrs. Brandon went downstairs without one word; and, happening to be on the landing, conversing with a friend, and a little out of the way of the duet which the Misses Ringwood were performing—riding their great old horse, as it were, and putting it through its paces in Mrs.

Firmin's little paddock; happening, I say, to be on the landing when Caroline passed, I took a hand as cold as stone, and never saw a look of grief more tragic than that worn by her poor little face as it passed. 'My children cried,' she said, 'and I went up to the nursery. But she don't want me there now.' Poor Little Sister! She humbled herself and groveled before Charlotte. You could not help trampling upon her then, madam; and I hated you—and a great number of other women. Ridley and I went down to her tea room, where Caroline resumed her place. She looked very nice and pretty, with her pale sweet face, and her neat cap and blue ribbon. Tortures I know she was suffering. Charlotte had been stabbing her. Women will use the edge sometimes, and drive the steel in. Charlotte said to me some time afterward, 'I *was* jealous of her, and you were right; and a dearer, more faithful creature never lived.' But who told Charlotte I said she was jealous? Oh, fool! I told Ridley, and Mr. Ridley told Mrs. Firmin.

If Charlotte stabbed Caroline, Caroline could not help coming back again and again to the knife. On Sundays, when she was free, there was always a place for her at Philip's modest table; and when Mrs. Philip went to church, Caroline was allowed to reign in the nursery. Sometimes Charlotte was generous enough to give Mrs. Brandon this chance. When Philip took a house—a whole house to himself—Philip's mother-in-law proposed to come and stay with him and said that, wishing to be beholden to no one, she would pay for her board and lodging. But Philip declined this treat, representing, justly, that his present house was no bigger than his former lodgings. 'My poor love is dying to have me,' Mrs. Baynes remarked on this. 'But her husband is so cruel to her, and keeps her under such terror, that she dares not call her life her own.' Cruel to her! Charlotte was the happiest of the happy in her little house. In consequence of his parliamentary success, Philip went regularly to chambers now, in the fond hope that more briefs might come. At chambers he likewise conducted the chief business of his *Review*; and, at the accustomed hour of his return, that usual little procession of mother and child and nurse would be seen on the watch for him; and the young woman—the happiest woman in Christendom—would walk back clinging on her husband's arm.

All this while letters came from Philip's dear father at New York, where, it appeared, he was engaged not only in his profession, but in various speculations, with which he was always about to make his fortune. One day Philip got a newspaper

advertising a new insurance company, and saw, to his astonishment, the announcement of 'Counsel in London, Philip Firmin, Esq., Parchment Buildings, Temple.' A paternal letter promised Philip great fees out of this insurance company, but I never heard that poor Philip was any the richer. In fact his friends advised him to have nothing to do with this insurance company, and to make no allusion to it in his letters. 'They feared the Danaï, and the gifts they brought,' as old Firmin would have said. They had to impress upon Philip an abiding mistrust of that wily old Greek, his father. Firmin senior always wrote hopefully and magnificently, and persisted in believing or declaring that ere very long he should have to announce to Philip that his fortune was made. He speculated in Wall Street, I don't know in what shares, inventions, mines, railways. One day, some few months after his migration to Milman Street, Philip, blushing and hanging down his head, had to tell me that his father had drawn upon him again. Had he not paid up his shares in a certain mine, they would have been forfeited, and he and *his son after him* would have lost a certain fortune, old Danaus said. I fear an artful a long-bow-pulling Danaus. What, shall a man have birth, wealth, friends, high position, and end so that we dare not leave him alone in the room with our spoons? 'And you have paid this bill which the old man drew?' we asked. Yes, Philip had paid the bill. He vowed he would pay no more. But it was not difficult to see that the doctor would draw more bills upon this accommodating banker. 'I dread the letters which begin with a flourish about the fortune which he is just going to make,' Philip said. He knew that the old parent prefaced his demands for money in that way.

Mention has been made of a great medical discovery which he had announced to his correspondent, Mrs. Brandon, and by which the doctor declared as usual that he was about to make a fortune. In New York and Boston he had tried experiments which had been attended with the most astonishing success. A remedy was discovered, the mere sale of which in Europe and America must bring an immense revenue to the fortunate inventors. For the ladies whom Mrs. Brandon attended, the remedy was of priceless value. He would send her some. His friend, Captain Morgan, of the Southampton packet-ship, would bring her some of this astonishing medicine. Let her try it. Let her show the accompanying eases to Dr. Goodenough—to any of his brother physicians in London. Though himself an exile from his country, he loved it, and was proud in being able to confer upon it one of the greatest blessings with which science had endowed mankind.

Goodenough, I am sorry to say, had such a mistrust of his *confrère* that he chose to disbelieve any statement Firmin made. 'I don't believe, my good Brandon, the fellow has *nous* enough to light upon any scientific discovery more useful than a new sauce for cutlets. He invent anything but fibs, never!' You see this Goodenough is an obstinate old heathen; and when he has once found reason to mistrust a man, he forever after declines to believe him.

However, the doctor is a man forever on the lookout for more knowledge of his profession, and for more remedies to benefit mankind; he hummed and ha'd over the pamphlet, as the Little Sister sat watching him in his study. He clapped it down after a while, and slapped his hands on his little legs as his wont is. 'Brandon,' he says, 'I think there is a great deal in it, and I think so the more because it turns out that Firmin has nothing to do with the discovery, which has been made at Boston.' In fact, Dr. Firmin, late of London, had only been present in the Boston hospital where the experiments were made with the new remedy. He had cried 'Halves,' and proposed to sell it as a secret remedy, and the bottle which he forwarded to our friend the Little Sister was labeled 'Firmin's Anodyne.' What Firmin did, indeed, was what he had been in the habit of doing. He had taken another man's property, and was endeavoring to make a flourish with it. The Little Sister returned home, then, with her bottle of Chloroform—for this was what Dr. Firmin chose to call his discovery, and he had sent home a specimen of it; as he sent home a cask of petroleum from Virginia; as he sent proposals for new railways upon which he promised Philip a munificent commission, if his son could but place the shares among his friends.

And with regard to these valuables, the sanguine doctor got to believe that he really was endowing his son with large sums of money. 'My boy has set up a house, and has a wife and two children, the young jackanapes!' he would say to people in New York; 'as if he had not been extravagant enough in former days! When I married, I had private means, and married a nobleman's niece with a large fortune. Neither of these two young folks has a penny. Well, well, the old father must help them as well as he can!' And I am told there were ladies who dropped the tears of sensibility, and said, 'What a fond father this doctor is! How he sacrifices himself for that scapegrace of a son! Think of the dear doctor, at his age, toiling cheerfully for that young man, who helped to ruin him!' And Firmin sighed; and passed a beautiful white

handkerchief over his eyes with a beautiful white hand; and, I believe, really cried; and thought himself quite a good, affectionate, injured man. He held the plate at church; he looked very handsome and tall, and bowed with a charming melancholy grace to the ladies as they put in their contributions. The dear man! His plate was fuller than other people's—so a traveler told us who saw him in New York; and described a very choice dinner which the doctor gave to a few friends, at one of the smartest hotels just then opened.

With all the Little Sister's good management Mr. and Mrs. Philip were only able to install themselves in their new house at a considerable expense, and beyond that great Ringwood piano which swaggered in Philip's little drawing room, I am constrained to say that there was scarce any furniture at all. One of the railway accounts was not paid as yet, and poor Philip could not feed upon mere paper promises to pay. Nor was he inclined to accept the offers of private friends, who were willing enough to be his bankers. 'One in a family is enough for that kind of business,' he said gloomily; and it came out that again and again the interesting exile at New York who was deploring his son's extravagance and foolish marriage, had drawn bills upon Philip which our friend accepted and paid—bills, who knows to what amount? He has never told; and the engaging parent who robbed him—must I use a word so unpolite? will never now tell to what extent he helped himself to Philip's small means. This I know, that when autumn came—when September was past—we in our cozy little retreat at the sea-side received a letter from the Little Sister, in her dear little bad spelling (about which there used to be somehow a pathos which the very finest writing does not possess); there came, I say, a letter from the Little Sister in which she told us, with many dashes, that dear Mrs. Philip and the children were pining and sick in London, and 'that Philip, he had too much pride and spirit to take money from anyone; that Mr. Tregarvan was away traveling on the Continent, and that wretch—that monster, *you know who*—have drawn upon Philip again for money, and again he have paid, and the dear, dear children can't have fresh air.'

'Did she tell you,' said Philip, brushing his hands across his eyes when a friend came to remonstrate with him, 'did she tell you that she brought me money herself but we would not use it? Look! I have her little marriage gift yonder in my desk, and pray God I shall be able to leave it to my children. The fact is, the doctor has drawn upon me as usual; he is going to

make a fortune next week. I have paid another bill of his. The parliamentary agents are out of town, at their moors in Scotland, I suppose. The air of Russel Square is uncommonly wholesome, and when the babies have had enough of that, why, they must change it for Brunswick Square. Talk about the country! what country can be more quiet than Guildford Street in September? I stretch out of a morning, and breathe the mountain air on Ludgate Hill.' And with these dismal pleasantries and jokes our friend chose to put a good face upon bad fortune. The kinsmen of Ringwood offered hospitality kindly enough, but how was poor Philip to pay railway expenses for servants, babies, and wife? In this strait Tregarvan from abroad, having found out some monstrous design of Russ—of the great power of which he stood in daily terror, and which, as we are in strict amity with that Power, no other Power shall induce me to name—Tregarvan wrote to his editor and communicated to him in confidence a most prodigious and nefarious plot against the liberties of all the rest of Europe, in which the Power in question was engaged, and in a post-script added, 'By the way the Michaelmas quarter is due and I send you a check,' etc. etc. Oh, precious postscript.

'Didn't I tell you it would be so?' said my wife, with a self-satisfied air. 'Was I not certain that succor would come?'

And succor did come, sure enough; and a very happy little party went down to Brighton in a second-class carriage, and got an extraordinary cheap lodging, and the roses came back to the little pale cheeks, and mamma was wonderfully invigorated and refreshed, as all her friends could have seen when the little family came back to town, only there was such a thick dun fog that it was impossible to see complexions at all.

When the shooting season was come to an end, the parliamentary agents who had employed Philip came back to London; and, I am happy to say, gave him a check for his little account. My wife cried, 'Did I not tell you so?' more than ever. 'Is not everything for the best? I knew dear Philip would prosper!'

Everything was for the best, was it? Philip was sure to prosper, was he? What do you think of the next news which the poor fellow brought to us? One night in December he came to us, and I saw by his face that some event of importance had befallen him.

'I am almost heart-broken,' he said, thumping on the table when the young ones had retreated from it. 'I don't know what to do. I have not told you all. I have paid four bills for him already, and now he has—he has signed my name.'

‘Who has?’

‘He at New York. *You* know,’ said poor Philip. ‘I tell you he has put my name on a bill, and without my authority.

‘Gracious Heavens! You mean your father has for——’ I could not say the word.

‘Yes,’ groaned Philip. ‘Here is a letter from him;’ and he handed a letter across the table in the doctor’s well-known handwriting.

DEAREST PHILIP, [the father wrote], a sad misfortune has befallen me, which I had hoped to conceal, or at any rate, to avert from my dear son. For you, Philip, are a participator in that misfortune through the imprudence—must I say it?—of your father. Would I had struck off the hand which has done the deed, ere it had been done! But the fault has taken wings and flown out of my reach. *Immeritus*, dear boy, you have to suffer for the *delicta majorum*. Ah, that a father should have to own his fault; to kneel and ask pardon of his son!

I am engaged in many speculations. Some have succeeded beyond my wildest hope; some have taken in the most rational, the most prudent, the least sanguine of our capitalists in Wall Street, and, promising the greatest results, have ended in the most extreme failure! To meet a call in an undertaking which seemed to offer the MOST CERTAIN PROSPECTS of success, which seemed to promise a fortune for me and my boy, and your dear children, I put in among other securities which I had to realize on a sudden, a bill, on which I used your name. I dated it as drawn six months back by me at New York, on you at Parchment Buildings, Temple; and I wrote your acceptance, as though the signature were yours. I give myself up to you. I tell you what I have done. Make the matter public. Give my confession to the world, as here I write, and sign it, and your father is branded forever to the world as a—Spare me the word!

As I live, as I hope for your forgiveness, long ere that bill became due—it is at five months’ date, for £386 4s. 3d. value received, and dated from the Temple, on the 4th of July—I passed it to one who promised to keep it until I myself should redeem it! The commission which he charged me was *enormous, rascally*; and not content with the immense interest which he extorted from me, the scoundrel has passed the bill away, and it is in Europe, in the hands of an enemy.

You remember Tufton Hunt? Yes. You *most justly* chastised him. The wretch lately made his detested appearance in this city, associated with *the lowest of the base*, and endeavored to resume his old practice of *threats, cajoleries*, and extortions! In a *fatal hour* the villain heard of the bill of which I have warned you. He purchased it from the gambler, to whom it had been passed. As New York was speedily too hot to hold him (*for the unhappy man has even left me to pay his hotel score*) he has fled—and fled to Europe—taking with him that fatal bill, which he says he knows you will pay. Ah, dear Philip, if that bill were but once out of the wretch’s hands! What sleepless hours of agony should I be spared! I pray you, I implore you, make every sacrifice to meet it! You will not disown it? No. As you have children of your own—as you love them—you would not willingly let them leave a dishonored

FATHER.

I have a share in a *great medical discovery*,* regarding which I have written to our friend Mrs. Brandou, and which is sure to realize an immense profit, as introduced into England by a physician so well known—may I not say professionally? *respected as myself*. The very first profits resulting from that discovery I promise, on my honor, to devote to you—they will very soon *far more* than repay the loss which my imprudence has brought on my dear boy. Farewell! Love to your wife and little ones.—G. B. F.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NEC PLENA CRUORIS HIRUDO.

THE reading of this precious letter filled Philip’s friend with an inward indignation which it was very hard to control or disguise. It is no pleasant task to tell a gentleman that his father is a rogue. Old Firmin would have been hanged a few

* *Aether* was first employed, I believe, in America; and I hope the reader will excuse the substitution of Chloroform in this instance.—W. M. T.

years earlier, for practices like these. As you talk with a very great scoundrel, or with a madman, has not the respected reader sometimes reflected, with a grim self-humiliation, how the fellow is of our own kind; and *homo est?* Let us, dearly beloved, who are outside—I mean outside the hulks or the asylum—be thankful that we have to pay a barber for snipping our hair, and are entrusted with the choice of cuts of our own jerkins. As poor Philip read his father's letter, my thought was; 'And I can remember the soft white hand of that scoundrel, which has just been forging his own son's name, putting sovereigns into my own palm, when I was a schoolboy.' I always liked that man; but the story is not *de me*—it regards Philip.

'You won't pay this bill?' Philip's friend indignantly said, then.

'What can I do?' says poor Phil, shaking a sad head.

'You are not worth five hundred pounds in the world,' remarks the friend.

'Whoever said I was? I am worth this bill; or my credit is,' answers the victim.

'If you pay this, he will draw more.'

'I dare say he will,' that Firmin admits.

'And he will continue to draw as long as there is a drop of blood to be had out of you.'

'Yes,' owns poor Philip, putting a finger to his lip. He thought I might be about to speak. His artless wife and mine were conversing at that moment upon the respective merits of some sweet chintzes which they had seen at Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, and which were so cheap and pleasant, and lively to look at! Really those drawing room curtains would cost scarcely anything! Our Regulus, you see, before stepping into his torture-tub, was smiling on his friends, and talking upholstery with a cheerful, smirking countenance. On chintz, or some other household errand, the ladies went prattling off; but there was no care, save for husband and children, in Charlotte's poor little innocent heart just then.

'Nice to hear her talking about sweet drawing room chintzes, isn't it?' says Philip. 'Shall we try Shoolbred's or the other shop?' And then he laughs. It was not a very lively laugh.

'You mean that you are determined, then, on——'

'On acknowledging *my signature?* Of course,' says Philip, 'if ever it is presented to me, I would own it.' And having formed and announced this resolution, I knew my stubborn friend too well to think that he ever would shirk it.

The most exasperating part of the matter was, that how-

ever generously Philip's friends might be disposed toward him, they could not in this case give him a helping hand. The doctor would draw more bills, and more. As sure as Philip supplied, the parent would ask; and that devouring dragon of a doctor had stomach enough for the blood of all of us, were we inclined to give it. In fact, Philip saw as much, and owned everything with his usual candor. 'I see what is going on in your mind, old boy,' the poor fellow said, 'as well as if you spoke. You mean that I am helpless and irreclaimable, and doomed to hopeless ruin. So it would seem. A man can't escape his fate, friend, and my father has made mine for me. If I managed to struggle through the payment of this bill, of course he will draw another. My only chance of escape is, that he should succeed in some of his speculations. As he is always gambling, there may be some luck for him one day or another. He won't benefit me, then. That is not his way. If he makes a *coup*, he will keep the money, or spend it. He won't give me any. But he will not draw upon me as he does now, or send forth fancy imitations of the filial autograph. It is a blessing to have such a father, isn't it? I say, Pen, as I think from whom I am descended, and look at your spoons, I am astonished I have not put any of them in my pocket. You leave me in the room with 'em quite unprotected. I say, it is quite affecting the way in which you and your dear wife have confidence in me.' And with a bitter execration at his fate, the poor fellow pauses for a moment in his lament.

His father was his fate, he seemed to think, and there were no means of averting it. 'You remember that picture of Abraham and Isaac in the doctor's study in Old Parr Street?' he would say. 'My patriarch has tied me up, and had the knife in me repeatedly. He does not sacrifice me at one operation; but there will be a final one some day, and I shall bleed no more. It's gay and amusing, isn't it? Especially when one has a wife and children.' I, for my part, felt so indignant, that I was minded to advertise in the papers that all acceptances drawn in Philip's name were forgeries; and let his father take the consequences of his own act. But the consequences would have been life imprisonment for the old man, and almost as much disgrace and ruin for the young one, as were actually impending. He pointed out this clearly enough; nor could we altogether gainsay his dismal logic. It was better, at any rate, to meet his bill, and give the doctor warning for the future. Well; perhaps it was; only suppose the doctor should take the warning in good part, accept the rebuke with perfect

meekness, and at an early opportunity commit another forgery? To this Philip replied, that no man could resist his fate; that he had always expected his own doom through his father; that when the elder went to America he thought possibly the charm was broken; 'but you see it is not,' groaned Philip, 'and my father's emissaries reach me, and I am still under the spell.' The bearer of the *bowstring*, we knew, was on his way, and would deliver his grim message ere long.

Having frequently succeeded in extorting money from Dr. Firmin, Mr. Tufton Hunt thought he could not do better than follow his banker across the Atlantic; and we need not describe the annoyance and rage of the doctor on finding this black care still behind his back. He had not much to give; indeed the sum which he took away with him, and of which he robbed his son and his other creditors, was but small; but Hunt was bent upon having a portion of this; and, of course, hinted that, if the doctor refused, he would carry to the New York press the particulars of Firmin's early career and latest defalcations. Mr. Hunt had been under the gallery of the House of Commons half a dozen times, and knew our public men by sight. In the course of a pretty long and disreputable career he had learned anecdotes regarding members of the aristocracy, turfmen, and the like; and he offered to sell this precious knowledge of his to more than one American paper, as other amiable exiles from our country have done. But Hunt was too old, and his stories too stale for the New York public. They dated from George IV., and the boxing and coaching times. He found but little market for his wares; and the tipsy parson reeled from tavern to bar, only the object of scorn to younger reprobates who despised his old-fashioned stories, and could top them with blackguardism of a much more modern date.

After some two years' sojourn in the United States, this worthy felt the passionate longing to revisit his native country which generous hearts often experience, and made his way from Liverpool to London; and when in London directed his steps to the house of the Little Sister, of which he expected to find Philip still an inmate. Although Hunt had been once kicked out of the premises, he felt little shame now about re-entering them. He had that in his pocket which would insure him respectful behavior from Philip. What were the circumstances under which that forged bill was obtained? Was it a speculation between Hunt and Philip's father? Did Hunt suggest that, to screen the elder Firmin from disgrace and ruin, Philip would assuredly take the bill up? That a forged signature was, in

fact, a better document than a genuine acceptance? We shall never know the truth regarding this transaction now. We have but the statements of the two parties concerned; and as both of them, I grieve to say, are entirely unworthy of credit, we must remain in ignorance regarding this matter. Perhaps Hunt forged Philip's acceptance; perhaps his unhappy father wrote it; perhaps the doctor's story that the paper was extorted from him was true, perhaps false. What matters? Both the men have passed away from among us, and will write and speak no more lies.

Caroline was absent from home when Hunt paid his first visit after his return from America. Her servant described the man, and his appearance. Mrs. Brandon felt sure that Hunt was her visitor, and foreboded no good to Philip from the parson's arrival. In former days we have seen how the Little Sister had found favor in the eyes of this man. The besotted creature, shunned of men, stained with crime, drink, debt, had still no little vanity in his composition, and gave himself airs in the tavern parlors which he frequented. Because he had been at the University thirty years ago, his idea was that he was superior to ordinary men who had not had the benefit of an education at Oxford or Cambridge; and that the 'snobs,' as he called them, respected him. He would assume grandiose airs in talking to a tradesman ever so wealthy; speak to such a man by his surname; and deem that he honored him by his patronage and conversation. The Little Sister's grammar, I have told you, was not good; her poor little *h*'s were sadly irregular. A letter was a painful task to her. She knew how ill she performed it, and that she was forever making blunders.

She would invent a thousand funny little pleas and excuses for her faults of writing. With all the blunders of spelling, her little letters had a pathos which somehow brought tears into the eyes. The Rev. Mr. Hunt believed himself to be this woman's superior. He thought his University education gave him a claim upon her respect, and draped himself and swaggered before her and others in his dingy college gown. He had paraded his Master of Arts degree in many thousand tavern parlors, where his Greek and learning had got him a kind of respect. He patronized landlords, and strutted by hostesses' bars with a vinous leer or a tipsy solemnity. He must have been very far gone and debased indeed when he could still think that he was any living man's better; he, who ought to have waited on the waiters, and blacked Boots' own shoes. When he had reached a certain stage of liquor he commonly began to brag about the University, and recite the titles of his friends

of early days. Never was kicking more righteously administered than that which Philip once bestowed on this miscreant. The fellow took to the gutter as naturally as to his bed, Firmin used to say; and vowed that the washing there was a novelty which did him good.

Mrs. Brandon soon found that her surmises were correct regarding her nameless visitor. Next day, as she was watering some little flowers in her window, she looked from it into the street, where she saw the shambling parson leering up at her. When she saw him he took off his greasy hat and made her a bow. At the moment she saw him, she felt that he was come upon some errand hostile to Philip. She knew he meant mischief as he looked up with that sodden face, those bloodshot eyes, those unshorn, grinning lips.

She might have been inclined to faint, or disposed to scream, or to hide herself from the man, the sight of whom she loathed. She did not faint, or hide herself, or cry out; but she instantly nodded her head and smiled in the most engaging manner on that unwelcome, dingy stranger. She went to her door; she opened it (though her heart beat so that you might have heard it, as she told her friend afterward). She stood there a moment archly smiling at him, and she beckoned him into her house with a little gesture of welcome. 'Law bless us' (these, I have reason to believe, were the very words)—'Law bless us, Mr. Hunt, wherever have you been this ever so long?' And a smiling face looked at him resolutely from under a neat cap and fresh ribbon. Why, I know some women can smile, and look at ease, when they sit down in a dentist's chair.

'Law bless me, Mr. Hunt,' then says the artless creature, 'whoever would have thought of seeing *you*, I do declare!' And she makes a nice cheery little courtesy, and looks quite gay, pleased, and pretty; and so did Judith look gay, no doubt, and smile, and prattle before Holofernes; and then of course she said, 'Won't you step in?' And then Hunt swaggered up the steps of the house, and entered the little parlor into which the kind reader has often been conducted, with its neat little ornaments, its pictures, its glistening corner cupboard, and its well-scrubbed shining furniture.

'How is the Captain?' asks the man (alone in the company of this Little Sister, the fellow's own heart began to beat, and his bloodshot eyes to glisten).

He had not heard about poor Pa? 'That shows how long you have been away!' Mrs. Brandon remarks, and mentions the date of her father's fatal illness. Yes; she was alone now,

and had to care for herself; and straightway, I have no doubt, Mrs. Brandon asked Mr. Hunt whether he would 'take' anything. Indeed, that good little woman was forever pressing her friends to 'take' something, and would have thought the laws of hospitality violated unless she had made this offer.

Hunt was never known to refuse a proposal of this sort. He *would* take a taste of something—of something warm. He had had fever and ague at New York, and the malady hung about him. Mrs. Brandon was straightway very much interested to hear about Mr. Hunt's complaint, and knew that a comfortable glass was very efficacious in removing threatening fever. Her nimble, neat little hands mixed him a cup. He could not but see what a trim little housekeeper she was. 'Ah, Mrs. Brandon, if I had had such a kind friend watching over me, I should not be such a wreck as I am!' he sighed. He must have advanced to a second, nay, a third glass, when he sighed and became sentimental regarding his own unhappy condition; and Brandon owned to her friends afterward that she made those glasses very strong.

Having 'taken something,' in considerable quantities, then, Hunt condescended to ask how his hostess was getting on, and how were her lodgers. How she was getting on? Brandon drew the most cheerful picture of herself and her circumstances. The apartments let well, and were never empty. Thanks to good Dr. Goodenough and other friends, she had as much professional occupation as she could desire. Since *you know who* has left the country, she said, her mind had been ever so much easier. As long as he was near, she never felt secure. But he was gone, and bad luck go with him! said this vindictive Little Sister.

'Was his son still lodging upstairs?' asked Mr. Hunt.

On this, what does Mrs. Brandon do but begin a most angry attack upon Philip and his family. *He* lodge there? No, thank goodness! She had had enough of him and his wife with her airs and graces, and the children crying all night, and the furniture spoiled, and the bills not even paid! 'I wanted him to think that me and Philip was friends no longer; and Heaven forgive me for telling stories! I know this fellow means no good to Philip; and before long I will know *what* he means, that I will,' she vowed.

For, on the very day when Mr. Hunt paid her a visit, Mrs. Brandon came to see Philip's friends, and acquaint them with Hunt's arrival. We could not be sure that he was the bearer of the forged bill with which poor Philip was threatened. As yet Hunt had made no allusion to it. But though we are far

from sanctioning deceit or hypocrisy, we own that we were not *very* angry with the Little Sister for employing dissimulation in the present instance, and inducing Hunt to believe that she was by no means an accomplice of Philip's. If Philip's wife pardoned her, ought his friends to be less forgiving? To do right, you know you must not do wrong; though I own this was one of the cases in which I am inclined not to deal very hardly with the well-meaning little criminal.

Now, Charlotte had to pardon (and for this fault, if not for some others, Charlotte did most heartily pardon) our little friend, for this reason, that Brandon most wantonly maligned her. When Hunt asked what sort of wife Philip had married? Mrs. Brandon declared that Mrs. Philip was a pert, odious little thing; that she gave herself airs, neglected her children, bullied her husband, and what not; and, finally, Brandon vowed that she disliked Charlotte, and was very glad to get her out of the house; and that Philip was not the same Philip since he married her, and that *he* gave himself airs, and was rude, and in all things led by his wife; and to get rid of them was a good riddance.

Hunt gracefully suggested that quarrels between landladies and tenants were not unusual; that lodgers sometimes did not pay their rent punctually; that others were unreasonably anxious about the consumption of their groceries, liquors, and so forth; and little Brandon who, rather than steal a pennyworth from her Philip, would have cut her hand off, laughed at her guest's joke, and pretended to be amused with his knowing hints that she was a rogue. There was not a word he said but she received it with a gracious acquiescence; she might shudder inwardly at the leering familiarity of the odious tipsy wretch, but she gave no outward sign of disgust or fear. She allowed him to talk as much as he would, in hopes that he would come to a subject which deeply interested her. She asked about the doctor, and what he was doing, and whether it was likely that he would ever be able to pay back any of that money which he had taken from his son? And she spoke with an indifferent tone, pretending to be very busy over some work at which she was stitching.

'Oh, you are still hankering after him,' says the chaplain, winking a bloodshot eye.

'Hankering after that old man! What should I care for him? As if he haven't done me harm enough already!' cries poor Caroline.

'Yes. But women don't dislike a man the worse for a little ill-usage,' suggests Hunt. No doubt the fellow had made his own experiments on woman's fidelity.

‘Well, I suppose,’ says Brandon, with a toss of her head, ‘women may get tired as well as men, mayn’t they? I found out that man, and wearied of him years and years ago. Another little drop out of the green bottle, Mr. Hunt! It’s very good for ague-fever and keeps the cold fit off wonderful!’

And Hunt drank, and he talked a little more—much more; and he gave his opinion of the elder Firmin, and spoke of his chances of success, and of his rage for speculations, and doubted whether he would ever be able to lift his head again—though he might, he might still. He was in the country where, if ever a man could retrieve himself, he had a chance. And Philip was giving himself airs, was he? He was always an arrogant chap, that Mr. Philip. And he had left her house and was gone ever so long? and where did he live now?

Then I am sorry to say Mrs. Brandon asked, how should *she* know where Philip lived? She believed it was near Gray’s Inn, or Lincoln’s Inn, or somewhere; and she was for turning the conversation away from this subject altogether; and sought to do so by many lively remarks and ingenious little artifices which I can imagine, but which she only in part acknowledged to me—for you must know that as soon as her visitor took leave—to turn into the Admiral Byng public house, and renew acquaintance with the worthies assembled in the parlor of that tavern, Mrs. Brandon ran away to a cab, drove in it to Philip’s house in Milman Street, where only Mrs. Philip was at home—and after a *banale* conversation with her, which puzzled Charlotte not a little, for Brandon would not say on what errand she came, and never mentioned Hunt’s arrival and visit to her, the Little Sister made her way to another cab, and presently made her appearance at the house of Philip’s friends in Queen Square. And here she informed me, how Hunt had arrived, and how she was sure he meant no good to Philip, and how she had told certain—certain stories which were not founded in fact—to Mr. Hunt; for the telling of which fibs I am not about to endeavor to excuse her.

Though the interesting clergyman had not said one word regarding that bill of which Philip’s father had warned him, we believed that the document was in Hunt’s possession, and that it would be produced in due season. We happened to know where Philip dined, and sent him word to come to us.

‘What can he mean?’ the people asked at the table—a bachelor’s table at the Temple (for Philip’s good wife actually encouraged him to go abroad from time to time, and make merry with his friends). ‘What can this mean?’ and they read

out the scrap of paper which he had cast down as he was summoned away.

Philip's correspondent wrote: 'Dear Philip, I believe the BEARER OF THE BOWSTRING has arrived; and has been with the L. S. this very day.'

The L. S.? the bearer of the bowstring? Not one of the bachelors dining in Parchment Building could read the riddle. Only after receiving the scrap of paper Philip had jumped up and left the room; and a friend of ours, a sly wag and Don Juan of Pump Court, offered to take odds that there was a lady in the case.

At the hasty little council which was convened at our house on the receipt of the news, the Little Sister, whose instinct had not betrayed her, was made acquainted with the precise nature of the danger which menaced Philip; and exhibited a fine hearty wrath when she heard how he proposed to meet the enemy. He had a certain sum in hand. He would borrow more of his friends, who knew that he was an honest man. This bill he would meet, whatever might come; and avert at least this disgrace from his father.

What? Give in to those rogues? Leave his children to starve, and his poor wife to turn drudge and house-servant, who was not fit for anything but a fine lady! (There was no love lost, you see, between these two ladies, who both loved Mr. Philip.) It was a sin and a shame! Mrs. Brandon averred and declared she thought Philip had been a man of more spirit. Philip's friend has before stated his own private sentiments regarding the calamity which menaced Firmin. To pay this bill was to bring a dozen more down upon him. Philip might as well resist now as at a later day. Such, in fact, was the opinion given by the reader's very humble servant at command.

My wife, on the other hand, took Philip's side. She was very much moved at his announcement that he would forgive his father this once at least, and endeavor to cover his sin.

'As you hope to be forgiven yourself, dear Philip, I am sure you are doing right,' Laura said; 'I am sure Charlotte will think so.'

'O Charlotte, Charlotte!' interposes the Little Sister, rather peevishly; 'of course, Mrs. Philip thinks whatever her husband tells her!'

'In his own time of trial Philip has been met with wonderful succor and kindness,' Laura urged. 'See how one thing after another has contributed to help him! When he wanted, there were friends always at his need. If he wants again, I am sure my husband and I will share with him.' (I may have

made a wry face at this; for with the best feelings toward a man, and that kind of thing, you know it is not always convenient to be lending him five or six hundred pounds without security.) 'My dear husband and I will share with him,' goes on Mrs. Laura; 'won't we, Arthur? Yes, Brandon, that we will. Be sure, Charlotte and the children shall not want because Philip covers his father's wrong, and hides it from the world! God bless you, my dear friend!' and what does this woman do next, and before her husband's face? Actually she goes up to Philip; she takes his hand—and—— Well, what took place before my own eyes, I do not choose to write down.

'She's encouraging him to ruin the children for the sake of that—that wicked old brute!' cries Mrs. Brandon. 'It's enough to provoke a saint, it is!' And she seizes up her bonnet from the table, and elaps it on her head, and walks out of our room in a little tempest of wrath.

My wife, clasping her hands, whispers a few words, which say; 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us.'

'Yes' says Philip, very much moved. 'It is the Divine order. You are right, dear Laura. I have had a weary time; and a terrible gloom of doubt and sadness over my mind while I have been debating this matter, and before I had determined to do as you would have me. But a great weight is off my heart since I have been enabled to see what my conduct should be. What hundreds of struggling men as well as myself have met with losses, and faced them! I will pay this bill, and I will warn the drawer to—to spare me for the future.'

Now that the Little Sister had gone away in her fit of indignation, you see I was left in a minority in the council of war, and the opposition was quite too strong for me. I began to be of the majority's opinion. I dare say I am not the only gentleman who has been led round by a woman. We men of great strength of mind very frequently are. Yes; my wife convinced me with passages from her text-book, admitting of no contradiction according to her judgment, that Philip's duty was to forgive his father.

'And how lucky it was we did not buy the chintzes that day!' says Laura, with a laugh. 'Do you know there were two which were so pretty that Charlotte could not make up her mind which of the two she would take?'

Philip roared out one of his laughs, which made the windows shake. He was in great spirits. For a man who was going to ruin himself, he was in the most enviable good humor. Did

Charlotte know about this—this claim which was impending over him? No. It might make her anxious—poor little thing! Philip had not told her. He had thought of concealing the matter from her. What need was there to disturb her rest, poor innocent child? You see, we all treated Mrs. Charlotte more or less like a child. Philip played with her. J. J., the painter, coaxed and dandled her, so to speak. The Little Sister loved her, but certainly with a love that was not respectful; and Charlotte took everybody's good will with a pleasant meekness and sweet smiling content. It was not for Laura to give advice to man and wife (as if the woman was not always giving lectures to Philip and his young wife!); but in the present instance she thought Mrs. Philip certainly ought to know what Philip's real situation was; what danger was menacing; 'and how admirable and right, and Christian—and you will have your reward for it, dear Philip!' interjects the enthusiastic lady—'your conduct has been!'

When we came, as we straightway did in a cab, to Charlotte's house, to expound the matter to her, goodness bless us! she was not shocked, or anxious, or frightened at all. Mrs. Brandon had just been with her, and told her of what was happening, and she had said, 'Of course, Philip ought to help his father; and Brandon had gone away quite in a tantrum of anger, and had really been quite rude; and she should not pardon her, only she knew how dearly the Little Sister loved Philip; and of course they must help Dr. Firmin; and what dreadful, dreadful distress he must have been in to do as he did! But he had warned Philip, you know,' and so forth. 'And as for the chintzes, Laura, why I suppose we must go on with the old shabby covers. You know they will do very well till next year.' This was the way in which Mrs. Charlotte received the news which Philip had concealed from her, lest it should terrify her. As if a loving woman was ever very much frightened at being called upon to share her husband's misfortune!

As for the little case of forgery, I don't believe the young person could ever be got to see the heinous nature of Dr. Firmin's offense. The desperate little logician seemed rather to pity the father than the son in the business. 'How dreadfully pressed he must have been when he did it, poor man!' she said. 'To be sure, he ought not to have done it at all; but think of his necessity! That is what I said to Brandon. Now, there's little Philip's cake in the cupboard which you brought him. Now suppose papa was very hungry, and went and took some without asking Philly, he wouldn't be so very wrong, I think.

would he? A child is glad enough to give for his father, isn't he? And when I said this to Brandon, she was so rude and violent, I really had no patience with her! And she forgets that I am a lady, and, 'etc., etc. So it appeared the Little Sister had made a desperate attempt to bring over Charlotte to her side, was still minded to rescue Philip in spite of himself, and had gone off in wrath at her defeat.

We looked to the doctor's letters, ascertained the date of the bill. It had crossed the water and would be at Philip's door in a very few days. Had Hunt brought it? The rascal would have it presented through some regular channel, no doubt; and Philip and all of us totted up ways and means, and strove to make the slender figures look as big as possible, as the thrifty housewife puts a patch here and a darn there, and cuts a little slice out of this old garment, so as to make the poor little frock serve for winter wear. We had so much at the banker's. A friend might help with a little advance. We would fairly ask a loan from the *Review*. We were in a scrape, but we would meet it. And so, with resolute hearts, we would prepare to receive the Bearer of the Bowstring.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEARER OF THE BOWSTRING.

THE poor Little Sister trudged away from Milman Street exasperated with Philip, with Philip's wife, and with the determination of the pair to accept the hopeless ruin impending over them. 'Three hundred and eighty-six pounds four and threepence,' she thought, 'to pay for that wicked old villain! It is more than poor Philip is worth, with all his savings and his little sticks of furniture. I know what he will do; he will borrow of the money-lenders, and give those bills, and renew them, and end by ruin. When he have paid this bill, that old villain will forge another, and that precious wife of his will tell him to pay that, I suppose; and those little darlings will be begging for bread, unless they come and eat mine, to which—God bless them! they are always welcome.' She calculated—it was a sum not difficult to reckon—the amount of her own little store of saved ready money. To pay four hundred pounds out of such an income as Philip's, she felt, was an attempt vain and impossible. 'And he mustn't have my poor little stocking now,' she argued; 'they will want that presently when their pride is broken down, as it will be and my darlings are hungering for their dinner!' Revolving this dismal matter in her

mind, and scarce knowing where to go for comfort and counsel, she made her way to her good friend, Dr. Goodenough, and found that worthy man, who had always a welcome for his Little Sister.

She found Goodenough alone in his great dining room, taking a very slender meal, after visiting his hospital and his fifty patients, among whom I think there were more poor than rich; and the good sleepy doctor woke up with a vengeance, when he heard his little nurse's news, and fired off a volley of angry language against Philip and his soundrel of a father; 'which it was a comfort to hear him,' little Brandon told us afterward. Then Goodenough trotted out of the dining room into the adjoining library and consulting room, whither his old friend followed him. Then he pulled out a bunch of keys and opened a secretaire, from which he took a parchment-covered volume, on which *F. Goodenough, Esq., M. D.*, was written in a fine legible hand, and which, in fact, was a banker's book. The inspection of the MS. volume in question must have pleased the worthy physician; for a grin came over his venerable features, and he straightway drew out of the desk a slim volume of gray paper, on each page of which were inscribed the highly respectable names of Messrs. Stumpy & Rowdy & Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers. On a slip of gray paper the doctor wrote a prescription for a draught, *statim sumeodus*—(a draught—mark my pleasantry)—which he handed over to his little friend.

'There, you little fool!' said he. 'The father is a rascal, but the boy is a fine fellow; and you, you little silly thing, I must help in this business myself, or you will go and ruin yourself; I know you will! Offer this to the fellow for his bill. Or, stay! How much money is there in the house? Perhaps the sight of notes and gold will tempt him more than a check.' And the doctor emptied his pockets of all the fees which happened to be therein—I don't know how many fees of shining shillings and sovereigns, neatly wrapped up in paper; and he emptied a drawer in which there was more silver and gold; and he trotted up to his bedroom, and came panting, presently, downstairs with a fat little pocketbook, containing a bundle of notes, and, with one thing or another, he made up a sum of—I won't mention what; but this sum of money, I say, he thrust into the Little Sister's hand, and said, 'Try the fellow with this, Little Sister; and see if you can get the bill from him. Don't say it's my money, or the scoundrel will be for having twenty shillings in the pound. Say it's yours, and there's no more where that came from; and coax him, and wheedle him, and tell him plenty of lies, my dear. It won't

break your heart to do that. What an immortal scoundrel Brummel Firmin is, to be sure! Though, by the way, in two more cases at the hospital I have tried that——' And here the doctor went off into a professional conversation with his favorite nurse, which I could not presume to repeat to any non-medical men.

The Little Sister bade God bless Dr. Goodenough, and wiped her glistening eyes with her handkerchief, and put away the notes and gold with a trembling little hand, and trudged off with a lightsome step and happy heart. Arrived at Tottenham Court Road, she thought, shall I go home, or shall I go to poor Mrs. Philip and take her this money? No. Their talk that day had not been very pleasant; words, very like high words, had passed between them, and our Little Sister had to own herself that she had been rather rude in her late colloquy with Charlotte. And she was a proud Little Sister; at least she did not care to own that she had been hasty or disrespectful in her conduct to *that* young woman. She had too much spirit for that. Have we ever said that our little friend was exempt from the prejudices and vanities of this wicked world? Well, to rescue Philip, to secure the fatal bill, to go with it to Charlotte, and say, 'There, Mrs. Philip, there's your husband's liberty.' It would be a rare triumph, that it would! And Philip would promise, on his honor, that this should be the last and only bill he would pay for that wretched old father. With these happy thoughts swelling in her little heart, Mrs. Brandon made her way to the familiar little house in Thornhaugh Street, and would have a little bit of supper, so she would. And laid her own little cloth; and set forth her little forks and spoons, which were as bright as rubbing could make them; and I am authorized to state that her repast consisted of two nice little lamb chops, which she purchased from her neighbor, Mr. Chump, in Tottenham Court Road, after a pleasant little conversation with that gentleman and his good lady. And, with her bit of supper, after a day's work, our little friend would sometimes indulge in a glass—a little glass—of something comfortable. The case bottle was in the cupboard, out of which her poor Pa had been wont to mix his tumbler for many a long day. So having prepared it with her own hands, down she sat to her little meal, tired and happy; and as she thought of the occurrences of the day and of the rescue which had come so opportunely to her beloved Philip and his children, I am sure she said a grace before her meat.

Her candles being lighted and her blind up, anyone in the street could see that her chamber was occupied; and at about

ten o'clock at night there came a heavy step clinking along the pavement, the sound of which, I have no doubt, made the Little Sister start a little. The heavy foot paused before her window, and presently clattered up the steps of her door. Then as her bell rang—I consider it is most probable that her cheeks flushed a little—she went to her hall door and opened it herself. 'Lor', is it you, Mr. Hunt? Well, I never! that is, I thought you might come. Really now'—and with the moonlight behind him, the dingy Hunt swaggered in.

'How comfortable you looked at your little table,' says Hunt, with his hat over his eye.

'Won't you step in and sit down to it, and take something?' asks the smiling hostess.

Of course, Hunt would take something. And the greasy hat is taken off his head with a flourish, and he struts into the poor Little Sister's little room, pulling a wisp of grizzling hair, and endeavoring to assume a careless, fashionable look. The dingy hand had seized the case bottle in a moment. 'What! you do a little in his way, do you?' he says, and winks amiably at Mrs. Brandon and the bottle. She takes ever so little, she owns; and reminds him of days which he must remember, when she had a wine-glass out of poor Pa's tumbler. A bright little kettle is singing on the fire—will not Mr. Hunt mix a glass for himself? She takes a bright beaker from the corner-cupboard, which is near her, with her keys hanging in it.

'Oh—ho! that's where we keep the ginnims, is it?' says the graceful Hunt, with a laugh.

'My papa always kept it there,' says Caroline meekly. And while her back is turned to fetch a canister from the cupboard, she knows that the astute Mr. Hunt has taken the opportunity to fill a good large measure from the square bottle. 'Make yourself welcome,' says the Little Sister, in her gay, artless way; 'there's more where that came from!' And Hunt drinks his hostess' health; and she bows to him and smiles, and sips a little from her own glass; and the little lady looks quite pretty and rosy and bright. Her cheeks are like apples, her figure is trim and graceful, and always attired in the neatest fitting gown. By the comfortable light of the candles on her sparkling table, you scarce see the silver lines in her light hair, or the marks which time has made round her eyes. Hunt gazes on her with admiration.

'Why,' says he, 'I vow you look younger and prettier than when—when I saw you first.'

'Ah, Mr. Hunt!' cries Mrs. Brandon, with a flush on her

cheek, which becomes it, 'don't recall that time or that—that wretch who served me so cruel!'

'He was a scoundrel, Caroline, to treat as he did such a woman as you! The fellow has no principle; he was a bad one from the beginning. Why, he ruined me as well as you; got me to play; run me into debt by introducing me to his fine companions. I was a simple young fellow then, and thought it was a fine thing to live with fellow-commoners and noblemen who drove their tandems and gave their grand dinners. It was he that led me astray, I tell you. I might have been Fellow of my college—had a living—married a good wife—risen to be a bishop, by George!—for I had great talents, Caroline; only I was so confounded idle, and fond of the cards and the bones.'

'The bones?' cries Caroline, with a bewildered look.

'The dice, my dear! "Seven's the main" was my ruin. Seven's the main and eleven's the nick to seven. That used to be the little game!' And he made a graceful gesture with his empty wine-glass, as though he were tossing a pair of dice on the table. 'The man next to me in a lecture is a bishop now, and I could knock his head off in Greek iambs and Latin hexameters too. In my second year I got the Latin declamation prize, I tell you—'

'Brandon always said you were one of the cleverest men at the college. He always said *that*, I remember,' remarks the lady, very respectfully.

'Did he? He *did* say a good word for me then? Brummell Firmin wasn't a clever man; he wasn't a reading man. Whereas I would back myself for a Sapphic ode against any man in my college—against any man! Thank you. You *do* mix it so uncommon hot and well, there's no saying no; indeed, there aint! Though I have had enough—upon my honor, I have.'

'Lor'! I thought you men could drink anything! And Mr. Brandon—Mr. Firmin you said?'

'Well, I said Brummell Firmin was a swell somehow. He had a sort of grand manner with him—'

'Yes, he had,' sighed Caroline. And I dare say her thoughts wandered back to a time long, long ago, when this grand gentleman had captivated her.

'And it was trying to keep up with him that ruined me! I quarreled with my poor old governor about money, of course; grew idle, and lost my Fellowship. Then the bills came down upon me. I tell you, there are some of my college ticks aint paid now.'

'College ticks? Law!' ejaculates the lady. 'And—'

'Tailor's ticks, tavern ticks, livery-stable ticks—for there

were famous hacks in our days, and I used to hunt with the tip-top men. I wasn't bad across country, I wasn't. But we can't keep the pace with those rich fellows. We try, and they go ahead—they ride us down. Do you think, if I hadn't been very hard up, I would have done what I did to you, Caroline? You poor little innocent suffering thing. It was a shame. It was a shame!

'Yes, a shame it was,' cries Caroline. And that I never gainsay. You did deal hard with a poor girl, both of you.'

'It was rascally. But Firmin was the worst. He had me in his power. It was he led me wrong. It was he drove me into debt, and then abroad, and then into qu—into jail, perhaps; and then into this kind of thing.' ('This kind of thing' has before been explained elegantly to signify a tumbler of hot grog.) 'And my father wouldn't see me on his death bed; and my brothers and sisters broke with me; and I owe it all to Brummell Firmin—all. Do you think, after ruining me, he oughtn't to pay me?' and again he thumps a dusky hand upon the table. It made dingy marks on the poor Little Sister's spotless tablecloth. It rubbed its owner's forehead, and lank, grizzling hair.

'And me, Mr. Hunt? What do he owe me?' asks Hunt's hostess.

'Caroline!' cries Hunt, 'I have made Brummell Firmin pay me a good bit back already, and I'll have more;' and he thumped his breast, and thrust his hand into his breast-pocket as he spoke, and clutched at something within.

'It is there!' thought Caroline. She might turn pale; but he did not remark her pallor. He was all intent on drink, on vanity, on revenge.

'I have him, I say. He owes me a good bit; and he has paid me a good bit; and he shall pay me a good bit more. Do you think I am a fellow who will be ruined and insulted, and won't revenge myself? You should have seen his face when I turned up at New York at the Astor House, and said, "Brummell, old fellow, here I am," I said; and he turned as white—as white as this tablecloth. "*I'll* never leave you, my boy," I said. "Other fellows may go from you, but old Tom Hunt will stick to you. Let's go into the bar and have a drink!" and he was obliged to come. And I have him now in my power, I tell you. And when I say to him, "Brummell, have a drink," drink he must. His bald old head must go into the pail!' And Mr. Hunt laughed a laugh which I dare say was not agreeable.

After a pause he went on: 'Caroline! Do you hate him, I say? or do you like a fellow who deserted you and treated

you like a scoundrel? Some women do. I could tell of women who do. I could tell you of other fellows, perhaps, but I won't. Do you hate Brummell Firmin, that bald-headed Brum—hypocrite, and that—that insolent rascal who laid his hand on a clergyman, and an old man, by George, and hit me—and hit me in that street. Do you hate him, I say? Hoo! hoo! hick! I've got 'em both!—here, in my pocket—both!

'You have got—what?' gasped Caroline.

'I have got their—hallo! stop, what's that to you what I've got?' And he sinks back in his chair, and grins, and leers, and triumphantly tosses his glass.

'Well, it aint much to me; I—I never got any good out of either of 'em yet,' says poor Caroline, with a sinking heart. 'Let's talk about somebody else than them two plagues. Because you were a little merry one night—and I don't mind what a gentleman says when he has had a glass—for a big strong man to hit an old one——'

'To strike a clergyman!' yells Hunt.

'It was a shame—a cowardly shame! And I gave it him for it, I promise you!' cries Mrs. Brandon.

'On your honor, now, do you hate 'em?' cries Hunt, starting up, and clenching his fist, and dropping again into his chair.

'Have I any reason to love 'em, Mr. Hunt? Do sit down and have a little——'

'No; you have no reason to like 'em. You hate 'em—I hate 'em. Look here. Promise—'pon your honor, now, Caroline—I've got 'em both, I tell you. Strike a clergyman, will he? What do you say to that?'

And starting from his chair once more, and supporting himself against the wall (where hung one of J. J.'s pictures of Philip), Hunt pulls out the greasy pocketbook once more, and fumbles among the greasy contents; and as the papers flutter on the floor and the table, he pounces down on one with a dingy hand, and yells a laugh, and says, 'I've cotched you! That's it. What do you say to that?—"London, July 4th.—Five months after date, I promise to pay to——" No, you don't.'

'La! Mr. Hunt, won't you let me look at it?' cries the hostess. 'Whatever is it? A bill. My Pa had plenty of 'em.'

'What? with candles in the room? No, you don't, I say.'

'What is it? Won't you tell me?'

'It's the young one's acceptance of the old man's draft,' says Hunt, hissing and laughing.

'For how much?'

'Three hundred and eighty-six four three—that's all; and I

guess I can get more where that came from!' says Hunt, laughing more and more cheerful.

'What will you take for it? I'll buy it of you,' cries the Little Sister. 'I—I've seen plenty of my Pa's bills; and I'll—I'll discount this, if you like.'

'What! are you a little discounteer? Is that the way you make your money, and the silver spoons, and the nice supper, and everything delightful about you? A little discountess, are you—you little rogue? Little discountess, by George! How much will you give, little discountess?' And the reverend gentleman laughs and winks, and drinks and laughs, and tears twinkle out of his tipsy old eyes, as he wipes them with one hand, and again says, 'How much will you give, little discountess?'

When poor Caroline went to her cupboard, and from it took the notes and the gold which she had had we know from whom, and added to these out of a cunning box a little heap of her own private savings, and with trembling hands poured the notes, and the sovereigns, and the shillings into a dish on the table, I never heard accurately how much she laid down. But she must have spread out everything she had in the world; for she felt her pockets and emptied them; and, tapping her head, she again applied to the cupboard, and took from thence a little store of spoons and forks, and then a brooch, and then a watch; and she piled these all up in a dish, and she said, 'Now, Mr. Hunt, I will give you all these for that bill.' And she looked up at Philip's picture, which hung over the parson's blood-shot, satyr face. 'Take these,' she said, 'and give me that! There's two hundred, I know; and there's thirty-four, and two eighteen thirty-six eighteen, and there's the plate and watch, and I want that bill.'

'What? have you got all this, you little dear?' cried Hunt, dropping back into his chair again. 'Why, you're a little fortune, by Jove—a pretty little fortune, a little discountess, a little wife, a little fortune. I say, I'm a University man; I could write alcaics once as well as any man. I'm a gentleman. I say how much *have* you got? Count it over again, my dear.'

And again she told him the amount of the gold, and the notes, and the silver, and the number of the poor little spoons.

A thought came across the fellow's boozy brain; 'If you offer so much,' says he, 'and you're a little discountess, the bill's worth more; that fellow must be making his fortune! Or do you know about it? I say, do you know about it? No. I'll have my bond. I'll have my bond!' And he gave a tipsy imitation of Shylock, and lurched back into his chair, and laughed.

‘Let’s have a little more, and talk about things,’ said the poor Little Sister; and she daintily heaped her little treasures and arranged them in her dish, and smiled upon the parson laughing in his chair.

‘Caroline,’ says he, after a pause, ‘you are still fond of that old bald-headed scoundrel! That’s it! Just like you women—just like, but I won’t tell. No, no, I won’t tell! You are fond of that old swindler still, I say! Wherever did you get that lot of money? Look here now—with that, and this little bill in my pocket, there’s enough to carry us on for ever so long. And when this money’s gone, I tell you I know who’ll give us more, and who can’t refuse us, I tell you. Look here, Caroline, dear Caroline! I’m an old fellow, I know; but I’m a good fellow! I’m a classical scholar; and I am a gentleman.’ The classical scholar and gentleman bleared over his words as he uttered them, and with his vinous eyes and sordid face gave a leer, which must have frightened the poor little lady to whom he proffered himself as a suitor, for she started back with a pallid face, and an aspect of such dislike and terror, that even her guest remarked it.

‘I said I was a scholar and a gentleman,’ he shrieked again. ‘Do you doubt it? I am as good a man as Brummell Firmin, I say. I aint so tall. But I’ll do a copy of Latin alcaics or Greek iambics against him or any man of my weight. Do you mean to insult me? Don’t I know who you are? Are you better than a Master of Arts and a clergyman? He went out in medicine, Firmin did. Do you mean, when a Master of Arts and classical scholar offers you his hand and fortune, that you’re above him and refuse him, by George?’

The Little Sister was growing bewildered and frightened by the man’s energy and horrid looks. ‘Oh, Mr. Hunt!’ she cried, ‘see here, take this! See—there are two hundred and thirty—thirty-six pounds and all these things! Take them, and give me that paper.’

‘Sovereigns, and notes, and spoons, and a watch, and what I have in my pocket—and that aint much—and Firmin’s bill! Three hundred and eighty-six four three. It’s a fortune, my dear, with economy! I won’t have you going on being a nurse and that kind of thing. I am a scholar and a gentleman—I am—and that place aint fit for Mrs. Hunt. We’ll first spend your money. No; we’ll first spend my money—three hundred and eighty-six and—and hang the change—and when that’s gone, we’ll have another bill from that bald-headed old scoundrel; and his son who struck a poor eler—— We *will*, I say, Caroline—we——’

The wretch was suiting actions to his words, and rose once more, advancing toward his hostess, who shrank back, laughing half hysterically, and retreating as the other neared her. Behind her was that cupboard which had contained her poor little treasure and other stores, and appended to the lock of which her keys were still hanging. As the brute approached her, she flung back the cupboard door smartly upon him. The keys struck him on the head; and bleeding, and with a curse and a cry, he fell back on his chair.

In the cupboard was that bottle which she had received from America not long since; and about which she had talked with Goodenough on that very day. It had been used twice or thrice by his direction, by hospital surgeons, and under her eye. She suddenly seized this bottle. As the ruffian before her uttered his imprecations of wrath, she poured out a quantity of the contents of the bottle on her handkerchief. She said, 'Oh! Mr. Hunt, have I hurt you? I didn't mean it. But you shouldn't—you shouldn't frighten a lonely woman so! Here, let me bathe you! Smell this! It will—it will do you—good—it will—it will, indeed.' The handkerchief was over his face. Bewildered by drink before, the fumes of the liquor which he was absorbing served almost instantly to overcome him. He struggled for a moment or two. 'Stop—stop! you'll be better in a moment,' she whispered. 'Oh, yes! better, quite better!' She squeezed more of the liquor from the bottle on to the handkerchief. In a minute Hunt was quite inanimate.

Then the little pale woman leant over him, and took the pocketbook out of his pocket, and from it the bill which bore Philip's name. As Hunt lay in stupor before her, she now squeezed more of the liquor over his head; and then thrust the bill into the fire, and saw it burn to ashes. Then she put back the pocketbook into Hunt's breast. She said afterward that she never should have thought about that Chloroform, but for her brief conversation with Dr. Goodenough that evening, regarding a case in which she had employed the new remedy under his orders.

How long did Hunt lie in that stupor? It seemed a whole long night to Caroline. She said afterward that the thought of that act that night made her hair grow gray. Poor little head! Indeed, she would have laid it down for Philip.

Hunt, I suppose, came to himself when the handkerchief was withdrawn, and the fumes of the potent liquor ceased to work on his brain. He was very much frightened and bewildered. 'What was it? Where am I?' he asked, in a husky voice.

'It was the keys struck you in the cupboard door when you—you ran against it,' said pale Caroline. 'Look! you are all bleeding on the head. Let me dry it.'

'No; keep off!' cried the terrified man.

'Will you have a cab to go home? The poor gentleman hit himself against the cupboard door, Mary. You remember him here before, don't you, one night?' And Caroline, with a shrug, pointed out to her maid, whom she had summoned, the great square bottle of spirits still on the table, and indicated that there lay the cause of Hunt's bewilderment.

'Are you better now? Will you—will you—take a little more refreshment?' asked Caroline.

'No!' he cried with an oath, and with glaring, bloodshot eyes he lurched toward his hat.

'Lor', mum! what ever is it? And this smell in the room, and all this here heap of money and things on the table?'

Caroline flung open her window. 'It's medicine, which Dr. Goodenough has ordered for one of his patients. I must go and see her to-night,' she said. And at midnight, looking as pale as death, the Little Sister went to the doctor's house, and roused him up from his bed, and told him the story here narrated. 'I offered him all you gave me,' she said, 'and all I had in the world besides, and he wouldn't—and——' Here she broke out into a fit of hysterics. The doctor had to ring up his servants; to administer remedies to his little nurse; to put her to bed in his own house.

'By the immortal Jove,' he said afterward, 'I had a great mind to beg her never to leave it! But that my housekeeper would tear Caroline's eyes out, Mrs. Brandon should be welcome to stay forever. Except her *h's*, that woman has every virtue; constancy, gentleness, generosity, cheerfulness, and the courage of a lioness! To think of that fool, that dandified idiot, that triple ass, Firmin'—(there were few men in the world for whom Goodenough entertained a greater scorn than for his late *confrère*, Firmin of Old Parr Street)—'think of the villain having possessed such a treasure—let alone his having deceived and deserted her—of his having possessed such a treasure and flung it away! Sir, I always admired Mrs. Brandon; but I think ten thousand times more highly of her since her glorious crime, and most righteous robbery. If the villain had died, dropped dead in the street—the drunken miscreant, forger, housebreaker, assassin—so that no punishment could have fallen upon poor Brandon, I think I should have respected her only the more!'

At an early hour Dr. Goodenough had thought proper to send off messengers to Philip and myself, and to make us acquainted with the strange adventure of the previous night. We both hastened to him. I myself was summoned, no doubt, in consequence of my profound legal knowledge, which might be of use in poor little Caroline's present trouble. And Philip came because she longed to see him. By some instinct she knew when he arrived. She crept down from the chamber where the doctor's housekeeper had laid her on a bed. She knocked at the doctor's study, where we were all in consultation. She came in quite pale, and tottered toward Philip, and flung herself into his arms, with a burst of tears that greatly relieved her excitement and fever. Firmin was scarcely less moved.

'You'll pardon me for what I have done, Philip,' she sobbed. 'If they—if they take me up, you won't forsake me?'

'Forsake you? Pardon you? Come and live with us, and never leave us!' cried Philip.

'I don't think Mrs. Philip would like that, dear,' said the little woman sobbing on his arm; 'but ever since the Grey Friars school, when you was so ill, you have been like a son to me, and somehow I couldn't help doing that last night to that villain—I couldn't.'

'Serve the scoundrel right. Never deserved to come to life again, my dear,' said Dr. Goodenough. 'Don't you be exciting yourself, little Brandon! I must have you sent back to lie down on your bed. Take her up, Philip, to the little room next mine; and order her to lie down and be as quiet as a mouse. You are not to move till I give you leave, Brandon—mind that, and come back to us, Firmin, or we shall have the patients coming.'

So Philip led away this poor Little Sister; and trembling, and clinging to his arm, she returned to the room assigned to her.

'She wants to be alone with him,' the doctor said; and he spoke a brief word or two of that strange delusion under which the little woman labored, that this was her dead child come back to her.

'I know that is in her mind,' Goodenough said; 'she never got over that brain fever in which I found her. If I were to swear her on the book, and say, "Brandon, don't you believe he is your son alive again?" she would not dare to say no. She will leave him everything she has got. I only gave her so much less than that scoundrel's bill yesterday, because I knew she would like to contribute her own share. It would have offended her mortally to have been left out of the subscription. They like to sacrifice themselves. Why, there are women in India

who, if not allowed to roast with their dead husbands, would die of vexation.' And by this time Mr. Philip came striding back into the room again, rubbing a pair of very red eyes.

'Long ere this, no doubt, that drunken ruffian is sobered, and knows that the bill is gone. He is likely enough to accuse her of the robbery,' says the doctor.

'Suppose,' says Philip's other friend, 'I had put a pistol to your head, and was going to shoot you, and the doctor took the pistol out of my hand, and flung it into the sea, would you help me to prosecute the doctor for robbing me of the pistol?'

'You don't suppose it will be a pleasure to me to pay that bill?' said Philip. 'I said, if a certain bill were presented to me, purporting to be accepted by Philip Firmin, I would pay it. But if that scoundrel, Hunt, only *says* that he had such a bill, and has lost it; I will cheerfully take my oath that I have never signed any bill at all—and they can't find Brandon guilty of stealing a thing which never existed.'

'Let us hope, then, that the bill was not in duplicate!'

And to this wish all three gentlemen heartily said Amen!

And now the doctor's doorbell began to be agitated by arriving patients. His dining room was already full of them. The Little Sister must lie still, and the discussion of her affairs must be deferred to a more convenient hour; and Philip and his friend agreed to reconnoiter the house in Thornhaugh Street, and see if anything had happened since its mistress had left it.

Yes; something had happened. Mrs. Brandon's maid, who ushered us into her mistress' little room, told us that in the early morning that horrible man who had come over night, and been so tipsy, and behaved so ill—the very same man who had come there tipsy afore once, and whom Mr. Philip had flung into the street—had come battering at the knocker, and pulling at the bell, and swearing and cursing most dreadful, and calling for 'Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon!' and frightening the whole street. After he had rung, he knocked and battered ever so long. Mary looked out at him from the upper window, and told him to go along home, or she would call the police. On this the man roared out that he would call the police himself if Mary did not let him in; and as he went on calling 'Police!' and yelling from the door, Mary came downstairs, and opened the hall door, keeping the chain fastened, and asked him what he wanted?

Hunt, from the steps without, began to swear and rage more loudly, and to demand to be let in. He must and would see Mrs. Brandon.

Mary, from behind her chain barricade, said that her mistress was not at home, but that she had been called out that night to a patient of Dr. Goodenough's.

Hunt, with more shrieks and curses, said it was a lie; and that she was at home; and that he would see her; and that he must go into her room; and that he had left something there; that he had lost something; and that he would have it.

'Lost something here?' cried Mary. 'Why here? when you reeled out of this house, you couldn't scarce walk, and you almost fell into the gutter, which I have seen you there before. Getaway and go home! You are not sober yet, you horrible man!'

On this, clinging on to the area-railings, and demeaning himself like a madman, Hunt continued to call out, 'Police, police! I have been robbed, I've been robbed! Police!' until astonished heads appeared at various windows in the quiet street, and a policeman actually came up.

When the policeman appeared, Hunt began to sway and pull at the door, confined by its chain; and he frantically reiterated his charge, that he had been robbed and hounded in that house, that night, by Mrs. Brandon.

The policeman, by a familiar expression, conveyed his utter disbelief of the statement, and told the dirty, disreputable man to move on, and go to bed. Mrs. Brandon was known and respected all around the neighborhood. She had befriended numerous poor round about; and was known for a hundred charities. She attended many respectable families. In that parish there was no woman more esteemed. And by the word 'Gammon,' the policeman expressed his sense of the utter absurdity of the charge against the good lady.

Hunt still continued to yell out that he had been robbed and hounded; and Mary from behind her door repeated to the officer (with whom she perhaps had relations not unfriendly) her statement that the beast had gone reeling away from the house the night before, and if he had lost anything, who knows where he might not have lost it?

'It was taken out of this pocket, and out of this pocketbook,' howled Hunt clinging to the rail. 'I give her in charge. I give the house in charge! It's a den of thieves!'

During this shouting and turmoil, the sash of a window in Ridley's studio was thrown up. The painter was going to his morning work. He had appointed an early model. The sun could not rise too soon for Ridley; and, as soon as ever it gave its light, found him happy at his labor. He had heard from his bedroom the brawl going on about the door.

‘Mr. Ridley!’ says the policeman, touching the glazed hat with much respect—(in fact, in and out of uniform, Z 25 has figured in more than one of J. J.’s pictures)—‘Here’s a fellow disturbing the whole street, and shouting out that Mrs. Brandon have robbed and hocused him!’

Ridley ran downstairs in a high state of indignation. He is nervous, like men of this tribe; quick to feel, to pity, to love, to be angry. He undid the chain, and ran into the street.

‘I remember that fellow drunk here before,’ said the painter; ‘and lying in that very gutter.’

‘Drunk and disorderly! Come along!’ cries Z 25; and his hand was quickly fastened on the parson’s greasy collar, and under its strong grasp Hunt is forced to move on. He goes, still yelling out that he has been robbed.

‘Tell that to his worship,’ said the incredulous Z. And this was the news which Mrs. Brandon’s friends received from her maid, when they called at her house.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE THEIR TRIALS.

IF Philip and his friend had happened to pass through High Street, Marylebone, on their way to Thornhaugh Street to reconnoiter the Little Sister’s house, they would have seen the Rev. Mr. Hunt, in a very dirty, battered, crestfallen, and unsatisfactory state, marching to Marylebone from the station, where the reverend gentleman had passed the night, and under the custody of the police. A convoy of street boys followed the prisoner and his guard, making sarcastic remarks on both. Hunt’s appearance was not improved since we had the pleasure of meeting him on the previous evening. With a grizzled beard and hair, a dingy face, a dingy shirt, and a countenance mottled with dirt and drink, we may fancy the reverend man passing in tattered raiment through the street to make his appearance before the magistrate.

You have no doubt forgotten the narrative which appeared in the morning papers two days after the Thornhaugh Street incident, but my clerk has been at the pains to hunt up and copy the police report, in which events connected with our history are briefly recorded.

‘MARYLEBONE, *Wednesday*.—Thomas Tufton Hunt, professing to be a clergyman, but wearing an appearance of extreme squalor, was brought before Mr. Beaksby at this office, charged by Z 25 with being drunk and very disorderly on Tuesday

se'n-night, and endeavoring by force and threats to effect his re-entrance into a house in Thornhaugh Street, from which he had been previously ejected in a most unclerical and inebriated state.

'On being taken to the station house, the reverend gentleman lodged a complaint on his own side, and averred that he had been stupefied and hocused in the house in Thornhaugh Street by means of some drug, and that, while in this state, he had been robbed of a bill for £386 4s. 3d., drawn by a person in New York, and accepted by Mr. P. Firmin, barrister, of Parchment Buildings, Temple.

'Mrs. Brandon, the landlady of the house, No. — Thornhaugh Street, has been in the habit of letting lodgings for many years past, and several of her friends, including Mr. Firmin, Mr. Ridley, the Rl. Acad., and other gentlemen, were in attendance to speak to her character, which is most respectable. After Z 25 had given evidence, the servant deposed that Hunt had been more than once disorderly and drunk before at that house, and had been forcibly ejected from it. On the night when the alleged robbery was said to have taken place, he had visited the house in Thornhaugh Street, had left it in an inebriated state, and returned some hours afterward, vowing that he had been robbed of the document in question.

'Mr. P. Firmin said: "I am a barrister, and have chambers at Parchment Buildings, Temple, and know the person calling himself Hunt. I have not accepted any bill of Exchange, nor is my signature affixed to any such document."

'At this stage the worthy magistrate interposed, and said that this only went to prove that the bill was not completed by Mr. F's acceptance, and would by no means conclude the case set up before him. Dealing with it, however, on the merits, and looking at the way in which the charge had been preferred, and the entire absence of sufficient testimony to warrant him in deciding that even a piece of paper had been abstracted in that house, or by the person accused, and believing that if he were to commit, a conviction would be impossible, he dismissed the charge.

'The lady left the court with her friends, and the accuser, when called upon to pay a fine for drunkenness, broke out into very unclerical language, in the midst of which he was forcibly removed.'

Philip Firmin's statement, that he had given no bill of exchange, was made not without hesitation on his part, and indeed at his friends' strong entreaty. It was addressed not so much to the sitting magistrate, as to that elderly individual

at New York, who was warned no more to forge his son's name. I fear a coolness ensued between Philip and his parent in consequence of the younger man's behavior. The doctor had thought better of his boy than to suppose that, at a *moment of necessity*, Philip would desert him. He forgave Philip, nevertheless. Perhaps since his marriage *other influences* were at work upon him, etc. The parent made further remarks in this strain. A man who takes your money is naturally offended if you remonstrate; you wound his sense of delicacy by protesting against his putting his hand in your pocket. The elegant doctor in New York continued to speak of his unhappy son with a mournful shake of the head; he said, perhaps believed, that Philip's imprudence was in part the cause of his own exile. 'This is not the kind of entertainment to which I would have invited you at my own house in England,' he would say. 'I thought to have ended my days there, and to have left my son in comfort—nay, splendor. I am an exile in poverty; and he—but I will use no hard words.' And to his female patients he would say; 'No, my dear madam!—not a syllable of reproach shall escape these lips regarding that misguided boy! But you can feel for me; I know you can feel for me.' In the old days, a high-spirited highwayman who took a coach-passenger's purse, thought himself injured, and the traveler a shabby fellow, if he secreted a guinea or two under the cushions. In the doctor's now rare letters, he breathed a manly sigh here and there, to think that he had lost the confidence of his boy. I do believe that certain ladies of our acquaintance were inclined to think that the elder Firmin had been not altogether well used, however much they loved and admired the Little Sister for her lawless act in her boy's defense. But this main point we had won. The doctor at New York took the warning, and wrote his son's signature upon no more bills of exchange. The good Goodenough's loan was carried back to him in the very coin which he had supplied. He said that his little nurse Brandon was *splendide mendax*, and that her robbery was a sublime and courageous act of war.

In so far, since his marriage, Mr. Philip had been pretty fortunate. At need, friends had come to him. In moments of peril he had had succor and relief. Though he had married without money, fate had sent him a sufficiency. His flask had never been empty, and there was always meal in his bin. But now hard trials were in store for him; hard trials which we have said were endurable, and which he has long since lived through. Any man who has played the game of life or whist,

knows how for one while he will have a series of good cards dealt him, and again will get no trumps at all. After he got into his house in Milman Street and quitted the Little Sister's kind roof, our friend's good fortune seemed to desert him. 'Perhaps it was a punishment for my pride, because I was haughty with her, and—and jealous of that dear good little creature,' poor Charlotte afterward owned in conversation with other friends; 'but our fortune seemed to change when we were away from her, and that I must own.'

Perhaps, when she was yet under Mrs. Brandon's roof, the Little Sister's provident care had done a great deal more for Charlotte than Charlotte knew. Mrs. Philip had the most simple tastes in the world, and upon herself never spent an unnecessary shilling. Indeed, it was a wonder, considering her small expenses, how neat and nice Mrs. Philip ever looked. But she never could deny herself when the children were in question; and had them arrayed in all sorts of fine clothes; and stitched and hemmed all day and night to decorate their little persons; and in reply to the remonstrances of the matrons her friends, showed how it was impossible children *could* be dressed for less cost. If anything ailed them, quick, the doctor must be sent for. Not worthy Goodenough, who came without a fee, and pooh-poohed her alarms and anxieties; but dear Mr. Bland, who had a feeling heart, and was himself a father of children, and who supported those children by the produce of the pills, draughts, powders, visits, which he bestowed on all families into whose doors he entered. Bland's sympathy was very consolatory; but it was found to be very costly at the end of the year. 'And, what then?' says Charlotte, with kindling cheeks. 'Do you suppose we should grudge that money, which was to give health to our dearest, dearest babies? No. You can't have such a bad opinion of me as that!' And accordingly Mr. Bland received a nice little annuity from our friends. Philip had a joke about his wife's housekeeping which perhaps may apply to other young women who are kept by overwatchful mothers too much *in statu pupillari*. When they were married, or about to be married, Philip asked Charlotte what she would order for dinner? She promptly said she would order leg of mutton. 'And after leg of mutton?' 'Leg of beef, to be sure!' says Mrs. Charlotte, looking very pleased, and knowing. And the fact is, as this little housekeeper was obliged demurely to admit, their household bills increased *prodigiously* after they left Thornhaugh Street. 'And I can't understand, my dear, how the grocer's book should amount up so;

and the buttermen's and the beer,' etc., etc. We have often seen the pretty little head bent over the dingy volumes, puzzling, puzzling; and the eldest child would hold up a warning finger to ours, and tell them to be very quiet, as mamma was at her 'atounts.'

And now, I grieve to say, money became scarce for the payment of these accounts; and though Philip fancied he hid his anxieties from his wife, be sure she loved him too much to be deceived by one of the clumsiest hypocrites in the world. Only being a much cleverer hypocrite than her husband, she pretended to be deceived, and acted her part so well that poor Philip was mortified with her gayety, and chose to fancy his wife was indifferent to their misfortunes. She ought not to be so smiling and happy, he thought; and, as usual, bemoaned his lot to his friends. 'I come home racked with care, and thinking of those inevitable bills; I shudder, sir, at every note that lies on the hall table, and would tremble as I dashed them open as they do on the stage. But I laugh and put on a jaunty air and humbug Char. And I hear her singing about the house and laughing and cooing with the children, by Jove! *She's* not aware of anything. *She* does not know how dreadfully the *res domi* is squeezing me. But *before marriage* she did, I tell you. Then, if anything annoyed me, she divined it. If I felt ever so little unwell, you should have seen the alarm on her face! It was, "Philip dear, how pale you are;" or "Philip, how flushed you are;" or, "I am sure you have had a letter from your father. Why do you conceal anything from me, sir? You never should—never!" And now when the fox is gnawing at my side under my cloak, I laugh and grin so naturally that she believes I am all right, and she comes to meet me flouncing the children about in my face, and wearing an air of consummate happiness! I would not deceive her for the world, you know. But it's mortifying. Don't tell me. It *is* mortifying to be tossing awake all night, and racked with care all day, and have the wife of your bosom chattering and singing and laughing, as if there were no cares, or doubts, or duns in the world. If I had the gout and she were to laugh and sing, I should not call that sympathy. If I were arrested for debt, and she were to come grinning and laughing to the sponging house, I should not call that consolation. Why doesn't she feel? She ought to feel. There's Betsy, our parlormaid. There's the old fellow who comes to clean the boots and knives. *They* know how hard up I am. And my wife sings and dances while I am on the verge of ruin, by Jove; and giggles and laughs as if life was a pantomime!

Then the man and woman into whose ears poor Philip roared out his confessions and griefs, hung down their blushing heads in humble silence. They are tolerably prosperous in life, and, I fear, are pretty well satisfied with themselves and each other. A woman who scarcely ever does any wrong, and rules and governs her own house and family, as my—, as the wife of the reader's humble servant most notoriously does, often becomes—must it be said?—too certain of her own virtue, and is too sure of the correctness of her own opinion. We virtuous people give advice a good deal, and set a considerable value upon that advice. We meet a certain man who has fallen among thieves, let us say. We succor him readily enough. We take him kindly to the inn, and pay his score there; but we say to the landlord, 'You must give this poor man his bed; his medicine at such a time, and his broth at such another. But, mind you, he must have that physic, and no other; that broth when we order it. We take his case in hand, you understand. Don't listen to him or anybody else. We know all about everything. Good-by. Take care of him. Mind the medicine and the broth!' and Mr. Benefactor or Lady Bountiful goes away, perfectly self-satisfied.

Do you take this allegory? When Philip complained to us of his wife's friskiness and gayety; when he bitterly contrasted her levity and carelessness with his own despondency and doubt, Charlotte's two principal friends were smitten by shame. 'O Philip! dear Philip!' his female adviser said (having looked at her husband once or twice as Firmin spoke, and in vain endeavored to keep her guilty eyes down on her work), 'Charlotte has done this, because she is humble, and because she takes the advice of friends who are not. She knows everything, and more than everything; for her dear tender heart is filled with apprehension. But we told her to show no sign of care, lest her husband should be disturbed. And she trusted in us; and she puts her trust elsewhere, Philip; and she has hidden her own anxieties, lest yours should be increased; and has met you gayly when her heart was full of dread. We think she has done wrong now; but she did so because she was so simple, and trusted in us who advised her wrongly. Now we see that there ought to have been perfect confidence always between you, and that it is her simplicity and faith in us which have misled her.'

Philip hung down his head for a moment, and hid his eyes; and we knew, during that minute when his face was concealed from us, how his grateful heart was employed.

‘And you know, dear Philip——’ says Laura, looking at her husband, and nodding to that person, who certainly understood the hint.

‘And I say, Firmin,’ breaks in the lady’s husband, ‘you understand, if you are at all—that is, if you—that is if we can——’

‘Hold your tongue!’ shouts Firmin, with a face beaming over with happiness. ‘I know what you mean. You beggar, you are going to offer me money! I see it in your face; bless you both! But we’ll try and do without, please Heaven. And—and it’s worth feeling a pinch of poverty to find such friends as I have had, and to share it with such a—such a—dash—dear little thing as I have at home. And I won’t try and humbug Char any more. I’m bad at that sort of business. And good-night, and I’ll never forget your kindness, never!’ And he is off a moment afterward, and jumping down the steps of our door, and so into the park. And though there were not five pounds in the poor little house in Milman street, there were not two happier people in London that night than Charlotte and Philip Firmin. If he had his troubles, our friend had his immense consolations. Fortunate he, however poor, who has friends to help, and love, to console him in his trials.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES VERY MUCH AGAINST US.

EVERY man and woman among us has made his voyage to Lilliput, and his tour in the kingdom of Brobdingnag. When I go to my native country town, the local paper announces our arrival; the laborers touch their hats as the pony chaise passes, the girls and old women drop courtesies; Mr. Hieks, the grocer and hatter, comes to his door and makes a bow, and smirks and smiles. When our neighbor Sir John arrives at the hall, he is a still greater personage; the bell-ringers greet the hall family with a peal; the rector walks over on an early day, and pays his visit; and the farmers at market press round for a nod of recognition. Sir John at home is in Lilliput; in Belgrave Square he is in Brobdingnag, where almost everybody we meet is ever so much taller than ourselves. ‘Which do you like best, to be a giant among the pigmies, or a pigmy among the giants?’ I know what sort of company I prefer myself; but that is not the point. What I would hint is, that we possibly give ourselves patronizing airs before small people, as folks higher placed than ourselves give themselves airs before *us*. Patronizing airs? Old Miss Mumbles, the half-pay lieutenant’s

daughter, who lives over the plumber's, with her maid, gives herself in her degree more airs than any duchess in Belgravia, and would leave the room if a tradesman's wife sat down in it.

Now it has been said that few men in this city of London are so simple in their manners as Philip Firmin, and that he treated the patron whose bread he ate and the wealthy relative who condescended to visit him, with a like freedom. He is blunt, but not familiar, and is not a whit more polite to my lord than to Jack or Tom at the coffee house. He resents familiarity from vulgar persons, and those who venture on it retire maimed and mortified after coming into collision with him. As for the people he loves, he grovels before them, worships their boot-tips, and their gown-hems. But he submits to them, not for their wealth or rank, but for love's sake. He submitted very magnanimously, at first, to the kindnesses and caresses of Lady Ringwood and her daughters, being softened and won by the regard which they showed for his wife and children.

Although Sir John was for the Rights of Man everywhere all over the world, and had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, and Washington in his library, he likewise had portraits of his own ancestors in that apartment, and entertained a very high opinion of the present representative of the Ringwood family. The character of the late chief of the house was notorious. Lord Ringwood's life had been irregular and his morals loose. His talents were considerable, no doubt, but they had not been devoted to serious study or directed to useful ends. A wild man in early life, he had only changed his practices in later life in consequence of ill health, and became a hermit as a Certain Person became a monk. He was a frivolous person to the end, and was not to be considered as a public man and statesman; and this light-minded man of pleasure had been advanced to the third rank of the peerage, while his successor, his superior in intellect and morality, remained a Baronet still. How blind the Ministry was which refused to recognize so much talent and worth! Had there been public virtue or common sense in the governors of the nation, merits like Sir John's never could have been overlooked. But Ministers were notoriously a family clique, and only helped each other. Promotion and patronage were disgracefully monopolized by the members of a very few families who were not better men of business, men of better character, men of more ancient lineage (though birth of course, was a mere accident) than Sir John himself. In a word, until they gave him a peerage he saw very little hope for the cabinet or the country.

In a very early page of this history mention was made of a certain Philip Ringwood, to whose protection Philip Firmin's mother confided her boy when he was first sent to school. Philip Ringwood was Firmin's senior by seven years; he came to Old Parr Street twice or thrice during his stay at school, condescended to take the 'tips,' of which the poor doctor was liberal enough, but never deigned to take any notice of young Firmin, who looked up to his kinsman with awe and trembling. From school Philip Ringwood speedily departed to college, and then entered upon public life. He was the eldest son of Sir John Ringwood, with whom our friend has of late made acquaintance.

Mr. Ringwood was a much greater personage than the baronet his father. Even when the latter succeeded to Lord Ringwood's estates and came to London, he could scarcely be said to equal his son in social rank; and the younger patronized his parent. What is the secret of great social success? It is not to be gained by beauty, or wealth, or birth, or wit, or valor, or eminence of any kind. It is a gift of Fortune, bestowed, like that goddess' favors, capriciously. Look, dear madam, at the most fashionable ladies at present reigning in London. Are they better bred, or more amiable or richer, or more beautiful than yourself? See, good sir, the men who lead the fashion, and stand in the bow-window at Black's, are they wiser, or wittier, or more agreeable people than you? And yet you know what your fate would be if you were put up at that club. Sir John Ringwood never dared to be proposed there, even after his great accession of fortune on the earl's death. His son did not encourage him. People even said that Ringwood would blackball his father if he dared to offer himself as a candidate.

I never, I say, could understand the reason of Philip Ringwood's success in life, though you must acknowledge that he is one of our eminent dandies. He is affable to dukes. He patronizes marquises. He is not witty. He is not clever. He does not give good dinners. How many baronets are there in the British empire? Look to your book, and see. I tell you there are many of these whom Philip Ringwood would scarcely admit to wait at one of his bad dinners. By calmly asserting himself in life, this man has achieved his social eminence. We may hate him; but we acknowledge his superiority. For instance, I should as soon think of asking him to dine with me, as I should of slapping the Archbishop of Canterbury on the back.

Mr. Ringwood has a meager little house in May Fair, and belongs to a public office, where he patronizes his *chef*. His

own family bow down before him; his mother is humble in his company; his sisters are respectful; his father does not brag of his own liberal principles, and never alludes to the rights of man in the son's presence. He is called 'Mr. Ringwood' in the family. The person who is least in awe of him is his younger brother, who has been known to make faces behind the elder's back. But he is a dreadfully headstrong and ignorant child, and respects nothing. Lady Ringwood, by the way, is Mr. Ringwood's stepmother. His own mother was the daughter of a noble house, and died in giving birth to this paragon.

Philip Firmin, who had not set eyes upon his kinsman since they were at school together, remembered some stories which were current about Ringwood, and by no means to that eminent dandy's credit, stories of intrigue, of play, of various libertine exploits on Mr. Ringwood's part. One day, Philip and Charlotte dined with Sir John, who was talking and chirping, and laying down the law, and bragging away according to his wont, when his son entered and asked for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine at Garterton House. The Duke had one of his attacks of gout just before dinner. The dinner was off. If Lady Ringwood would give him a slice of mutton he would be very much obliged to her. A place was soon found for him. 'And, Philip, this is your namesake and our cousin, Mr. Philip Firmin,' said the Baronet, presenting his son to his kinsman.

'Your father used to give me sovereigns, when I was at school. I have a faint recollection of you, too. Little white-headed boy, weren't you? How is the doctor, and Mrs. Firmin? All right?'

'Why, don't you know his father ran away?' calls out the youngest member of the family. 'Don't kick me, Emily. He *did* run away.'

Then Mr. Ringwood remembered, and a faint blush tinged his face. 'Lapse of time. I know. Shouldn't have asked after such a lapse of time.' And he mentioned a case in which a duke, who was very forgetful, had asked a marquis about his wife who had run away with an earl, and made inquiries about the duke's son, who, as everybody knew, was not on terms with his father.

'This is Mrs. Firmin—Mrs. Philip Firmin!' cried Lady Ringwood, rather nervously; and I suppose Mrs. Philip blushed, and the blush became her; for Mr. Ringwood afterward condescended to say to one of his sisters, that their new found relative seemed one of your rough-and-ready sort of gentlemen, but his wife was really very well bred, and quite

a pretty young woman, and presentable anywhere—really anywhere. Charlotte was asked to sing one or two of her little songs after dinner. Mr. Ringwood was delighted. Her voice was perfectly true. What she sang, she sang admirably. And he was good enough to hum over one of her songs (during which performance he showed that *his* voice was not exempt from little frailties), and to say he had heard Lady Philomela Shakerley sing that very song at Glenmavis, last autumn; and it was such a favorite that the Duchess asked for it every night—actually every night. When our friends were going home, Mr. Ringwood gave Philip almost the whole of one finger to shake; and while Philip was inwardly raging at his impertinence, believed that he had entirely fascinated his humble relatives, and that he had been most good-natured and friendly.

I cannot tell why this man's patronage chafed and goaded our worthy friend so as to drive him beyond the bounds of all politeness and reason. The artless remarks of the little boy, and the occasional simple speeches of the young ladies, had only tickled Philip's humor, and served to amuse him when he met his relatives. I suspect it was a certain free-and-easy manner which Mr. Ringwood chose to adopt toward Mrs. Philip, which annoyed her husband. He had said nothing at which offense could be taken; perhaps he was quite unconscious of offending; nay, thought himself eminently pleasing; perhaps he was not more impertinent toward her than toward other women; but in talking about him, Mr. Firmin's eyes flashed very fiercely, and he spoke of his new acquaintance and relative, with his usual extreme candor, as an upstart and an arrogant conceited puppy whose ears he would like to pull.

How do good women learn to discover men who are not good? Is it by instinct? How do they learn those stories about men? I protest I never told my wife anything good or bad regarding this Mr. Ringwood, though of course, as a man about town, I have heard—who has not?—little anecdotes regarding his career. His conduct in that affair with Miss Willowby was heartless and cruel; his behavior to that unhappy Blanche Painter nobody can defend. My wife conveys her opinion regarding Philip Ringwood, his life, principles and morality, by looks and silences which are more awful and killing than the bitterest words of sarcasm or reproof. Philip Firmin, who knows her ways, watches her features, and, as I have said, humbles himself at her feet, marked the lady's awful looks when he came to describe to us his meeting with his cousin, and the magnificent patronizing airs which Mr. Ringwood assumed.

‘What?’ he said, ‘you don’t like him any more than I do? I thought you would not; and I am so glad.’

Philip’s friend said she did not know Mr. Ringwood, and had never spoken a word to him in her life.

‘Yes; but you know of him,’ cries the impetuous Firmin. ‘What do you know of him, with his monstrous puppyism and arrogance?’ Oh, Mrs. Laura knew very little of him. She did not believe—she had much rather not believe—what the world said about Mr. Ringwood.

‘Suppose we were to ask the Woolcombs their opinion of your character, Philip?’ cries that gentleman’s biographer, with a laugh.

‘My dear!’ says Laura, with a yet severer look, the severity of which glance I must explain. The differences of Woolcomb and his wife were notorious. Their unhappiness was known to all the world. Society was beginning to look with a very, very cold face upon Mrs. Woolcomb. After quarrels, jealousies, battles, reconciliations, scenes of renewed violence and furious language, had come indifference, and the most reckless gayety on the woman’s part. Her home was splendid, but mean and miserable; all sorts of stories were rife regarding her husband’s brutal treatment of poor Agnes, and her own imprudent behavior. Mrs. Laura was indignant when this unhappy woman’s name was ever mentioned, except when she thought how our warm, true-hearted Philip had escaped from the heartless creature. ‘What a blessing it was that you were ruined, Philip, and that she deserted you!’ Laura would say. ‘What fortune would repay you for marrying such a woman?’

‘Indeed it was worth all I had to lose her,’ says Philip, ‘and so the doctor and I are quits. If he had not spent my fortune, Agnes would have married me. If she had married me, I might have turned Othello, and have been hung for smothering her. Why, if I had not been poor I should never have been married to little Char—and fancy not being married to Char!’ The worthy fellow here lapses into silence, and indulges in an inward rapture at the idea of his own excessive happiness. Then he is scared again at the thought which his own imagination has raised.

‘I say! Fancy being without the kids and Char!’ he cries, with a blank look.

‘That horrible father—that dreadful mother—pardon me, Philip; but when I think of the worldliness of those unhappy people, and how that poor unhappy woman has been bred in it and ruined by it—I am so, so, so *enraged* that I can’t keep my temper!’ cries the lady. ‘Is the woman answerable, or the

parents, who hardened her heart, and sold her—sold her to that——O!’ Our illustrious friend Woolcomb was signified by ‘that O,’ and the lady once more paused, choked with wrath as she thought about O, and that O’s wife.

‘I wonder he has not Othello’d her,’ remarks Philip, with his hands in his pockets. ‘I should, if she had been mine, and gone on as they say she is going on.’

‘It is dreadful, dreadful to contemplate!’ continues the lady. ‘To think she was sold by her own parents, poor thing, poor thing! The guilt is with them who led her wrong.’

‘Nay,’ says one of the three interlocutors. ‘Why stop at poor Mr. and Mrs. Twysden? Why not let them off and accuse *their* parents? who lived worldly too in their generation. Or stay; they descend from William the Conqueror. Let us absolve poor Talbot Twysden and his heartless wife, and have the Norman into court.’

‘Ah, Arthur! Did not our sin begin with the beginning,’ cries the lady, ‘and have we not its remedy? Oh, this poor creature, this poor creature! May she know where to take refuge from it, and learn to repent in time!’

The Georgian and Circassian girls, they say, used to submit to their lot very complacently, and were quite eager to get to market at Constantinople and be sold. Mrs. Woolcomb wanted nobody to tempt her away from poor Philip. She hopped away from the old love as soon as ever the new one appeared with his bag of money. She knew quite well to whom she was selling herself, and for what. The tempter needed no skill, or artifice, or eloquence. He had none. But he showed her a purse, and three fine houses—and she came. Innocent child, forsooth! She knew quite as much about the world as papa and mamma; and the lawyers did not look to her settlement more warily, and coolly, than she herself did. Did she not live on it afterward? I do not say she lived respectably, but most comfortably; as Paris, and Rome, and Naples, and Florence can tell you, where she is known; where she receives a great deal of a certain kind of company; where she is scorned and flattered, and splendid, and lonely, and miserable. She is not miserable when she sees children; she does not care for other persons’ children, as she never did for her own, even when they were taken from her. She is of course hurt and angry, when quite common, vulgar people, not in society, you understand, turn away from her, and avoid her, and won’t come to her parties. She gives excellent dinners which jolly fogies, rattling bachelors, and doubtful ladies frequent; but

she is alone and unhappy—unhappy because she does not see parents, sister, or brother? *Allons, mon bon Monsieur!* She never cared for parents, sister, or brother; or for baby; or for man (except once for Philip a little, little bit, when her pulse would sometimes go up two beats in a minute at his appearance). But she is unhappy because she is losing her figure, and from tight lacing her nose has become very red, and the pearl-powder won't lie on it somehow. And though you may have thought Woolcomb an odious, ignorant, and underbred little wretch, you must own that at least he had red blood in his veins. Did he not spend a great part of his fortune for the possession of this cold wife? For whom did *she* ever make a sacrifice, or feel a pang? I am sure a greater misfortune than any which has befallen friend Philip might have happened to him, and so congratulate him on his escape.

Having vented his wrath upon the arrogance and impertinence of this solemn puppy of a Philip Ringwood, our friend went away somewhat soothed to his club in St. James' Street. The Megatherium Club is only a very few doors from the much more aristocratic establishment of Black's. Mr. Philip Ringwood and Mr. Woolcomb were standing on the steps of Black's. Mr. Ringwood waved a graceful little kid-gloved hand to Philip, and smiled on him. Mr. Woolcomb glared at our friend out of his opal eyeballs. Philip had once proposed to kick Woolcomb into the sea. He somehow felt as if he would like to treat Ringwood to the same bath. Meanwhile, Mr. Ringwood labored under the notion that he and his new-found acquaintance were on the very best possible terms. At one time poor little Woolcomb loved to be seen with Philip Ringwood. He thought he acquired distinction from the companionship of that man of fashion, and would hang on Ringwood as they walked the Pall Mall pavement.

'Do you know that great hulking, overbearing brute?' says Woolcomb to his companion on the steps of Black's. Perhaps somebody overheard them from the bow-window. (I tell you everything is overheard in London, and a great deal more too.)

'Brute, is he?' says Ringwood; 'seems a rough, overbearing sort of chap.'

'Blackguard doctor's son. Bankrupt. Father ran away,' says the dusky man with the opal eyeballs.

'I have heard he was a rogue—the doctor; but I like him. Remember he gave me three sovereigns when I was at school. Always like a fellow who tips you when you are at school.' And here Ringwood beckoned his brougham which was in waiting.

‘Shall we see you at dinner? Where are you going?’ asked Mr. Woolcomb. ‘If you are going toward——’

‘Toward Gray’s Inn, to see my lawyer; have an appointment there; be with you at eight!’ And Mr. Ringwood skipped into his little brougham and was gone.

Tom Eaves told Philip. Tom Eaves belongs to Black’s Club, to Bays’ to the Megatherium—I don’t know to how many clubs in St. James’ Street. Tom Eaves knows everybody’s business, and all the scandal of all the clubs for the last forty years. He knows who has lost money and to whom; what is the talk of the opera-box and what the scandal of the *coulisses*; who is making love to whose daughter. Whatever men and women are doing in May Fair, is the farrago of Tom’s libel. He knows so many stories that of course he makes mistakes in names sometimes, and says that Jones is on the verge of ruin, when he is thriving and prosperous, and it is poor Brown who is in difficulties; or informs us that Mrs. Fanny is flirting with Captain Ogle when both are as innocent of a flirtation as you and I are. Tom certainly is mischievous, and often is wrong; but when he speaks of our neighbors he is amusing.

‘It is as good as a play to see Ringwood and Othello together,’ says Tom to Philip. ‘How proud the black man is to be seen with him! Heard him abuse you to Ringwood. Ringwood stuck up for you and for your poor governor—spoke up like a man—like a man who sticks up for a fellow who is down. How the black man brags about having Ringwood to dinner! Always having him to dinner. You should have seen Ringwood shake him off! Said he was going to Gray’s Inn. Heard him say Gray’s Inn Lane to his man. Don’t believe a word of it.’

Now I dare say you are much too fashionable to know that Milman Street is a little *coul de sac* of a street, which leads into Guildford Street, which leads into Gray’s Inn Lane. Philip went his way homeward, shaking off Tom Eaves, who, for his part, trotted off to his other clubs, telling people how he had just been talking with that bankrupt doctor’s son, and wondering how Philip should get money enough to pay his club subscription. Philip then went on his way, striding homeward at his usual manly pace.

Whose black brougham was that? the black brougham with the chestnut horse walking up and down Guildford Street. Mr. Ringwood’s crest was on the brougham. When Philip entered his drawing room, having opened the door with his own key, there sat Mr. Ringwood, talking to Mrs. Charlotte, who was taking a cup of tea at five o’clock. She and the children liked

that cup of tea. Sometimes it served Mrs. Char for dinner when Philip dined from home.

‘If I had known you were coming here, you might have brought me home and saved me a long walk,’ said Philip, wiping a burning forehead.

‘So I might—so I might!’ said the other. ‘I never thought of it. I had to see my lawyer in Gray’s Inn; and it was then I thought of coming on to see you, as I was telling Mrs. Firmin; and a very nice quiet place you live in!’

This was very well. But for the first and only time of his life, Philip was jealous.

‘Don’t drum so with your feet! Don’t like to ride when you jog so on the floor,’ said Philip’s eldest darling, who had clambered on papa’s knee. ‘Why do you look so? Don’t squeeze my arm, papa!’

Mamma was utterly unaware that Philip had any cause for agitation. ‘You have walked all the way from Westminster and the club, and you are quite hot and tired!’ she said. ‘Some tea, my dear?’

Philip nearly choked with the tea. From under his hair, which fell over his forehead, he looked into his wife’s face. It wore such a sweet look of innocence and wonder that, as he regarded her, the spasm of jealousy passed off. No; there was no look of guilt in those tender eyes. Philip could only read in them the wife’s tender love and anxiety for himself.

But what of Mr. Ringwood’s face? When the first little blush and hesitation had passed away, Mr. Ringwood’s pale countenance reassumed that calm self-satisfied smile which it customarily wore. ‘The coolness of the man maddened me,’ said Philip, talking about the little occurrence afterward, and to his usual confidant.

‘Gracious powers,’ cries the other. ‘If I went to see Charlotte and the children, would you be jealous of me, you bearded Turk? Are you prepared with sack and bow string for every man who visits Mrs. Firmin? If you are to come out in this character, you will lead yourself and your wife pretty lives. Of course you quarreled with Lovelace then and there, and threatened to throw him out of window then and there? Your custom is to strike when you are hot, witness——’

‘Oh, dear no!’ cried Philip, interrupting me. ‘I have not quarreled with him yet.’ And he ground his teeth, and gave a very fierce glare with his eyes. ‘I sat him out quite civilly. I went with him to the door; and I have left directions that he is never to pass it again—that’s all. But I have not quar-

reled with him in the least. Two men never behaved more politely than we did. We bowed and grinned at each other quite amiably. But I own, when he held out his hand, I was obliged to keep mine behind my back, for they felt very mischievous, and inclined to—— Well, never mind. Perhaps it is, as you say; and he meant no sort of harm.'

Where, I say again, do women learn all the mischief they know? Why should my wife have such a mistrust and horror of this gentleman? She took Philip's side entirely. She said she thought he was quite right in keeping that person out of his house. What did she know about that person? Did I not know myself? He was a libertine, and led a bad life. He had led young men astray, and taught them to gamble, and helped them to ruin themselves. We have all heard stories about the late Sir Philip Ringwood; that last scandal in which he was engaged, three years ago, and which brought his career to an end at Naples I need not, of course, allude to. But fourteen or fifteen years ago, about which time this present portion of our little story is enacted, what did she know about Ringwood's misdoings?

No; Philip Firmin did not quarrel with Philip Ringwood on this occasion. But he shut his door on Mr. Ringwood. He refused all invitations to Sir John's house, which of course came less frequently, and which then ceased to come at all. Rich folks do not like to be so treated by the poor. Had Lady Ringwood a notion of the reason why Philip kept away from her house? I think it is more than possible. Some of Philip's friends knew her; and she seemed only pained, not surprised or angry, at a quarrel which somehow *did* take place between the two gentlemen not very long after that visit of Mr. Ringwood to his kinsman in Milman Street.

'Your friend seems very hot-headed and violent-tempered.' Lady Ringwood said, speaking of that very quarrel. 'I am sorry he keeps that kind of company. I am sure it must be too expensive for him.'

As luck would have it, Philip's old school-friend, Lord Egham, met us a very few days after the meeting and parting of Philip and his cousin in Milman Street, and invited us to a bachelor's dinner on the river. Our wives (without whose sanction no good man would surely ever look a whitebait in the face) gave us permission to attend this entertainment, and remained at home, and partook of a tea-dinner (blessings on them!) with the dear children. Men grow young again when they meet at these parties. We talk of flogging, proctors, old cronies;

we recite old school and college jokes. I hope that some of us may carry on these pleasant entertainments until we are fourscore, and that our toothless old gums will mumble the old stories, and will laugh over the old jokes with ever renewed gusto. Does the kind reader remember the account of such a dinner at the commencement of this history? On this afternoon, Egham, Maynard, Burroughs (several of the men formerly mentioned), reassembled. I think we actually like each other well enough to be pleased to hear of each other's successes. I know that one or two good fellows, upon whom fortune has frowned, have found other good fellows in that company to help and aid them; and that all are better for that kindly freemasonry.

Before the dinner was served, the guests met on the green of the hotel, and examined that fair landscape, which surely does not lose its charm in our eyes because it is commonly seen before a good dinner. The crested elms, the shining river, the emerald meadows, the painted parterres of flowers around, all wafting an agreeable smell of *friture*, of flowers and flounders exquisitely commingled. Who has not enjoyed these delights? May some of us, I say, live to drink the '58 claret in the year 1900! I have no doubt that the survivors of our society will still laugh at the jokes which we used to relish when the present century was still only middle-aged. Egham was going to be married. Would he be allowed to dine next year? Frank Berry's wife would not let him come. Do you remember his tremendous fight with Biggs? Remember? who didn't? Marston was Berry's bottle-holder; poor Marston, who was killed in India. And Biggs and Berry were the closest friends in life ever after. Who would ever have thought of Brackley becoming serious and being made an archdeacon? Do you remember his fight with Ringwood? What an infernal bully he was, and how glad we all were when Brackley thrashed him. What different fates await men! Who would ever have imagined Nosey Brackley a curate in the mining districts, and ending by wearing a rosette in his hat? Who would ever have thought of Ringwood becoming such a prodigious swell and leader of fashion? He was a very shy fellow; not at all a good-looking fellow; and what a wild fellow he had become, and what a lady-killer! Isn't he some connection of yours, Firmin? Philip said yes, but that he had scarcely met Ringwood at all. And one man after another told anecdotes of Ringwood; how he had young men to play in his house; how he had played in that very Star and Garter; and how he always won. You must please to remember that our story dates

back some sixteen years, when the dice-box still rattled occasionally and the king was turned.

As this old school gossip is going on Lord Egham arrives, and with him this very Ringwood, about whom the old schoolfellows had just been talking. He came down in Egham's phaeton. Of course, the greatest man of the party always waits for Ringwood. 'If we had had a duke at Grey Friars,' says some grumbler, 'Ringwood would have made the duke bring him down.'

Philip's friend, when he beheld the arrival of Mr. Ringwood, seized Firmin's big arm, and whispered:

'Hold your tongue. No fighting. No quarrels. Let bygones bebygones. Remember, there can be no earthly use in a scandal.'

'Leave me alone,' says Philip, 'and don't be afraid.'

I thought Ringwood seemed to start back for a moment, and perhaps fancied that he looked a little pale, but he advanced with a gracious smile toward Philip, and remarked, 'It is a long time since we have seen you at my father's.'

Philip grinned and smiled too. 'It *was* a long time since he had been in Hill Street.' But Philip's smile was not at all pleasing to behold. Indeed, a worse performer of comedy than our friend does not walk the stage of this life.

On this the other gayly remarked he was glad Philip had leave to join the bachelors' party. 'Meeting of old schoolfellows very pleasant. Hadn't been to one of them for a long time; though the Friars was an abominable hole; that was the truth. Who was that in the shovel-hat? a bishop? what bishop?'

It was Brackley, the Archdeacon, who turned very red on seeing Ringwood. For the fact is, Brackley was talking to Pennystone, the little boy about whom the quarrel and fight had taken place at school, when Ringwood had proposed forcibly to take Pennystone's money from him. 'I think, Mr. Ringwood, that Pennystone is big enough to hold his own now, don't you?' said the Archdeacon; and with this the Venerable man turned on his heel, leaving Ringwood to face the little Pennystone of former years; now a gigantic country squire, with health ringing in his voice, and a pair of great arms and fists that would have demolished six Ringwoods in the field.

The sight of these quondam enemies rather disturbed Mr. Ringwood's tranquillity.

'I was dreadfully bullied at that school,' he said, in an appealing manner, to Mr. Pennystone. 'I did as others did. It was a horrible place, and I hate the name of it. I say, Egham, don't you think that Barnaby's motion last night was very ill-timed, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?'

This became a cant phrase among some of us wags afterward. Whenever we wished to change a conversation, it was, 'I say, Egham, don't you think Barnaby's motion was very ill-timed; and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?' You know Mr. Ringwood would scarcely have thought of coming among such common people as his old schoolfellows, but seeing Lord Egham's phaeton at Black's, he condescended to drive down to Richmond with his lordship, and I hope a great number of his friends in St. James' Street saw him in that noble company.

Windham was the chairman of the evening—elected to that post because he is very fond of making speeches to which he does not in the least expect you to listen. All men of sense are glad to hand over this office to him; and I hope, for my part, a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at the side table, as we now have the carving. Don't you find that you splash the gravy, that you mangle the meat, that you can't nick the joint in helping the company to a dinner-speech? I, for my part, own that I am in a state of tremor and absence of mind before the operation; in a condition of imbecility during the business; and that I am sure of a headache and indigestion the next morning. What then? Have I not seen one of the bravest men in the world, at a City dinner last year, in a state of equal panic? I feel that I am wandering from Philip's adventures to his biographer's, and confess I am thinking of the dismal *fiasco* I myself made on this occasion at the Richmond dinner.

You see, the order of the day at these meetings is to joke at everything—to joke at the chairman, at all the speakers, at the army and navy, at the venerable the legislature, at the bar and bench, and so forth. If we toast a barrister, we show how admirably he would have figured in the dock; if a sailor, how lamentably seasick he was; if a soldier, how nimbly he ran away. For example, we drank the Venerable Archdeacon Brackley and the army. We deplored the perverseness which had led him to adopt a black coat instead of a red. War had evidently been his vocation, as he had shown by the frequent battles in which he had been engaged at school. For what was the *other* great warrior of the age famous? for that Roman feature in his face, which distinguished, which gave a name to our Brackley—a name by which we fondly clung (cries of 'Nosey, Nosey!'). Might that feature ornament ere long the face of—of one of the chiefs of that army of which he was a

distinguished field-officer! Might—— Here I confess I fairly broke down, lost the thread of my joke—at which Brackley seemed to look rather severe—and finished the speech with a gobble about regard, esteem, everybody respect you, and good health, old boy—which answered quite as well as a finished oration, however the author might be discontented with it.

The Archdeacon's little sermon was very brief, as the discourses of sensible divines sometimes will be. He was glad to meet old friends—to make friends with old foes (loud cries of 'Bravo, Nosey!') In the battle of life, every man must meet with a blow or two; and every brave one would take his faer with good-humor. Had he quarreled with any old schoolfellow in old times? He wore peace not only on his coat, but in his heart. Peace and good will were the words of the day in the army to which he belonged; and he hoped that all officers in it were animated by one *esprit de corps*.

A silence ensued, during which men looked toward Mr. Ringwood, as the 'old foe' toward whom the Archdeacon had held out the hand of amity; but Ringwood, who had listened to the Archdeacon's speech with an expression of great disgust, did not rise from his chair—only remarking to his neighbor Egham, 'Why should I get up? Hang him, I have nothing to say. I say Egham, why did you induce me to come into this kind of thing?'

Fearing that a collision might take place between Philip and his kinsman, I had drawn Philip away from the place in the room to which Lord Egham beckoned him, saying, 'Never mind, Philip, about sitting by the lord,' by whose side I knew perfectly well that Mr. Ringwood would find a place. But it was our lot to be separated from his lordship by merely the table's breadth, and some intervening vases of flowers and fruits through which we could see and hear our opposite neighbors. When Ringwood spoke 'of this kind of thing,' Philip glared across the table, and started as if he was going to speak; but his neighbor pinched him on the knee, and whispered to him, 'Silence—no scandal. Remember!' The other fell back, swallowed a glass of wine, and made me far from comfortable by performing a tattoo on my chair.

The speeches went on. If they were not more eloquent, they were more noisy and lively than before. Then the aid of song was called in to enliven the banquet. The Archdeacon, who had looked a little uneasy for the last half hour, rose up at the call for a song, and quitted the room. 'Let us go too, Philip,' said Philip's neighbor. 'You don't want to

hear those dreadful old college songs over again?' But Philip sulkily said, 'You go, I should like to stay.'

Lord Egham was seeing the last of his bachelor life. He liked those last evenings to be merry; he lingered over them, and did not wish them to end too quickly. His neighbor was long since tired of the entertainment, and sick of our company. Mr. Ringwood had lived of late in a world of such fashion that ordinary mortals were despicable to him. He had no affectionate remembrance of his early days, or of anybody belonging to them. While Philip was singing his song of 'Doctor Luther,' I was glad that he could not see the face of surprise and disgust which his kinsman bore. Other vocal performances followed, including a song by Lord Egham, which I am bound to say was hideously out of tune; but was received by his near neighbor complacently enough.

The noise now began to increase, the choruses were fuller, the speeches were louder and more incoherent. I don't think the company heard a speech by little Mr. Vanjohn, whose health was drunk as representative of the British Turf, and who said that he had never known anything about the turf or about play, until their old schoolfellow, his dear friend—his swell friend, if he might be permitted the expression—Mr. Ringwood, taught him the use of cards; and once, in his own house, in May Fair, and once in this very house, the Star and Garter, showed him how to play the noble game of Blind Hookey. 'The men are drunk. Let us go away, Egham. I didn't come for this kind of thing!' cries Ringwood, furious, by Lord Egham's side.

This was the expression which Mr. Ringwood had used a short time before, when Philip was about to interrupt him. He had lifted his gun to fire then, but his hand had been held back. The bird passed him once more, and he could not help taking aim. 'This kind of thing is very dull, isn't it, Ringwood?' he called across the table, pulling away a flower, and glaring at the other through the little open space.

'Dull, old boy? I call it doosed good fun,' cries Lord Egham in the height of good-humor.

'Dull? What do you mean?' asked my lord's neighbor.

'I mean you would prefer having a couple of packs of cards, and a little room, where you could win three or four hundred from a young fellow? It's more profitable and more quiet than "this kind of thing."'

'I say, I don't know what you mean!' cries the other.

'What! You have forgotten already? Has not Vanjohn just told you how you and Mr. Deuceace brought him down

here, and won his money from him; and then how you gave him his revenge at your own house in——'

'Did I come here to be insulted by that fellow?' cries Mr. Ringwood, appealing to his neighbor.

'If that is an insult, you may put it in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Ringwood!' cries Philip.

'Come away, come away, Egham! Don't keep me here listening to this bla——'

'If you say another word,' says Philip, 'I'll send this decenter at your head!'

'Come, come—nonsense! No quarreling! Make it up! Everybody has had too much! Get the bill and order the omnibus round!' A crowd was on one side of the table, and the other. One of the cousins had not the least wish that the quarrel should proceed any further.

When, being in a quarrel, Philip Firmin assumes the calm and stately manner, he is perhaps in his most dangerous state. Lord Egham's phaeton (in which Mr. Ringwood showed a great unwillingness to take a seat by the driver) was at the hotel gate, an omnibus and a private carriage or two were in readiness to take home the other guests of the feast. Egham went into the hotel to light a final cigar, and now Philip, springing forward, caught by the arm the gentleman sitting on the front seat of the phaeton.

'Stop!' he said. 'You used a word just now——'

'What word? I don't know anything about words!' cries the other, in a loud voice.

'You said "insulted,"' murmured Philip, in the gentlest tone.

'I don't know what I said,' said Ringwood peevishly.

'I said in reply to the words which you forget, "that I would knock you down," or words to that effect. If you feel in the least aggrieved, you know where my chambers are—with Mr. Vanjohn, whom you and your mistress inveigled to play cards when he was a boy. You are not fit to come into an honest man's house. It was only because I wished to spare a lady's feeling that I refrained from turning you out of mine. Good-night, Egham!' and with great majesty Mr. Philip returned to his companion and the Hansom cab which was in waiting to convey these two gentlemen to London.

I was quite correct in my surmise that Philip's antagonist would take no further notice of the quarrel to Philip personally. Indeed, he affected to treat it as a drunken brawl, regarding which no man of sense would allow himself to be seriously disturbed. A quarrel between two men of the same family; between Philip and his own relative who had only wished him

well? It was absurd and impossible. What Mr. Ringwood deplored was the obstinate ill temper and known violence of Philip, which were forever leading him into these brawls, and estranging his family from him. A man seized by the coat, insulted, threatened with a decanter! A man of station so treated by a person whose own position was most questionable, whose father was a fugitive, and who himself was struggling for precarious subsistence! The arrogance was too great. With the best wishes for the unhappy young man, and his amiable (but empty-headed) little wife, it was impossible to take further notice of them. Let the visits cease. Let the carriage no more drive from Berkeley Square to Milman Street. Let there be no presents of game, poultry, legs of mutton, old clothes, and what not. Henceforth, therefore, the Ringwood carriage was unknown in the neighborhood of the Foundling, and the Ringwood footmen no more scented with their powdered heads the Firmins' little hall ceiling. Sir John said to the end that he was about to procure a comfortable place for Philip, when his deplorable violence obliged Sir John to break off his relations with the most misguided young man.

Nor was the end of the mischief here. We have all read how the gods never appear alone—the gods bringing good or evil fortune. When two or three little pieces of good luck had befallen our poor friend, my wife triumphantly cried out, 'I told you so! Did I not always say that heaven would befriend that dear, innocent wife and children; that brave, generous, imprudent father?' And now when the evil days came, this monstrous logician insisted that poverty, sickness, dreadful doubt and terror, hunger and want almost, were all equally intended for Philip's advantage, and would work for good in the end. So that rain was good and sunshine was good; so that sickness was good and health was good; that Philip ill was to be as happy as Philip well, and as thankful for a sick house and an empty pocket as for a warm fireside and a comfortable larder. Mind, I ask no Christian philosopher to revile at his ill fortunes, or to despair. I will accept a toothache (or any evil of life), and bear it without too much grumbling. But I cannot say that to have a tooth pulled out is a blessing, or fondle the hand which wrenches at my jaw.

'They can live without their fine relations, and their donations of mutton and turnips,' cries my wife, with a toss of her head. 'The way in which those people patronized Philip and dear Charlotte was perfectly intolerable. Lady Ringwood knows how dreadful the conduct of that Mr. Ringwood is, and

—and I have no patience with her!’ How, I repeat, do women know about men? How do they telegraph to each other their notices of alarm and mistrust? and fly as birds rise up with a rush and a scurry when danger appears to be near? All this was very well. But Mr. Tregarvan heard some account of the dispute between Philip and Mr. Ringwood, and applied to Sir John for further particulars; and Sir John—liberal man as he was and ever had been, and priding himself little, heaven knew, on the privilege of rank which was merely adventitious—was constrained to confess that this young man’s conduct showed a great deal too much *laissez aller*. He had constantly, at Sir John’s own house, manifested an independence which had bordered on rudeness; he was always notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and lately had so disgraced himself in a scene with Sir John’s eldest son, Mr. Ringwood, had exhibited such brutality, ingratitude, and—and inebriation, that Sir John was free to confess he had forbidden the gentleman his door.

‘An insubordinate, ill-conditioned fellow, certainly!’ thinks Tregarvan. (And I do not say, though Philip is my friend, that Tregarvan and Sir John were altogether wrong regarding their *protégé*.) Twice Tregarvan had invited him to breakfast, and Philip had not appeared. More than once he had contradicted Tregarvan about the *Review*. He had said that the *Review* was not getting on, and if you asked Philip his candid opinion, it would not get on. Six numbers had appeared, and it did not meet with that attention which the public ought to pay to it. The public was careless as to the designs of that Great Power which it was Tregarvan’s aim to defy and confound. He took counsel with himself. He walked over to the publisher’s, and inspected the books; and the result of that inspection was so disagreeable that he went home straightway and wrote a letter to Philip Firmin, Esq., New Milman Street, Guildford Street, which that poor fellow brought to his usual advisers.

That letter contained a check for a quarter’s salary and bade adieu to Mr. Firmin. The writer would not recapitulate the causes of dissatisfaction which he felt respecting the conduct of the *Review*. He was much disappointed in its progress and dissatisfied with its general management. He thought an opportunity was lost which never could be recovered for exposing the designs of a Power which menaced the liberty and tranquillity of Europe. Had it been directed with proper energy that *Review* might have been an ægis to that threatened liberty, a lamp to lighten the darkness of that menaced freedom. It might have pointed the way to the cultivation *bonarum*

literarum; it might have fostered rising talent, it might have chastised the arrogance of so-called critics; it might have served the cause of truth. Tregarvan's hopes were disappointed; he would not say by whose remissness or fault. He had done *his* utmost in the good work, and, finally, would thank Mr. Firmin to print off the articles already purchased and paid for, and to prepare a brief notice for the next number, announcing the discontinuance of the *Review*; and Tregarvan showed my wife a cold shoulder for a considerable time afterward, nor were we asked to his tea-parties, I forget for how many seasons.

This to us was no great loss or subject of annoyance; but to poor Philip? It was a matter of life and almost death to him. He never could save much out of his little pittance. Here were fifty pounds in his hand, it is true; but bills, taxes, rent, the hundred little obligations of a house, were due and pressing upon him; and in the midst of his anxiety, our dear little Mrs. Philip was about to present him with a third ornament to his nursery. Poor little Tertius arrived duly enough; and, such hypocrites were we, that the poor mother was absolutely thinking of calling the child Tregarvan Firmin, as a compliment to Mr. Tregarvan, who had been so kind to them, and Tregarvan Firmin would be such a pretty name, she thought. We imagined the Little Sister knew nothing about Philip's anxieties. Of course, she attended Mrs. Philip through her troubles, and we vow that we never said a word to her regarding Philip's own. But Mrs. Brandon went in to Philip one day, as he was sitting very grave and sad with his two first-born children, and she took both his hands, and said, 'You know, dear, I have saved ever so much; and I always intended it for—you know who.' And here she loosened one hand from him, and felt in her pocket for a purse, and put it into Philip's hand, and wept on his shoulder. And Philip kissed her, and thanked God for sending him such a dear friend, and gave her back her purse, though indeed he had but five pounds left in his own when this benefactress came to him.

Yes; but there were debts owing to him. There was his wife's little portion of fifty pounds a year, which had never been paid since the second quarter after their marriage, which had happened now more than three years ago. As Philip had scarce a guinea in the world, he wrote to Mrs. Baynes, his wife's mother, to explain his extreme want, and to remind her that this money was due. Mrs. General Baynes was living at Jersey at this time in a choice society of half-pay ladies, clergymen, captains, and the like, among whom I have no doubt she moved

as a great lady. She wore a large medallion of the deceased General on her neck. She wept dry tears over that interesting cameo at frequent tea-parties. She never could forgive Philip for taking away her child from her, and if anyone would take away others of her girls, she would be equally unforgiving. Endowed with that wonderful logic with which women are blessed, I believe she never admitted, or has been able to admit to her own mind, that she did Philip or her daughter a wrong. In the tea-parties of her acquaintance she groaned over the extravagance of her son-in-law and his brutal treatment of her blessed child. Many good people agreed with her and shook their respectable noddles when the name of that prodigal Philip was mentioned over her muffins and Bohea. He was prayed for; his dear widowed mother-in-law was pitied, and blessed with all the comfort reverend gentlemen could supply on the spot. 'Upon my honor, Firmin, Emily and I were made to believe that you were a monster, sir,' the stout Major MacWhirter once said; 'and now I have heard your story, by Jove, I think it is you, and not Eliza Baynes, who were wronged. She has a deuce of a tongue, Eliza has; and a temper—poor Charles knew what *that* was!' In fine, when Philip, reduced to his last guinea, asked Charlotte's mother to pay her debt to her sick daughter, Mrs. General B. sent Philip a ten-pound note, open, by Captain Swang, of the Indian army, who happened to be coming to England. And that, Philip says, of all the hard knocks of fate, has been the very hardest which he has had to endure.

But the poor little wife knew nothing of this cruelty, nor indeed of the very poverty which was hemming round her curtain; and in the midst of his griefs, Philip Firmin was immensely consoled by the tender fidelity of the friends whom God had sent him. Their griefs were drawing to an end now. Kind readers all, may your sorrows, may mine, leave us with hearts not embittered, and humbly acquiescent to the Great Will!

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH WE REACH THE LAST STAGE BUT ONE OF THIS JOURNEY.

ALTHOUGH poverty was knocking at Philip's humble door, little Charlotte in all her trouble never knew how menacing the grim visitor had been. She did not quite understand that her husband in his last necessity sent to her mother for his due, and that the mother turned away and refused him. 'Ah,' thought poor Philip, groaning in his despair, 'I wonder whether

the thieves who attacked the man in the parable were robbers of his own family, who knew that he carried money with him to Jerusalem, and waylaid him on the journey?' But again and again he has thanked God, with grateful heart, for the Samaritans whom he has met on life's road, and if he has not forgiven, it must be owned he has never done any wrong to those who robbed him.

Charlotte did not know that her husband was at his last guinea, and a prey to dreadful anxiety for her dear sake, for after the birth of her child a fever came upon her; in the delirium consequent upon which the poor thing was ignorant of all that happened round her. A fortnight with a wife in extremity, with crying infants, with hunger menacing at the door, passed for Philip somehow. The young man became an old man in this time. Indeed, his fair hair was streaked with white at the temples afterward. But it must not be imagined that he had not friends during his affliction, and he always can gratefully count up the names of many persons to whom he might have applied had he been in need. He did not look or ask for these succors from his relatives. Aunt and uncle Twysdens shrieked and cried out at his extravagance, imprudence, and folly. Sir John Ringwood said he must really wash his hands of a young man who menaced the life of his own son. Grenville Woolcomb, with many oaths, in which brother-in-law Ringwood joined chorus, cursed Philip, and said he didn't care, and the beggar ought to be hung, and his father ought to be hung. But I think I know half a dozen good men and true who told a different tale, and who were ready with their sympathy and succor. Did not Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish laundress, in a voice broken by sobs and gin offer to go and chare at Philip's house for nothing and nurse the dear children? Did not Goodenough say, 'If you are in need, my dear fellow, of course you know where to come;' and did he not actually give two prescriptions, one for poor Charlotte, and one for fifty pounds to be taken immediately, which he handed to the nurse by mistake? You may be sure she did not appropriate the money, for of course you know that the nurse was Mrs. Brandon. Charlotte has one remorse in her life. She owes she was jealous of the Little Sister. And now when that gentle life is over, when Philip's poverty trials are ended, when the children go sometimes and look wistfully at the grave of their dear Caroline, friend Charlotte leans her head against her husband's shoulder, and owns humbly how good, how brave, how generous a friend Heaven sent them in that humble defender.

Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty? In many cases it

is like the dentist's chair, more dreadful in the contemplation than in the actual suffering. Philip says he was never fairly beaten, but on that day when, in reply to his solicitation to have his due, Mrs. Baynes' friend, Captain Swang, brought him the open ten-pound note. It was not much of a blow; the hand which dealt it made the hurt so keen. 'I remember,' says he, 'bursting out crying at school, because a big boy hit me a slight tap, and other boys said, "Oh, you coward!" It was that I knew the boy at home, and my parents had been kind to him. It seemed to me a wrong that Bumps should strike me,' said Philip; and he looked, while telling the story, as if he could cry about this injury now. I hope he has revenged himself by presenting coals of fire to his wife's relations. But this day, when he is enjoying good health and competence, it is not safe to mention mothers-in-law in his presence. He fumes, shouts, and rages against them, as if all were like his; and his, I have been told, is a lady perfectly well satisfied with herself and her conduct in this world; and as for the next—but our story does not dare to point so far. It only interests itself about a little clique of people here below—their griefs, their trials, their weaknesses, their kindly hearts.

People there are in our history who do not seem to me to have kindly hearts at all; and yet, perhaps, if a biography could be written from their point of view, some other novelist might show how Philip and *his* biographer were a pair of selfish worldlings unworthy of credit; how uncle and aunt Twysden were most exemplary people, and so forth. Have I not told you how many people at New York shook their heads when Philip's name was mentioned, and intimated a strong opinion that he used his father very ill? When he fell wounded and bleeding, patron Tregarvan dropped him off his horse, and cousin Ringwood did not look behind to see how he fared. But these, again, may have had their opinion regarding our friend, who may have been misrepresented to them. I protest as I look back at the past portions of this history, I begin to have qualms, and ask myself whether the folks of whom we have been prattling have had justice done to them; whether Agnes Twysden is not a suffering martyr justly offended by Philip's turbulent behavior, and whether Philip deserves any particular attention or kindness at all. He is not transeendently clever; he is not gloriously beautiful. He is not about to illuminate the darkness in which the people grovel, with the flashing emanations of his truth. He sometimes owes money, which he cannot pay. He slips, stumbles, blunders, brags. Ah, he

sins and repents—pray Heaven—of faults, of vanities, of pride, of a thousand shortcomings! This I say—*Ego*—as my friend's biographer. Perhaps I do not understand the other characters round about him so well, and have overlooked a number of their merits, and caricatured and exaggerated their little defects.

Among the Samaritans who came to Philip's help in these his straits, he loves to remember the name of J. J., the painter, whom he found sitting with the children one day making drawings for them, which the good painter never tired to sketch.

Now if those children would but have kept Ridley's sketches, and waited for a good season at Christie's, I have no doubt they might have got scores of pounds for the drawings; but then, you see, they chose to improve the drawings with their own hands. They painted the soldiers yellow, the horses blue, and so forth. On the horses they put soldiers of their own construction. Ridley's landscapes were enriched with representations of 'omnibuses,' which the children saw and admired in the neighboring New Road. I dare say, as the fever left her, and as she came to see things as they were, Charlotte's eyes dwelt fondly on the pictures of the omnibus inserted in Mr. Ridley's sketches, and she put some aside and showed them to her friends and said, 'Doesn't our darling show extraordinary talent for drawing? Mr. Ridley says he does. He did a great part of this etching.'

But, besides the drawings, what do you think Master Ridley offered to draw for his friends? Besides the prescriptions of medicine, what drafts did Dr. Goodenough prescribe? When nurse Brandon came to Mrs. Philip in her anxious time, we know what sort of payment she proposed for her services. Who says the world is all cold? There is the sun and the shadows. And the Heaven which ordains poverty and sickness, sends pity, and love, and succor.

During Charlotte's fever and illness, the Little Sister had left her but for one day, when her patient was quiet and pronounced to be mending. It appears that Mrs. Charlotte was very ill indeed on this occasion; so ill that Dr. Goodenough thought she might have given us all the slip; so ill that, but for Brandon, she would, in all probability, have escaped out of this troublous world, and left Philip and her orphaned little ones. Charlotte mended then; could take food, and liked it, and was specially pleased with some chickens which her nurse informed her were 'from the country.' 'From Sir John Ringwood, no doubt?' said Mrs. Firmin, remembering the presents sent from Berkeley Square, and the mutton and the turnips.

'Well, eat and be thankful!' says the Little Sister, who was

as gay as a little sister could be, and who had prepared a beautiful bread sauce for the fowl; and who had tossed the baby, and who showed it to its admiring brother and sister ever so many times; who saw that Mr. Philip had his dinner comfortable; and who never took so much as a drop of porter—at home a little glass sometimes was comfortable, but on duty, never, never! No, not if Dr. Goodenough ordered it! she vowed. And the doctor wished he could say as much, or believe as much, of all his nurses.

Milman Street is such a quiet little street that our friends had not carpeted it in the usual way; and three days after her temporary absence, as nurse Brandon sits by her patient's bed, powdering the back of a small pink infant that makes believe to swim upon her apron, a rattle of wheels is heard in the quiet street—of four wheels, of one horse, of a jingling carriage, which stops before Philip's door. 'It's the trap,' says nurse Brandon, delighted. 'It must be those kind Ringwoods,' says Mrs. Philip. 'But stop, Brandon. Did not they, did not we? oh, how kind of them!' She was trying to recall the past. Past and present for days had been strangely mingled in her fevered brain. 'Hush, my dear! you are to be kept quite still,' says the nurse—and then proceeded to finish the polishing and powdering of the pink frog on her lap.

The bedroom window was open toward the sunny street; but Mrs. Philip did not hear a female voice say, 'Old the 'orse's 'ead, Jim,' or she might have been agitated. The horse's head was held, and a gentleman and a lady with a great basket containing pease, butter, greens, flowers, and other rural produce, descended from the vehicle and rang at the bell.

Philip opened it, with his little ones, as usual, trotting at his knees.

'Why, my darlings, how you air grown!' cries the lady.

'Bygones be bygones. Give us your 'and, Firmin; here's mine. My missus has brought some country butter and things for your dear good lady. And we hoped you liked the chickens. And God bless you, old fellow, how are you?' The tears were rolling down the good man's cheeks as he spoke. And Mrs. Mugford was likewise exceedingly hot, and very much affected. And the children said to her, 'Mamma is better now; and we have a little brother, and he is erying now upstairs.'

'Bless you, my darlings!' Mrs. Mugford was off by this time. She put down her peace-offering of carrots, chickens, bacon, butter. She cried plentifully. 'It was Brandon came and told us,' she said; 'and when she told us how all your great

people had flung you over, and you'd been quarreling again, you naughty feller, I says to Mugford, "Let's go and see after that dear thing, Mugford," I says. And here we are. And yere's two nice cakes for your children' (after a forage in the cornucopia), 'and lor', how they are grown!

A little nurse from the upstairs regions here makes her appearance, holding a bundle of cashmere shawls, part of which is removed, and discloses a being pronounced to be ravishingly beautiful, and 'jest like Mrs. Mugford's Emaly!

'I say,' says Mugford, 'the old shop's still open to you. T'other chap wouldn't do at all. He was wild when he got the drink on board. Hirish. Pitched into Bickerton, and blacked 'is eye. It was Bickerton who told you lies about that poor lady. Don't see 'em no more now. Borrowed some money of me; haven't seen him since. We were both wrong, and we must make it up—the missus says we must.'

'Amen!' said Philip, with a grasp of the honest fellow's hand. And next Sunday he and a trim little sister, and two children, went to an old church in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, which was fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard Steele kept house, and did not pay rent, hard by. And when the clergyman in the Thanksgiving particularized those who desired now to 'offer up their praises and thanksgiving for late mercies vouchsafed to them,' once more Philip Firmin said 'Amen,' on his knees, and with all his heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REALMS OF BLISS.

YOU know—all good boys and girls at Christmas know—that, before the last scene of the pantomime, when the Good Fairy ascends in a blaze of glory, and Harlequin and Columbine take hands, having danced through all their tricks and troubles and tumbles, there is a dark, brief, seemingly meaningless, penultimate scene, in which the performers appear to grope about perplexed, while the music of bassoons and trombones, and the like, groans tragically. As the actors, with gestures of dismay and outstretched arms, move hither and thither, the wary frequenter of pantomimes sees the illuminators of the Abode of Bliss and Hall of Prismatic Splendor nimbly moving behind the canvas, and streaking the darkness with twinkling fires—fires which shall blaze out presently in a thousand colors round the Good Fairy in the Revolving temple of Blinding Bliss. Behappy, Harlequin! Loveandbehappyanddance, pretty

Columbine! Children, mammabids you put your shawlson. And Jack and Mary (who are young and love pantomimes) look lingeringly still over the ledge of the box, while the fairy temple yet revolves, while the fireworks play, and ere the Great Dark Curtain descends.

My dear young people, who have sat kindly through the scenes during which our entertainment has lasted, be it known to you that last chapter was the dark scene. Look to your cloaks, and tie up your little throats, for I tell you the great baize will soon fall down. Have I had any secrets from you all through the piece? I tell you the house will be empty and you will be in the cold air. When the boxes have got their nightgowns on, and you are all gone, and I have turned off the gas and am in the empty theater alone in the darkness, I promise you I shall not be merry. Never mind! We can make jokes though we are ever so sad. We can jump over head and heels, though I declare the pit is half emptied already, and the last orange-woman has slunk away. *Encore une pirouette, Colombine! Saute, Arlequin, mon ami!* Though there are but five bars more of the music, my good people, we must jump over them briskly, and then go home to supper and bed.

Philip Firmin, then, was immensely moved by this magnanimity and kindness on the part of his old employer, and has always considered Mugford's arrival and friendliness as a special interposition in his favor. He owes it all to Brandon, he says. It was she who bethought herself of his condition, represented it to Mugford, and reconciled him to his enemy. Others were most ready with their money. It was Brandon who brought him work rather than alms, and enabled him to face fortune cheerfully. His interval of poverty was so short that he actually had not occasion to borrow. A week more, and he could not have held out, and poor Brandon's little marriage present must have gone to the cenotaph of sovereigns—the dear Little Sister's gift which Philip's family cherish to this hour.

So Philip, with a humbled heart and demeanor, clambered up on his subeditorial stool once more at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and again brandished the paste-pot and the scissors. I forget whether Bickerton still remained in command at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or was more kind to Philip than before, or was afraid of him, having heard of his exploits as a fire-eater; but certain it is, the two did not come to a quarrel, giving each other a wide berth, as the saying is, and each doing his own duty. Good-by, M. Bickerton. Except mayhap, in the final group, round the FAIRY CHARIOT (when, I promise you, there will be such

a blaze of glory that he will be invisible), we shall never see the little spiteful, envious creature more. Let him pop down his appointed trap-door; and quick, fiddles! let the brisk music jig on.

Owing to the coolness which had arisen between Philip and his father on account of their different views regarding the use to be made of Philip's signature, the old gentleman drew no further bills on his son's name, and our friend was spared from the unpleasant persecution. Mr. Hunt loved Dr. Firmin so ardently that he could not bear to be separated from the doctor long. Without the doctor, London was a dreary wilderness to Hunt. Unfortunate remembrances of past pecuniary transactions haunted him here. We were all of us glad when he finally retired from the Covent Garden taverns and betook himself to the Bowery once more.

And now friend Philip was at work again, hardly earning a scanty meal for self, wife, servant, children. It was indeed a meager meal, and a small wage. Charlotte's illness, and other mishaps, had swept away poor Philip's little savings. It was determined that we would let the elegantly furnished apartments on the first floor. You might have fancied the proud Mr. Firmin rather repugnant to such a measure. And so he was on the score of convenience, but of dignity, not a whit. To this day, if necessity called, Philip would turn a mangle with perfect gravity. I believe the thought of Mrs. General Baynes' horror at the idea of her son-in-law letting lodgings greatly soothed and comforted Philip. The lodgings were absolutely taken by our country acquaintance, Miss Pybus, who was coming up for the May meetings, and whom we persuaded (Heaven be good to us!) that she would find a most desirable quiet residence in the house of a man with three squalling children. Miss P. came, then, with my wife to look at the apartments; and we allured her by describing to her the delightful musical services at the Foundling hard by; and she was very much pleased with Mrs. Philip, and did not even wince at the elder children, whose pretty faces won the kind old lady's heart; and I am ashamed to say we were mum about the baby; and Pybus was going to close for the lodgings, when Philip burst out of his little room, without his coat I believe, and objurgated a little printer's boy, who was sitting in the hall, waiting for some 'copy' regarding which he had made a blunder; and Philip used such violent language toward the little lazy boy that Pybus said 'she never could think of taking apartments in that house,' and hurried thence in a panic. When Brandon heard of this project of letting lodgings, she

was in a fury. *She* might let lodgin's, but it wasn't for Philip to do so. 'Let lodgin's, indeed! Buy a broom, and sweep a crossin'!' Brandon always thought Charlotte a poor-spirited creature, and the way she scolded Mrs. Firmin about this transaction was not a little amusing. Charlotte was not angry. She liked the scheme as little as Brandon. No other person ever asked for lodgings in Charlotte's house. May and its meetings came to an end. The old ladies went back to their country towns. The missionaries returned to Caffraria. (Ah! where are the pleasant-looking Quakeresses of our youth, with their comely faces, and pretty dove-colored robes? They say the goodly seet is dwindling—dwindling.) The Quakeresses went out of town; then the fashionable world began to move; then Parliament went out of town. In a word, everybody who could, made away for a holiday, while poor Philip remained at his work, snipping and pasting his paragraphs, and doing his humble drudgery.

A sojourn on the seashore was prescribed by Dr. Good-enough as absolutely necessary for Charlotte and her young ones, and when Philip pleaded certain cogent reasons why the family could not take the medicine prescribed by the doctor that eccentric physician had recourse to the same pocketbook which we have known him to produce on a former occasion; and took from it, for what I know, some of the very same notes which he had formerly given to the Little Sister. 'I suppose you may as well have them as that rascal Hunt?' said the Doctor, scowling very fiercely. 'Don't tell *me*. Stuff and nonsense. Pooh! Pay me when you are a rich man!' And this Samaritan had jumped into his carriage, and was gone, before Philip or Mrs. Philip could say a word of thanks. Look at him as he is going off. See the green brougham drive away, and turn westward, and mark it well. A shoe go after thee, John Goodenough; we shall see thee no more in this story. - You are not in the secret, good reader; but I, who have been living with certain people for many months past, and have a hearty liking for some of them, grow very soft when the hour for shaking hands comes, to think we are to meet no more. Go to! when this tale began, and for some months after, a pair of kind old eyes used to read these pages, which are now closed in the sleep appointed for all of us. And so page is turned after page, and behold *Finis* and the volume's end.

So Philip and his young folks came down to Periwinkle Bay, where we were staying, and the girls in the two families nursed the baby, and the child and mother got health and comfort from

the fresh air, and Mr. Mugford—who believes himself to be the finest sub-editor in the world, and I can tell you there is a great art in sub-editing a paper—Mr. Mugford, I say, took Philip's scissors and paste-pot, while the latter enjoyed his holiday. And J. J. Ridley, R. A., came and joined us presently, and we had many sketching parties, and my drawings of the various points about the bay, viz., Lobster Head, the Mollusc Rocks, etc. etc., are considered to be very spirited, though my little boy (who certainly has not his father's taste for art) mistook for the rock a really capital portrait of Philip, in a gray hat and paletot, sprawling on the sand.

Some twelve miles inland from the bay is the little town of Whipham Market, and Whipham skirts the park palings of that castle where Lord Ringwood had lived, and where Philip's mother was born and bred. There is a statue of the late lord in Whipham market-place. Could he have had his will the borough would have continued to return two Members to Parliament, as in the good times before us. In that ancient and grass-grown little place, where your footsteps echo as you pass through the street, where you hear distinctly the creaking of the sign of the Ringwood Arms hotel and posting house, and the opposition creaking of the Ram Inn over the way—where the half-pay captain, the curate, and the medical man stand before the fly-blown window-blind of the Ringwood Institute and survey the strangers—there is still a respect felt for the memory of the great lord who dwelt behind the oaks in yonder hall. He had his faults. His lordship's life was not that of an anchorite. The company his lordship kept, especially in his latter days, was not of that select description which a nobleman of his lordship's rank might command. But he was a good friend to Whipham. He was a good landlord to a good tenant. If he had his will, Whipham would have kept its own. His lordship paid half the expense after the burning of the town hall. He was an arbitrary man, certainly, and he flogged Alderman Duffle before his own shop, but he apologized for it most handsome afterward. Would the gentlemen like port or sherry? Claret not called for in Whipham; not at all; and no fish, because all the fish at Periwinkle Bay is brought up and goes to London. Such were the remarks made by the landlord of the Ringwood Arms to three cavaliers who entered that hostelry. And you may be sure he told us about Lord Ringwood's death in the post chaise as he came from Turreys Regum; and how his lordship went through them gates (pointing to a pair of gates and lodges which skirt the town), and was

drove up to the castle and laid in state; and his lordship never would take the railway, never; and he always traveled like a nobleman, and when he came to a hotel and changed horses, he always called for a bottle of wine, and only took a glass, and sometimes not even that. And the present Sir John has kept no company here as yet; and they say he is close of his money, they say he is. And this is certain, Whipham haven't seen much of it, Whipham haven't.

We went into the inn yard, which may have been once a stirring place, and then sauntered up to the park gate, surmounted by the supporters and armorial bearings of the Ringwoods. 'I wonder whether my poor mother came out of that gate when she eloped with my father?' said Philip. 'Poor thing, poor thing!' The great gates were shut. The westering sun cast shadows over the sward where here and there the deer were browsing, and at some mile distance lay the house, with its towers and porticoes and vanes flaming in the sun. The small gate was open, and a girl was standing by the lodge door. Was the house to be seen?

'Yes,' says a little red-cheeked girl, with a courtesy.

'No!' calls out a harsh voice from within, and an old woman comes out from the lodge and looks at us fiercely. 'Nobody is to go to the house. The family is a-coming.'

That was provoking. Philip would have liked to behold the great house where his mother and her ancestors were born.

'Marry, good dame,' Philip's companion said to the old beldam, 'this goodly gentleman hath a right of entrance to yonder castle, which, I trow, ye wot not of. Heard ye never tell of one Philip Ringwood, slain at Busaco's glorious fi——'

'Hold your tongue, and don't chaff her, Pen,' growled Firmin.

'Nay, and she knows not Philip Ringwood's grandson,' the other wag continued, in a softened tone, 'this will convince her of our right to enter. Canst recognize this image of your queen?'

'Well, I suppose 'ee can go up,' said the old woman, at the sight of this talisman. 'There's only two of them staying there, and they're out a-drivin'.'

Philip was bent on seeing the halls of his ancestors. Gray and huge, with towers and vanes, and porticoes, they lay before us a mile off, separated from us by a streak of glistening river. A great chestnut avenue led up to the river, and in the dappled grass the deer were browsing.

You know the house of course. There is a picture of it in Watts, bearing date 1783. A gentleman in a cocked hat and

pigtail is rowing a lady in a boat on the shining river. Another nobleman in a cocked hat is angling in the glistening river from the bridge over which a post chaise is passing.

'Yes, the place is like enough,' said Philip; 'but I miss the post chaise going over the bridge, and the lady in the punt with the tall parasol. Don't you remember the print in our housekeeper's room in Old Parr Street? My poor mother used to tell me about the house, and I imagined it grander than the palace of Aladdin. It is a very handsome house,' Philip went on. "It extends two hundred and sixty feet by seventy-five, and consists of a rustic basement and principle story, with an attic in the center, the whole executed in stone. The grand front toward the park is adorned with a noble portico of the Corinthian order, and may with propriety be considered one of the finest elevations in the——" I tell you I am quoting out of Watts' "Seats of the Nobility and Gentry," published by John and Josiah Boydell, and lying in our drawing room. Ah, dear me! I painted the boat and the lady and gentleman in the drawing room copy, and my father boxed my ears, and my mother cried out, poor dear soul! And this is the river, is it? And over this the post chaise went with the cub-tailed horses, and here was the pigtailed gentleman fishing. It gives me a queer sensation,' says Philip, standing on the bridge, and stretching out his big arms. 'Yes, there are two people in the punt by the rushes. I can see them, but you can't; and I hope, sir, you will have good sport.' And here he took off his hat to an imaginary gentleman supposed to be angling from the balustrade for ghostly gudgeon. We reach the house presently. We ring at the door in the basement under the portico. The porter demurs, and says some of the family is down, but they are out, to be sure. The same half-crown argument answers with him which persuaded the keeper at the lodge. We go through the show rooms of the stately but somewhat faded and melancholy palace. In the cedar dining room there hangs the grim portrait of the late earl; and that fair-haired officer in red? that must be Philip's grandfather. And those two slim girls embracing, surely those are his mother and his aunt. Philip walks softly through the vacant rooms. He gives the porter a gold piece ere he goes out of the great hall, forty feet cube ornamented with statues brought from Rome by John first Baron, namely, Heliogabalus, Nero's mother, a priestess of Isis, and a river god; the pictures over the doors by Pedimento; the ceiling by Leotardi, etc., and in a window in the great hall there is a table with a visitor's book in which Philip

writes his name. As we went away, we met a carriage which drove rapidly toward the house, and which no doubt contained the members of the Ringwood family, regarding whom the porters had spoken. After the family differences previously related, we did not care to face these kinsfolks of Philip, and passed on quickly in twilight beneath the rustling umbrage of the chestnuts. J. J. saw a hundred fine pictorial effects as we walked; the palace reflected in the water; the dappled deer under the checkered shadow of the trees. It was, 'Oh, what a jolly bit of color,' and, 'I say, look, how well that old woman's red cloak comes in!' and so forth. Painters never seem tired of their work. At seventy they are students still, patient, docile, happy. May we too, my good sir, live for fourscore years, and never be too old to learn! The walk, the brisk accompanying conversation, amid stately scenery around, brought us with good appetites and spirits to our inn, where we were told that dinner would be served when the omnibus arrived from the railway.

At a short distance from the Ringwood Arms, and on the opposite side of the street, is the Ram Inn, neat post chaises and farmers' ordinary; a house, of which the pretensions seemed less, though the trade was somewhat more lively. When the tooting of the horn announced the arrival of the omnibus from the railway, I should think a crowd of at least fifteen people assembled at various doors of the High Street and Market. The half-pay captain and the curate came out from the Ringwood Athenæum. The doctor's apprentice stood on the step of the surgery door, and the surgeon's lady looked out from the first floor. We shared the general curiosity. We and the waiter stood at the door of the Ringwood Arms. We were mortified to see that of the five persons conveyed by the 'bus, one was a tradesman, who descended at his door (Mr. Packwood, the saddler, so the waiter informed us), three travelers were discharged at the Ram, and only one came to us.

'Mostly bagmen go to the Ram,' the waiter said, with a scornful air; and these bagmen, and their bags, quitted the omnibus.

Only one passenger remained for the Ringwood Arms Hotel, and he presently descended under the *porte-cochère*; and the omnibus—I own, with regret, it was but a one-horse machine—drove rattling into the courtyard, where the bells of the Star, the George, the Rodney, the Dolphin, and so on, had once been wont to jingle, and the court had echoed with the noise and clatter of hoofs and ostlers, and the cries of 'First and second, turn out.'

Who was the merry-faced little gentleman in black, who got out of the omnibus, and cried, when he saw us, 'What, *you* here?' It was Mr. Bradgate, that lawyer of Lord Ringwood's with whom we made a brief acquaintance just after his lordship's death. 'What, *you* here?' cries Bradgate; then, to Philip. 'Come down about this business, of course? Very glad that you and—and certain parties have made it up. Thought you weren't friends.'

What business? What parties? We had not heard the news? We had only come over from Periwinkle Bay by chance, in order to see the house.

'How very singular! Did you meet the—the people who were staying there?'

We said we had seen a carriage pass, but did not remark who was in it. What, however, was the news? Well. It would be known immediately, and would appear in Tuesday's *Gazette*. The news was that Sir John Ringwood was going to take a peerage, and that the seat for Whipham would be vacant. And herewith our friend produced from his traveling bag a proclamation, which he read to us, and which was addressed:

'To the worthy and independent Electors of the Borough of Ringwood.

'LONDON, *Wednesday*.

'GENTLEMEN: A gracious Sovereign having been pleased to order that the family of Ringwood should continue to be represented in the House of Peers, I take leave of my friends and constituents who have given me their kind confidence hitherto, and promise them that my regard for them will never cease, or my interest in the town and neighborhood where my family have dwelt for many centuries. The late lamented Lord Ringwood's brother died in the service of this Sovereign in Portugal, following the same flag under which his ancestors for centuries have fought and bled. My own son serves the Crown in a civil capacity. It was natural that one of our name and family should continue the relations which so long have subsisted between us and this loyal, affectionate, but independent borough. Mr. Ringwood's onerous duties in the office which he holds are sufficient to occupy his time. A gentleman united to our family by the closest ties will offer himself as a candidate for your suffrages——'

'Why, who is it? He is not going to put in Uncle Twysden, or my sneak of a cousin?'

'No,' says Mr. Bradgate.

‘Well, bless my soul! he can’t mean me,’ said Philip. ‘Who is the dark horse he has in his stable?’

Then Mr. Bradgate laughed. ‘Dark horse you may call him. The new Member is to be Grenville Woolcomb, Esq., your West India relative, and no other.’

Those who know the extreme energy of Mr. P. Firmin’s language when he is excited, may imagine the explosion of Philippine wrath which ensued as our friend heard this name. ‘That miscreant; that skinflint; that wealthy crossingsweeper; that ignoramus who scarce could do more than sign his name! Oh, it was horrible, shameful! Why, the man is on such ill terms with his wife that they say he strikes her. When I see him I feel inclined to choke him, and murder him. *That* brute going into Parliament, and the republican Sir John Ringwood sending him there? It’s monstrous!’

‘Family arrangements. Sir John, or, I should say, my Lord Ringwood, is one of the most affectionate of parents.’ Mr. Bradgate remarked. ‘He has a large family by his second marriage, and his estates go to his eldest son. We must not quarrel with Lord Ringwood for wishing to provide for his young ones. I don’t say that he quite acts up to the extreme Liberal principle of which he was once rather fond of boasting. But if you were offered a peerage, what would you do; what would I do? If you wanted money for your young ones, and could get it, would you not take it? Come, come, don’t let us have too much of this Spartan virtue! If we were tried, my good friend, we should not be much worse or better than our neighbors. Is my fly coming, waiter?’ We asked Mr. Bradgate to defer his departure, and to share our dinner. But he declined, and said he must go up to the great house where he and his client had plenty of business to arrange, and where no doubt he would stay for the night. He bade the inn servants put his portmanteau into his carriage when it came. ‘The old lord has some famous port-wine,’ he said; ‘I hope my friends have the key of the cellar.’

The waiter was just putting our meal on the table, as we stood in the bow-window of the Ringwood Arms coffee room, engaged in this colloquy. Hence we could see the street, and the opposition inn of the Ram, where presently a great placard was posted. At least a dozen street-boys, shopmen, and rustics were quickly gathered round this manifesto, and we ourselves went out to examine it. The Ram placard denounced, in terms of unmeasured wrath, the impudent attempt from the Castle to dictate to the free and independent electors of the borough.

Freemen were invited not to promise their votes; to show themselves worthy of their name; to submit to no Castle dictation. A county gentleman of property, of influence, of liberal principles—no WEST INDIAN, no CASTLE FLUNKY, but a TRUE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, would come forward to rescue them from the tyranny under which they labored. On this point the electors might rely on the word of A BRITON. 'This was brought down by the clerk from Bedloe's. He and a newspaper man came down in the train with me; a Mr——.'

As he spoke, there came forth from the Ram the newspaper man of whom Mr. Bradgate spoke—an old friend and comrade of Philip, that energetic man and able reporter, Phipps of the *Daily Intelligencer*, who recognized Philip, and cordially greeting him, asked what *he* did down here, and supposed he had come to support his family.

Philip explained that we were strangers, had come from a neighboring watering-place to see the home of Philip's ancestors and were not even aware, until then, that an electioneering contest was pending in the place, or that Sir John Ringwood was about to be promoted to the peerage. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradgate's fly had driven out of the hotel yard of the Ringwood Arms, and the lawyer running to the house for a bag of papers, jumped into the carriage and called to the coachman to drive to the Castle.

'*Bon appétit!*' says he, in a confident tone, and he was gone.

'Would Phipps dine with us?' Phipps whispered, 'I am on the other side, and the Ram is our house.'

We, who were on no side, entered into the Ringwood Arms, and sat down to our meal—to the mutton and the catsup, cauliflower and potatoes, the copper-edged side-dishes and the watery melted butter, with which strangers are regaled in inns in declining towns. The town *babauds*, who had read the placard at the Ram, now came to peruse the proclamation in our window. I dare say thirty pairs of clinking boots stopped before the one window and the other, the while we ate tough mutton and drank fiery sherry. And J. J., leaving his dinner, sketched some of the figures of the townsfolk staring at the manifesto, with the old-fashioned Ram Inn for a background—a picturesque gable enough.

Our meal was just over, when, somewhat to our surprise, our friend Mr. Bradgate the lawyer returned to the Ringwood Arms. He wore a disturbed countenance. He asked what he could have for dinner? Mutton, neither hot nor cold. Hum! That must do. So he had not been invited to dine

at the Park? We rallied him with much facetiousness on this disappointment.

Little Bradgate's eyes started with wrath. 'What a churl the little black fellow is!' he cried. 'I took him his papers. I talked with him till dinner was laid in the very room where we were. French beans and neck of venison—I saw the house-keeper and his man bring them in! And Mr. Woolcomb did not so much as ask me to sit down to dinner—but told me to come again at nine o'clock! Confound this mutton—it's neither hot nor cold! The little skinflint!' The glasses of fiery sherry which Bradgate now swallowed served rather to choke than appease the lawyer. We laughed, and this jocularity angered him more. 'Oh,' said he, 'I am not the only person Woolcomb was rude to. He was in a dreadful ill temper. He abused his wife; and when he read somebody's name in the stranger's book I promise you, Firmin, he abused *you*. I had a mind to say to him, "Sir, Mr. Firmin is dining at the Ringwood Arms, and I will tell him what you say of him." What india-rubber mutton this is! What villainous sherry! Go back to him at nine o'clock, indeed! Be hanged to his impudence!'

'You must not abuse Woolcomb before Firmin,' said one of our party. 'Philip is so fond of his cousin's husband that he cannot bear to hear the black man abused.'

This was not a very brilliant joke, but Philip grinned at it with much savage satisfaction.

'Hit Woolcomb as hard as you please, he has no friends here, Mr. Bradgate,' growled Philip. 'So he is rude to his lawyer, is he?'

'I tell you he is worse than the old earl,' cried the indignant Bradgate. 'At least the old man was a peer of England, and could be a gentleman when he wished. But to be bullied by a fellow who might be a black footman, or ought to be sweeping a crossing! It's monstrous!'

'Don't speak ill of a man and a brother, Mr. Bradgate. Woolcomb can't help his complexion.'

'But he can help his confounded impudence, and shan't practice it on *me!*' the attorney cried.

As Bradgate called out from his box, puffing and fuming, friend J. J. was scribbling in the little sketchbook which he always carried. He smiled over his work. 'I know,' he said, 'the Black Prince well enough. I have often seen him driving his chestnut mares in the Park, with that bewildered white wife by his side. I am sure that woman is miserable and, poor thing——'

‘Serve her right! What did an English lady mean by marrying such a fellow!’ cries Bradgate.

‘A fellow who does not ask his lawyer to dinner!’ remarks one of the company; perhaps the reader’s very humble servant. ‘But what an imprudent lawyer he has chosen—a lawyer who speaks his mind.’

‘I have spoken my mind to his betters, and be hanged to him! Do you think I am going to be afraid of *him?*’ bawls the irascible solicitor.

‘*Contempsit Catilinæ gladios*—do you remember the old quotation at school, Philip?’ And here there was a break in our conversation, for chancing to look at friend J. J.’s sketchbook, we saw that he had made a wonderful little drawing, representing Woolcomb and Woolcomb’s wife, grooms, phaeton, and chestnut mares, as they were to be seen any afternoon in Hyde Park, during the London season.

Admirable! Capital! Everybody at once knew the likeness of the dusky charioteer. Iracundus himself smiled and sniggered over it. ‘Unless you behave yourself, Mr. Bradgate, Ridley will make a picture of *you*,’ says Philip. Bradgate made a comical face, and retreated into his box, of which he pretended to draw the curtain. But the sociable little man did not long remain in his retirement; he emerged from it in a short time, his wine decanter in his hand, and joined our little party; and then we fell to talking of old times; and we all remembered a famous drawing by H. B., of the late Earl of Ringwood, in the old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat and tight trousers, on the old-fashioned horse, with the old-fashioned groom behind him, as he used to be seen pounding along Rotten Row.

‘I speak my mind, do I?’ says Bradgate presently. ‘I know somebody who spoke *his* mind to that old man, and who would have been better off if he had held his tongue.’

‘Come, tell me, Bradgate,’ cried Philip. ‘It is all over and past now. Had Lord Ringwood left me something? I declare I thought at one time that he intended to do so.’

‘Nay, has not your friend here been rebuking me for speaking my mind? I am going to be as mum as a mouse. Let us talk about the election,’ and the provoking lawyer would say no more on a subject possessing a dismal interest for poor Phil.

‘I have no more right to repine,’ said that philosopher, ‘than a man would have who drew number *x* in the lottery, when the winning ticket was number *y*. Let us talk, as you say, about the election. Who is to oppose Mr. Woolcomb?’

Mr. Bradgate believed a neighboring squire, Mr. Hornblow,

was to be the candidate put forward against the Ringwood nominee.

‘Hornblow! what, Hornblow of Grey Friars?’ cries Philip. ‘A better fellow never lived. In this case he shall have our vote and interest; and I think we ought to go over and take another dinner at the Ram.’

The new candidate actually turned out to be Philip’s old school and college friend, Mr. Hornblow. After dinner we met him with a staff of canvassers on the tramp through the little town. Mr. Hornblow was paying his respects to such tradesmen as had their shops yet open. Next day being market day, he proposed to canvass the market-people. ‘If I meet the black man, Firmin,’ said the burly squire, ‘I think I can chaff him off his legs. He is a bad one at speaking, I am told.’

As if the tongue of Plato would have prevailed in Whipham and against the nominee of the great house! The hour was late to be sure, but the companions of Mr. Hornblow on his canvass augured ill of his success after half-an-hour’s walk at his heels. Baker Jones would not promise no how; that meant Jones would vote for the Castle, Mr. Hornblow’s legal aide-de-camp, Mr. Batley, was forced to allow. Butcher Brown was having his tea—his shrill-voiced wife told us, looking out from her glazed back parlor; Brown would vote for the Castle. Saddler Briggs would see about it. Grocer Adams fairly said he would vote against us—against *us*?—against Hornblow, whose part we weretaking already. I fear the flattering promises of support of a great body of free and unbiassed electors, which had induced Mr. Hornblow to come forward and, etc., were but inventions of that little lawyer, Batley, who found his account in having a contest in the borough. When the polling-day came—you see I disdain to make any mysteries in this simple and varacious story—MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB, whose solicitor and agent spoke for him—Mr. Grenville Woolcomb, who could not spell or speak two sentences of decent English, and whose character for dullness, ferocity, penuriousness, jealousy, almost fatuity, was notorious to all the world—was returned by an immense majority, and the country gentleman brought scarce a hundred votes to the poll.

We who were in no wise engaged in the contest, nevertheless found amusement from it in a quiet country place where little else was stirring. We came over once or twice from Periwinkle Bay. We mounted Hornblow’s colors openly. We drove up ostentatiously to the Ram, forsaking the Ringwood Arms, where MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB’S COMMITTEE ROOM was now

established in that very coffee room where we had dined in Mr. Bradgate's company. We warmed in the contest. We met Bradgate and his principal more than once, and our Montagus and Capulets defied each other in the public street. It was fine to see Philip's great figure and noble scowl when he met Woolcomb at the canvass. Gleams of mulatto hate quivered from the eyes of the little captain. Darts of fire flashed from beneath Philip's eyebrows as he elbowed his way forward, and hustled Woolcomb off the pavement. Mr. Philip never disguised any sentiment of his. 'Hate the little ignorant, spiteful, vulgar, avaricious beast? Of course I hate him, and I should like to pitch him into the river. 'O Philip!' Charlotte pleaded. But there was no reasoning with this savage when in wrath. I deplored, though perhaps I was amused by his ferocity.

The local paper on our side was filled with withering epigrams against this poor Woolcomb, of which, I suspect, Philip was the author. I think I know that fierce style and tremendous invective. In the man whom he hates he can see no good; and in his friend no fault. When we met Bradgate apart from his principal, we were friendly enough. He said we had no chance in the contest. He did not conceal his dislike and contempt for his client. He amused us in later days (when he actually became Philip's man of law) by recounting anecdotes of Woolcomb, his fury, his jealousy, his avarice, his brutal behavior. Poor Agnes had married for money, and he gave her none. Old Twysden, in giving his daughter to this man, had hoped to have the run of a fine house; to ride in Woolcomb's carriages, and feast at his table. But Woolcomb was so stingy that he grudged the meat which his wife ate, and would give none to her relations. He turned those relations out of his doors. Talbot and Ringwood Twysden, he drove them both away. He lost a child, because he would not send for a physician. His wife never forgave him that meanness. Her hatred for him became open and avowed. They parted, and she led a life into which we will look no farther. She quarreled with parents as well as husband. 'Why,' she said, 'did they sell me to that man?' Why did she sell herself? She required little persuasion from father and mother when she committed that crime. To be sure, they had educated her so well to worldliness, that when the occasion came she was ready.

We used to see this luckless woman, with her horses and servants decked with Woolcomb's ribbons, driving about the little town, and making feeble efforts to canvass the townspeople. They all knew how she and her husband quarreled.

Reports came very quickly from the Hall to the town. Woolcomb had not been at Whipham a week when people began to hoot and jeer at him as he passed in his carriage. 'Think how weak you must be,' Bradgate said, 'when we can win with this horse! I wish he would stay away, though. We could manage much better without him. He has insulted I don't know how many free and independent electors, and infuriated others, because he will not give them beer when they come to the house. If Woolcomb would stay in the place, and we could have the election next year, I think your man might win. But, as it is, he may as well give in, and spare the expense of a poll.' Meanwhile Hornblow was very confident. We believe what we wish to believe. It is marvelous what faith an enthusiastic electioneering agent can inspire in his client. At any rate, if Hornblow did not win this time, he would at the next election. The old Ringwood domination in Whipham was gone henceforth forever.

When the day of election arrived, you may be sure we came over from Periwinkle Bay to see the battle. By this time Philip had grown so enthusiastic—in Hornblow's cause—(Philip, by the way, never would allow the possibility of a defeat)—that he had his children decked in the Hornblow ribbons, and drove from the bay wearing a cockade as large as a pancake. He, I, and Ridley the painter, went together in a dog-cart. We were hopeful, though we knew the enemy was strong; and cheerful, though, ere we had driven five miles, the rain began to fall.

Philip was very anxious about a certain great roll of paper which we carried with us. When I asked him what it contained, he said it was a gun; which was absurd. Ridley smiled in his silent way. When the rain came, Philip cast a cloak over his artillery, and sheltered his powder. We little guessed at the time what strange game his shot would bring down.

When we reached Whipham, the polling had continued for some hours. The confounded black miscreant, as Philip called his cousin's husband, was at the head of the poll, and with every hour his majority increased. The free and independent electors did not seem to be in the least influenced by Philip's articles in the county paper, or by the placards which our side had pasted over the little town, and in which freemen were called upon to do their duty, to support a fine old English gentleman, to submit to no Castle nominee, and so forth. The pressure of the Ringwood steward and bailiffs was too strong. However much they disliked the black man, tradesman after tradesman, and tenant after tenant, came up to vote for him.

Our drums and trumpets at the Ram blew loud defiance to the brass band at the Ringwood Arms. From our balcony, I flatter myself, we made much finer speeches than the Ringwood people could deliver. Hornblow was a popular man in the county. When he came forward to speak, the marketplace echoed with applause. The farmers and small tradesmen touched their hats to him kindly, but slunk off sadly to the polling-booth, and voted according to order. A fine, healthy, handsome, red-cheeked squire, our champion's personal appearance enlisted all the ladies in his favor.

'If the two men,' bawled Philip, from the Ram window, 'could decide the contest with their coats off before the market-house yonder, which do you think would win—the fair man or the darky?' (Loud cries of 'Hornblow for ever!' or 'Mr. Philip, we'll have *yew*.') 'But you see, my friends, Mr. Woolcomb does not like a *fair* fight. Why doesn't he show at the Ringwood Arms and speak? I don't believe he can speak—not English. Are you men? Are you Englishmen? Are you white slaves to be sold to that fellow?' (Immense uproar. Mr. Finch, the Ringwood agent, in vain tries to get a hearing from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms.) 'Why does not Sir John Ringwood—my Lord Ringwood now—come down among his tenantry and back the man he has sent down? I suppose he is ashamed to look his tenants in the face. I should be if I ordered them to do such a degrading job. You know, gentlemen, that I am a Ringwood myself. My grandfather lies buried—no, not buried—in yonder church. His tomb is there. His body lies on the glorious field of Busaco!' ('Hurray!') 'I am a Ringwood.' (Cries of 'Hoo—down. No Ringwoods year. We wunt have un!') 'And before George, if I had a vote, I would give it for the gallant, the good, the admirable, the excellent Hornblow. Someone holds up the state of the poll, and Woolcomb is ahead! I can only say, electors of Whipham, *the more shame for you!*' 'Hooray! Bravo!' The boys, the people, the shouting are all on our side. The voting, I regret to say, steadily continues in favor of the enemy.

As Philip was making his speech, an immense banging of drums and blowing of trumpets arose from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and a something resembling the song of triumph called, 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' was performed by the opposition orchestra. The lodge-gates of the park were now decorated with the Ringwood and Woolcomb flags. They were flung open, and a dark green chariot with four gray horses issued from the park. On the chariot was an earl's

coronet, and the people looked rather scared as it came toward us, and said—'Do'ee look, now, 'tis my lard's own post chaise!' On former days Mr. Woolcomb, and his wife as his aid-de-camp, had driven through the town in an open barouche, but, to-day being rainy, preferred the shelter of the old chariot, and we saw, presently, within, Mr. Bradgate, the London agent, and by his side the darkling figure of Mr. Woolcomb. He had passed many agonizing hours, we were told subsequently, in attempting to learn a speech. He cried over it. He never could get it by heart. He swore like a frantic child at his wife who endeavored to teach him his lesson.

'Now's the time, Mr. Briggs!' Philip said to Mr. B., our lawyer's clerk, and the intelligent Briggs sprang downstairs to obey his orders. Clear the road there! make way! was heard from the crowd below us. The gates of our inn courtyard, which had been closed, were suddenly flung open, and, amid the roar of the multitude, there issued out a cart drawn by two donkeys, and driven by a negro, beasts and man all wearing Woolcomb's colors. In the cart was fixed a placard, on which a most undeniable likeness of Mr. Woolcomb was designed; who was made to say, 'VOTE FOR ME! AM I NOT A MAN AND A BRUDDER?' This cart trotted out of the yard of the Ram, and, with a *cortège* of shouting boys, advanced into the market-place, which Mr. Woolcomb's scariage was then crossing.

Before the market-house stands the statue of the late earl, whereof mention has been made. In his peer's robes, a hand extended, he points toward his park gates. An inscription, not more mendacious than many other epigraphs, records his rank, age, virtues, and the esteem in which the people of Whipham held him. The mulatto who drove the team of donkeys was an itinerant tradesman who brought fish from the bay to the little town; a jolly wag, a fellow of indifferent character, a frequenter of all the ale-houses in the neighborhood, and rather celebrated for his skill as a bruiser. He and his steeds streamed with Woolcomb ribbons. With ironical shouts of 'Woolcomb forever!' Yellow Jack urged his cart toward the chariot with the gray horses. He took off his hat with mock respect to the candidate sitting within the green chariot. From the balcony of the Ram we could see the two vehicles approaching each other; and Yellow Jack waving his ribboned hat, kicking his bandy legs here and there, and urging on his donkeys. What with the roar of the people, and the banging and trumpeting of the rival bands, we could hear but little; but I saw Woolcomb thrust his yellow head out of his chaise

window—he pointed toward that impudent donkey cart, and urged, seemingly, his postilions to ride it down. Plying their whips, the postboys galloped toward Yellow Jack and his vehicle, a yelling crowd scattering from before the horses, and rallying behind them, to utter execrations at Woolcomb. His horses were frightened, no doubt; for just as Yellow Jack wheeled nimbly round one side of the Ringwood statue, Woolcomb's horses were all huddled together and plunging in confusion beside it, the fore-wheel came in abrupt collision with the stonework of the statue railing; and then we saw the vehicle turn over altogether, one of the wheelers down with its rider, and the leaders kicking, plunging, lashing out right and left, wild and maddened with fear. Mr. Philip's countenance, I am bound to say, wore a most guilty and queer expression. This accident, this collision, this injury, perhaps death of Woolcomb and his lawyer, arose out of our fine joke about the Man and the Brother.

We dashed down the stairs from the Ram—Hornblow, Philip, and half a dozen more—and made a way through the crowd toward the carriage, with its prostrate occupants. The mob made way civilly for the popular candidate—the losing candidate. When we reached the chaise, the traces had been cut; the horses were free; the fallen postilion was up and rubbing his leg; and, as soon as the wheelers were taken out of the chaise, Woolcomb emerged from it. He had said from within (accompanying his speech with many oaths, which need not be repeated, and showing a just sense of his danger): ‘Cut the traces, hang you! And take the horses away; I can wait until they're gone. I'm sittin' on my lawyer; I aint going to have *my* head kicked off by those wheelers.’ And just as we reached the fallen post chaise he emerged from it, laughing and saying, ‘Lie still, you old beggar!’ to Mr. Bradgate, who was writhing underneath him. His issue from the carriage was received with shouts of laughter, which increased prodigiously when Yellow Jack, nimbly clambering up the statue-railings, thrust the outstretched arm of the statue through the picture of the Man and the Brother, and left that cartoon flapping in the air over Woolcomb's head.

Then a shout arose, the like of which has seldom been heard in that quiet little town. Then Woolcomb, who had been quite good-humored as he issued out of the broken post chaise, began to shriek, curse and revile more shrilly than before; and was heard in the midst of his oaths, and wrath, to say, ‘He would give any man a shillin' who would bring him down that

confounded thing!’ Then scared, bruised, contused, confused, poor Mr. Bradgate came out of the carriage, his employer taking not the least notice of him.

Hornblow hoped Woolcomb was not hurt, on which the little gentleman turned round and said, ‘Hurt? no; who are you? Is no fellah goin’ to bring me down that confounded thing? I’ll give a shillin’, I say, to the fellah who does!’

‘A shilling is offered for that picture!’ shouts Philip with a red face, and wild with excitement. ‘Who will take a whole shilling for that beauty?’

On which Woolcomb began to scream, curse, and revile more bitterly than before. ‘You here? Hang you, why are you here? Don’t come bullyin’ me. Take that fellah away, some of you fellahs. Bradgate, come to my committee room, I won’t stay here, I say. Let’s have the beast of a carriage, and—— Well, what’s up now?’

While he was talking, shrieking, and swearing, half a dozen shoulders in the crowd had raised the carriage upon its three wheels. The panel which had fallen toward the ground had split against a stone, and a great gap was seen in the side. A lad was about to thrust his hand into the orifice, when Woolcomb turned upon him.

‘Hands off, you beggar!’ he cried, ‘no priggin’! Drive away some of these fellahs, you postboys! Don’t stand rubbin’ your knee there, you great fool. What’s this?’ and he thrusts his own hand into the place where the boy had just been marauding.

In the old traveling carriages there used to be a well or sword-case, in which travelers used to put swords and pistols in days when such weapons of defense were needful on the road. Out of this sword-case of Lord Ringwood’s old post chariot, Woolcomb did not draw a sword, but a foolscap paper folded and tied with a red tape. And he began to read the superscription—‘Will of the Right Honorable John, Earl of Ringwood. Bradgate, Smith and Burrows.’

‘God bless my soul! It’s the will he had back from my office, and which I thought he had destroyed. My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart!’ And herewith Mr. Bradgate the lawyer began to shake Philip’s hand with much warmth. ‘Allow me to look at that paper. Yes, this is in my handwriting. Let us come into the Ringwood Arms—the Ram—anywhere, and read it to you!’

Here we looked up the balcony of the Ringwood arms, and beheld a great placard announcing the state of the poll at one o’clock.

WOOLCOMB	.	.	.	216
HORNBLow	.	.	.	92

'We are beaten,' said Mr. Hornblow, very good-naturedly. 'We may take our flag down. Mr. Woolcomb, I congratulate you.'

'I knew we should do it,' said Mr. Woolcomb, putting out a little yellow-kidded hand. 'Had all the votes before hand—knew we should do the trick, I say. Hi! you—What-do-you-call'im—Bradgate! What is it about, that will? It does not do any good to *that* beggar, does it?' and with laughter and shouts, and cries of 'Woolcomb forever,' and 'Give us something to drink, your honor,' the successful candidate marched into his hotel.

And was the tawny Woolcomb the fairy who was to rescue Philip from grief, debt, and poverty: Yes. And the old post chaise of the late Lord Ringwood was the fairy chariot. You have read in a past chapter how the old lord, being transported with anger against Philip, desired his lawyer to bring back a will in which he had left a handsome legacy to the young man, as his mother's son. My lord had intended to make a provision for Mrs. Firmin, when she was his dutiful niece, and yet under his roof. When she eloped with Mr. Firmin, Lord Ringwood vowed he would give his niece nothing. But he was pleased with the independent and forgiving spirit exhibited by her son; and being a person of much grim humor, I dare say chuckled inwardly at thinking how furious the Twysdens would be, when they found Philip was the old lord's favorite. Then Mr. Philip chose to be insubordinate, and to excite the wrath of his great-uncle, who desired to have his will back again. He put the document into his carriage in the secret box, as he drove away on that last journey, in the midst of which death seized him. Had he survived, would he have made another will, leaving out all mention of Philip? Who shall say? My lord made and canceled many wills. This certainly, duly drawn and witnessed, was the last he ever signed; and by it Philip is put in possession of a sum of money which is sufficient to insure a provision for those whom he loves. Kind readers, I know not whether the fairies be rife now, or banished from this work-a-day earth, but Philip's biographer wishes you some of those blessings which never forsook Philip in his trials; a dear wife and children to love you, a true friend or two to stand by you, and in health or sickness a clear conscience, and a kindly heart. If you fall upon the way, may succor reach you. And may you, in your turn, have help and pity in store for the unfortunate whom you overtake on life's journey.

Would you care to know what happened to the other personages of our narrative? Old Twysden is still babbling and bragging at clubs, and though aged is not the least venerable. He has quarreled with his son for not calling Woolcomb out, when that unhappy difference arose between the Black Prince and his wife. He says his family has been treated with cruel injustice by the late Lord Ringwood, but as soon as Philip had a little fortune left him he instantly was reconciled to his wife's nephew. There are other friends of Firmin's who were kind enough to him in his evil days, but cannot pardon his prosperity. Being in that benevolent mood which must accompany any leave-taking, we will not name these ill-wishers of Philip, but wish that all readers of his story may have like reason to make some of their acquaintances angry.

Our dear Little Sister would never live with Philip and Charlotte, though the latter *especially* and with all her heart, besought Mrs. Brandon to come to them. That pure and useful and modest life ended a few years since. She died of a fever caught from one of her patients. She would not allow Philip or Charlotte to come near her. She said she was justly punished for being so proud as to refuse to live with them. All her little store she left to Philip. He has now in his desk the five guineas which she gave him at his marriage; and J. J. has made a little picture of her, with her sad smile and her sweet face, which hangs in Philip's drawing room, where father, mother, and children talk of the Little Sister as though she were among them still.

She was dreadfully agitated when the news came from New York of Dr. Firmin's second marriage. 'His second? His third?' she said. 'The villain, the villain!' That strange delusion which we have described as sometimes possessing her increased in intensity after this news. More than ever, she believed that Philip was her own child. She came wildly to him, and cried that his father had forsaken them. It was only when she was excited that she gave utterance to this opinion. Dr. Goodenough says that though generally silent about it, it never left her.

Upon his marriage Dr. Firmin wrote one of his long letters to his son, announcing the event. He described the wealth of the lady (a widow from Norfolk, in Virginia) to whom he was about to be united. He would pay back, ay, with interest, every pound, every dollar, every cent he owed his son. Was the lady wealthy? We had only the poor doctor's word.

Three months after his marriage he died of yellow fever,

on his wife's estate. It was then the Little Sister came to see us in widow's mourning, very wild and flushed. She bade our servant say, 'Mrs. Firmin was at the door;' to the astonishment of the man, who knew her. She had even caused a mourning-card to be printed. Ah, there is rest now for that little fevered brain, and peace, let us pray, for that fond faithful heart.

The mothers in Philip's household and mine have already made a match between our children. We had a great gathering the other day at Roehampton, at the house of our friend, Mr. Clive Newcome (whose tall boy, my wife says, was very attentive to our Helen), and, having been educated at the same school, we sat ever so long at dessert, telling old stories, while the children danced to piano music on the lawn. Dance on the lawn, young folks, while the elders talk in the shade! What? The night is falling; we have talked enough over our wine; and it is time to go home? Good-night. Good-night, friends, old and young! The night will fall; the stories must end; and the best friends must part.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

SIR LUDWIG OF HOMBOURG.

It was in the good old days of chivalry, when every mountain that bathes its shadow in the Rhine had its castle; not inhabited, as now, by a few rats and owls nor covered with moss and wallflowers, and funguses, and creeping ivy. No, no! where the ivy now clusters there grew strong portcullis and bars of steel; where the wallflower 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 the silver dropped off and disappeared forever; 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 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 reveled 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 invis-

ble. 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 vision of bygone 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 travelers 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 armor 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 Ascallon, 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 traveled in Eastern climes. This, too, was evident from the inscription writ on eard 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 traveled—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 St. Bugo of Katzenellenbogen!' said the good knight, shivering, 'tis colder here than at Damaseus! 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 surecoat), 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 horse-keepers were in the court, when, the portcullis being raised, and amid the respectful salutes of the sentinels, the most ancient friend of the house of Godesburg entered into its castle-yard. The under-bulter 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. 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 neighboring city of Cologne, were displayed on his toilet-table; a cheering fire 'crackled on 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 St. Bugo,' said the knight, as seated in an easy settle by the fire, the tonsor rid his chin of its stubbly growth, and lightly passed the tongs and pomatum through 'the sable silver' of his hair, 'By St. 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 St. Bugo, I'm glad on't; but why that sigh?'

'Things are not as they have been with my good lord,' answered the hairdresser, '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 explained to him, with the usual garrulousness of his tribe, what was the present position of the noble family of Godcsberg.

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 Theodore of Boppum, and (albeit no theologian, and although the first princes of Christendom coveted such an honor) 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 blessed 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 godchild, 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. Bugo 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 color, 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 leggings, were of the stuff of Nanquin, then brought by the Lombard argosies at an immense price from China. The neighboring country of Holland had supplied his wrists 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 St. 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 calve's 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 St. 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, Hombourg,' 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 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 Princee. 'By St. 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 ghastly; 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 among gallant knights; and Ludwig, who had often 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 St. Buffo, this is too much!' screamed the Margrave, and actually rushed from the room.

'By St. 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 some 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 hereto-night to an evening party, given in honor 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 heartrending 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 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 soon shall 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 punchbowl; 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 hands of friendship? It is not because Sir Gottfried is poor? You know well that he is of a race as noble as thine own, my early friend!’

‘I care not for his race nor 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 St. Buffo, thou beliest him, dear Ludwig.’

‘By St. 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 horseflesh. 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, St. Buffo of Bonn, had any other but Ludwig of Hombourg so said, I would have cloven him from skull to chine.’

‘By St. 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 even allowed to sell his captain’s commission.’

‘I have heard of it,’ said the Margrave; ‘Gottfried had 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 wrath, 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 St. Buffo! a deep-dyed dastard! a dangerous, damnable traitor!—a nest of traitors. Hildebrandt is a traitor—Otto is a traitor—and Theodora (O 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. Oh, 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 ladies 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 skyblue broadcloth of Ypres, and hose of the richest yellow sammit—the colors 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 a wing and fly to the ceiling; coffee, introduced by Peter the Hermit, after his excursion into Arabia, and tea such as only Bohemia could produce, circulated amid 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 toward 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 spike,' 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 daybreak, at the outer gate.'

'I will be there.'

'*And so will I too,*' thought Count Ludwig, the good Knight of Hombourg.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLIGHT.

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 winecup! 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 daybreak.

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 *réveillé*.

He looked up as he woke. At his bedside 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 Bugo!' 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 rumped—'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 toward Cologne, to the monastery of St. 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 armor; 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 servitor 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 courtyard; but the Margrave took no notice of his friend, and sat, plunged in silent grief, quite motionless by the empty bedside.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

THE Hombourger led his horse down the winding path which conducts from the hill and castle of Godesberg 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 traveler 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 seem 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 magnolias, the traveler of the present day may perceive a rude broken image of a saint; that image represented the venerable St. 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 Ludwig, the gallant Hom-bourger, exclaimed with a loud voice:

'Ho! hermit! holy hermit, art thou in thy cell?'

'Who calls the poor servant of Heaven and St. 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 St. 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 someone 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 toward the advancing boat; and waving his hand by way of respect to the reverend hermit, without a further word, he vaulted into his saddle, and rode back for a few scores of paces; when he wheeled round and remained steady. His great lance and pennon rose in the air. His armor 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 honor 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 Godesberg. Liar and traitor! art thou coward, too?'

'Holy St. 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! Beauséant!' 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 favorite amusement impossible. 'Ha! they are to it again! Oh, my! how they go to with their great swords! Well stricken, gray! Well parried, piebald! Ha, that was a slicer! Go it, piebald! go it, gray!—go it, gray! 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 overcome Sir Ludwig the Hombourger, with *RIGHT* on his side. He was bleeding at every point of his armor; 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 effects of the last tremendous 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! ay, 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-wisp slunk frightened among the reeds; away through light and darkness, storm and sunshine; away by tower and town, high-road 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, applewomen; 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 skillful 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 my 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 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 afterward the principal servants at the Castle of Godesberg were rather surprised to see the noble Lord Louis trot into the courtyard 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 one of 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 endeavor 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 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 apologize, if you will'—and a secretary forthwith dispatched 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 messenger was dispatched 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 gayly round, and the laugh and jest circulated, while the three happy friends sat confidently 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 NONNENWORTH, *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 forever, 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 SENTENCE.

THIS 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 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 quarreled; 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 dispatched 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 endeavoring, 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 sank down lifeless on the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHILDE OF GODESBERG.

It must be clear to the dullest intellect (if among our 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 were 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 with its golden ringlets was seen to arise from the water; *twice*, puffing and panting, it appeared for an instant again; *thrice*, it rose but for one single moment; it was the last chance, and it sank, sank, sank. 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 singly to bed, where he mused, not without amaze, on 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 banknotes which my mamma luckily gave me on my birthday. 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, St. 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 Phæbus 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 toiling in pious festivity, and the burghers and burgheresses of the town were trooping to vespers and morning service when Otto awoke.

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! ah! ah! ah! 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 toward 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 St. Buffo, and hiding himself behind a pillar there (fearing he might be recognized 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 moderate price. So attired (and bidding Herr Moses a cordial farewell), young Otto was a gorgeous, and 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 unrivaled 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-balls, 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 tenthousand yellow ringlets, felloverhisshoulderslikegolden epaulets and down his back as far as the waist-buttons of his coat. I warrant me, many a lovely Cölnerin looked after the handsome Childe with anxiety, and dreamed that night of Cupid under the guise of 'a bonny boy in green.'

So accoutered, 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-trec of Java, and feathered with the wings of the ortolan. These purchases being completed

(together with that of a knapsack, dressing case, change, etc.), 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, someone remarked to Otto, that he was not dressed in the regular uniform, having no feathers in his hat.

'I dare say 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 oc-

curs; 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 shoestring, 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-twigg 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 bowstring to his ear, took a good aim, allowing for the wind and calculating the parabola to a nicety. Whiz! 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 skyward 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 Dr. 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 recognized his superiority with pleasure; and Wolfgang and Rudolf, especially, held out their hands to the younger, and besought the honor 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 others’ 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 nightfall 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;' adding, with a peculiar, 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 toward the castle with his bartizan; 'but tell me, good fellow, what are we to do for a supper?'

'Oh, 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, groveling 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 toward 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 moldy 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 neighboring 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 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 moonlit 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-humored fellow sprung up from his lair, and, drawing his sword, proceeded to relieve Otto.

The latter laid him down for warmth's sake on 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, gliding 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 if to beckon him toward 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. 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 *rogmons 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 that 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 potatoes 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 filigree 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 afterward 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 deviled 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.

'Ah, 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 highborn dame and the peasant page. Wolfgang beat time, waggled his head, sung woefully 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 on the wall, of a gentleman and lady, tripped lightly out of their frames, skipped noiselessly down to the ground, and making the retreating couple a profound courtesy and bow, took the places which they had left at the table.

Meanwhile the young couple passed on toward 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 reached the church, they had near 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 'Bridesmaids' 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

honor, to a great brass plate on the floor, over which they were passing, and on which was engraven the figure of a bishop—and a very ugly bishop, too—with crosier and miter, 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 Snozo, 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, and 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 con-

trary, are gentleman—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 ghosts of the Baron and the Baroness 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 toward that edifice. He rushed to the door; 'twas barred! He knocked; the beadles were deaf. He applied his inestimable relic to the lock, and—whiz! 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 toward the ceiling—the ghosts assembled rushed away with a scurry 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 skeptics 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 her devilish arts, had not been so lucky as Wolfgang, and had disappeared—forever!

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 guidebooks 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 helms 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 parti-colored gypsies, 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 vinelands. Next we would depict the litters blazoned with armorial bearings, from between the broidered 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 neighboring countries—crowds of English, as you may fancy, armed with Murray's guide-books, troops of chattering Frenchmen, Frankfort Jews with roulette-tables, and Tyrolese with gloves and trinkets—all

hied toward the field where the butts wereset up, and the archery practice was to be held. The Childe and his brother archers were, it needs not to 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 luster, 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, sunflowers, 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 forever from that instant. Otto still stood, crosslegged, enraptured, leaning on his ivory bow; but Helen, calling to a maiden for her pocket-handkerchief, blew her beautiful Grecian nose in order to hid her agitation. Blessye, blessye, pretty ones! I am old now; but not so old but that I kindle at the tale of love. Theresa MacWhirter too has lived and loved. Heigho!

Who is yon 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 carrot hue? whose eyes, across a 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-colored velvet, it only draws the more attention to his legs, which are disgustingly crooked and bandy. A rose-colored hat, with towering pea-green ostrich plumes, looks absurd on his bull-head; and though it is time of peace, the wretch is armed with a multiplicity of daggers, knives, yataghans, dirks, and sabers, and scimitars, which testify his truculent and bloody disposition. 'Tis the terrible Rowski 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 thrust his disgusting head over her lily shoulder. But she turns away from him! turns and shudders — ay, 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 cognizance of the Lord Rowski de Donnerblitz.

'Which, fellow?' says Otto, turning fiercely upon him.

'The chain, to be sure!' says the leering archer. 'You do not suppose I am such a flat as to choose that velvet gim-crack 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 who missed were fain to retire amid the jeers of the multitudinous spectators. Those who hit began new trials of skill; but it was easy to see, from the first, that the battlè lay between Squintoff (the Rowski 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 Rowski flung a purse of gold toward his archer, saying, 'Squintoff, an ye win the prize, the purse is thine.' 'I may as well pocket it at once, your honor,' 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 Rowski'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 bulls-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—whiz!

'*He has split the pea!*' said the Princess, and fainted. The Rowski, with one eye hurled an indignant look at the boy, while with the other he leveled (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 that 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 forever.

‘Wilt thou take service with the Rowski of Donnerblitz?’ said the individual to the youth. ‘Thou shalt be captain of my archers in place of yon blundering nincompoop, whom thou hast overcome.’

‘Yon blundering nincompoop isa skillful and gallant archer,’ replied Otto haughtily; ‘and I will *not* take service with the Rowski 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 enroll thee?’

‘Sir,’ said Otto, again blushing. ‘I am OTTO THE ARCHER.’

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARTYR OF LOVE.

THE archers who had traveled 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 Rowski 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 laboring 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 enroll 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 colors of the Princess, 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 Rowski 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 colors of my house—yet wouldst not swear that the one was but a churl, and the other a noble gentleman?'

'Which looks like the nobleman?' said the Rowski, as black as thunder.

'*Which?* why, young Otto, to be sure,' said the Princess Helen eagerly. The young lady was following the pair; but under pretense of disliking the odor of the cigar, she had refused the Rowski's proffered arm, and was loitering behind with her parasol.

Her interposition in favor of her young *protégé* only made the black and jealous Rowski more ill-humored. '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? Who 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 Helen—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, etc.

'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, agonized.

'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 snicker-snee, with intent to plunge it into the heart of the Rowski; 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 Helen, 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 my 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 Helen, breathless with intense agitation.

'I will *stay*,' answered Otto. The poor girl almost fainted with joy. The Rowski 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 boy 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 ringleted 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 Helen'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 Helen coming toward 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 Helen 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 Rowski of Eulenschreckenstein 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 Rowski 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 marshaled 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 Helen was not present at his departure; and the venerable Prince of Cleves looked rather moody and chop-fallen when his guest left him. He visited all the castle defenses pretty accurately that night, and inquired of his officers the state of the ammunition, provisions, etc. He said nothing, but the Princess Helen's maid did; and everybody knew that the Rowski had made his proposals, had been rejected, and, getting up in a violent fury, had called on 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 Rowski to be one of the most intrepid and powerful soldiers in all Germany, one of the most skillful generals. Generous to extravagance to his own followers, he was ruthless to the enemy; 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 Helen 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 had little appetite for that meal for some time past), when trumpets were heard at the gate; and presently the herald of the Rowski 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 Rowski, Prince of Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschreckenstein, Count of Krötenwald, Schnauzestadt, and Galgenhügel, Hereditary Grand Corkscrew 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 Rowski 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 Sanglier flung it clanging on the marble floor.

The Princess Helen turned deadly pale; but the Prince with a good assurance, flung down his own glove, calling upon someone to raise the Rowski'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 marveling 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 freeliver 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 armor; 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 Rowski 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 succor, and calculating with his secretary the small amount of the resources which he could bring to aid him against his advancing, powerful enemy.

Helen'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 honor 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 Helen, with the assistance of her maidens, carefully salted and pickled. Corn was brought 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, amid the intervals of her labors, 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, etc., 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 Rowski 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 Rowski! 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 Rowski's trumpets sounded. Clad in complete armor, 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 Rowski 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 Rowski,' 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 Rowski's victim, 'twill be that life is nothing without honor.' 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 armory, and donned his ancient war-worn corselet. 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, bulkily lifting himself into his battle-saddle. 'Remember the dagger. Hark! the trumpet sounds for the third time. Open, warders! Sound, trumpeters! and good St. Bendigo guard the right.'

But Puffendorff, 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 'Huntsmen'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-colored Arabian of prodigious power—the squire mounted on an unpretending gray 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 Rowski'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 Rowski's shield with the point of his lance! By St. Bendigo, a perilous venture!

The unknown knight had indeed defied the Rowski 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 armor blazed in the sunshine as he sat there, motionless, on his cream-colored 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 Rowski's horse was speedily brought to the door of his pavilion; and that redoubted warrior, blazing in a suit of magnificent brass armor, 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 curveted him with a brutal playfulness, and after a few minutes' turning and wheeling, during which everybody had leisure to admire the perfection of his equitation, he cantered round to a point exactly opposite his enemy, and pulled up his impatient 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 whirling rapidity at each other.

And now ensued a combat so terrible that a weak female 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 toward one another; the feathers of either streamed yards behind their backs as they converged. Their shock, as they met, was as that of two cannon-balls; the mighty horses trembled and reeled with the concussion; the lance aimed at the Rowski's helmet bore off the coronet, the horns, the helmet itself, and hurled

them to an incredible distance; a piece of the Rowski'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 Rowski's face, as, bareheaded, he glared on his enemy with fierce bloodshot 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-ax, 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 Eulenschreckenstein 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 Rowski. 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 Rowski'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 armor. Now it nicked him in the shoulder, where the vambrace was buckled to the corselet; now it bored a shrewd hole under the light brassart, and blood followed; now with fatal dexterity, it darted through the visor, 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 Rowski'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-ax.

Then you should have seen the unknown knight employing the same dreadful weapon! Hitherto he had been on his defense; now he began the attack; and the gleaming ax whirred in his hand like a reed, but descended like a thunderbolt! 'Yield! yield! Sir Rowski,' 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 crushing steel descended into his brain, and split it in two. He rolled like a log from his horse; 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 together; 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 into 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 MARRIAGE.

THE consternation which ensued on the death of the Rowski speedily sent all his camp followers, army, etc., 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 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 St. Bugo that he was grieved the killing of the Rowski had been taken out of his hand. The laughing Cleves vowed by St. 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 nobles; how to find him, how to reward the champion and restorer of the honor 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 Helen was solemnly offered to him in these advertisements, with the reversion of the Prince of Cleves' 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 armor, and pretend that he was the champion who overcame the Rowski—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 Ticklestern, after breakfast, and give these scoundrels five hundred apiece.'

You should have seen how young Otto bounded, when this

information was thus abruptly conveyed to him. 'Flog me!' cried he. 'Flog Otto of——'

'Not so, my father,' said the Princess Helen, 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 services, 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, Ticklestern; strip their uniforms from their backs, and never let me hear of the scoundrels again.' So saying, the old Prince angrily turned on his heels 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 rapidly; 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 parlor 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, ran 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 Helen 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 Helen, now that *he* was no longer there! The transactions of the last few days; the beautiful archer boy; the offer from the Rowski (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 house, 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,' etc., the letter ran. 'The Champion who had the honor of engaging, on Wednesday last, with his late Excellency the Rowski 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 Helen of Cleves. The Champion accepts with pleasure that polite invitation, and will have the honor 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 Helen 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*. Helen 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 armor. 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 Helen.' And he held out a copy of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* as he spoke.

'Art thou noble, Sir Knight?' inquired the Prince of Cleves.

'As noble as yourself,' answered the kneeling steel.

'Who answers for thee?'

'I, Karl, 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 Helen.

'*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. In a very few days after, a great marriage took place at Cleves, under the patronage of St. Bugo, St. Buffo, and St. Bendigo. After the marriage ceremony, the happiest and handsomest pair in the world drove off in a chaise-and-four to pass the honeymoon at Kissingen. The Lady Theodora, whom we left locked up in her convent a long while since, was prevailed upon to come 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 moldy old circulating library. 'Twas written in the French tongue, by the noble Alexandre Dumas; 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

Theresa MacWhirter.

Whistlebinkie, N. B., December 1.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

A ROMANCE UPON ROMANCE.

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 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 St. 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 traveling-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 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 sun-rises and setting, 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-by to the two former, as soon as ever they are made husband and wife; and I 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, 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 vigor 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 schoolgirl, 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' heroes; they invariably marry young. Look at Mr. Dickens'; 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 and in the full vigor of health and intellect. And in the tales of the great Sir Walter (may honor 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 Disinherited 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 trapdoors 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 Lady Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanor, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewomanlike bearing, must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behavior, 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 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 complines, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigors of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favor 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 humor, 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 to laugh at the inuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, when Guffo, the gooseboy (a half-witted poor wretch), laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper-time (it was dark, and the torchers 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 a theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterward canonized 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 courtyard, 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 medication 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 battlefield 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 handsomer 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 Wilfrid 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 to her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac’s daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid (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 swineherd, 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 Wilfrid, persecute these 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 rabbis’ 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 favorites 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 *caïque* upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palaces and pinnales, 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 rickety 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 consternation 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. Wulstan 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 Wilfrid 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-ax on the plains of Jaffa or the breaches of Acre. Travelers 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' 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 ax rusting there. 'Ah, dear ax,' 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 honor 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 favorite 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-deviled 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 patronizing 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 Rev. — 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 occasion, 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 honors. She had the guns fired, and the footmen turned out with presented arms when he arrived; helped him to all Ivanhoe's favorite cuts of the mutton or the turkey, and forced her poor husband to light him to the state bedroom, walking backward, 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 pairs of candles and two 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' *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 honor says you are going as your honor would say Bo! to a goose, plump, short, and to the point,' said Wamba the Jester—who was Sir Wilfrid's chief counselor 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 honor 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 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 shipboard, who, when the boatswain flogged him, did cry out "Oh!" 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 belaboring,' thought Sir Wilfrid with a groan, 'and mine is one that is ever sore.'

So, with a moderate retinue, whercof the knave Wamba made one, and a large woolen 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 bassinet; 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 cramoisie 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-by, 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 toward 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 grisly 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 honor’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.
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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 honor 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 struck spurs into his horse.

As for Wamba, he was munching a black pudding while 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 traveled 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 seasick, 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 traveled 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 valor 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 balked 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 upon 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 aid-de-camp round his pavilion; and, in fact, a maid of honor, who brought

a sack-posset in to his Majesty from the Queen, after he came in from the assault, came spinning like a football out of the royal tent just as Ivanhoe entered it.

'Send me my 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-ax—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 henpecked!' cried the King with a sudden burst of good humor, 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 hippocras 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 hippocras to his Highness' good health. And he at once appeared to be taken into high favor; 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 valor 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-armor he wore a choicesuit 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 valor 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 valor and dexterity (for he would kill you off a couple of hundred of them of Chalus, while 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 everywhere 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 ax 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 enemies among 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 jiggling and singing, feasting and revelry, in the royal tents. Ivan-

hoe, 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 favorite resort and conversation were with a remarkably austere hermit, who lived in the neighborhood 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 while they flattered him; the pages and maids of honor 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 court 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 that 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 of March, 1199, indeed—his Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of hisso-called composition, until the people were fairly tired of clapping 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?

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.

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 *mêlée*. 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; everybody 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 Lantern Jaws; thou could'st 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, silversticks and goldsticks great,
 Chaplains, aids-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 favorite gleemen 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 ?'
 'Pshaw !' 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, prithe, and yet know no care ?
 Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary.' Someone cried, 'The King's armchair !'

Then toward 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 mold !'

'Oh, 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, 'everyone 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, Canaan, 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, are you 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 toward 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 favor 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 banners 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.

WHILE 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 sealing parties of

King Richard, they were like so many skeletons in armor; 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-ax upon the day of that 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 savory soup, as the French like 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 bedgown? 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 kidnaped 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 crozier and miter for that day, and though fat and puffy, 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.

Roger 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 French archers poured out at the besiegers, and the cataract of stones, kettles, bootjacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, congreve-rockets, bombshells, bolts and arrows, and other missiles which the desperate garrison flung upon the storming-party. The King received a coppercoal-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 skillfully. 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, first to mount them. Chalus stood in the breach, borrowing strength from despair; and roaring out, 'Ha, Plantagenet! St. Barbacue for Chalus!' he dealt the King a crack across the helmet with his battle-ax, which shore off the gilt lion and a 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 armor, 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 ax 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 crashed quivering into the corselet 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 ax 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-humor 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 nor 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 with 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

fineeyes, '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 dolor,' 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, someone, 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 corselet, 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 Templestowe. 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 gray of the morning; when seeing two suspicious-looking characters advancing toward 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 tent 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 Roger de Backbite, whose nose he had pulled for defamation, and who was behind him in the assault at Chalus, was seen two years afterward 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 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 overmaster her; and an opportunity speedily arising for uniting the 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 former 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 virit avidus :
Cum gladio et lancca, Normannia et quoque Francta
Verbera dura dabat : per Turcos multum equitabat;
Guilbertum occidit : atque Hierosolyma vidit.
Heu ! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa,
Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Tbanf.**

And this is the translation which the doggerel knave Wamba made of the Latin lines:

REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, 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 gray 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. Be-

cause 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 gayly 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 shrieve 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 these 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 neighboring 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 Roger 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-armor, 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 gray 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, gray *frère*, 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, laughing 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!'

'Mysweetlord,' 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 Wil 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 bygones. 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!	Pledge me round, I bid ye declare, All good fellows whose beards are gray; Did not the fairest of the fair Common grow, and wearisome, ere Ever a month was passed away?
Curly gold locks cover foolish brains, Billing and cooing is all your cheer, Sighing and singing of midnight strains Under Bonnybell's window-panes. Wait till you've come to forty year!	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.
Forty times over let Michaelmas 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.	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 my 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 favor. My Lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball; but I never could see any beauty in the Countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they 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 only.’

‘I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well,’ said the gray 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 Wilfrid 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 humor. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feeling 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 pledge his big father in

a cup of sack; he met the Rev. 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 recognized 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 left 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 Athelstane and Rowena (a fault for which they were well 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 behavior as an uncle, and a family man, was 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 honor 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 anywhere in the neighborhood 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 in 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', 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 famous instrument and palladium

of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—the Magna Charta. His name naturally does not 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; not 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 behavior 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 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 defense of Rotherwood herself with the greatest intrepidity, showing herself upon the walls with

* See Hume, Giraldus Cambrenis, the Monk of Croyland, and Pinnock's Catechism.

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 infirmate 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 vizor 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!' he bellowed out with a shout that overcame all the din of battle; 'Nostre 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-ax over his own head and cut off those of thirteen men-at-arms, was the work of an instant. 'An Ivanhoe!' he still shouted, and down went a man as sure as he said, 'hoe!'

'Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!' a shrill voice cried from the top of the northern baritzan. 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 forehead. St. Waltheof and all the saints of the Saxon calender 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 murder!

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 the 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.

Rumor had as usual advanced before 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 reassume 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 quite unmolested, 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 county to endeavor 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 Roger 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 recognized 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 whitey-brown paper.

What were Ivanhoe's sensations when he recognized 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 heen 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 insnlts I have received, the cold and hunger I have endured, the failing health of my hoy, 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 ahroad to look after her. I forgive thee all my wrongs, and fain would bid thee farewell. Mr. Smith hath gained over my jailer—he will tell thee how I may see thee. Come and console my last hour hy 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; how-

ever, 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 jailer 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 luster, 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 jailers 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 deathbed. 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 promises of protection.

'Wilfrid, my early loved,' slowly gasped she, removing her gray 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, 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 remember this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilom 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 ax 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, Croatians, slain or maimed by his hand. And as, in those days, a reputation for valor had an immense effect upon the soft hearts of women, even the ugliest man, were he a stout warrior, was looked upon with favor by Beauty; so Ivanhoe, who was by no means ill-favored, 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' 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 horseboy. But no princess, no beauty, no female blandishments had any charms for Ivanhoe; no hermit practiced 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 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 *amun-al-ark*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andaluz, 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 for the triumphant followers of Yakoob-al-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 *Kanbitoor*, 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-al-Tariff, 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 succors into the menaced kingdoms of the peninsula; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hasting from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armor 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 St. John, to the venerable Baldomero de Garbanzos, Grand Master of the renowned order of St. Jago. The chief of St. 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 honor. 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 M. Alexandre Dumas, or even in three like other great authors. We have no room for the recounting of Sir Wilfrid's deeds of valor. Whenever he took a Moorish town, it was remarked that he went anxiously into the Jewish quarter, and inquired among the Hebrews, who were in great numbers in Spain, for Rebecca the daughter of Isaae. Many Jews, according to his wont, he ransomed, and created so much scandal by this proceeding, and by the manifest favor which he showed to the people of that nation, that the Master of St. Jago remonstrated with him, and it is probable he would have been cast into the Inquisition and roasted, but that his prodigious valor 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 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 St. 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 recognized with a savage joy the coat-armors 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 center, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacock's pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moor's 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 favorite 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—the 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 equipments, twenty-four suits of plate-armor, 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 1000 bags of 1000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels containing such a treasure of rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls 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 equipped; and there was, likewise, armor of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

‘I want neither money nor armor,’ 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 furious warrior; ‘come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathenness! 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 St. 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 dishonor!’ cried the child, rolling on the bloodstained 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 beautiful 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 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 naught 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, in so much 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 of the most clamorous captains 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, Sir 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 terrible Sir 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 notion of meeting the dreadful silent knight. It was commonly believed among 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 scimiter or thrust of spear—that after battle he ate the 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 Valor 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 Mahommned, son of Yakoob-al-Mansoor. The Arabian historian El Makary gives a full account of the military precautions taken by Aboo Abdallah to defend this city; but as I do not wish to make a parade of my

learning, or to write a costume novel, I shall pretermitt any description of the city under the 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 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 daughter, soon after Ivanhoe's marriage, in the third volume of the first part of this history. Isaac was respected by this 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 No. 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 in those days), but Rebecca firmly yet 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 a 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 behavior. 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 her

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 Cashmere goat's, and a reputation for learning and piety which still lives in his nation, quarreled 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 Jochanan 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 temporized as best she might. She 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 favor 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 fagot to which the furious 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 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 plum to her fortune.

These delays, however, could not continue forever; 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 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 jeweled 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 Aboo 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 Boadbil'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 honor; 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 will 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 endeavor 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-hoing, 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; then, 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 moldy 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 color his eyes were, and what were the arms on his shield—viz.; a tree with the word 'Desdichado' written underneath, etc., etc., etc.; all which talk would not have interested little Davids, had it come from anybody 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 Alfacqui'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 tid-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-color, 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? Mammams 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 masterpieces, woe is me; but lo! here we come to Scene the 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 Aboo What-d'ye-call'im, just as the latter has cut over the cruel Don Beltran de Cuchilla y, etc.? 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 recognizes 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 which 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.

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES
OF
MAJOR GAHAGAN.

CHAPTER I.

'TRUTH IS STRANGE, STRANGER THAN FICTION.'

I THINK it but right that in making my appearance before the public I should at once acquaint them with my titles and name. My card, as I leave it at the houses of the nobility, my friends, is as follows :

MAJOR GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.,
Commanding Battalion of
Irregular Horse,
AHMEDNUGGAR.

Seeing, I say, this simple visiting ticket, the world will avoid any of those awkward mistakes as to my person which have been so frequent of late. There has been no end to the blunders regarding this humble title of mine, and the confusion thereby created. When I published my volume of poems, for instance, the *Morning Post* newspaper remarked 'that the "Lyrics of the Heart," by Miss Gahagan, may be ranked among the sweetest flow'rets of the present spring season.' The *Quarterly Review*, commenting upon my 'Observations on the Pons Asinorum' (4to, London, 1836), called me 'Dr. Gahagan,' and so on. It was time to put an end to these mistakes, and I have taken the above simple remedy.

I was urged to it by a very exalted personage. Dining in August last at the palace of the T—lr—es at Paris, the lovely young Duch—ss of Orl—ns (who, though she does not speak English, understands it as well as I do), said to me in the softest Teutonic, 'Lieber Herr Major, haben sie den Ahmednuggarischen-jäger-battalion gelassen?' 'Warum denn?' said I, quite astonished at her R—l H—ss's question. The P—cess then spoke of some trifle from my pen, which was simply signed Goliah Gahagan.

There was, unluckily, a dead silence as H. R. H. put this question.

‘Comment donc?’ said H. M. Lo-is Ph-l-ppe, looking gravely at Count Molé; ‘le cher Major a quitté l’armée! Nicolas donc sera maître de l’Inde!’ H. M. and the Pr. M-n-ster pursued their conversation in a low tone, and left me, as may be imagined, in a dreadful state of confusion. I blushed and stutered, and murmured out a few incoherent words to explain—but it would not do—I could not recover my equanimity during the course of the dinner; and while endeavoring to help an English duke, my neighbor, to *poulet à l’Austerlitz*, fairly sent seven mushrooms and three large greasy *croûtes* over his whiskers and shirt-frill. Another laugh at my expense. ‘Ah! M. le Major,’ said the Q— of the B-lg-n’s archly, ‘vous n’aurez jamais votre brevet de Colonel.’ Her M—y’s joke will be better understood when I state that his Grace is the brother of a Minister.

I am not at liberty to violate the sanctity of private life, by mentioning the names of the parties concerned in this little anecdote. I only wish to have it understood that I am a gentleman, and live at least in *decent* society. *Verbum sap.*

But to be serious. I am obliged always to write the name of Goliah in full, to distinguish me from my brother, Gregory Gahagan, who was also a Major (in the King’s service), and whom I killed in a duel, as the public most likely knows. Poor Greg! a very trivial dispute was the cause of our quarrel, which never would have originated but for the similarity of our names. The circumstance was this: I had been lucky enough to render the Nawaub of Lucknow some trifling service (in the notorious affair of Choprasjee Muckjee), and his Highness sent down a gold toothpick-case directed to Captain G. Gahagan, which I of course thought was for me; my brother madly claimed it; we fought, and the consequence was that in about three minutes he received a slash on the right side (cut 6), which effectually did his business—he was a good swordsman enough—I was THE BEST in the universe. The most ridiculous part of the affair is, that the toothpick-case was his after all—he had left it on the Nawaub’s table at tiffin. I can’t conceive what madness prompted him to fight about such a paltry bauble; he had much better have yielded it at once, when he saw I was determined to have it. From this slight specimen of my adventures, the reader will perceive that my life has been one of no ordinary interest; and, in fact, I may say that I have led a more remarkable life than any man in the service—I have been at more pitched battles, led more forlorn hopes, had more success among the fair sex, drunk harder, read more, and been a handsomer man than any officer now serving her Majesty.

When I first went to India in 1802 I was a raw cornet of

seventeen, with blazing red hair, six feet four in height, athletic at all kinds of exercises, owing money to my tailor and everybody else who would trust me, possessing an Irish brogue, and my full pay of £120 a year. I need not say that with all these advantages I did that which a number of clever fellows have done before me—I fell in love, and proposed to marry immediately.

But how to overcome the difficulty? It is true that I loved Julia Jowler—loved her to madness; but her father intended her for a Member of Council at least, and not for a beggarly Irish ensign. It was, however, my fate to make the passage to India (on board of the *Samuel Snob* East Indiaman, Captain Duffy) with this lovely creature, and my misfortune instantaneously to fall in love with her. We were not out of the Channel before I adored her, worshiped the deck which she trod upon, kissed a thousand times the cuddy-chair on which she used to sit. The same madness fell on every man in the ship. The two mates fought about her at the Cape; the surgeon, a sober, pious Scotchman, from disappointed affection took so dreadfully to drinking as to threaten spontaneous combustion; and old Colonel Lilywhite, carrying his wife and seven daughters to Bengal, swore that he would have a divorce from Mrs. L., and made an attempt at suicide; the captain himself told me, with tears in his eyes, that he hated his hitherto adored Mrs. Duffy, although he had had nineteen children by her.

We used to call her the witch—there was magic in her beauty and in her voice. I was spellbound when I looked at her, and stark staring mad when she looked at me! Oh, lustrous black eyes! Oh, glossy night-black ringlets! Oh, lips! Oh, dainty frocks of white muslin! Oh, tiny kid slippers! though old and gouty, Gahagan sees you still! I recollect, off Ascension, she looked at me in her particular way one day at dinner, just as I happened to be blowing on a piece of scalding hot green fat. I was stupefied at once—I thrust the entire morsel (about half a pound) into my mouth. I made no attempt to swallow or to masticate it, but left it there for many minutes, burning, burning! I had no skin to my palate for seven weeks after, and lived on rice-water during the rest of the voyage. The anecdote is trivial, but it shows the power of Julia Jowler over me.

The writers of marine novels have so exhausted the subject of storms, shipwrecks, mutinies, engagements, seasickness, and so forth, that (although I have experienced each of these in many varieties) I think it quite unnecessary to recount such trifling adventures; suffice it to say, that during our five months' *trajet* my mad passion for Julia daily increased; so did Colonel Lilywhite's, so did the doctor's, the mates'—that of most part of the

passengers and a considerable number of the crew. For myself, I swore—ensign as I was—I would win her for my wife ; I vowed that I would make her glorious with my sword—that as soon as I had made a favorable impression on my commanding officer (which I did not doubt to create) I would lay open to him the state of my affections and demand his daughter's hand. With such sentimental outpourings did our voyage continue and conclude.

We landed at the Sunderbunds on a grilling hot day in December, 1802, and then for the moment Julia and I separated. She was carried off to her papa's arms in a palankeen, surrounded by at least forty hookahbadars ; while the poor cornet, attended but by two dandies and a solitary beastly (by which unnatural name these blackamoors are called), made his way humbly to join the regiment at headquarters.

The —th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Julius Jowler, C. B., was known throughout Asia and Europe by the proud title of the Bundelcund Invincibles—so great was its character for bravery, so remarkable were its services in that delightful district of India. Major Sir George Gutch was next in command, and Tom Thrupp, as kind a fellow as ever ran a Mahratta through the body, was second Major. We were on the eve of that remarkable war which was speedily to spread throughout the whole of India, to call forth the valor of a Wellesley and the indomitable gallantry of a Gahagan ; which was illustrated by our victories at Ahmednuggar (where I was the first over the barricade at the storming of the Pettah) ; at Arnaum, where I slew with my own sword twenty-three matchlock-men, and cut a dromedary in two ; and by that terrible day of Assaye, where Wellesley would have been beaten but for me—me alone : I headed nineteen charges of cavalry, took (aided by only four men of my own troop) seventeen field-pieces, killing the scoundrelly French artillerymen ; on that day I had eleven elephants shot under me, and carried away Scindiah's nose-ring with a pistol ball. Wellesley is a Duke and a Marshal, I but a simple Major of Irregulars. Such is fortune and war ! But my feelings carry me away from my narrative, which had better proceed with more order.

On arriving, I say, at our barracks at Dum Dum, I for the first time put on the beautiful uniform of the Invincibles : a light-blue swallow-tailed jacket with silver lace and wings, ornamented with about three thousand sugar-loaf buttons, rhubarb-colored leather inexpressibles (tights), and red morocco boots with silver spurs and tassels, set off to admiration the handsome persons of the officers of our corps. We wore powder in those days ; and a regulation pigtail of seventeen inches, a brass helmet surrounded

by leopard-skin, with a bearskin top and a horsetail feather, gave the head a fierce and chivalrous appearance, which is far more easily imagined than described.

Attired in this magnificent costume, I first presented myself before Colonel Jowler. He was habited in a manner precisely similar, but not being more than five feet in height, and weighing at least fifteen stone, the dress he wore did not become him quite so much as slimmer and taller men. Flanked by his tall Majors, Thrupp and Gutch, he looked like a stumpy skittleball between two attenuated skittles. The plump little Colonel received me with vast cordiality, and I speedily became a prime favorite with himself and the other officers of the corps. Jowler was the most hospitable of men ; and gratifying my appetite and my love together, I continually partook of his dinners, and feasted on the sweet presence of Julia.

I can see now, what I would not and could not perceive in those early days, that this Miss Jowler—on whom I had lavished my first and warmest love, whom I had endowed with all perfection and purity—was no better than a little impudent flirt, who played with my feelings because during the monotony of a sea voyage she had no other toy to play with ; and who deserted others for me, and me for others, just as her whim or her interest might guide her. She had not been three weeks at headquarters when half the regiment was in love with her. Each and all of the candidates had some favor to boast of, or some encouraging hopes on which to build. It was the scene of the *Samuel Snob* over again, only heightened in interest by a number of duels. The following list will give the reader a notion of some of them :

1. Cornet Gahagan Ensign Hicks, of the Sappers and Miners. Hicks received a ball in his jaw, and was half choked by a quantity of carrotty whisker forced down his throat with the ball.
2. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B. N. I. Cornet Gahagan. I was run through the body, but the sword passed between the ribs, and injured me very slightly.
3. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B. N. I. Mr. Mulligatawny, B. C. S., Deputy-Assistant Vice Sub-Controller of the Boggley wollah Indigo grounds, Ramgolly branch.

Macgillicuddy should have stuck to sword's-play, and he might have come off his second duel as well as in his first ; as it was, the civilian placed a ball and a part of Mac's gold repeater in his stomach. A remarkable circumstance attended this shot, an account of which I sent home to the 'Philosophical Transactions': the surgeon had extracted the ball, and was going off, thinking that all was well, when the gold repeater struck thirteen in poor Macgillicuddy's abdomen. I suppose that the works must have been disarranged in some way by the bullet, for the repeater

was one of Barraud's, never known to fail before, and the circumstance occurred at seven o'clock.*

I could continue, almost *ad infinitum*, an account of the wars which this Helen occasioned, but the above three specimens will, I should think, satisfy the peaceful reader. I delight not in scenes of blood, Heaven knows, but I was compelled in the course of a few weeks, and for the sake of this one woman, to fight nine duels myself, and I know that four times as many more took place concerning her.

I forgot to say that Jowler's wife was a half-caste woman, who had been born and bred entirely in India, and whom the Colonel had married from the house of her mother, a native. There were some singular rumors abroad regarding this lady's history ; it was reported that she was the daughter of a native Rajah, and had been carried off by a poor English subaltern in Lord Clive's time. The young man was killed very soon after, and left his child with its mother. The black Prince forgave his daughter and bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money. I suppose that it was on this account that Jowler married Mrs. J., a creature who had not, I do believe, a Christian name, or a single Christian quality ; she was a hideous, bloated, yellow creature, with a beard, black teeth, and red eyes ; she was fat, lying, ugly, and stingy—she hated and was hated by all the world, and by her jolly husband as devoutly as by any other. She did not pass a month in the year with him, but spent most of her time with her native friends. I wonder how she could have given birth to so lovely a creature as her daughter. This woman was of course with the Colonel when Julia arrived, and the spice of the devil in her daughter's composition was most carefully nourished and fed by her. If Julia had been a flirt before, she was a downright jilt now ; she set the whole cantonment by the ears ; she made wives jealous and husbands miserable ; she caused all those duels of which I have discoursed already, and yet such was the fascination of THE WITCH that I still thought her an angel. I made court to the nasty mother in order to be near the daughter ; and I listened untiringly to Jowler's interminable dull stories, because I was occupied all the time in watching the graceful movements of Miss Julia.

But the trumpet of war was soon ringing in our ears ; and on the battlefield Gahagan is a man ! The Bundelcund Invincibles received orders to march, and Jowler, Hector-like, donned his helmet and prepared to part from his Andromache. And

*So admirable are the performances of these watches, which will stand in any climate, that I repeatedly heard poor Macgillicuddy relate the following fact. The hours, as it is known, count in Italy from one to twenty-four ; *the day Mac landed at Naples his repeater rung the Italian hours, from one to twenty-four ; as soon as he crossed the Alps it only sounded as usual.*—G. O'G. G.

now arose his perplexity ; what must be done with his daughter, his Julia ? He knew his wife's peculiarities of living, and did not much care to trust his daughter to her keeping ; but in vain he tried to find her an asylum among the respectable ladies of his regiment. Lady Gutch offered to receive her, but would have nothing to do with Mrs. Jowler ; the surgeon's wife, Mrs. Sawbone, would have neither mother nor daughter ; there was no help for it, Julia and her mother must have a house together, and Jowler knew that his wife would fill it with her odious blackamoor friends.

I could not, however, go forth satisfied to the campaign until I learned from Julia my fate. I watched twenty opportunities to see her alone, and wandered about the Colonel's bungalow as an informer does about a public house, marking the incomings and outgoings of the family, and longing to seize the moment when Miss Jowler, unbiassed by her mother or her papa, might listen, perhaps, to my eloquence, and melt at the tale of my love.

But it would not do—old Jowler seemed to have taken all of a sudden to such a fit of domesticity that there was no finding him out of doors, and his rhubarb-colored wife (I believe that her skin gave the first idea of our regimental breeches), who before had been gadding ceaselessly abroad, and poking her broad nose into every *ménage* in the cantonment, stopped faithfully at home with her spouse. My only chance was to beard the old couple in their den, and ask them at once for their *cub*.

So I called one day at tiffin—old Jowler was always happy to have my company at this meal ; it amused him, he said, to see me drink Hodgson's pale ale (I drank two hundred and thirty-four dozen the first year I was in Bengal)—and it was no small piece of fun, certainly, to see old Mrs. Jowler attack the currie-bhaut—she was exactly the color of it, as I have had already the honor to remark, and she swallowed the mixture with a gusto which was never equaled, except by my poor friend Dando *à propos d'huîtres*. She consumed the first three platefuls with a fork and spoon, like a Christian ; but as she warmed to her work, the old hag would throw away her silver implements, and dragging the dishes toward her, go to work with her hands, flip the rice into her mouth with her fingers, and stow away a quantity of eatables sufficient for a Sepoy company. But why do I diverge from the main point of my story ?

Julia, then, Jowler, and Mrs. J., were at luncheon ; the dear girl was in the act to *sabler* a glass of Hodgson as I entered.

'How do you do, Mr. Gagin ?' said the old hag leeringly. 'Eat a bit of currie-bhaut'—and she thrust the dish toward me, securing a heap as it passed. 'What ! Gagy, my boy, how do, how do ?' said the fat Colonel. 'What ! run through the body ? got well again—have some Hodgson—run through your body

too !’—and at this, I may say, coarse joke (alluding to the fact that in these hot climates the ale oozes out as it were from the pores of the skin) old Jowler laughed ; a host of swarthy chopdars, kit-mutgars, sices, consomahs, and bobbychies laughed too, as they provided me, unasked, with the grateful fluid. Swallowing six tumblers of it, I paused nervously for a moment, and then said :

‘Bobbachy, consomah, ballybaloo hoga.’

The black ruffians took the hint, and retired.

‘Colonel and Mrs. Jowler,’ said I solemnly, ‘we are alone; and you, Miss Jowler, you are alone too; that is—I mean—I take this opportunity to—(another glass of ale, if you please)—to express, once for all, before departing on a dangerous campaign’—(Julia turned pale)—‘before entering, I say, upon a war which may stretch in the dust my high-raised hopes and me, to express my hopes while life still remains to me, and to declare in the face of heaven, earth, and Colonel Jowler, that I love you, Julia!’ The Colonel, astonished, let fall a steel fork, which stuck quivering for some minutes in the calf of my leg; but I heeded not the paltry interruption. ‘Yes, by yon bright heaven,’ continued I, ‘I love you, Julia! I respect my commander, I esteem your excellent and beauteous mother; tell me, before I leave you, if I may hope for a return of my affection. Say that you love me, and I will do such deeds in this coming war as shall make you proud of the name of your Gahagan.’

The old woman, as I delivered these touching words, stared, snapped, and ground her teeth like an enraged monkey. Julia was now red, now white; the Colonel stretched forward, took the fork out of the calf of my leg, wiped it, and then seized a bundle of letters which I had remarked by his side.

‘A cornet!’ said he in a voice choking with emotion; ‘a pitiful, beggarly Irish cornet aspire to the hand of Julia Jowler! Gag—Gahagan, are you mad or laughing at us? Look at these letters, young man—at these letters, I say—one hundred and twenty-four epistles from every part of India (not including one from the Governor-General and six from his brother, Colonel Wellesley)—one hundred and twenty-four proposals for the hand of Miss Jowler! Cornet Gahagan,’ he continued, ‘I wish to think well of you; you are the bravest, the most modest, and, perhaps, the handsomest man in our corps; but you have not got a single rupee. You ask me for Julia, and you do not possess even an anna!’ (Here the old rogue grinned as if he had made a capital pun.) ‘No, no,’ said he, waxing good-natured; ‘Gagy, my boy, it is nonsense! Julia, love, retire with your mamma; this silly young gentleman will remain and smoke a pipe with me.’

I took one; it was the bitterest chillum I ever smoked in my life.

I am not going to give here an account of my military services; they will appear in my great national autobiography, in forty volumes, which I am now preparing for the press. I was with my regiment in all Wellesley's brilliant campaigns; then taking dawk, I traveled across the country northeastward, and had the honor of fighting by the side of Lord Lake at Laswaree, Deeg, Furrukabad, Futtighur, and Bhurtpore; but I will not boast of my actions—the military man knows them, MY SOVEREIGN appreciates them. If asked who was the bravest man of the Indian army, there is not an officer belonging to it who could not cry at once, GAHAGAN. The fact is, I was desperate: I cared not for life, deprived of Julia Jowler.

With Julia's stony looks ever before my eyes, her father's stern refusal in my ears, I did not care, at the close of the campaign, again to seek her company or press my suit. We were eighteen months on service, marching and countermarching, and fighting almost every other day; to the world I did not seem altered; but the world only saw the face, and not the seared and blighted heart within me. My valor, always desperate, now reached to a pitch of cruelty; I tortured my grooms and grass-cutters for the most trifling offense or error—I never in action spared a man—I sheared off three hundred and nine heads in the course of that single campaign.

Some influence, equally melancholy, seemed to have fallen upon poor old Jowler. About six months after we had left Dum Dum he received a parcel of letters from Benares (whither his wife had retired with her daughter), and so deeply did they seem to weigh upon his spirits, that he ordered eleven men of his regiment to be flogged within two days; but it was against the blacks that he chiefly turned his wrath. Our fellows, in the heat and hurry of the campaign, were in the habit of dealing rather roughly with their prisoners to extract treasure from them: they used to pull their nails out by the root, to boil them in kedgerree pots, to flog them and dress their wounds with cayenne pepper, and so on. Jowler, when he heard of these proceedings, which before had always justly exasperated him (he was a humane and kind little man), used now to smile fiercely and say, 'D-- the black scoundrels! Serve them right, serve them right!'

One day, about a couple of miles in advance of the column, I had been on a foraging party with a few dragoons, and was returning peaceably to camp, when of a sudden a troop of Mahrattas burst on us from a neighboring mango-tope, in which they had been hidden; in an instant three of my men's saddles were empty and I was left with but seven more to make head against at least thirty of these vagabond black horsemen. I never saw

in my life a nobler figure than the leader of the troop—mounted on a splendid black Arab ; he was as tall, very nearly, as myself ; he wore a steel cap and a shirt of mail, and carried a beautiful French carbine, which had already done execution upon two of my men. I saw that our only chance of safety lay in the destruction of this man. I shouted to him in a voice of thunder (in the Hindoostanee tongue of course), ‘Stop, dog, if you dare, and encounter a man!’

In reply his lance came whirling in the air over my head, and mortally transfixed poor Foggarty of ours, who was behind me. Grinding my teeth and swearing horribly, I drew that scimitar which never yet failed its blow,* and rushed at the Indian. He came down at full gallop, his own sword making ten thousand gleaming circles in the air, shrieking his cry of battle.

The contest did not last an instant. With my first blow I cut off his sword-arm at the wrist ; my second I leveled at his head. I said that he wore a steel cap, with a gilt iron spike of six inches, and a hood of chain mail. I rose in my stirrups and delivered ‘*St. George*’; my sword caught the spike exactly on the point, split it sheer in two, cut crashing through the steel cap and hood, and was only stopped by a ruby which he wore in his back-plate. His head, cut clean in two between the eyebrows and nostrils, even between the two front teeth, fell one side on each shoulder, and he galloped on till his horse was stopped by my men, who were not a little amused at the feat.

As I had expected, the remaining ruffians fled on seeing their leader’s fate. I took home his helmet by way of curiosity, and we made a single prisoner, who was instantly carried before old Jowler.

We asked the prisoner the name of the leader of the troop ; he said it was Chowder Loll.

‘Chowder Loll!’ shrieked Colonel Jowler. ‘O Fate! thy hand is here!’ He rushed wildly into his tent—the next day applied for leave of absence. Gutch took the command of the regiment, and I saw him no more for some time.

As I had distinguished myself not a little during the war, General Lake sent me up with dispatches to Calcutta, where Lord Wellesley received me with the greatest distinction. Fancy my surprise, on going to a ball at Government House, to meet my old friend Jowler; my trembling, blushing, thrilling delight, when I saw Julia by his side!

Jowler seemed to blush too when he beheld me. I thought of my former passages with his daughter. ‘Gagy, my boy,’ says he, shaking hands, ‘glad to see you. Old friend, Julia—come to

* I. my affair with Macgillicuddy, I was fool enough to go out with small-swords ; miserable weapons only fit for tailors.—G. O’G. G.

tiffin—Hodgson's pale—brave fellow Gagy.' Julia did not speak, but she turned ashy pale, and fixed upon me her awful eyes! I fainted almost, and uttered some incoherent words. Julia took my hand, gazed at me still, and said, 'Come!' Need I say I went?

I will not go over the pale ale and currie-bhaut again; but this I know, that in half an hour I was as much in love as I ever had been; and that in three weeks I—yes, I—was the accepted lover of Julia! I did not pause to ask where were the one hundred and twenty-four offers? why I, refused before, should be accepted now? I only felt that I loved her, and was happy!

One night, one memorable night, I could not sleep, and, with a lover's pardonable passion, wandered solitary through the city of palaces until I came to the house which contained my Julia. I peeped into the compound—all was still; I looked into the veranda—all was dark, except a light—yes, one light—and it was in Julia's chamber! My heart throbbed almost to stifling. I would—I *would* advance, if but to gaze upon her for a moment, and to bless her as she slept. I *did* look, I *did* advance; and, O Heaven! I saw a lamp burning. Mrs. Jow. in a night-dress, with a very dark baby in her arms, and Julia looking tenderly at an ayah, who was nursing another.

'Oh, mamma,' said Julia, 'what would that fool Gahagan say if he knew all?'

'*He does know all!*' shouted I, springing forward, and tearing down the tatties from the window. Mrs. Jow. ran shrieking out of the room, Julia fainted, the cursed black children squalled and their d—d nurse fell on her knees, gabbling some infernal jargon of Hindoostanee. Old Jowler at this juncture entered with a candle and a drawn sword.

'Liar! scoundrel! deceiver!' shouted I. 'Turn, ruffian, and defend yourself!' But old Jowler, when he saw me, only whistled, looked at his lifeless daughter, and slowly left the room.

Why continue the tale! I need not now account for Jowler's gloom on receiving his letters from Benares—for his exclamation upon the death of the Indian chief—for his desire to marry his daughter; the woman I was wooing was no longer Miss Julia Jowler, she was Mrs. Chowder Loll!

CHAPTER II.

ALLYGHUR AND LASWAREE.

I SAT down to write gravely and sadly, for (since the appearance of some of my adventures in a monthly magazine) unprincipled men have endeavored to rob me of the only good I

possess, to question the statements that I make, and, themselves without a spark of honor or good feeling, to steal from me that which is my sole wealth—my character as a teller of THE TRUTH.

The reader will understand that it is to the illiberal strictures of a profligate press I now allude ; among the London journalists, none (luckily for themselves) have dared to question the veracity of my statements; they know me, and they know that I am *in London*. If I can use the pen, I can also wield a more manly and terrible weapon, and would answer their contradictions with my sword ! No gold or gems adorn the hilt of that war-worn scimitar; but there is blood upon the blade—the blood of the enemies of my country, and the maligners of my honest fame. There are others, however—the disgrace of a disgraceful trade—who, borrowing from distance a despicable courage, have ventured to assail me. The infamous editors of the *Kelso Champion*, the *Bungay Beacon*, the *Tipperary Argus*, and the *Stoke Pogis Sentinel*, and other dastardly organs of the provincial press, have, although differing in politics, agreed upon this one point, and with a scoundrelly unanimity, vented a flood of abuse upon the revelations made by me.

They say that I have assailed private characters, and willfully perverted history to blacken the reputation of public men. I ask, was anyone of these men in Bengal in the year 1803 ? Was any single conductor of any one of these paltry prints ever in Bundelcund or the Rohilla country ? Does this *exquisite* Tipperary scribe know the difference between Hurrygurrybang and Burrumtollah ? Not he ! and because, forsooth, in those strange and distant lands strange circumstances have taken place, it is insinuated that the relater is a liar ; nay, that the very places themselves have no existence but in my imagination. Fools !—but I will not waste my anger upon them, and proceed to recount some other portions of my personal history.

It is, I presume, a fact which even *these* scribbling assassins will not venture to deny, that before the commencement of the campaign against Scindiah, the English General formed a camp at Kanouge on the Jumna, where he exercised that brilliant little army which was speedily to perform such wonders in the Dooab. It will be as well to give a slight account of the causes of a war which was speedily to rage through some of the fairest portions of the Indian continent.

Shah Allum, the son of Shah Lollum, the descendant by the female line of Nadir Shah (that celebrated Toorkomaun adventurer, who had wellnigh hurled Bajazet and Selim the Second from the throne of Bagdad)—Shah Allum, I say, although nominally the Emperor of Delhi, was in reality the slave of the

various warlike chieftains who lorded it by turns over the country and the sovereign, until conquered and slain by some more successful rebel. Chowder Loll Masolgee, Zubberdust Khan, Dowsunt Row Scindiah, and the celebrated Bobbachy Jung Bahawder, had held for a time complete mastery in Delhi. The second of these, a ruthless Afghan soldier, had abruptly entered the capital; nor was he ejected from it until he had seized upon the principal jewels, and likewise put out the eyes of the last of the unfortunate family of Afrasiâb. Scindiah came to the rescue of the sightless Shah Allum, and though he destroyed his oppressor, only increased his slavery; holding him in as painful a bondage as he had suffered under the tyrannous Afghan.

As long as these heroes were battling among themselves, or as long rather as it appeared that they had any strength to fight a battle, the British Government, ever anxious to see its enemies by the ears, by no means interfered in the contest. But the French Revolution broke out, and a host of starving sansculottes appeared among the various Indian states, seeking for military service, and inflaming the minds of the various native princes against the British East India Company. A number of these entered into Scindiah's ranks; one of them, Perron, was commander of his army; and though that chief was as yet quite engaged in his hereditary quarrel with Jeswunt Row Holkar, and never thought of an invasion of the British territory, the Company all of a sudden discovered that Shah Allum, his sovereign, was shamefully ill-used, and determined to re-establish the ancient splendor of his throne.

Of course it was sheer benevolence for poor Shah Allum that prompted our governors to take these kindly measures in his favor. I don't know how it happened that, at the end of the war, the poor Shah was not a whit better off than at the beginning; and that though Holkar was beaten, and Scindiah annihilated, Shah Allum was much such a puppet as before. Somehow, in the hurry and confusion of this struggle, the oyster remained with the British government, who had so kindly offered to dress it for the Emperor, while his Majesty was obliged to be contented with the shell.

The force encamped at Kanouge bore the title of the Grand Army of the Ganges and the Jumna; it consisted of eleven regiments of cavalry and twelve battalions of infantry, and was commanded by General Lake in person.

Well, on the first of September we stórméd Perron's camp at Allyghur; on the fourth we took that fortress by assault; and as my name was mentioned in general orders, I may as well quote the Commander-in-Chief's words regarding me—they will spare me the trouble of composing my own eulogium :

‘The Commander-in-Chief is proud thus publicly to declare his high sense of the gallantry of Lieutenant Gahagan, of the — cavalry. In the storming of the fortress, although unprovided with a single ladder, and accompanied but by a few brave men, Lieutenant Gahagan succeeded in escalading the inner and fourteenth wall of the place. Fourteen ditches lined with sword-blades and poisoned *chevaux-de-frise*, fourteen walls bristling with innumerable artillery and as smooth as looking glasses, were in turn triumphantly passed by that enterprising officer. His course was to be traced by the heaps of slaughtered enemies lying thick upon the platforms; and alas! by the corpses of most of the gallant men who followed him—when at length he effected his lodgment, and the dastardly enemy, who dared not to confront him with arms, let loose upon him the tigers and lions of Scindiah’s menagerie. This meritorious officer destroyed, with his own hand, four of the largest and most ferocious animals, and the rest, awed by the indomitable majesty of BRITISH VALOR, shrank back to their dens. Thomas Higgory, a private, and Runty Goss, *havildar*, were the only two who remained out of the nine hundred who followed Lieutenant Gahagan. Honor to them! Honor and tears for the brave men who perished on that awful day!’

I have copied this, word for word, from the *Bengal Hurkaru* of September 24, 1803; and anybody who has the slightest doubt as to the statement may refer to the paper itself.

And here I must pause to give thanks to Fortune, which so marvelously preserved me, Sergeant-Major Higgory and Runty Goss. Were I to say that any valor of ours had carried us unhurt through this tremendous combat, the reader would laugh me to scorn. No; though my narrative is extraordinary, it is nevertheless authentic; and never, never would I sacrifice truth for the mere sake of effect. The fact is this: the citadel of Allyghur is situated upon a rock, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by fourteen walls, as his Excellency was good enough to remark in his dispatch. A man who would mount these without scaling ladders is an ass; he who would *say* he mounted them without such assistance is a liar and a knave. We *had* scaling-ladders at the commencement of the assault, although it was quite impossible to carry them beyond the first line of batteries. Mounted on them, however, as our troops were falling thick about me, I saw that we must ignominiously retreat, unless some other help could be found for our brave fellows to escalate the next wall. It was about seventy feet high. I instantly turned the guns of wall A on wall B, and peppered the

latter so as to make, not a breach, but a scaling place; the men mounting in the holes made by the shot. By this simple stratagem I managed to pass each successive barrier—for to ascend a wall which the General was pleased to call ‘as smooth as glass’ is an absurd impossibility; I seek to achieve none such :

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is neither more nor less.

Of course, had the enemy’s guns been commonly well served, not one of us would ever have been alive out of the three; but whether it was owing to fright, or to the excessive smoke caused by so many pieces of artillery, arrive we did. On the platforms, too, our work was not quite so difficult as might be imagined—killing these fellows was sheer butchery. As soon as we appeared they all turned and fled helter-skelter, and the reader may judge of their courage by the fact that out of about seven hundred men killed by us, only forty had wounds in front, the rest being bayoneted as they ran.

And beyond all other pieces of good fortune was the very letting out of these tigers, which was the *dernier resort* of Bournonville, the second commandant of the fort. I had observed this man (conspicuous for a tri-colored scarf which he wore) upon every one of the walls as we stormed them, and running away the very first among the fugitives. He had all the keys of the gates; and in his tremor, as he opened the menagerie portal, left the whole bunch in the door, which I seized when the animals were overcome. Runtz Goss then opened them one by one, our troops entered, and the victorious standard of my country floated on the walls of Allyghur !

When the General, accompanied by his staff, entered the last line of fortifications, the brave old man raised me from the dead rhinoceros on which I was seated and pressed me to his breast. But the excitement which had borne me through the fatigues and perils of that fearful day failed all of a sudden, and I wept like a child upon his shoulder.

Promotion, in our army, goes unluckily by seniority; nor is it in the power of the General-in-Chief to advance a Cæsar if he finds him in the capacity of a subaltern; *my* reward for the above exploit was, therefore, not very rich. His Excellency had a favorite horn snuff-box (for, though exalted in station, he was in his habits most simple); of this, and about a quarter of an ounce of high-dried Welsh, which he always took, he made me a present, saying, in front of the line, ‘Accept this, Mr. Gahagan, as a token of respect from the first to the bravest officer in the army.’

Calculating the snuff to be worth a halfpenny, I should say that fourpence was about the value of this gift; but it has at least

this good effect—it serves to convince any person who doubts my story that the facts of it are really true. I have left it at the office of my publisher, along with the extract from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, and anybody may examine both by applying in the counting-house of Mr. Cunningham.* That once popular expression or proverb, ‘Are you up to snuff?’ arose out of the above circumstance; for the officers of my corps, none of whom, except myself, had ventured on the storming party, used to twit me about this modest reward for my labors. Never mind! when they want me to storm a fort *again*, I shall know better.

Well, immediately after the capture of this important fortress, Perron, who had been the life and soul of Scindiah’s army, came in to us, with his family and treasure, and was passed over to the French settlements at Chandernagur. Bourquien took his command, and against him we now moved. The morning of the 11th of September found us upon the plains of Delhi.

It was a burning hot day, and we were all refreshing ourselves after the morning’s march, when I, who was on the advanced picket along with O’Gawler of the King’s Dragoons, was made aware of the enemy’s neighborhood in a very singular manner. O’Gawler and I were seated under a little canopy of horse-cloths, which we had formed to shelter us from the intolerable heat of the sun, and were discussing with great delight a few Manilla cheroots, and a stone jar of the most exquisite, cool, weak, refreshing sangaree. We had been playing cards the night before, and O’Gawler had lost to me seven hundred rupees. I emptied the last of the sangaree into the two pint tumblers out of which we were drinking, and holding mine up, said, ‘Here’s better luck to you next time, O’Gawler!’

As I spoke the words—whish!—a cannon ball cut the tumbler clean out of my hand, and plumped into poor O’Gawler’s stomach. It settled him completely, and of course I never got my seven hundred rupees. Such are the uncertainties of war!

To strap on my saber and my accouterments—to mount my Arab charger—to drink off what O’Gawler had left of the sangaree—and to gallop to the General, was the work of a moment. I found him as comfortably at tiffin as if he were at his own house in London.

‘General,’ said I, as soon as I got into his *paijamahs* (or tent), ‘you must leave your lunch if you want to fight the enemy.’

‘The enemy—pssha! Mr. Gahagan, the enemy is on the other side of the river.’

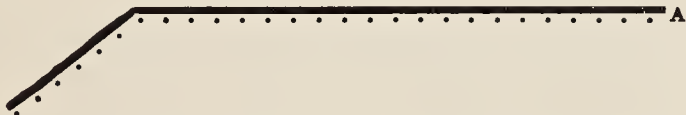
* The Major certainly offered to leave an old snuff-box at Mr. Cunningham’s office; but it contained no extract from a newspaper, and does not *quite* prove that he killed a rhinoceros and stormed fourteen intrenchments at the siege of Allyghur.

'I can only tell your Excellency that the enemy's guns will hardly carry five miles, and that Cornet O'Gawler was this moment shot dead at my side with a cannon ball.'

'Ha! is it so?' said his Excellency, rising, and laying down the drumstick of a grilled chicken. 'Gentlemen, remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us, and follow me!'

Each aid-de-camp started from table and seized his cocked hat; each British heart beat high at the thoughts of the coming *mêlée*. We mounted our horses, and galloped swiftly after the brave old General; I not the last in the train, upon my famous black charger.

It was perfectly true, the enemy were posted in force within three miles of our camp, and from a hillock in the advance to which we galloped, we were enabled with our telescopes to see the whole of his imposing line. Nothing can better describe it than this:



A is the enemy, and the dots represent the hundred and twenty pieces of artillery which defended his line. He was, moreover, intrenched; and a wide morass in his front gave him an additional security.

His Excellency for a moment surveyed the line, and then said, turning round to one of his aids-de-camp, 'Order up Major-General Tinkler and the cavalry.'

'Here, does your Excellency mean?' said the aid-de-camp, surprised, for the enemy had perceived us, and the cannon balls were flying about as thick as peas.

'Here, sir!' said the old General, stamping his foot in a passion, and the A.-D.-C. shrugged his shoulders and galloped away. In five minutes we heard the trumpets in our camp, and in twenty more the greater part of the cavalry had joined us.

Up they came, five thousand men, their standards flapping in the air, their long line of polished jack-boots gleaming in the golden sunlight. 'And now we are here,' said Major-General Sir Theophilus Tinkler, 'what next?' 'Oh, d— it,' said the Commander-in-Chief, 'charge, charge—nothing like charging—galloping—guns—rascally black scoundrels—charge, charge!' And then turning round to me (perhaps he was glad to change the conversation), he said, 'Lieutenant Gahagan, you will stay with me.'

And well for him I did, for I do not hesitate to say that the battle *was gained by me*. I do not mean to insult the reader by

pretending that any personal exertions of mine turned the day—that I killed, for instance, a regiment of cavalry or swallowed a battery of guns—such absurd tales would disgrace both the hearer and the teller. I, as is well known, never say a single word which cannot be proved, and hate more than all other vices the absurd sin of egotism; I simply mean that my *advice* to the General, at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, won this great triumph for the British army.

Gleig, Mill, and Thorn have all told the tale of this war, though somehow they have omitted all mention of the hero of it. General Lake, for the victory of that day, became Lord Lake of Laswaree. Laswaree! and who, forsooth, was the real conqueror of Laswaree? I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that *I* was. If any proof is wanting of the fact, let me give it at once, and from the highest military testimony in the world—I mean that of the Emperor Napoleon.

In the month of March, 1817, I was a passenger on board the *Prince Regent*, Captain Harris, which touched at St. Helena on its passage from Calcutta to England. In company with the other officers on board the ship, I paid my respects to the illustrious exile of Longwood, who received us in his garden, where he was walking about, in a nankeen dress, and a large broad-brimmed straw hat, with General Montholon, Count Las Casas, and his son Emanuel, then a little boy, who I dare say does not recollect me, but who nevertheless played with my sword-knot and the tassels of my Hessian boots during the whole of our interview with his Imperial Majesty.

Our names were read out (in a pretty accent, by the way!) by General Montholon, and the Emperor, as each was pronounced, made a bow to the owner of it, but did not vouchsafe a word. At last Montholon came to mine. The Emperor looked me at once in the face, took his hands out of his pockets, put them behind his back, and coming up to me smiling, pronounced the following words:

‘Assaye, Delhi, Deeg, Futtighur?’

I blushed, and taking off my hat with a bow, said: ‘Sire, c'est moi.’

‘Parbleu! je le savais bien,’ said the Emperor, holding out his snuff-box. ‘En usez-vous, Major?’ I took a large pinch (which, with the honor of speaking to so great a man, brought the tears into my eyes), and he continued as nearly as possible in the following words:

‘Sir, you are known; you come of an heroic nation. Your third brother, the Chef de Bataillon, Count Godfrey Gahagan, was in my Irish brigade.’

Gahagan.—‘Sire, it is true. He and my countrymen in your Majesty’s service stood under the green flag in the breach of Burgos, and beat Wellington back. It was the only time, as your Majesty knows, that Irishmen and Englishmen were beaten in that war.’

Napoleon (looking as if he would say, ‘D— your candor, Major Gahagan’).—‘Well, well; it was so. Your brother was a Count, and died a General in my service.’

Gahagan.—‘He was found lying upon the bodies of nine-and-twenty Cossacks at Borodino. They were all dead, and bore the Gahagan mark.’

Napoleon (to Montholon).—‘C’est vrai, Montholon; je vous donne ma parole d’honneur la plus sacrée, que c’est vrai. Ils ne sont pas d’autres, ces terribles Ga’gans. You must know that Monsieur gained the battle of Delhi as certainly as I did that of Austerlitz. In this way: Ce belître de Lor Lake, after calling up his cavalry and placing them in front of Holkar’s batteries, qui balayient la plaine, was for charging the enemy’s batteries with his horse, who would have been écrasés, mitraillés, foudroyés to a man but for the cunning of ce grand rogue que vous voyez.’

Montholon.—‘Coquin de Major, va!’

Napoleon.—‘Montholon! tais-toi. When Lord Lake, with his great bull-headed English obstinacy, saw the *fâcheuse* position into which he had brought his troops, he was for dying on the spot, and would infallibly have done so—and the loss of his army would have been the ruin of the East India Company—and the ruin of the English East India Company would have established my empire (bah, it was a republic then!) in the East—but that the man before us, Lieutenant Goliah Gahagan, was riding at the side of General Lake.’

Montholon (with an accent of despair and fury).—‘Gredin! cent mille tonnerres de Dieu!’

Napoleon (benignantly).—‘Calme-toi, mon fidèle ami. What will you? It was fate. Gahagan, at the critical period of the battle, or rather slaughter (for the English had not slain a man of the enemy), advised a retreat.’

Montholon.—‘Le lâche! Un Français meurt, mais il ne recule jamais.’

Napoleon.—‘*Stupide!* Don’t you see why the retreat was ordered?—don’t you know that it was a feint on the part of Gahagan to draw Holkar from his impregnable intrenchments? Don’t you know that the ignorant Indian fell into the snare, and issuing from behind the cover of his guns, came down with his cavalry on the plains in pursuit of Lake and his dragoons? Then it was that the Englishmen turned upon him; the hardy children

of the north swept down his feeble horsemen, bore them back to their guns, which were useless, entered Holkar's intrenchments along with his troops, sabered the artillerymen at their pieces, and won the battle of Delhi !'

As the Emperor spoke his pale cheek glowed red, his eye flashed fire, his deep clear voice rung as of old when he pointed out the enemy from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, or rallied his regiments to the charge upon the death-strewn plains of Wagram. I have had many a proud moment in my life, but never such a proud one as this; and I would readily pardon the word 'coward,' as applied to me by Montholon in consideration of the testimony which his master bore in my favor.

'Major,' said the Emperor to me in conclusion, 'why had I not such a man as you in my service?—I would have made you a Prince and a Marshal !' and here he fell into a reverie, of which I knew and respected the purport. He was thinking, doubtless, that I might have retrieved his fortunes; and indeed I have very little doubt that I might.

Very soon after, coffee was brought by M. Marchand, Napoleon's valet de chambre, and after partaking of that beverage, and talking upon the politics of the day, the Emperor withdrew, leaving me deeply impressed by the condescension he had shown in this remarkable interview.

CHAPTER III.

A PEEP INTO SPAIN—ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND SERVICES OF THE AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS.

HEADQUARTERS, MORELLA, September 15, 1838.

I HAVE been here for some months, along with my young friend Cabrera; and in the hurry and bustle of war—daily on guard and in the batteries for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with fourteen severe wounds and seven musket balls in my body—it may be imagined that I have had little time to think about the publication of my memoirs. *Inter arma silent leges*—in the midst of fighting be hanged to writing! as the poet says; and I never would have bothered myself with a pen, had not common gratitude incited me to throw off a few pages.

Along with Oraa's troops, who have of late been beleaguering this place, there was a young Milesian gentleman, Mr. Toone O'Connor Emmett Fitzgerald Sheeny, by name, a law student, and member of Gray's Inn, and what he called *Bay Ah* of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Sheeny was with the Queen's people, not in a military capacity, but as representative of an English journal, to which, for a trifling weekly remuneration, he was in the habit of transmitting accounts of the movements of the belligerents,

and his own opinion of the politics of Spain. Receiving, for the discharge of his duty, a couple of guineas a week from the proprietors of the journal in question, he was enabled, as I need scarcely say, to make such a show in Oraa's camp as only a Christino general officer, or at the very least a colonel of a regiment, can afford to keep up.

In the famous sortie which we made upon the twenty-third, I was of course among the foremost in the *mêlée*, and found myself, after a good deal of slaughtering (which it would be as disagreeable as useless to describe here), in the court of a small inn or *podesta*, which had been made the headquarters of several Queenite officers during the siege. The *pesatero* or landlord of the inn had been dispatched by my brave chapel-churies, with his fine family of children—the officers quartered in the *podesta* had of course bolted.; but one man remained, and my fellows were on the point of cutting him into ten thousand pieces with their borachios, when I arrived in the room time enough to prevent the catastrophe. Seeing before me an individual in the costume of a civilian—a white hat, a light-blue satin cravat embroidered with butterflies and other quadrupeds, a green coat and brass buttons, and a pair of blue plaid trousers, I recognized at once a countryman, and interposed to save his life.

In an agonized brogue the unhappy young man was saying all that he could to induce the chapel-churies to give up their intention of slaughtering him; but it is very little likely that his protestations would have had any effect upon them, had not I appeared in the room, and shouted to the ruffians to hold their hand.

Seeing a general officer before them (I have the honor to hold that rank in the service of his Catholic Majesty), and moreover one six feet four in height, and armed with that terrible *cabecilla* (a sword so called, because it is five feet long) which is so well known among the Spanish armies—seeing, I say, this figure, the fellows retired, exclaiming, '*Adios, corpo di bacco, nosotros,*' and so on, clearly proving (by their words) that they would, if they dared, have immolated the victim whom I had thus rescued from their fury. 'Villains!' shouted I, hearing them grumble, 'away! quit the apartment!' Each man, sulkily sheathing his *sombrero*, obeyed, and quitted the *camarilla*.

It was then that Mr. Sheeny detailed to me the particulars to which I have briefly adverted; and, informing me at the same time that he had a family in England who would feel obliged to me for his release, and that his most intimate friend the English ambassador would move heaven and earth to revenge his fall, he directed my attention to a portmanteau passably well filled, which he hoped would satisfy the cupidity of my troops. I said, though

with much regret, that I must submit his person to a search ; and hence arose the circumstance which has called for what I fear you will consider a somewhat tedious explanation. I found upon Mr. Sheeny's person three sovereigns in English money (which I have to this day), and singularly enough a copy of *The New Monthly Magazine*, containing a portion of my adventures. It was a toss-up whether I should let the poor young man be shot or no, but this little circumstance saved his life. The gratified vanity of authorship induced me to accept his portmanteau and valuables, and to allow the poor wretch to go free. I put the Magazine in my coat-pocket, and left him and the *podesta*.

The men, to my surprise, had quitted the building, and it was full time for me to follow ; for I found our sallying party, after committing dreadful ravages in Oraa's lines, were in full retreat upon the fort, hotly pressed by a superior force of the enemy. I am pretty well known and respected by the men of both parties in Spain (indeed I served for some months on the Queen's side before I came over to Don Carlos) ; and, as it is my maxim never to give quarter, I never expect to receive it when taken myself. On issuing from the *podesta* with Sheeny's portmanteau and my sword in my hand, I was a little disgusted and annoyed to see our own men in a pretty good column retreating at double-quick, and about four hundred yards beyond me, up the hill leading to the fort ; while on my left hand, and at only a hundred yards, a troop of the Queenite lancers were clattering along the road.

I had got into the very middle of the road before I made this discovery, so that the fellows had a full sight of me, and whizz ! came a bullet by my left whisker before I could say Jack Robinson. I looked round—there were seventy of the accursed *malvados* at the least, and within, as I said, a hundred yards. Were I to say that I stopped to fight seventy men you would write me down a fool or a liar ; no, sir, I did not fight, I ran away.

I am six feet four—my figure is as well known in the Spanish army as that of the Count de Luchana, or my fierce little friend Cabrera himself. 'GAHAGAN!' shouted out half a dozen scoundrelly voices, and fifty more shots came rattling after me. I was running—running as the brave stag before the hounds—running as I have done a great number of times before in my life, when there was no help for it but a race.

After I had run about five hundred yards, I saw that I had gained nearly three upon our column in front, and that likewise the Christino horsemen were left behind some hundred yards more ; with the exception of three, who were fearfully near me. The first was an officer without a lance ; he had fired both his pistols at me, and was twenty yards in advance of his comrades ;

there was a similar distance between the two lancers who rode behind him. I determined then to wait for No. 1, and as he came up delivered cut three at his horse's near leg—off it flew, and down, as I expected, went horse and man. I had hardly time to pass my sword through my prostrate enemy, when No. 2 was upon me. If I could but get that fellow's horse, thought I, I am safe; and I executed at once the plan which I hoped was to effect my rescue.

I had, as I said, left the *podesta* with Sheeny's portmanteau, and, unwilling to part with some of the articles it contained—some shirts, a bottle of whisky, a few cakes of Windsor soap, etc., etc.—I had carried it thus far on my shoulders, but now was compelled to sacrifice it *malgré moi*. As the lancer came up, I dropped my sword from my right hand, and hurled the portmanteau at his head, with aim so true, that he fell back on his saddle like a sack, and thus when the horse galloped up to me, I had no difficulty in dismounting the rider; the whisky bottle struck him over his right eye, and he was completely stunned. To dash him from the saddle and spring into it myself, was the work of a moment; indeed, the two combats had taken place in about a fifth part of the time which it has taken the reader to peruse the description. But in the rapidity of the last encounter, and the mounting of my enemy's horse, I had committed a very absurd oversight—I was scampering away *without my sword!* What was I to do?—to scamper on, to be sure, and trust to the legs of my horse for safety!

The lancer behind me gained on me every moment, and I could hear his horrid laugh as he neared me. I leaned forward jockey fashion in my saddle, and kicked, and urged, and flogged with my hand, but all in vain. Closer—closer—the point of his lance was within two feet of my back. Ah! ah! he delivered the point, and fancy my agony when I felt it enter—through exactly fifty-nine pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Had it not been for that Magazine, I should have been impaled without a shadow of a doubt. Was I wrong in feeling gratitude? Had I not cause to continue my contributions to that periodical?

When I got safe into Morella, along with the tail of the sallying party, I was for the first time made acquainted with the ridiculous result of the lancer's thrust (as he delivered his lance, I must tell you that a ball came whizz over my head from our fellows, and entering at his nose, put a stop to *his* lancing for the future). I hastened to Cabrera's quarter, and related to him some of my adventures during the day.

'But General,' said he, 'you are standing. I beg you *chiudete l'uscio* (take a chair).'

I did so, and then for the first time was aware that there was some foreign substance in the tail of my coat, which prevented my sitting at ease. I drew out the Magazine which I had seized, and there, to my wonder, *discovered the Christino lance* twisted up like a fish-hook, or a pastoral crook.

‘Ha ! ha ! ha !’ said Cabrera (who is a notorious wag).

‘*Valdepeñas madrileños*,’ growed out Tristany.

‘By my *cachuca di caballero* (upon my honor as a gentleman),’ shrieked out Ros d’Eroles, convulsed with laughter, ‘I will send it to the Bishop of Leon for a crozier.’

‘Gahagan has *consecrated* it,’ giggled out Ramon Cabrera ; and so they went on with their *muchacas* for an hour or more. But, when they heard that the means of my salvation from the lance of the scoundrelly Christino had been the Magazine containing my own history, their laugh was changed into wonder. I read them (speaking Spanish more fluently than English) every word of my story. ‘But how is this ?’ said Cabrera. ‘You surely have other adventures to relate ?’

‘Excellent Sir,’ said I, ‘I have ;’ and that very evening, as we sat over our cups of tertullia (sangaree), I continued my narrative in nearly the following words :

‘I left off in the very middle of the battle of Delhi, which ended, as everybody knows, in the complete triumph of the British arms. But who gained the battle ? Lord Lake is called Viscount Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, while Major Gaha— nonsense, never mind *him*, never mind the charge he executed when, saber in hand, he leaped the six-foot wall in the mouth of the roaring cannon, over the heads of the gleaming pikes ; when, with one hand seizing the sacred *peishcush*, or fish—which was the banner always borne before Scindiah—he, with his good sword, cut off the trunk of the famous white elephant, which shrieking with agony, plunged madly into the Mahratta ranks, followed by his giant brethren, tossing, like chaff before the wind, the affrighted kitmutgars. He, meanwhile, now plunging into the midst of a battalion of consomahs, now cleaving to the chine a screaming and ferocious bobbachee,* rushed on, like the simoom across the red Zaharan plain, killing, with his own hand, a hundred and forty-thr—but never mind—“*alone he did it*” ; sufficient be it for him, however, that the victory was won : he cares not for the empty honors which were awarded to more fortunate men !

‘We marched after the battle to Delhi, where poor blind old Shah Allum received us, and bestowed all kinds of honors and

*The double-jointed camel of Bactria, which the classic reader may recollect is mentioned by Suidas (in his Commentary on the Flight of Darius) is so called by the Mahrattas.

titles on our General. As each of the officers passed before him the Shah did not fail to remark my person,* and was told my name.

'Lord Lake whispered to him my exploits, and the old man was so delighted with the account of my victory over the elephant (whose trunk I use to this day), that he said, "Let him be called GUJPUTI," or the lord of elephants; and Gujputi was the name by which I was afterward familiarly known among the natives—the men, that is. The woman had a softer appellation for me, and called me "Mushook," or charmer.

'Well, I shall not describe Delhi, which is doubtless well known to the reader; nor the siege of Agra, to which place we went from Delhi; nor the terrible day at Laswaree, which went nigh to finish the war. Suffice it to say that we were victorious, and that I was wounded; as I have invariably been in the two hundred and four occasions when I have found myself in action. One point, however, became in the course of this campaign *quite* evident—that *something must be done for Gahagan*. The country cried shame, the King's troops grumbled, the sepoy's openly murmured that their Gujputi was only a lieutenant, when he had performed such signal services. What was to be done? Lord Wellesley was in an evident quandary. "Gahagan," wrote he, "to be a subaltern is evidently not your fate—you were born for command; but Lake and General Wellesley are good officers, they cannot be turned out—I must make a post for you. What say you, my dear fellow, to a corps of *irregular horse*?"

'It was thus that the famous corps of AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS had its origin; a guerilla force, it is true, but one which will long be remembered in the annals of our Indian campaigns.

'As the commander of this regiment, I was allowed to settle the uniform of the corps, as well as to select recruits. These were not wanting as soon as my appointment was made known, but came flocking to my standard a great deal faster than to the regular corps in the Company's service. I had European officers, of course, to command them, and a few of my countrymen as sergeants; the rest were all natives, whom I chose of the strongest and bravest men in India; chiefly Pitans, Afghans, Hurrumzadehs, and Calliawns; for these are well known to be the most warlike districts of our Indian territory.

'When on parade and in full uniform we made a singular and noble appearance. I was always fond of dress; and, in this instance, gave a *carte blanche* to my taste, and invented the most splendid costume that ever perhaps decorated a soldier. I am, as

* There is some trifling inconsistency on the Major's part. Shah Allum was notoriously blind; how, then, could he have seen Gahagan? The thing is manifestly impossible.

I have stated already, six feet four inches in height, and of matchless symmetry and proportion. My hair and beard are of the most brilliant auburn, so bright as scarcely to be distinguished at a distance from scarlet. My eyes are bright blue, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows of the color of my hair, and a terrific gash of the deepest purple, which goes over the forehead, the eyelid, and the cheek, and finishes at the ear, gives my face a more strictly military appearance than can be conceived. When I have been drinking (as is pretty often the case) this gash becomes ruby bright, and as I have another which took off a piece of my under lip, and shows five of my front teeth, I leave you to imagine that "seldom lighted on the earth" (as the monster Burke remarked of one of his unhappy victims) "a more extraordinary vision." I improved these natural advantages; and, while in cantonment during the hot winds at Chitty-bobbary, allowed my hair to grow very long, as did my beard, which reached to my waist. It took me two hours daily to curl my hair in ten thousand little cork-screw ringlets, which waved over my shoulders, and to get my mustaches well round to the corners of my eyelids. I dressed in loose scarlet trousers and red morocco boots, a scarlet jacket, and a shawl of the same color round my waist; a scarlet turban three feet high, and decorated with a tuft of the scarlet feathers of the flamingo, formed my head-dress, and I did not allow myself a single ornament, except a small silver skull and cross-bones in front of my turban. Two brace of pistols, a Malay creese, and a tulwar, sharp on both sides, and very nearly six feet in length, completed this elegant costume. My two flags were each surmounted with a real skull and cross bones, and ornamented, one with a black, and the other with a red beard (of enormous length, taken from men slain in battle by me). On one flag were of course the arms of John Company; on the other, an image of myself bestriding a prostrate elephant, with the simple word "GUJPUTI" written underneath in the Nagaree, Persian, and Sanscrit characters. I rode my black horse, and looked, by the immortal gods, like Mars. To me might be applied the words which were written concerning handsome General Webb, in Marlborough's time:

'To noble danger he conducts the way,
His great example all his troop obey,
Before the front the Major sternly rides,
With such an air as Mars to battle strides.
Propitious Heaven must sure a hero save
Like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave!

'My officers (Captains Biggs and Mackanulty, Lieutenants Glogger, Pappendick, Stuffle, etc., etc.,) were dressed exactly in the same way, but in yellow; and the men were similarly

equipped, but in black. I have seen many regiments since, and many ferocious looking men, but the Ahmednuggar Irregulars were more dreadful to the view than any set of ruffians on which I ever set eyes. I would to Heaven that the Czar of Muscovy had passed through Cabool and Lahore, and that I with my old Ahmednuggars stood on a fair field to meet him ! Bless you, bless you, my swart companions in victory ! through the mist of twenty years I hear the blooming of your war-cry, and mark the glitter of your scimitars as ye rage in the thickest of the battle !*

‘But away with melancholy reminiscences. You may fancy what a figure the Irregulars cut on a field-day—a line of five hundred black-faced, black-dressed, black-horsed, black-bearded men—Biggs, Glogger, and the other officers in yellow, galloping about the field like flashes of lightening ; myself enlightening them, red, solitary, and majestic, like yon glorious orb in heaven.

‘There are very few men, I presume, who have not heard of Holkar’s sudden and gallant incursion into the Dooab, in the year 1804, when we thought that the victory of Laswaree and the brilliant success at Deeg had completely finished him. Taking ten thousand horses he broke up his camp at Palimbang ; and the first thing General Lake heard of him was, that he was at Putna, then at Rumpooge, then at Doncaradam—he was, in fact, in the very heart of our territory.

‘The unfortunate part of the affair was this : His Excellency, despising the Mahratta chieftain, had allowed him to advance about two thousand miles in his front, and knew not in the slightest degree where to lay hold on him. Was he at Hazarubaug ? was he at Bogly Gunge ? nobody knew, and for a considerable period the movements of Lake’s cavalry were quite ambiguous, uncertain, promiscuous, and undetermined.

‘Such, briefly, was the state of affairs in October, 1804. At the beginning of that month I had been wounded (a trifling scratch, cutting off my left upper eyelid, a bit of my cheek, and my under-lip), and I was obliged to leave Biggs in command of my Irregulars while I retired for my wounds to an English station at Furruckabad, *alias* Futtyghur—it is, as every two-penny postman knows, at the apex of the Dooab. We have there a cantonment, and thither I went for the mere sake of the surgeon and the sticking-plaster.

‘Furruckabad, then, is divided into two districts or towns ; the

* I do not wish to brag of my style of writing, or to pretend that my genius as a writer has not been equaled in former times ; but if, in the works of Byron, Scott, Goethe, or Victor Hugo, the reader can find a more beautiful sentence than the above, I will be obliged to him, that is all—I simply say, *will be obliged to him*.—G. O’G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

lower Cotwal, inhabited by the natives, and the upper (which is fortified slightly, and has all along been called Futtyghur, meaning in Hindoostanee "the-favorite-resort-of-the-white-faced-Feringhees-near-the-mango-tope-consecrated-to-Ram") occupied by Europeans. (It is astonishing, by the way, how comprehensive that language is, and how much can be conveyed in one or two of the commonest phrases.)

'Biggs, then, and my men were playing all sorts of wondrous pranks with Lord Lake's army, while I was detained an unwilling prisoner of health at Futtyghur.

'An unwilling prisoner, however, I should not say. The cantonment at Futtyghur contained that which would have made *any* man a happy slave. Woman, lovely woman, was there in abundance and variety! The fact is that, when the campaign commenced in 1803, the ladies of the army all congregated to this place, where they were left, as it was supposed, in safety. I might, like Homer, relate the names and qualities of all. I may at least mention *some* whose memory is still most dear to me. There was :

'Mrs. Major General Bulcher, wife of Bulcher of the infantry.

'Miss Bulcher.

'MISS BELINDA BULCHER (whose name I beg the printer to put in large capitals).

'Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy.

'Mrs. Major Macan and the four Misses Macan.

'The honorable Mrs. Burgoo, Mrs. Flix, Hicks, Wicks, and many more too numerous to mention. The flower of our camp was, however, collected there, and the last words of Lord Lake to me, as I left him, were, "Gahagan, I commit those women to your charge. Guard them with your life, watch over them with your honor, defend them with the matchless power of your indomitable arm."

'Futtyghur is, as I have said, a European station, and the pretty air of the bungalows, amid the clustering topes of mango trees, has often ere this excited the admiration of the tourist and sketcher. On the brow of a hill—the Burrumpooter river rolls majestically at its base; and no spot, in a word, can be conceived more exquisitely arranged, both by art and nature, as a favorite residence of the British fair. Mrs. Bulcher, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and the other married ladies above mentioned, had each of them delightful bungalows and gardens in the place, and between one cottage and another my time passed as delightfully as can the hours of any man who is away from his darling occupation of war.

'I was the commandant of the fort. It is a little insignificant pettah, defended simply by a couple of gabions, a very ordinary

counterscarp, and a bomb-proof embrasure. On the top of this my flag was planted, and the small garrison of forty men only were comfortably barracked off in the casemates within. A surgeon and two chaplains (there were besides three reverend gentlemen of amateur missions, who lived in the town) completed, as I may say, the garrison of our little fortalice, which I was left to defend and to command.

'On the night of the 1st of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honor of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it was my intention to take dawk the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party. They had better never have been born than have done as they did, as you shall hear.

'We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly *feted* by every lady and gentleman present; when I took an opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in *conter-ing fleurettes* to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.

"What, fireworks! Captain Gahagan," said Belinda; "this is too gallant."

"Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher," said I, "they are fireworks of which I have no idea; perhaps our friends the missionaries——"

"Look, look!" said Belinda, trembling, and clutching tightly hold of my arm: "what do I see? yes—no—yes! it is—*our bungalow is in flames!*"

'It was true, the spacious bungalow occupied by Mrs. Major General was at that moment seen a prey to the devouring element—another and another succeeded it—seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the name of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air!

'I seized my night-glass, and looking toward the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires; while by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking up their ground in the very middle of the open square or tank, round which the bungalows were built!

“Ho, warder!” shouted I (while the frightened and trembling Belinda clung closer to my side, and pressed the stalwart arm that encircled her waist), “down with the drawbridge! see that your masolgees” (small tumbrels which are used in place of large artillery) “be well loaded; you, sepoys, hasten and man the ravelin! you, choprasees, put out the lights in the embrasures! we shall have warm work of it to-night, or my name is not Goliah Gahagan.”

‘The ladies, the guests (to the number of eighty-three), the sepoys, choprasees, masolgees, and so on, had all crowded on the platform at the sound of my shouting, and dreadful was the consternation, shrill the screaming, occasioned by my words. The men stood irresolute and mute with terror! the women, trembling, knew scarcely whither to fly for refuge. “Who are yonder ruffians?” said I. A hundred voices yelped in reply—some said the Pindarees, some said the Mahrattas, some vowed it was Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar—no one knew.

“Is there anyone here,” said I, “who will venture to reconnoiter yonder troops?” There was a dead pause.

“A thousand tomauns to the man who will bring me news of yonder army!” again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty that no one dared venture to face the danger. “Oh, for fifty of my brave Ahmednuggarees!” thought I.

“Gentlemen,” said I, “I see it—you are cowards—none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. It is an encouraging prospect; know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow’s dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us—and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here?” Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackals on a summer’s evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! flung both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder (or in my waistcoat-pocket rather, for the little witch could reach no higher).

“Captain Gahagan,” sobbed she, “Go—Go—Goggle—iah!”

“My soul’s adored!” replied I.

“Swear to me one thing.”

“I swear.”

“That if—that if—the nasty, horrid, odious black Mah-ra-a-attahs take the fort, you will put me out of their power.”

‘I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonor, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her; and her mother, Mrs. Major General Bulcher, and her elder sister, who had not

until now known a word of our attachment, (indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circumstances made aware of my beloved Belinda's partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they should one and all make away with themselves. Fancy my disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the ladies chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling denial that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

'In the midst of this hurry and confusion, as if purposely to add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and one of the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahratta soldier was before the gate with a flag of truce !

'I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out, that the party, whoever they might be, had no artillery ; and received at the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is a translation :

“ TO GOLIAH GAHAGAN GUJPUTI.

“ LORD OF ELEPHANTS, SIR : I have the honor to inform you that I arrived before this place at eight o'clock P. M. with ten thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned, since my arrival, seventeen bungalows in Furruckabad and Futttyghur, and have likewise been under the painful necessity of putting to death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers, whom I found in the village ; the women have been transferred to safe keeping in the harems of my officers and myself.

“ As I know your courage and talents, I shall be very happy if you will surrender the fortress, and take service as a major general (hookahbadar) in my army. Should my proposal not meet with your assent, I beg leave to state that to-morrow I shall storm the fort, and on taking it, shall put to death every male in the garrison, and every female above twenty years of age. For yourself I shall reserve a punishment, which for novelty and exquisite torture has, I flatter myself, hardly ever been exceeded. Awaiting the favor of a reply, I am, Sir,

“ Your very obedient servant,

“ JESWUNT ROW HOLKAR.

“ *Camp before Futttyghur, September 1, 1804.*

“ R. S. V. P.”

'The officer who had brought this precious epistle (it is astonishing how Holkar had aped the forms of English correspondence),

an enormous Pitan soldier, with a shirt of mail, and a steel cap and cape, round which his turban wound, was leaning against the gate on his matchlock, and whistling a national melody. I read the letter, and saw at once there was no time to be lost. That man, thought I, must never go back to Holkar. Were he to attack us now, before we were prepared, the fort would be his in half an hour.

‘Tying my white pocket-handkerchief to a stick, I flung open the gate and advanced to the officer ; he was standing, I said, on the little bridge across the moat. I made him a low salaam, after the fashion of the country, and as he bent forward to return the compliment, I am sorry to say, I plunged forward, gave him a violent blow on the head, which deprived him of all sensation, and then dragged him within the wall, raising the drawbridge after me.

‘I bore the body into my own apartment ; there, swift as thought, I stripped him of his turban, cammerbund, peijammahs, and papooshes, and putting them on myself, determined to go forth and reconnoiter the enemy.’

Here I was obliged to stop, for Cabrera, Ros d’Eroles, and the rest of the staff, were sound asleep! What I did in my reconnoissance, and how I defended the fort of Futtoghur, I shall have the honor of telling on another occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN CAMP—THE SORTIE FROM THE FORT.

HEADQUARTERS, MORELLA, October 3, 1838.

It is a balmy night. I hear the merry jingle of the tambourine, and the cheery voices of the girls and peasants, as they dance beneath my casement, under the shadow of the clustering vines. The laugh and song pass gayly round, and even at this distance I can distinguish the elegant form of Ramon Cabrera, as he whispers gay nothings in the ears of the Andalusian girls, or joins in the thrilling chorus of Riego’s hymn, which is ever and anon vociferated by the enthusiastic soldiery of Carlos Quinto. I am alone, in the most inaccessible and most bomb-proof tower of our little fortalice ; the large casements are open—the wind, as it enters, whispers in my ear its odorous recollections of the orange grove and the myrtle bower. My torch (a branch of the fragrant cedar-tree) flares and flickers in the midnight breeze, and disperses its scent and burning splinters on my scroll and the desk where I write—meet implements for a soldier’s authorship!—it is *cartridge* paper over which my pen runs so glibly, and a yawning barrel of gunpowder forms my rough writing-

table. Around me, below me, above me, all—all is peace! I think, as I sit here so lonely, on my country, England! and muse over the sweet and bitter recollections of my early days! Let me resume my narrative, at the point where (interrupted by the authoritative summons of war) I paused on the last occasion.

I left off, I think—for I am a thousand miles away from proof-sheets as I write, and, were I not writing the simple TRUTH, must contradict myself a thousand times in the course of my tale—I think, I say, that I left off at that period of my story, when, Holkar being before Futtyghur, and I in command of that fortress, I had just been compelled to make away with his messenger; and, dressed in the fallen Indian's accouterments, went forth to reconnoiter the force, and, if possible, to learn the intentions of the enemy. However much my figure might have resembled that of the Pitan, and, disguised in his armor, might have deceived the lynx-eyed Mahrattas, into whose camp I was about to plunge, it was evident that a single glance at my fair face and auburn beard would have undeceived the dullest block-head in Holkar's army. Seizing, then, a bottle of Burgess's walnut catsup, I dyed my face and my hands, and, with the simple aid of a flask of Warren's jet, I made my hair and beard as black as ebony. The Indian's helmet and chain hood covered likewise a great part of my face, and I hoped thus, with luck, impudence, and a complete command of all the Eastern dialects and languages, from Burmah to Afghanistan, to pass scot-free through this somewhat dangerous ordeal.

I had not the word of the night, it is true—but I trusted to good fortune for that, and passed boldly out of the fortress, bearing the flag of truce as before; I had scarcely passed on a couple of hundred yards, when lo! a party of Indian horsemen, armed like him I had just overcome, trotted toward me. One was leading a noble white charger, and no sooner did he see me than, dismounting from his own horse, and giving the rein to a companion, he advanced to meet me with the charger; a second fellow likewise dismounted and followed the first; one held the bridle of the horse, while the other (with a multitude of salaams, aleikums, and other genuflexions), held the jeweled stirrup, and kneeling, waited until I should mount.

I took the hint at once; the Indian who had come up to the fort was a great man—that was evident; I walked on with a majestic air, gathered up the velvet reins, and sprang into the magnificent high-peaked saddle. 'Buk, buk,' said I. 'It is good. In the name of the forty-nine Imaums, let us ride on.' And the whole party set off at a brisk trot, I keeping silence, and thinking with no little trepidation of what I was about to encounter.

As we rode along, I heard two of the men commenting upon my unusual silence (for I suppose I—that is the Indian—was a talkative officer). ‘The lips of the Bahawder are closed,’ said one. ‘Where are those birds of Paradise, his tong-tailed words? they are imprisoned between the golden bars of his teeth!’

‘Hush,’ said his companion, ‘be quiet! Bobbachy Bahawder has seen the dreadful Feringhee, Gahagan Khan Gujputi, the elephant-lord, whose sword reaps the harvest of death; there is but one champion who can wear the papooshes of the elephant-slayer—it is Bobbachy Bahawder!’

‘You speak truly, Puneeree Muckun, the Bahawder ruminates on the words of the unbeliever; he is an ostrich, and hatches the eggs of his thoughts.’

‘Bekhusm! on my nose be it! May the young birds, his actions, be strong and swift in flight.’

‘May they *digest iron!*’ said Puneeree Muckun, who was evidently a wag in his way,

‘O-ho!’ thought I, as suddenly the light flashed upon me. ‘It was, then, the famous Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I overcame just now! and he is the man destined to stand in *my* slippers, is he?’ and I was at that very moment standing in his own! Such are the chances and changes that fall to the lot of the soldier!

I suppose everybody—everybody who has been in India, at least—has heard the name of Bobbachy Bahawder; it is derived from the two Hindoostanee words—*bobbachy*, general; *bahawder*, artilleryman. He had entered into Holkar’s service in the latter capacity, and had, by his merit and undaunted bravery in action, attained the dignity of the peacock’s feather, which is only granted to noblemen of the first class; he was married, moreover, to one of Holkar’s innumerable daughters; a match which, according to the *Chronique Scandeleuse*, brought more of honor than of pleasure to the poor Bobbachy. Gallant as he was in the field, it was said that in the harem he was the veriest craven alive, completely subjugated by his ugly and odious wife. In all matters of importance the late Bahawder had been consulted by his prince, who had, as it appears (knowing my character, and not caring to do anything rash in his attack upon so formidable an enemy), sent forward the unfortunate Pitan to reconnoiter the fort; he was to have done yet more, as I learned from the attendant Puneeree Muckun, who was, I soon found out, an old favorite with the Bobbachy—doubtless on account of his honesty and love of repartee.

‘The Bahawder’s lips are closed,’ said he at last, trotting up to me; ‘has he not a word for old Puneeree Muckun?’

‘Bismillah, mashallah, barikallah,’ said I; which means, ‘My

good friend, what I have seen is not worth the trouble of relation, and fills my bosom with the darkest forebodings.'

'You could not then see the Gujputi alone, and stab him with your dagger?'

[Here was a pretty conspiracy!] 'No, I saw him, but not alone; his people were always with him.'

'Hurrumzadeh! it is a pity; we waited but the sound of your jogree (whistle), and straightway would have galloped up and seized upon every man, woman, and child in the fort; however, there are but a dozen men in the garrison, and they have not provision for two days—they must yield; and then hurrah for the moon-faces! Mashallah! I am told the soldiers who first get in are to have their pick. How my old woman, Rotee Muckun, will be surprised when I bring home a couple of Feringhee wives—ha! ha!'

'Fool!' said I, 'be still!—twelve men in the garrison! there are twelve hundred! Gahagan himself is as good as a thousand men; and as for food, I saw with my own eyes five hundred bullocks grazing in the court-yard as I entered.' This *was* a bouncer, I confess; but my object was to deceive Puneeree Muckun, and give him as high a notion as possible of the capabilities of defense which the besieged had.

'Pooch, pooch,' murmured the men; 'it is a wonder of a fortress; we shall never be able to take it until our guns come up.'

There was hope then! they had no battering-train. Ere this arrived, I trusted that Lord Lake would hear of our plight, and march down to rescue us. Thus occupied in thought and conversation, we rode on until the advanced sentinel challenged us, when old Puneeree gave the word, and we passed on into the center of Holkar's camp.

It was a strange—a stirring sight! The camp-fires were lighted; and round them—eating, reposing, talking, looking at the merry steps of the dancing-girls, or listening to the stories of some Dhol Baut (or Indian improvisatore)—were thousands of dusky soldiery. The camels and horses were picketed under the banyan trees, on which the ripe mango fruit was growing, and offered them an excellent food. Toward the spot which the golden fish and royal purdahs, floating in the wind, designated as the tent of Holkar, led an immense avenue—of elephants! the finest street, indeed, I ever saw. Each of the monstrous animals had a castle on its back, armed with Mauritanian archers and the celebrated Persian matchlock-men; it was the feeding time of these royal brutes, and the grooms were observed bringing immense toffungs, or baskets, filled with pineapples, plantains, bananas, Indian corn, and cocoanuts, which grow luxuriantly at all seasons of

the year. We passed down this extraordinary avenue—no less than three hundred and eighty-eight tails did I count on each side—each tail as pertaining to an elephant twenty-five feet high—each elephant having a two-storied castle on its back—each castle containing sleeping and eating rooms for the twelve men that formed its garrison, and were keeping watch on the roof—each roof bearing a flagstaff twenty feet long, on its top the crescent glittering with a thousand gems, and round it the imperial standard—each standard of silk velvet and cloth-of-gold, bearing the well-known device of Holkar, argent an, or gules, between a sinople of the first, a chevron, truncated, wavy. I took nine of these myself in the course of a very short time after, and shall be happy, when I come to England, to show them to any gentleman who has a curiosity that way. Through this gorgeous scene our little cavalcade passed, and at last we arrived at the quarters occupied by Holkar.

That celebrated chieftain's tents and followers were gathered round one of the British bungalows which had escaped the flames, and which he occupied during the siege. When I entered the large room where he sat I found him in the midst of a council of war; his chief generals and viziers seated round him, each smoking his hookah, as is the common way with these black fellows, before, at, and after breakfast, dinner, supper, and bedtime. There was such a cloud raised by their smoke you could hardly see a yard before you—another piece of good luck for me—as it diminished the chances of my detection. When, with the ordinary ceremonies, the kitmutgars and consomahs had explained to the prince that Bobbachi Bahawder, the right eye of the Sun of the universe (as the ignorant heathens called me), had arrived from his mission, Holkar immediately summoned me to the maidaun, or elevated platform, on which he was seated in a luxurious easy-chair, and I, instantly taking off my slippers, falling on my knees, and beating my head against the ground ninety-nine times, proceeded, still on my knees, a hundred and twenty feet through the room, and then up the twenty steps which led to his maidaun—a silly, painful, and disgusting ceremony, which can only be considered as a relic of barbarian darkness, which tears the knees and shins to pieces, let alone the pantaloons. I recommend anybody who goes to India, with the prospect of entering the service of the native rajahs, to recollect my advice, and have them *well wadded*.

Well, the right eye of the Sun of the universe scrambled as he could up the steps of the maidaun (on which, in rows, smoking, as I have said, the musnuds or general officers were seated), and I arrived within speaking distance of Holkar, who instantly asked

me the success of my mission. The impetuous old man thereon poured out a multitude of questions : 'How many men are there in the fort?' said he; 'how many women? Is it victualed? have they ammunition? Did you see Gahagan Sahib, the commander? did you kill him?'

All these questions Jeswunt Row Holkar puffed out with so many whiffs of tobacco.

Taking a chillum myself, and raising about me such a cloud that, upon my honor as a gentleman, no man at three yards' distance could perceive anything of me except the pillar of smoke in which I was encompassed, I told Holkar, in Oriental language of course, the best tale I could with regard to the fort.

'Sir,' said I, 'to answer your last question first—that dreadful Gujputi I have seen—and he is alive; he is eight feet, nearly, in height; he can eat a bullock daily (of which he has seven hundred at present in the compound, and swears that during the siege he will content himself with only three a week); he has lost in battle his left eye, and what is the consequence? O Ram Gunge' (O thou-with-the-eye-as-bright-as-morning and-with-beard-as-black-as-night), 'Goliah Gujputi—NEVER SLEEPS!'

'Ah, you Ghorumsaug (you thief of the world),' said the Prince Vizier, Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee—'it's joking you are;' and there was a universal buzz through the room at the announcement of this bouncer.

'By the hundred and eleven incarnations of Vishnu,' said I, solemnly (an oath which no Indian was ever known to break), 'I swear that so it is; so at least he told me, and I have good cause to know his power. Gujputi is an enchanter; he is leagued with devils; he is invulnerable. Look,' said I, unsheating my dagger—and every eye turned instantly toward me—'thrice did I stab him with this steel—in the back, once—twice right through the heart; but he only laughed me to scorn, and bade me tell Holkar that the steel was not yet forged which was to inflict an injury upon him.'

I never saw a man in such a rage as Holkar was when I gave him this somewhat imprudent message.

'Ah, lily-livered rogue!' shouted he out to me, 'milk-blooded unbeliever! pale-faced miscreant! lives he after insulting thy master in thy presence? In the name of the Prophet, I spit on thee, defy thee, abhor thee, degrade thee! Take that, thou liar of the universe! and that—and that—and that!'

Such are the frightful excesses of barbaric minds! every time this old man said, 'Take that,' he flung some article near him at the head of the undaunted Gahagan—his dagger, his sword, his carbine, his richly ornamented pistols, his turban covered with

jewels, worth a hundred thousand crores of rupees—finally, his hookah, snake mouthpiece, silver bell, chillum and all—which went hissing over my head, and flattening into a jelly the nose of the Grand Vizier.

‘Yock muzzee ! my nose is off,’ said the old man mildly. ‘Will you have my life, O Holkar ? it is thine likewise !’ and no other word of complaint escaped his lips.

Of all these missiles, though a pistol and carbine had gone off as the ferocious Indian flung them at my head, and the naked scimitar, fiercely but adroitly thrown, had lopped off the limbs of one or two of the musnuds as they sat trembling on their omrahs, yet, strange to say, not a single weapon had hurt me. When the hubbub ceased, and the unlucky wretches who had been the victims of this fit of rage had been removed, Holkar’s good humor somewhat returned, and he allowed me to continue my account of the fort ; which I did, not taking the slightest notice of his burst of impatience ; as indeed it would have been the height of impoliteness to have done, for such accidents happened many times in the day.

‘It is well that the Bobbacy has returned,’ snuffled out the poor Grand Vizier, after I had explained to the Council the extraordinary means of defense possessed by the garrison. ‘Your star is bright, O Bahawder ! for this very night we had resolved upon an escalade of the fort, and we had sworn to put everyone of the infidel garrison to the edge of the sword.’

‘But you have no battering train,’ said I.

‘Bah ! we have a couple of ninety-six pounders, quite sufficient to blow the gates open ; and then, hey for a charge !’ said Loll Mahommed, a general of cavalry, who was a rival of Bobbacy’s and contradicted, therefore, every word I said. ‘In the name of Juggernaut, why wait for the heavy artillery ? Have we not swords ? Have we not hearts ? Mashallah ! Let cravens stay with Bobbacy, all true men will follow Loll Mahommed ! Allahhumdillah, Bismillah, Barikallah ?’* and drawing his scimitar, he waved it over his head, and shouted out his cry of battle. It was repeated by many of the other omrahs ; the sound of their cheers was carried into the camp, and caught up by the men ; the camels began to cry, the horses to prance and neigh, the eight hundred elephants set up a scream, the trumpeters and drummers clanged away at their instruments. I never heard such a din before or after. How I trembled for my little garrison when I heard the enthusiastic cries of this innumerable host !

There was but one way for it. ‘Sir,’ said I, addressing Holkar, ‘go out to-night and you go to certain death. Loll Mahom-

* The Major has put the most approved language into the mouths of his Indian characters. Bismillah, Barikallah, and so on, according to the novelists, form the very essence of Eastern conversation.

med has not seen the fort as I have. Pass the gate if you please, and for what? to fall before the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery; to storm another gate, and then another, and then to be blown up, with Gahagan's garrison in the citadel. Who talks of courage? Were I not in your august presence, O Star of the faithful, I would crop Loll Mahommed's nose from his face, and wear his ears as an ornament in my own pugree! Who is there here that knows not the difference between yonder yellow-skinned coward and Gahagan Khan Guj—I mean Bobbachy Bahawder? I am ready to fight one, two, three, or twenty of them, at broad sword, small sword, singlestick, with fists, if you please. By the holy piper, fighting is like mate and dthink to Ga—to Bobbachy I mane—whoop! come on, you divvle, and I'll bate the skin off your ugly bones.'

This speech had very nearly proved fatal to me, for, when I am agitated, I involuntarily adopt some of the phraseology peculiar to my own country; which is so un-eastern, that, had there been any suspicion as to my real character, detection must indubitably have ensued. As it was, Holkar perceived nothing, but instantaneously stopped the dispute. Loll Mahommed, however, evidently suspected something, for, as Holkar, with a voice of thunder, shouted out, 'Tomasha (silence),' Loll sprang forward and gasped out:

'My lord! my lord! this is not Bob——'

But he could say no more. 'Gag the slave!' screamed out Holkar, stamping with fury; and a turban was instantly twisted round the poor devil's jaws. 'Ho, furoshes! carry out Loll Mahommed Khan, give him a hundred dozen on the soles of his feet, set him upon a white donkey, and carry him round the camp, with an inscription before him: "This is the way that Holkar rewards the talkative."'

I breathed again; and ever as I heard each whack of the bamboo falling on Loll Mahommed's feet, I felt peace returning to my mind, and thanked my stars that I was delivered of this danger.

'Vizier,' said Holkar, who enjoyed Loll's roars amazingly 'I owe you a reparation for your nose; kiss the hand of your prince, O Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee! be from this day forth Zoheir u Dowlut!'

The good old man's eyes filled with tears. 'I can bear thy severity, O Prince,' said he; 'I cannot bear thy love. Was it not an honor that your Highness did me just now when you condescended to pass over the bridge of your slave's nose?'

The phrase was by all voices pronounced to be very poetical. The Vizier retired, crowned with his new honors, to bed. Holkar was in high good humor.

'Bobbachy,' said he, 'thou, too, must pardon me. Apropos, I have news for thee. Your wife, the incomparable Puttee Rooge' (white and red rose), 'has arrived in camp.'

'MY WIFE, my lord!' said I, aghast.

'Our daughter, the light of thine eyes! Go, my son; I see thou art wild with joy. The Princess' tents are set up close by mine, and I know thou longest to join her.'

My wife? Here was a complication truly.

CHAPTER V.

THE ISSUE OF MY INTERVIEW WITH MY WIFE.

I FOUND Puneeree Muckun, with the rest of my attendants, waiting at the gate, and they immediately conducted me to my own tents in the neighborhood. I have been in many dangerous predicaments before that time and since, but I don't care to deny that I felt in the present instance such a throbbing of the heart as I never have experienced when leading a forlorn hope, or marching up to a battery.

As soon as I entered the tents a host of menials sprang forward, some to ease me of my armor, some to offer me refreshments, some with hookahs, attar of roses (in great quart bottles), and the thousand delicacies of Eastern life. I motioned them away. 'I will wear my armor,' said I; 'I shall go forth to-night; carry my duty to the princess, and say I grieve that to-night I have not the time to see her. Spread me a couch here, and bring me supper here; a jar of Persian wine well cooled, a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, a *pillau* of a couple of turkeys, a curried kid—anything. Begone! Give me a pipe; leave me alone, and tell me when the meal is ready.'

I thought by these means to put off the fair Puttee Rooge, and hoped to be able to escape without subjecting myself to the examination of her curious eyes. After smoking for a while, an attendant came to tell me that my supper was prepared in the inner apartment of the tent (I suppose that the reader, if he be possessed of the commonest intelligence, knows that the tents of the Indian grandees are made of the finest Cashmere shawls, and contain a dozen rooms at least, with carpets, chimneys, and sash-windows complete). I entered, I say, into an inner chamber, and there began with my fingers to devour my meal in the Oriental fashion, taking, every now and then, a pull from the wine jar, which was cooling deliciously in another jar of snow.

I was just in the act of dispatching the last morsel of a most savory stewed lamb and rice, which had formed my meal, when I heard a scuffle of feet, a shrill clatter of female voices, and, the

curtain being flung open, in marched a lady accompanied by twelve slaves, with moon faces and slim waists, lovely as the houris in Paradise.

The lady herself, to do her justice, was as great a contrast to her attendants as could possibly be ; she was crooked, old, of the complexion of molasses, and rendered a thousand times more ugly by the tawdry dress and the blazing jewels with which she was covered. A line of yellow chalk drawn from her forehead to the tip of her nose (which was further ornamented by an immense glittering nose-ring), her eyelids painted bright red, and a large dab of the same color on her chin, showed she was not of the Mussulmun, but the Brahmin faith—and of a very high caste ; you could see that by her eyes. My mind was instantaneously made up as to my line of action.

The male attendants had of course quitted the apartment, as they heard the well-known sound of her voice. It would have been death to them to have remained and looked in her face. The females ranged themselves round their mistress, as she squatted down opposite to me.

‘And is this,’ said she, ‘a welcome, oh, Khan! after six months absence, for the most unfortunate and loving wife in all the world? Is this lamb, oh, glutton! half so tender as thy spouse? Is this wine, oh, sot! half so sweet as her looks?’

I saw the storm was brewing—her slaves, to whom she turned, kept up a kind of chorus :

‘Oh, the faithless one!’ cried they. ‘Oh, the rascal, the false one, who has no eye for beauty, and no heart for love, like the Khanum’s!’

‘A lamb is not so sweet as love,’ said I gravely ; ‘but a lamb has a good temper ; a wine-cup is not so intoxicating as a woman—but a wine-cup has *no tongue*, O Khanum Gee!’ and again I dipped my nose in the soul-refreshing jar.

The sweet Puttee Rooge was not, however, to be put off by my repartees, she and her maidens recommenced their chorus, and chattered and stormed until I lost all patience.

‘Retire, friends,’ said I, ‘and leave me in peace.’

‘Stir, on your peril!’ cried the Khanum.

So seeing there was no help for it but violence, I drew out my pistols, cocked them, and said, ‘Oh, houris! these pistols contain each too balls ; the daughter of Holkar bears a sacred life for me—but for you!—by all the saints of Hindustan, four of ye shall die if ye stay a moment longer in my presence!’ This was enough ; the ladies gave a shriek, and scurried out of the apartment like a covey of partridges on the wing.

Now, then, was the time for action. My wife, or rather Bob-

bachy's wife, sat still, a little flurried by the unusual ferocity which her lord had displayed in her presence. I seized her hand and, griping it close, whispered in her ear, to which I put the other pistol: 'O Khanum, listen and scream not; the moment you scream, you die!' She was completely beaten; she turned as pale as a woman could in her situation, and said, 'Speak, Bobbacy Bahawder, I am dumb.'

'Woman,' said I, taking off my helmet, and removing the chain cape which had covered almost the whole of my face—'*I am not thy husband*—I am the slayer of elephants, the world-renowned GAHAGAN!'

As I said this, and as the long ringlets of red hair fell over my shoulders (contrasting strangely with my dyed face and beard), I formed one of the finest pictures that can possibly be conceived, and I recommend it as a subject to Mr. Heath, for the next 'Book of Beauty.'

'Wretch!' said she, 'what wouldst thou!'

'You black-faced fiend,' said I, 'raise but your voice, and you are dead!'

'And afterward,' said she, 'do you suppose that *you* can escape? The torments of hell are not so terrible as the tortures that Holkar will invent for thee.'

'Tortures, madam?' answered I coolly. 'Fiddlesticks! You will neither betray me, nor will I be put to the torture; on the contrary, you will give me your best jewels and facilitate my escape to the fort. Don't grind your teeth and swear at me. Listen, madam; you know this dress and these arms;—they are the arms of your husband, Bobbacy Bahawder—*my prisoner*. He now lies in yonder fort, and if I do not return before daylight, at *sunrise he dies*; and then, when they send his corpse back to Holkar, what will you, *his widow*, do?'

'Oh!' said she, shuddering, 'spare me, spare me!'

'I'll tell you what you will do. You will have the pleasure of dying along with him—of *being roasted*, madam; an agonizing death, from which your father cannot save you, to which he will be the first man to condemn and conduct you. Ha! I see we understand each other, and you will give me over the cash-box and jewels.' And so saying I threw myself back with the calmest air imaginable, flinging the pistols over to her. 'Light me a pipe, my love,' said I, 'and then go and hand me over the dollars; do you hear?' You see I had her in my power—up a tree, as Americans say, and she very humbly lighted my pipe for me, and then departed for the goods I spoke about.

What a thing is luck! If Loll Mahommed had not been made to take that ride round the camp, I should infallibly have been lost.

My supper, my quarrel with the princess, and my pipe afterward, had occupied a couple of hours of my time. The princess returned from her quest, and brought with her the box, containing valuables to the amount of about three millions sterling. (I was cheated of them afterward, but have the box still, a plain deal one.) I was just about to take my departure, when a tremendous knocking, shouting, and screaming was heard at the entrance of the tent. It was Holkar himself, accompanied by that cursed Loll Mahommed, who, after his punishment, found his master restored to good humor, and had communicated to him his firm conviction that I was an impostor.

'Ho, Begum !' shouted he, in the ante-room (for he and his people could not enter the women's apartments), 'speak, oh, my daughter ! is your husband returned ?'

'Speak, madam,' said I, 'or *remember the roasting.*'

'He is, papa,' said the Begum.

'Are you sure ? Ho ! ho ! ho !' (the old ruffian was laughing outside—'are you sure it is ?—Ha ! aha !—*he-e-e !*'

'Indeed it is he, and no other. I pray you, father, to go, and to pass no more such shameless jests on your daughter. Have I ever seen the face of any other man ?' And hereat she began to weep as if her heart would break—the deceitful minx !

Holkar's laugh was instantly turned to fury. 'Oh, you liar and eternal thief !' said he, turning round (as I presume, for I could only hear) to Loll Mahommed, 'to make your prince eat such monstrous dirt as this ! Furoshes, seize this man. I dismiss him from my service, I degrade him from his rank, I appropriate to myself all his property ; and hark ye, furoshes, GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOZEN MORE !

Again I heard the whacks of the bamboos, and peace flowed into my soul.

Just as morn began to break, two figures were seen to approach the little fortress of Futtyghur ; one was a woman wrapped closely in a veil, the other a warrior, remarkable for the size and manly beauty of his form, who carried in his hand a deal box of considerable size. The warrior at the gate gave the word and was admitted, the woman returned slowly to the Indian camp. Her name was Puttee Rooge ; his was

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

CHAPTER VI.

FAMINE IN THE GARRISON.

THUS my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communi-

cated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him, and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

'Why, Ghorumsaug,' said I, 'what makes thee look so pale, fellow?' (He was as white as a sheet.) 'It is thy master, dost thou not remember him?' The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan's clothes, but was not present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

'O Bramah, Vishnu, and Mahomet!' cried the faithful fellow, 'and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For Heaven's sake let me rid you of this odious black paint; for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear among them with his roses turned into coal?'

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I *was* a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armor and habiliments which I wore; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies; hastened, I say—although delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

'How is the prisoner, Ghorumsaug?' said I, before leaving my apartment.

'He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him; two men and myself watch over him; and Macgillicuddy Sahib (the second in command) has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure.'

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great that I could not help informing him of its contents); and this done, I dispatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection. 'What good after all have I done,' thought I to myself, 'in this expedition which I had so rashly undertaken?' I had seen the renowned Holkar, I had been in the heart of his camp; I knew the disposition of his troops, that there were eleven thousand of them, and that he only waited for his guns to make a regular attack on the fort. I had seen Puttee Rooge; I had robbed her (I say *robbed* her, and I don't care what the reader or any other man may think of the act) of a deal box, containing jewels to the amount of three millions sterling, the property of herself and husband.

Three millions in money and jewels ! And what the deuce were money and jewels to me or to my poor garrison ! Could my adorable Miss Bulcher eat a fricassee of diamonds, or, Cleopatra-like, melt down pearls to her tea ! Could I, careless as I am about food, with a stomach that would digest anything—(once, in Spain, I ate the leg of a horse during a famine, and was so eager to swallow this morsel that I bolted the shoe, as well as the hoof, and never felt the slightest inconvenience from either)—could I, I say, expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a dish of stewed emeralds and rubies ? With all the wealth of Cræsus before me I felt melancholy, and would have paid cheerfully its weight in carats for a good honest round of boiled beef. Wealth, wealth, what art thou ? What is gold ? Soft metal. What are diamonds ? Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners, the only fame-achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's consideration, are beefsteaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

The two latter means of competency we possessed ; I had in my own apartments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under my own bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents) ; I had 14 pieces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 carronades, 5 howitzers, and a long brass mortar, for grape, which I had taken myself at the battle of Assaye), and muskets for ten times my force. My garrison, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted of 40 men, 2 chaplains, and a surgeon ; add to these my guests, 83 in number, of whom 9 only were gentlemen (in tights, powder, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely for a dance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our numbers :

Troops and artillerymen.....	40
Ladies.....	74
Other non-combatants.....	11
MAJOR GEN. O'G. GAHAGAN.....	1000

1125

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army ; with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal. We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126 mouths ; as combatants we numbered 1040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if :

If!—ay, there was the rub—*if* we had *shot*, as well as powder for our guns ; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honor, to feed 126 souls, we had but

Two drumsticks of fowls and a bone of ham.

Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.

Of soda-water, four ditto.

Two bottles of fine Spanish olives.

Raspberry cream—the remainder of two dishes.

Seven macaroons, lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.

Half a drum of best Turkey figs.

Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.

Three ham sandwiches, and a pot of currant jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison! The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return, taking good care to lock the door of the supper room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon, now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. Oh, my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself; eighty-three men and women in ball dresses; the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with faded flowers, uncurled wigs, smudged rouge, bleary eyes, dragging feathers, rumpled satins—each more desperately melancholy and hideous than the other—each, except my beloved Belinda Bulcher, whose raven ringlets never having been in curl could of course never go *out* of curl; whose cheek, pale as the lily, could, as it may naturally be supposed, grow no paler; whose neck and beauteous arms, dazzling as alabaster, needed no pearl-powder, and therefore, as I need not state, did not suffer because the pearl-powder had come off. Joy (deft link-boy!) lit his lamps in each of her eyes as I entered. As if I had been her sun, her spring, lo! blushing roses mantled in her cheek! Seventy-three ladies, as I entered, opened their fire upon me, and stunned me with cross-questions regarding my adventures in the camp—*she*, as she saw me, gave a faint scream (the sweetest, sure, that ever gurgled through the throat of a woman!) then started up—then made as if she would sit down—then moved backward—then tottered forward—then tumbled into my—Psha! why recall, why attempt to describe that delicious—that passionate greeting of two young hearts? What was the surrounding crowd to *us*? What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill ‘Upon my word!’ of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda’s mamma? The brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms. ‘Goliah! my Goliah!’ said she, ‘my brave, my beautiful, *thou*

art returned, and hope comes back with thee. Oh, who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful night! Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered; and if I *had* periled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy!

[The Major's description of this meeting, which lasted at the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve and a half; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out 'Hark ye! men and women—I am this lady's truest knight—her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort—the enemy is without it; another word of mockery—another glance of scorn—and, by Heaven, I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar!' This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, 'Well, Captain Gahagan, your ball has been pleasant, and the supper was dispatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast.' And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech.

'Oh! breakfast by all means,' said the rest; 'we really are dying for a warm cup of tea.'

'Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?' says I.

'Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like,' said fat Mrs. Van.

'What do you say, then, to some prime *gunpowder*?' Of course they said it was the very thing.

'And do you like hot rowls or cowld—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some illegant divvled-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?

'Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow,' answered they all.

'But stop,' says I. 'Oh, ladies, oh, ladies; oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without—'

'What?' said they in a breath.

‘Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house.’

‘Well, well, we can do without it.’

‘Or a single pound of coffee.’

‘Never mind; let that pass too.’ (Mrs. Van and the rest were beginning to look alarmed.)

‘And about the kidneys—now I remember, the black divvles outside the fort have seized upon all the sheep; and how are we to have kidney without them?’ [Here there was a slight o—o—o!]

‘And with regard to the milk and crame, it may be remarked that the cows are likewise in pawn, and not a single drop can be had for money or love; but we can beat up eggs, you know, in the tay, which will do just as good.’

‘Oh! just as good.’

‘Only the divvle’s in the luck, there’s not a fresh egg to be had—no, nor a fresh chicken,’ continued I, ‘nor a stale one either; nor a tayspoonful of souchong, nor a thimbleful of bohay; nor the laste taste in life of butter, salt or fresh; nor hot rowls or cowl!’

‘In the name of Heaven!’ said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, ‘what is there, then?’

‘Ladies and gentlemen, I’ll tell you what there is now,’ shouted I. ‘There’s

‘Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer,’ etc., etc., etc.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

‘Law! Mr. Gahagan,’ said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy, ‘give me the ham sandwiches—I must manage to breakfast off them.’

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition! Of course I did not accede to it—why should I? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. ‘Ladies,’ said I, ‘there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none—of drink there is a tolerable quantity; and at one o’clock punctually, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman; the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig—and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days; and if he be—why, still there is a chance—why do I say a chance?—a *certainty* of escaping from the hands of these ruffians.’

‘Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan!’ screeches the whole covey at a breath.

'It lies,' answered I, 'in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar.'

The women, at this, raised a squeal that might have been heard in Holkar's camp, and fainted in different directions; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, 'Well done, thou noble knight! bravely said, my heart's Goliah!' I felt I was right; I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment! 'And now, ladies,' said I, 'I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation—the other gentlemen will follow me upstairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

LOTH as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts, where I proceeded to review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom, as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honor); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above named), were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was, moreover, bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent; this did not surprise me, as I had told them not to leave their prisoner; but desirous to speak with the lieutenant, I dispatched a messenger to him, and ordered him to appear immediately.

The messenger came back; he was looking ghastly pale; he whispered some information into my ear, which instantly caused me to hasten to the apartments where I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be confined.

The men had fled—Bobbachy had fled; and in his place, fancy my astonishment when I found—with a rope cutting his naturally wide mouth almost into his ears—with a dreadful sabre-cut across his forehead—with his legs tied over his head, and his

arms tied between his legs—my unhappy, my attached friend—Mortimer Macgillicuddy!

He had been in this position for about three hours—it was the very position in which I had caused Bobbacy Bahawder to be placed—an attitude uncomfortable, it is true, but one which renders escape impossible, unless treason aid the prisoner.

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position; I poured half a bottle of whisky down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mouth, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was! idiot!—upon my return to the fort, to have been anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner—when his escape would have been prevented. Oh, foppery, foppery!—it was that cursed love of personal appearance which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honor!

Thus it was that the escape took place: My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise, which I had taken from the back of the prostrate Bobbacy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next?—Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbacy—he put it, once more, on its right owner; he and his infernal black companions (who had been won over by the Bobbacy with promises of enormous reward) gagged Macgillicuddy, who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the word. The sentinel, thinking it was myself who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again—(indeed my rascally valet said that Gahagan Sahib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoiter)—opened the gates, and off they went!

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered!—and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds*;—he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men, with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them; I had changed the guard at the gate (whom they had won over likewise); and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape, until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool! fool! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillcuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag and the whisky he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me—my precious box!—I rushed back, found that box—I have it still. Opening it, there, where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tom-auns, kopeks and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as ducks' eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank-notes—I found—a piece of paper! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated :

EPIGRAM.

(*On disappointing a certain Major.*)

The conquering lion return'd with his prey,
 And safe in his cavern he set it,
 The sly little fox stole the booty away;
 And as he escaped, to the lion did say,
 'Aha! don't you wish you may get it?'

Confusion! Oh, how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped—I swore—I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming, 'The enemy, the enemy!'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTIVE.

It was high time, indeed, that I should make my appearance. Waving my sword with one hand and seizing my telescope with the other, I at once frightened and examined the enemy. Well they knew when they saw that flamingo plume floating in the breeze—that awful figure standing in the breach—that waving war-sword sparkling in the sky—well, I say, they knew the name of the humble individual who owned the sword, the plume, and the figure. The ruffians were mustered in front, the cavalry behind. The flags were flying, the drums, gongs, tambourines, violoncellos, and other instruments of Eastern music, raised in the air a strange, barbaric melody; the officers (*yatabals*), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

You see that two sides of the fort of Futtyghur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular) are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns, therefore (with their six and thirty miserable charges of shot) were dragged round to the point at which

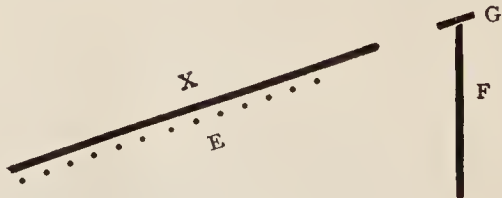
I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men by a single discharge of a cannon ; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls (the rogues knew all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance—it was about the spot where the Futttyghur hill began gradually to rise—the invading force stopped ; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools ; they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position parallel to it) ; the cavalry halted too, and— after the deuce’s own flourish of trumpets and banging of gongs, to be sure—somebody, in a flame-colored satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

The elephants were, as I said, in a line formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters :



E is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G a gun in the fort. Now the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks waggling to and fro gracefully before them ; and I, with superhuman skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself ; bang ! it went, and what was the consequence ? Why, this :



F is the fort, as before. E, the elephants, as we have previously seen them. What then is X ? X is the line taken by the ball fired

from G, which took off *one hundred and thirty-four elephants'* trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth !

I say that such a shot was never fired before or since ; that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal ! An ass would have done it, prided himself had he hit his mark, and what would have been the consequence ? Why, that the ball might have killed two elephants and wounded a third ; but there, probably, it would have stopped, and done no further mischief. The *trunk* was the place at which to aim ; there are no bones there ; and away, consequently, went the bullet, shearing, as I have said, through one hundred and thirty-five proboscides. Heavens ! what a howl there was when the shot took effect ! What a sudden stoppage of Holkar's speech ! What a hideous snorting of elephants ! What a rush backward was made by the whole army, as if some demon was pursuing them !

Away they went. No sooner did I see them in full retreat, than, rushing forward myself, I shouted to my men. 'My friends, yonder lies your dinner !' We flung open the gates—we tore down to the spot where the elephants had fallen ; seven of them were killed ; and of those that escaped to die of their hideous wounds elsewhere, most had left their trunks behind them. A great quantity of them were seized ; and I myself, cutting up with my scimitar a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the men to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbecued elephant was served round for dinner instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one—the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life ; they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an india-rubber flavor, which, until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence upon the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others had forced their way into the supper room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison larder, with the exception of the chéeses, the olives, and the wine, which were locked up in my own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van ! When I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbecued steaks, and when everybody had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalate the fort ; but by the help of my

guns, and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy and the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious; but when another attack was made, what were we to do? We had still a little powder left; but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron-bars, etc., in the garrison? On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food; I shall never forget Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are never at an end. Yesterday I had no ammunition; to-day I discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels, which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time my friend Loll Mahommed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed the attack. The poor wretch could not walk, but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword, and cursing horribly in his Hindoostan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock-men, who picked off every one of our men who showed their noses above the ramparts; and a great host of blackamoors with scaling-ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, facines, gabions, culverins, demi-lunes, counter scarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came; my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how many pieces were loaded? I answer, that though my garrison were without food, I knew my duty as an officer—and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced—whish! went one of the Dutch cheeses, bang! went the other. Alas! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing body they certainly floored it; but they became at once like so much Welsh-rabbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

'Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum (praise to Allah and the forty-nine Imaums!)' shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahommed when he saw the failure of my shot. 'Onward, sons of the Prophet! the infidel has no more ammunition. A hundred thousand lacs of rupees to the man who brings me Gahagan's head!'

His men set up a shout and rushed forward—he, to do him justice, was at the very head, urging on his own palanquin-bearers, and poking them with the tip of his scimitar. They came panting up the hill; I was black with rage, but it was the cold, concentrated rage of despair. 'Macgillicuddy,' said I, calling that faithful officer, 'you know where the barrels of

powder are?' He did. 'You know the use to make of them?' He did. He grasped my hand. 'Goliah,' said he, 'farewell! I swear that the fort shall be in atoms as soon as yonder unbelievers have carried it. Oh, my poor mother!' added the gallant youth, as sighing, yet fearless, he retired to his post.

I gave one thought to my blessed, my beautiful Belinda, and then, stepping into the front, took down one of the swivels—a shower of matchlock balls came whizzing round my head. I did not heed them.

I took the swivel and aimed coolly. Loll Mahommed, his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired—bang!!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahommed.* The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead; the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran—the whole host ran as one man; their screams might be heard for leagues. 'Tomasha, tomasha,' they cried, 'it is enchantment!' Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight was done I flew back to my Belinda. We had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding *her!*

The sweet soul turned toward me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms; but alas! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong—it was hunger! 'Oh! my Goliah,' whispered she, 'for three days I have not tasted food—I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday; but now—O Heaven!—' She could say no more, but sank almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed downstairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law; my adorable girl must eat elephant until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court, where the men were, for the most part, assembled. 'Men,' said I, 'our larder is empty; we must fill it as we did the day before yesterday. Who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party?' I expected that, as on former occasions, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment not a soul moved—a murmur arose among the troops, and at last one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

‘Captain,’ he said, ‘it is of no use; we cannot feed upon elephants forever; we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow. We may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won’t go elephant hunting any more.’

‘Ruffian!’ I said, ‘he who first talks of surrender, dies!’ and I cut him down. ‘Is there anyone else who wishes to speak?’

No one stirred.

‘Cowards! miserable cowards!’ shouted I; ‘what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms—what, do I say *your* arms?—before *mine*!—alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho, open the gate!

I rushed out; not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground where they had fallen, about four hundred yards from the fort.

I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz—piff—whirr! came the balls over my head; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter! they fell on the body of the elephant like drops of rain. The enemy were behind me; I knew it and quickened my pace. I heard the gallop of their horse; they came nearer, nearer; I was within a hundred yards of the fort—seventy—fifty! I strained every nerve; I panted with the superhuman exertion—I ran—could a man run very fast with such a tremendous weight on his shoulders?

Up came the enemy; fifty horsemen were shouting and screaming at my tail. O Heaven! five yards more—one moment—and I am saved! It is done—I strain the last strain—I make the last step—I fling forward my precious burden into the gate opened wide to receive me and it, and—I fall! The gate thunders to, and I am left *on the outside*! Fifty knives are gleaming before my bloodshot eyes—fifty black hands are at my throat, when a voice exclaims, ‘Stop!—kill him not, it is Gujputi!’ A film came over my eyes—exhausted nature would bear no more.

CHAPTER IX.

SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR.

WHEN I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces;

and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary) feeling my pulse and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

'Where am I?' I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces, and the strange apartment which met my view. 'Bekhusm!' said the apothecary. 'Silence! Gahagan Sahib is in the hands of those who know his valor, and will save his life.'

'Know my valor, slave? Of course you do,' said I; 'but the fort—the garrison—the elephant—Belinda, my love—my darling—Macgillicuddy—the scoundrelly mutineers—the deal bo—'

I could say no more; the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered mind and frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

Again, however, I came to my senses; the pothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours I awoke, much refreshed. I had no wound; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length. Walking, the task is bad enough; but running, it is the deuce; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me? I had surely seen him before. No—yes—no—yes—it *was* he; the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaimed him at once to be—Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee, Holkar's prime vizier; whose nose, as the reader may recollect, his highness had flattened with his kaleawn during my interview with him in the Pitan's disguise. I now knew my fate but too well—I was in the hands of Holkar.

Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee slowly advanced toward me, and with a mild air of benevolence, which distinguished that excellent man (he was torn to pieces by wild horses the year after, on account of a difference with Holkar), he came to my bedside, and gently taking my hand, said, 'Life and death, my son, are not ours. Strength is deceitful, valor is unavailing, fame is only wind—the nightingale sings of the rose all night—where is the rose in the morning? Booch, booch! it is withered by a frost. The rose makes remarks regarding the nightingale, and where is that delightful song-bird? Pena-bekhoda, he is netted, plucked, spitted, and roasted! Who knows how misfortune comes? It has come to Gahagan Gujputi!'

'It is well,' said I stoutly, and in the Malay language. 'Gahagan Gujputi will bear it like a man.'

'No doubt—like a wise man and a brave one ; but there is no lane so long to which there is not a turning, no night so black to which there comes not a morning. Icy winter is followed by merry springtime—grief is often succeeded by joy.'

'Interpret, oh, riddler !' said I ; 'Gahagan Khan is no reader of puzzles—no prating mollah. Gujputi loves not words, but swords.'

'Listen, then, O Gujputi ; you are in Holkar's power.'

'I know it.'

'You will die by the most horrible tortures to-morrow morning.'

'I dare say.'

'They will tear your teeth from your jaws, your nails from your fingers, and your eyes from your head.'

'Very possibly.'

'They will flay you alive, and then burn you.'

'Well ; they can't do any more.'

'They will seize upon every man and woman in yonder fort'—it was not then taken !—'and repeat upon them the same tortures.'

'Ha ! Belinda ! Speak—how can all this be avoided ?'

'Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face called Belinda ?'

'He does, Vizier, to distraction.'

'Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army ?'

'A captain.'

'A miserable captain—oh, shame ! Of what creed is he ?'

'I am an Irishman, and a Catholic.'

'But he has not been very particular about his religious duties ?'

'Alas, no.'

'He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years ?'

'Tis too true.'

'Hearken now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife—your second wife, that is—the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness—with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank of Bobbacy Bahawder, of whom his Highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his Highness' forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imaums. You have but to renounce your religion and your service, and all these rewards are yours.'

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink ; I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it, forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing). I took it calmly, and said, 'This is a tempting offer. O Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it ?'

After a long parley, he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give him an answer. My mind, however, was made up—as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

At the end of the six hours the Vizier came back ; two people were with him ; one, by his martial appearance, I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognize. It was about midnight.

'Have you considered ?' said the Vizier, as he came to my couch.

'I have,' said I, sitting up—I could not stand, for my legs were tired, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. 'I have,' said I, 'unbelieving dogs ! I have. Do you think to pervert a Christian gentleman from his faith and honor ? Ruffian blackamoors ! do your worst ; heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long. Tear me to pieces ; after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it ; and if I did, if each torture could last a life, if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then ? I would bear all—all—all—all—ALL !' My breast heaved—my form dilated—my eye flashed as I spoke these words. 'Tyrants !' said I ? 'dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.' Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable Grand Vizier turned away ; I saw a tear trickling down his cheeks.

'What a constancy,' said he. 'Oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth !'

His tall companion only sneered and said, '*And Belinda—?*'

'Ha !' said I, 'ruffian, be still !—Heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest *me* too ! Who, with his single sword, destroyed thy armies ? Who, with his pistol, cleft in twain thy nose-ring ? Who slew thy generals ? Who slew thy elephants ? Three hundred mighty beasts went forth to battle ; of these *I* slew one hundred and thirty-five ! Dog, coward, ruffian, tyrant, unbeliever ! Gahagan hates thee, spurns thee, spits on thee !'

Holkar, as I made these uncomplimentary remarks, gave a scream of rage, and, drawing the scimitar, rushed on to dispatch me at once (it was the very thing I wished for), when the third person sprang forward, and seizing his arm cried :

'Papa! oh, save him!' It was Puttee Rooge! 'Remember,' continued she, 'his misfortunes—remember, oh, remember my—love!'—and here she blushed, and putting one finger into her mouth, and hanging down her head, looked the very picture of modest affection.

Holkar sulkily sheathed his scimitar, and muttered, ' 'Tis better as it is; had I killed him now, I had spared him the torture. None of this shameless fooling, Puttee Rooge,' continued the tyrant, dragging her away. 'Captain Gahagan dies three hours from hence.' Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted—her father and the Vizier carried her off between them; nor was I loth to part with her, for, with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone—my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life; so I flung myself again on the sofa, and fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to be successful. It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time, and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe.

Three o'clock came; the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahommed was conducted through camp after he was bastinadoed. Bobbacy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides; my ass was conducted by the common executioner; a crier went forward, shouting out, 'Make way for the destroyer of the faithful—he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes.' We came to the fatal plain; it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked toward it. Thank Heaven! King George's banner waved on it still—a crowd were gathered on the walls—the men, the dastards who had deserted me—and women too. Among the latter I thought I distinguished *one* who—oh, gods! the thought turned me sick—I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

'He trembles! he turns pale,' shouted out Bobbacy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

'Dog!' shouted I—(I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail and so looked Bobbacy full in the face)—'not so pale as you looked when I felled you with this arm—not so pale as your women looked when I entered your harem!' Completely chop-

fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent; at any rate, I had done for *him*.

We arrived at the place of execution. A stake, a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass; round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters; in these my wrists were placed. Two or three executioners stood near, with strange looking instruments; others were blowing at a fire, over which was a cauldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instruments of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedary, was at a little distance. The Grand Vizier came up to me—it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. ‘It is yet time!’ said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, ‘*Executioner—do—your—duty!*’

The horrid man advanced—he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, ‘*Guggly ka ghee, hum khedgerie,*’ said he, *the oil does not boil yet—wait one minute.*’ The assistants blew, the fire blazed, the oil was heated. The Vizier drew a few feet aside; taking a large ladle full of the boiling liquid, he advanced—

‘Whish! bang, bang! pop!’ the executioner was dead at my feet, shot through the head! the ladle of scalding oil had been dashed in the face of the unhappy Grand Vizier, who lay on the plain, howling. ‘Whish! bang! pop! Hurrah!—forward!—cut them down!—no quarter!’

I saw—yes, no, yes, no, yes!--I saw regiment upon regiment of galloping British horsemen riding over the ranks of the flying natives. First of the host, I recognized, O Heaven! my AHMED-NUGGAR IRREGULARS! On came the gallant line of black steeds and horsemen; swift, swift before them rode my officers in yellow—Glogger, Pappendick, and Stuffle; their sabers gleamed in the sun, their voices rung in the air. ‘D—them!’ they cried, ‘give it them, boys!’ A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music; by one tremendous effort, I wrested the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprung forward—with one blow I leveled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their

fall upsetting the scalding oil-can ; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbacy's palankin off their legs ; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of the back, and sent him flying on to the sabers of my advancing soldiers !

The next minute, Glogger and Stuffle were in my arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase had swept far away. We were alone ; I was freed from my immense bar ; and ten minutes afterward, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

'Look at Gahagan,' said his lordship. 'Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him *at his post* ?'

The gallant old nobleman rode on ; and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURRUCKABAD OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR, fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

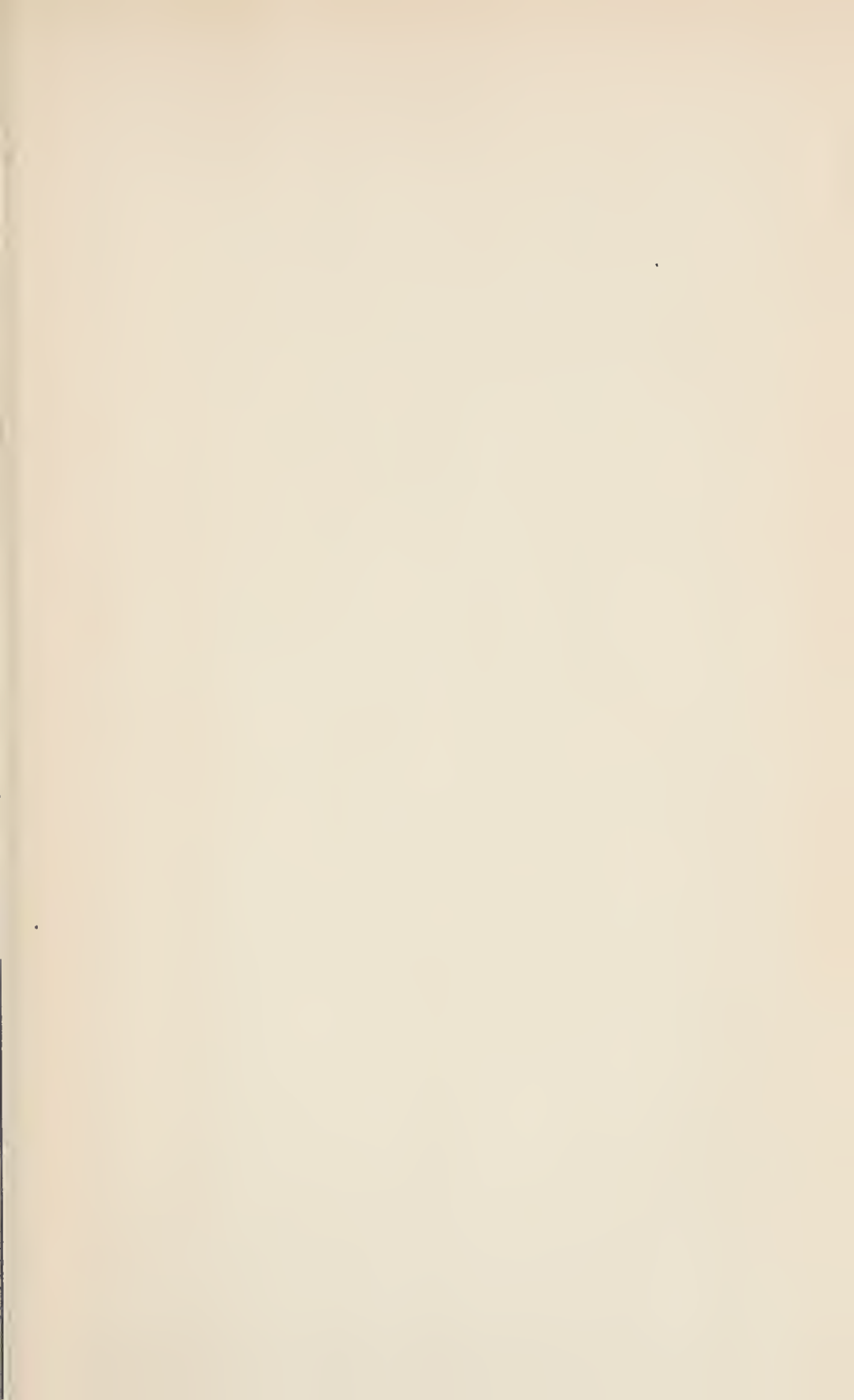
About a month afterward, the following announcement appeared in the *Boggleyvollah Hurkarru* and other Indian papers : 'Married, on the 25th of December, at Futttyghur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Goliah O'Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse, Ahmednuggar, to Belinda, second daughter of Major General Bulcher, C. B. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief gave away the bride ; and after a splendid *déjeûner*, the pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybang. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader.'

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

THE END.





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