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THE BUDGET
OF
THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

Frangas non Flectas."

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

"Ridendo dicere Verum."—HORAT.

"Bubble! bubble! toil and trouble."—MACBETH.



THE BUDGET

OF

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

BY

LADY LYTON BULWER.

AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY."

IN THREE VOLS.

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THE BUDGET

OF

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

“ Happy is the wooing
That’s not long a doing.”

Pennyboy, jun. “ Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee?”

Picklock. “ No, it’s a thing of greater consequence,
Than to be borne about in a black box,
Like a low country vorloffé, or Welsh brief.”

The Staple of News by BEN JONSON.

MR. MC PHIN FLIES FROM ONE DUN TO ANOTHER.—OUT OF EVIL COMES GOOD.—THE DARKEST NIGHT MAY BE SUCCEEDED BY A BRIGHT MORROW.—MR. MC PHIN RETURNS IN STATE TO BUBBLE HALL.

TRUE glory is not acquired by grasping at power and opulence, but by sacrificing our own interest to that of our country. Therefore had Mr. Mc Phin achieved true glory, in the sacrifices he had made of his personal interests and comforts, to that great national improvement, the Sub-marine Railroad, by the moneys he had, at different times, advanced to Mr. Tristran Town, amounting in all to £200, and which

Mr. Town had made repeated promises to refund by a certain day; but these promises having been as often broken as made, Mr. Mc Phin at length received official information, that unless the sums were repaid to the person from whom he, in his turn, had borrowed them, he certainly should be made acquainted with the internal comforts of the county jail, on the morning of the 14th of January.* Now Mr. Mc Phin, who, with a glow of proper pride, thought any thing better than bringing such a scandal on the Bubble family, as to have the preceptor of the heir of all its honours incarcerated in a jail, resolved upon a temporary eclipse, the different phases of which we will forthwith detail; for although we cannot suppose that every one takes such an interest in him as Mademoiselle Perpignon, yet we do hope that he is not altogether an object of indifference, if it were only from being an apostate from that faith,

“ Whose martyrs are a broken heart.”

Young ladies, no doubt, are anxious to know how many pocket-handkerchiefs Mr. Howard has used since Miss Manners sailed for India,

* This was before that great, but somewhat egotistical, Whig measure, the “ Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt,” which left the Whigs more indebted to the country, than the country can ever be to them.

or whether it is possible that he has dried his tears in the sunshine of Lady Annette Lovell's eyes. But, as an able writer and profound thinker* has remarked, "love is, at one time or other, the important business of each individual," we will send Mr. Howard about his business till the next chapter, and go back to the morning upon which Mr. McPhin became invisible. He had been in the habit of arranging a 'Memoria Technica' for Cosmo, so that the word "jailor" naturally suggested the euphonic pendant of "tailor!" and lo! amid the crowd of disagreeable things that thronged his brain, up popped the welcome vision of Archy Dunn: he was in the high-road at the time, not reflecting upon the dangerous candour of such a locale for a man in his situation; but no sooner had the remembrance of Archy limped across his imagination than prudence cried halt! and, coming to a full stop for about a minute, he darted with a sort of shoulder-tapping impetus down a secluded lane that led to Dunderhead Common. It was yet early when he reached it; and, luckily, the doors of all the five houses were shut; but the dimity curtain of Archy's window being gracefully

festooned, displayed him on his board rejuvenating a pair of corduroys, while, to lighten his labour, he was singing the old Scotch song of—

“ My dame has a lame, tapie crane,—”

Singing, we must acknowledge in confidence (for we hope it will go no further), was not Mr. Dunn's forte; for the obliquity of his vision, and the lameness of his gait, seemed to have reached his voice for the purpose of chaunting a very inharmonious duo. On account of this “chamber concert,” and the trepidation of his own knuckles, Mr. McPhin had to knock twice before his appeal reached Archy's ear, who, instead of rising to open the door, contented himself with plying his needle the more assiduously and crying out—

“ They are nae done, John Brough, ond ye conna have them before evening;— to look at the knees, a godly-minded Christian wad foncey that ye had knelt a month of Sundays; but frae the symptoms in an ither perte, where your ain eyes canna reach, yer hobits might pass for sedentary ond observing. Ye'd find buckskin a deal mair conscientious wear thon cords for ain of yer calling.”

“ For pity's sake don't be talking of cords, Archy,” expostulated Mr. McPhin, “ but let me in.”

“Eh, sir! is it you?” cried Archy, jumping off the board and opening the door. “I dinna ken that I can ever look you straight in the face after mistaking you for the greatest scoondrel in this ilk—John Brough.”

“I don’t think ye ever will look me straight in the face, Archy,” sighed Mr. McPhin, sinking into a chair; “but if you’ll save me from a contemptible little rascal, I’ll forgive you for mistaking me for the greatest.”

Hereupon Mr. McPhin detailed to Archy the whole of Mr. Town’s conduct, and the nature of his own present embarrassment, which affected Mr. Dunn to tears.

“Eh, sir!” said he, “my pure hoose is ot yer sarvice, ond would I could raise the siller for ye; but eighty-sax poods are all I hove in the world—the laird ond your goodness be praised, sir—ond they are heartily ot yer sarvice. But, then, well-a-day, they are a twalve-months journey, or mair, frae twa hundred poods—the axtortioning villain! I should hove colcuiated thot it wad have taken a prance of the bloode to spend sic a sum!”

“Thank you, Archy,” replied his patron, “but I certainly havę not come here to rob you, and, therefore, would not take your money if you had it; but for house-room I shall be very

grateful till I can find some means of making Mr. Town pay me; not that I intend to be a burden upon you; therefore, I shall"—

"Not be sae unnateral as tò offer me siller, I hope, sir?" interrupted Archy, clasping his hands, with a look of horror.

"Not exactly, Archy; but I cannot eat the bread of idleness. And if you had a spare room, I would take pupils,—if I could get them."

"Nae fear of that, sir," said Archy, rubbing his hands, as he limped to the farther end of the apartment they were then in, and beckoning to his patron to follow, ascended three steps, when he triumphantly threw open the door of a tolerably large but perfectly bare room, containing three rush-bottom chairs and a square deal table, upon which reposed sundry pieces of cloth and serge: a large grate, for burning wood, formed a parenthesis in one side of the white-washed wall, which, notwithstanding the graceful ornament of two yellow paper fly-traps suspended from the ceiling, had suffered much from the black slanders of those winged busy-bodies, the flies; one large uncurtained window, of small square panes of glass, looking out upon a small piece of ground commanding an extensive view of the common, bounded by low stone

walls, and filled with cabbages and dwarf goose-berry bushes; the former much frost-bitten, and the latter leafless; were what rendered this apartment, in Archy's opinion, particularly cheerful, and capable of counteracting any gloom the Academic shades of learning were calculated to inspire. There was also a preponderating odour of lath and plaster, from the fact of Mr. Dunn's never having inhabited the room since his 'sejour' on Dunderhead Common; which, in his opinion, were synonymous with comfort and cleanliness!"

"I nae object, sir, to yer taking pupils," said Archy, "for it must be as painful to you to keep all yer larning to yourself, as it wad be to a cow to keep all its milk; and" added he, looking round exultingly, "though I say it, that ought not to say it, ye could nae be better fitted for a school-room, there is such a fine open space for chastisement."

And here Mr. Dunn "suited the action to the word," by throwing out his arms first, as if he was swimming, and then raising his right arm flourishingly in the air, and bringing it down with great force upon the imaginary form of some refractory tyro.

Mr. Mc Phin looked round, and his teeth began to chatter. "Hoot! ye'll nae feel the

cold, sir, when ye begin to axerceese yer calling.” Another flagellatory flourish of the right arm accompanied this last axiom of Archy’s, which Mr. Mc Phin mechanically imitated, not so much to keep his hand in as to try and get it warm.

“ But I perceive, sir, yer cold, sae we’ll hove a fire, and some breakfast. Yer luck is not all on ‘ the wrang side ’ either, for Sondy Murray, Effie’s father, ye ken, sir, sent me seeveral yards of kepper salmon, by Fogey Mc Snips, the Inverness pedlar, that ye may remember meeting ain day, on the Calton, when ye ware condescending to give me some of that odvice from the ancients, which has got me on so in the world, ond made me what I om ! ”

“ Than yer thankful for sma mercies, Archy.”

“ That’s vawy weel of you to say, honored sir,” said poor Archy, guiltless of the equivoque, “ but they’re os great wi me os ever. Fogey Mc Snips hod also the civility to let his memory take the measure of my large block half-gallon bottle, that Dr. Andrew Dryskull of Perth gave me. Ye ken the doctor, sir? who cured me in thot miraculous monner of a ain-ond-twenty day’s fever, by just looking ot me, when I told him I could nae afford ony physic. To be sure, Sondy Murray lent me a peel or twa, that he

hod asked the laird of Baubee for; but, as they were for the gout, they could have hod nae effec upon the fever; sae I attributed my recovery, and always shall, to Dr. Dryskull's skeel; but I was ganging to tell ye, sir, that Fogey Mc Snips hod christened my large block bottle with the right sincare thing, as gude Fairntosh, os ever ye drank in Scotland."

"Effie! Effie! ye foggot," screamed Mr. Dunn, descending the three steps, opening a small door on the left, and exerting his lungs to the utmost, "Effie! ye foggot, bring some wood directly to mak a fire in the great room; and then just step over to the Pug and Primrose, and osk Patty (for dinna intèrrupt Mrs. Fine), on account of the marcifful deliverance she hos hod (the Laird* be praised), but see Patty yer sel, ond tell her, to send me a grain of the best tea, ond some lump sugar, ond as much cream as she con spare, ond I'll account with Mrs. Fine for it os soon os she's able to attend to business; ond mind, lassie, that ye' nae os lang as if ye were fording Loch Leven in a storn—but the fire first. Ond ye'll underston ye'r not to let on that a mortal soul* hos been here, excep John Brough for his cordurqys."

* This was merely a peculiarity of diction in Mr. Dunn, for he was no infidel, but a man of most capacious faith in all things.

Effie, a raw-boned, red-haired, red-legged, partridge, no—Scotch girl, now strode into the room, with a burning brand before her, which smoked the whole apartment, and set her own eyes streaming. Mr. Dunn took this opportunity of continuing his lecture upon discretion. “Yer father is a decent, trust-warthy, resarved mon, as ever drew the breath of life. Sae remember, Effie, if ever ye let it escape, thot Mr. Mc Phin hos done me the honour of coming on a visit to me, just to amuse himself, ond a few items of that sort, ye may expect to hove yer mouth fine-drawn the next minute; ond I’ll charge ye nae-thing for doing it, but send ye packing back to Inverness with Fogey Mc Snips, wha’s to be on the tramp in sax weeks frae this.”

“Indeed! sir,” whimpered Effie, “I dinna want to say a breath of Muster Mc Phin; but, in regard to ganging bock to Inverness, I’d fute it ilka step o’ the way (not with Fogey Mc Snips tho’,—for—for a’ his ribbons, prents, and flowered cottons, I conna like a bone in his skin); but I’m almost daft here with the dullness; augh, they dinna even speak like christians, it a’ sounds to me like witch jabber, except the cots and dogs, just wha have the same sensible discourse a’ the world over.”

“Hoot! lassie, dinna you be jabbering here

before yer betters, but off wi' ye, ond bock' wi' ye before either lightning or thought can get the start of ye."

Effie vanished, and by the speediness of her return, laden with all she had gone for, seemed to have followed her master's orders to the letter. As the faggots blazed, and the tea circulated, to say nothing of Dr. Andrew Dryskull's black bottle (the chargé d'affaires from Fogey Mc Snips's still), which was by no means an idle member of the community, Mr. Mc Phin's caloric rose, and with it his spirits, into a tone of philosophical equanimity, that was almost prison-proof; while Archy, who himself played the 'rôle' of 'chef' to the kepper salmon, every moment he could spare from the gridiron, addressed some crumbs of comfort, or interrogations of indignation, to his patron.

"God bless me, sir! it's astonishing to me—but ye've naething on yer plate."

"Not a bit more, thank ye, Archy. I've feasted like a king, ond shall get os fat os a fool if I live long with you."

"Would I hod wherewitha' to burst ye wi' sir—but ainly this wee stitch near the tail."

"Couldn't indeed, thank you, Archy."

"Just speer'ot it, sir, ond ye conna say nae; for it wad tempt its ain father (always supposing

that he's nae been eaten lang syne) to stop in the midst of the merriest leap he ever took doon the Clyde."

"Exactly so, Archy; and it tempts me to stop, for I can eat no more; as it is, I fear I shall be obliged to provide the rest of the gentlemen with water all day."

"The dear forbid, sir! when yander stonds Dr. Andrew Dryskull's infollible remedy against thirst," chuckled Archy, while his solitary eye blinked and fluttered at this rare conceit like a firefly. "But sir, I was ganging to observe to you," resumed he, introducing the piece of kipper salmon, which Mr. McPhin had rejected, to the acquaintance of a piece of cold butter, and finally conveying the 'happy pair' to his mouth, which, followed as they were by a large piece of bread, by no means added to the clearness and perspicuity of his enunciation—"but, sir, I was ganging to observe to you, that I wonder how the 'quality' con associate wi' ond coontenance sic swindling villains as Muster Toon!"

"Alas! Archy, one generation but walks in the steps of another: there are no Columbus's in worldly honour. Custom is a fox and equity a lion; the former is the commoner animal of the two—and it has bten the custom of all ages for knaves to get as much as they can out of fools."

“Eh sir, vary true; but mair shame to those who support the knaves. I tak it, sir, that villainy of all sorts, like on infant, canna stond alone, ond but for the support of others, would soon fall ond be trampled on.”

“Exactly so, Archy; for nothing can hurt the reputation of a man who maintains his credit in his own society.”

“Thon again I say, mair shame to the society that lends a helping hond to maintaining a scoondrel!”

“I am of your way of thinking, Archy. But it is not altogether the world's fault: the world, I take it, is a very just world, when it has acquired that most difficult to be come at of all knowledge—the truth. But then, you see, apparent candour is the sublime of hypocrisy, and most cheats excel in this; consequently, the majority are gulled into thinking well of evil-doers; and as for the minority, who are not in the least deceived by them, they find it expedient, either from general policy, convenience, or abstract interest, to support them; and, in their turn affecting the sublime, proclaim their pet villains angels: and so the monstrous fiction gathers from one mouth to another, till, upon A's assertion (thè most honourable (!) but interested of men), B, the most unmitigated of

scoundrels, is proclaimed a paragon of virtue and propriety. Archy, but it's a weary world, and I wish you'd fit me for anither."

"Eh, sir," sighed Archy, "naething but the influence of a proper spirit can do that."

The subject was a dry one, and Mr. McPhin intuitively helped himself to some of Dr. Dryskull's specific against thirst.

"What might ye think of this room, sir?—but I fear the plaster is unpleasantly new."

"By no means," said Mr. McPhin, following the example of the whisky he had taken, and rising, placing as he did so his right hand oratorically in his bosom, and giving a sweeping look of great dignity round the room—"by no means; there is much Greek simplicity and correctness about it—ahem—ahem—the architects employed by Pericles were possessed of consummate skill in their calling, and Phidias was his overseer. The artificers in the various branches were emulous to excel the materials by their workmanship. To the grandeur of proportion was added exquisite form and grace. The vigour of one administration accomplished what appeared to require the united efforts of many; yet each fabric was as mature in perfection, as if it had been long in finishing. Plutarch affirms, that in his time the structures

of Pericles alone demonstrated the relations of the ancient [power and wealth of Hellas not to be romantic. In their character was an excellence peculiar and unparalleled; even then they retained all their original beauty—a certain freshness bloomed upon them, and preserved their faces uninjured, as if they possessed a never-fading spirit, and had a soul insensible to age!”

Now, the fact was, the last thing Mr. McPhin had been reading with Cosmo was that very charming book, ‘Chandler’s Tour in Greece,’ and his memory, touched as it were ‘by a spirit divine,’ poured forth the foregoing flood of eloquence. What similitude there could possibly be between poor Archy’s humble tenement, shaking beneath every blast, and the time-defying splendours of the Acropolis, it is not easy to guess, except that extremes meet;—but this very circumstance only made Mr. McPhin’s imagination, like Archy’s surprise, the greater.

“Eh, sir! but it’s os gude os a booke to hear you talk! It’s not mony, I tak it, thot ye’d find skeeled in such astrological discourse excep, may be, just Maister Booble ond ain or twa mair.”

With that modesty which ever accompanies real merit, Mr. McPhin waved the compliment

by changing the conversation ; and hinting to Archy that before he could enter upon his scholastic duties, a few books and clothes would be absolutely necessary ; and as every one about the Hall would be occupied with the tournament, it would be easy for Archy to penetrate unobserved into the seclusion of his chamber, and secure the necessary articles. Mr. Dunn, who had great talents for diplomacy, though no liar, instantly organized a plan for borrowing Mrs. Fine's tax-cart, in order to raise the siege, and storm Mr. McPhin's wardrobe ; but previous to his departure, resorted to an expedient for making public the knowledge accumulated and to be acquired under his roof, which he did in the following manner. He first wrote a paper in a large text hand, announcing that—“Greek, Latin, and all sorts of learning” were taught there ; this he pasted in the front window pane, and adopting Pestalozzi's plan of explaining words by things, he placed a birch-rod immediately under it. Now it so happened, that under the rod figured Archy's own ‘affiche,’ headed with ‘Boys' clothes extremely low.’ As the event proved, this sort of scholastic ‘charade en action,’ by infecting the youthful beholders with vague though fundamental fears, which also communicated themselves to their tender

parents, deprived Mr. McPhin of many pupils he might otherwise have had; while Archy was incessantly bantered by his few neighbours upon the learning he professed to retail. At this constant mention of Greek and Latin, a crowd of mythological ideas naturally presented themselves, till he felt like a Jupiter, and, putting on a terrible look with his one eye, silenced all further inquiries by sternly demanding:

“Eh, and wasn't my ain father a sculemaster, the Laird be praised!—ond wha's a better right to dale in larning than his son?”

Archy had secured Mr. McPhin's clothes and books unperceived, and brought him word that Lord Francis Fitznoodle had taken his place at the tournament.

Mr. McPhin gave an extensive sigh, which was the exhalation of a wish that his lordship could take his place in reality, but his spoken words were merely,

“So Archy, ye met nae one? that's lucky.”

“Nae ain, to signify, sir, but Dr. Domnemall, at the entrance of Gorget Lane, returning from the Pug and Primrose, in Miss Prudence's coach, but os he was fast asleep, I dinna suppose he kenned me.”

“Most likely not.”

“Ot ony rate, sir, he cude nae hove dreamt what I hod in the cart.”

“Most likely not,” again asserted Mr. McPhin; and this conversation having taken place about five o’clock in the day after dinner, when Dr. Andrew Dryskull’s specific against thirst had been again resorted to, Mr. McPhin soon followed Dr. Dampemall’s example, without, however, imitating Miss Prudence’s carriage, and fell fast asleep.

Six weeks had passed away since Mr. McPhin had preserved a strict incognito in the large room at the back of Mr. Dunn’s shop; a deep melancholy seemed to have superseded the former calm philosophy of his deportment. He had three sources of grief, the first of which was a sort of hopelessness of ever being able to raise the £200, or rescue it from the clutches of Mr. Town. Marmaduke often presented himself, as his only chance, but then he shrank from spurring a free horse to death, and resolved to die in his present dilemma, rather than apply to one who did not know the meaning of the word prudence, when a fellow-creature was in distress. The second was Miss Manners’s departure for India, which Archy had brought word of, and at which the poor man had cried heartily, at the thought that he might never see her again; and the third, and last, though perhaps not the least, was the excessive stupidity of one of the

only three pupils he had been able to acquire—a boy of the name of Noel, by the stagnant pool of whose invetrate dulness, the remembrance of poor Cosmo's dormant faculties rose into shining lights, and made Mr. McPhin resolve, that should he ever have the happiness to return to Bubble Hall, the heir's knuckles and nankeens should be alike sacred to him. His other two pupils were Irish, and had been labelled at the baptismal font, as Tim Maloney, and Pat Finigan; and though

“ God had denied them common sense,
He gave them legs and impudence,—”

which enabled them to run away from school three days out of the seven, and when threatened with birch and dry bread, to tell Mr. McPhin to his face, that “ they would not demane themselves by plodding from wan (one) wake's ind to another over their grommar like Noel.”

It was after a tempestuous day with Messieurs Maloney and Finigan, that Mr. McPhin was sitting by the fire, enjoying a silent tête-à-tête with Archy, and solacing himself with Dr. Andrew Dryskull's specific, which with necromantic power he converted into the regal flood, ycleped “ Virginia water,” by the dense vapour that ever and anon issued from the white bowl of a long clay pipe. Mr. Dunn, though no conjurer,

was engaged in making similar metamorphoses ; but having evidently something, or more properly speaking, some things, on his mind, he kept looking wistfully towards the door, and made several ineffectual efforts to speak, which all ended in his clearing his throat, and emptying the ashes out of his pipe with three distinct thumps upon the hob. At length he got as far as "Its vary odd."

"What's very odd; Archy?" inquired Mr. McPhin, without taking the pipe from his mouth, but merely leaving it to its own merits without further puffing.

"Naething, sir," said Archy, with some hesitation ; "but Baccy always reminds me of the new world, ond it must be a queer place, I'm thinking."

Now, it would have been evident to any one actuated by a less generous spirit than Mr. McPhin was, as he mixed his fourth tumbler of toddy, that Mr. Dunn was not thinking of the new world at all, and had, therefore, been guilty of a subterfuge, according to the fashion of the old world ; but his patron had never yet doubted his word, and, therefore, civilly demanded, removing his pipe to make way for his punch,—

"And what were ye thinking about it, Archy?"

“ I wonder if there are ony colleges in it, or gude tailors itself ?”

Mr. McPhin now for the first time that evening, looked Archy full in the face, and Dr. Andrew Dryskull's Specific having added double force to his mental, as well as physical vision (while it had evidently increased instead of diminishing Mr. Dunn's thirst for knowledge), Mr. McPhin was staggered at the 'à propos des bottes' of the question, and, not to draw too much upon his own imagination and information, replied to it from Ben Jonson's "News from the New World :"

“ The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon ; a castle in the air that runs upon wheelles, with a winged lanthorn.”

“ Eh, sir, es it possible !” and Archy's one eye seemed widening into two.

“ I have seen it in print.”

“ Than, of coorse, sir, et must be true !”

“ All the phantastical creatures you can think of are there.”

“ Are there ony wid women there, sir ?”

“ And zealous women, that will out-groan the groaning wives of Edinburgh.”

“ Ony lovers ond husbands, sir, os wi' us ?”

“ None that will hang themselves for love, or

eat candles'-ends, or drink to their mistresses' eyes till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do."

"En dade, sir!"

"No; some few you shall have, that sigh, or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wiser sort warning."

"Eh, sir, it's maist woonderful!" cried Archy, as the pipe fell from his mouth and broke into twenty pieces, while both his hands flew upward with a galvanic motion, and as suddenly descended upon his knees.

"And there were self-lovers there, too, Archy," resumed Mr. McPhin; "but they are all dead of late, for want of tailors."

"Pure creatures," sighed Archy; "it only proves the truth of the proverb, sir, that a stitch in time saves nine. But, sir, as ye seem sae knowledgable upon that as on aither motters," and here Mr. Dunn seemed anxious to ascertain if his nails were in perfect order, from the minute manner, in which he scrutinized them, "I a wad be glod to open my heart to you. You must ken, sir, thot—thot—" but his courage failed him, and he came to a dead stop.

"That what, Archy?"

"Thot I'm thinking thot I'm mair fitted for

pooblic life, sir, thon ony ither;” and Mr. Dunn cleared his throat, and drew up his shirt-collar with the air of a man intuitively conscious of having said a good thing, which was made more apparent by the loud laugh with which Mr. McPhin received this intimation, while he pushed his chair back, and raised his heels nearly to the ceiling.

“And what would ye condescend to accept, Archy?” asked he at last, wiping the tears from his eyes, “the First Lordship of the Treasury, or the Chancellorship of the Exchequer?”

“I dinna clearly understand, sir; but if ye thank the Chequers wad be a gude sign, I’ve nae objection; ond I’m sure she’d be proud of yer choice, os I should thank she’s nae hankering after the old ain.”

“Nor do I clearly understand, Archy. Pray, explain yourself.”

“Why, sir,” said Archy, pushed into bravery by extreme fear, “we intend kapping a pooblic en Loonon.”

“We!” responded his patron; “and who are we? or is it merely regal phraseology that ye are adopting, Archy?”

“Sartinly, sir; et soon will be quite legal; but Doctor Domnemáll says we munna thank of it till the sax months are oot.”

“Think of what?”

Mr. Dunn looked down in amiable confusion, and nearly twisted the last button off the left side of his coat, while, with his right hand he petted his right ear, that the piece had been snipped out of, as he stammered forth,—

“Eh, sir! Mistress Fine ond I are ganging to concentrate oor sels into ain.”

“Archy!” exclaimed Mr. McPhin, backing his chair several paces, placing his hands energetically on his knees, and perusing Mr. Dunn’s expressive countenance with great attention; “Archy! you’ve never been such a profligate as to make love to a married woman?”

“Na sir, na, nae exactly; for ye dinna call a widow ain—ond tho’ I a’ways conscedered Margey the pottern I should like for a wife, yet I naver hinted at sic a thing till the morning of the funeral, whan I told her I should like to take the gude will of Toney’s business, ond she vary sensibly obsarved, that os he had never let her alone, she should not like to be alone now.”

“I must say,” said Mr. McPhin, re-advancing his chair, “you lost no time, Archy.”

“Eh, sir, what’s the use of losing time, whan there’s a great deal to be done.”

“And when is it to be, Archy?”

“Os soon os the doctor can be brought to

hear reason sir—but he haulds resolute to the sax moonths !”

“ And do you mean to give up tailoring, Archy ?”

“ Not preceesely, sir, I may just do sufficient to mak the bairns’ clothes,” said Mr. Dunn, with a look of paternal pride ; which, as there were no such children in the world as his, was very natural.

“ It’s bad, Archy, reckoning one’s chickens before they are hatched—suppose they should be girls ?”

“ Eh, then sir, they must mak a shift without me ; but I’m thinking sir, if the worst coomes to the worst, I can get the twa hundred pounds frae Margery.”

“ You’ll do no such thing, Archy,” sighed Mr. McPhin, “ but thank you all the same.”

“ Eh, but it’s vary odd, he said a moonth at the langest,” soliloquized Mr. Dunn, pushing a large log of wood till it lost its equilibrium, and rolled out on the floor.

“ Did ye screech, sir ?” said Effie, putting her head in at the door.

“ Nae, it’s the wind, lassie.”

But presently a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

“ What an awfu night !” said Effie, as the

knocking, or rather shaking of the door was again heard.

“Wha can it be knocking sae late?” cried Effie, turning very pale.

“Hoot, it’s ainly the storm trying to cominit a burglary,” said Archy, re-filling his pipe.

Soon, however, he seemed to change his opinion, as a shrill whistle was heard.

“Then if it is,” said Mr. McPhin, looking a little alarmed in his turn, “it is whistling to it’s accomplice—the darkness!”

“It’s a’ right! it’s a’ right!” as the whistle was again heard for the third time—“it’s a’ right,” cried Archy, jumping up, and telling Effie, as he hopped round and round on one leg, to go and bring up a cold goose and a Cheddar cheese that Mrs. Fine had that morning sent, and to flit over to the Pug and Primrose for a tankard of the best double X.

“Are ye daft sir, after a’ the pilchards and toddy ye hove hod; ye’ll be making a coroner’s inquest of yer sel I’m thinking, ond that will be mair sorrow for the Pug and Primrose.”

“Off wi’ you, lassie,” cried Mr. Dunn, executing another circular hop—“ond I’ll see to the door.”

Effie, thinking that her master’s intellects were certainly deranged, thought it better to

obey him to the letter, and therefore vanished like a flash of lightning by the back of the house, while Archy seized a candle, and limped with all possible expedition to the front door; where stooping down to the key-hole, he gave a shrill whistle, after which, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, he vociferated—

“Bode a goon o’gold,”* but the wind was so high, that he had to repeat this twice before he received the answer from without—

“Ond ye’! aye get the sleeve o’it.”

Whereupon, making another pirouette, Mr. Dunn undid the door, and admitted a tall figure, so enveloped, as to be scarcely defined; but who, shaking a drift of snow from a kind of gray Highland shepherd’s plaid blanket, that constituted his external garment, exclaimed—

“Hoot mon! I thought ye’d been awa at the wedding!”

Archy, who, in his present position with Mrs. Fine, began to consider the word personal, inquired with some dignity—“what wedding?”

“Why the deil’s eldest daughter is dootless booked to night,” laughed the new arrival, “for he’s been pelting her favours ot me for the lost twa miles across the common.”

* Covet a gown of gold, and you’ll e’en get the sleeve of it.

“Put yer gibes in yer pack, Fogey, till ye tell me whether or nae ye’ve succeeded.”

“Did nae the sagnel agreed upon tell ye that os plain os it could spek?” re-interrogated Mr. McSnips, for it was no less a personage.”

“Fogey, ye mǎy just buy ond sell me for the rest of my life,” cried Mr. Dunn, opening his arms to embrace Mr. McSnips’s waist, for they could reach no further.

“Hauld! Archy! there’s five poonds short!” said that gentleman, repelling his advances.

“Na, there’s not,” said Archy, ‘hastily withdrawing a key from his pocket, and unlocking a high wooden office desk, that stood near the three steps leading into the inner room—“na, there’s not, for here it is!” and from an old dirty white parchment letter-case, secured by a zone of equally dirty white tape, attached to the pointed end of it, he drew a £5 note; when, hastily re-placing the pocket-book, and locking the desk, he cleared the three steps at one bound, and followed by Mr. McSnips, appeared before Mr. McPhin.

“Honoured sir,” said Archy, bowing down to the ground; “I am hoppy to say that this is the lost night ye’ll poss onder my roof—not but that in ain sense I could wish ye never had yon ither, but its a pure case for sic larning as

your's, and please the Laird, ye'll soon hove ain mair fit to contain it, and gang back to the Hall, for the twa hundred poonds is a' ready to release ye; and the ainly security required, is, that ye'll tak seegnal vengeance on that villain, Toon, if he was feesty times chief-scribbler to my Laird John."

"Archy," said Mr. McPhin, not well knowing what to make of Mr. Dunn's address; "again I thank you—but again I tell you, that I won't take your money."

"Neither are you ganging to do so, sir—it's nae my money—it's the siller of money, wha dinna ken wha it is for, and therefore there is nae paying back in the business, which a'ways gi's ain a remorse o' conscience about borrowing money. I'll just explain to you how the matter stonds. Nae hoving enoo' of my ain, and kenning weel that ye'd be very distant about it if I hod, I consolted wi' Fogey McSnips here the very morning after ye were gude enoo' to come and see me, as to hoo we could clutch the siller; and it strook me, that by ganging to high and low in Edinburgh and Perth, and taking pennies as weel as poonds, and saying it was for a Scotch laird menaced wi' an English preeson"—

"Hold, Archy," interrupted Mr. McPhin,

“how could you say I’m a laird, when I’m only a poor tutor?”

“Eh sir,” said Archy, with an indescrivable look of pity and reproach, waving his patron aside with one hand; “to think that I should leev to set you right in yer Latin, and beat ye ot lodging, os ye ca’ pruving things”—

“Logic, Archy.”

“Weel, logic, if ye like it better, but dinna ye ken, that whenever ye used to visit the grammar-schule at Perth, the bairns a’ways ca’d ye the Dominie; and does not, Dominie, a’ the world over, where Latin is understood, frae the psalms doonwards, mean Laird? ond the prison perte of it there can be nae dispute aboot, os it was in plain English. Excuse me, sir,” continued Archy again, waving his hand, perceiving that his patron was about to speak; “but I’ve ainly a few wards mair to say. For the honour of Scotland, they’d nae let a laird (as I hope I’ve clearly demonstrated to ye all) gang ond recreate himself in an English prison. Sae the siller was raised, ond here it is—the Laird and Fogey McSnips be praised;” and as he concluded, Mr Dunn slapped Fogey’s pack triumphantly.

“Na—na, ’tis nae there, Archy, ye wad na hove me corry twa hundred poonds aboot in a

square-box, or if it were nae better than ‘Chevy Chase’—‘Kate of Aberdeen’—‘Death and the Lady,’ or any ither bollad, not warth a bawbee. Na, na, Fogey. McSnips hos nae taken council of five-and-forty years for that;” and so saying, Mr. McSnips began, in the expressive language of Messieurs Crib and Jackson, to peel. In height he was nearer seven than six feet, and broad in proportion from the number of waistcoats he now began to disencumber himself of, while over his knees were drawn a pair of thick broad ribbed popper-and-salt worsted stockings, and under them were a pair of stout.untanned leather gaiters—all of which made his legs proportionate supporters to so bulky a body. Unlike his countrymen in general, Mr. McSnips had lanky black or rather grizzled hair, over which, when travelling, he invariably wore a Welch wig, and a round blue Highland cap; his eyes were black, small, and shrewd; his face broad, and his cheek-bones high—in short, his physiognomy was extremely like that of the laughing hyena’s exhibited at fairs, “vot entices the little boys into the voods, and eats them artervods.”

As soon as Fogey had taken off about a dozen waistcoats, and deposited them all carefully and smoothly on the top of his pack, which he had

previously laid on the table, surmounting the pile with his Welch wig and cap, he turned his last waistcoat, which was made of yellow plush with black spots upon it, inside out, and ripping one side with a pen-knife, next proceeded to cut some strong threads which secured a piece of brown paper, out of which he extracted a bank post bill payable to Mr. Peter McPhin, for £195 sterling, which Archy seized; and slipping his own £5 inside it, presented to Mr. McPhin, who in vain tried to speak; but as he pressed Archy's hand in one of his, he brushed away a tear with the other, as he turned aside his head. At length he stammered out, "Archy, how can I ever repay you?"

"Hoot, sir, did na I tell ye there was nae remorse of conscience about this money—thot its nae to be paid bock?"

"Yes, but I mean my gratitude to you, Archy—and, indeed, to Fogey," said Mr. McPhin, extending his hand to the latter.

"If you'll obsarve the per contra side of the accoont, sir, ye'll see thot in regard to the article of grotitude, the balance is steel on my side—sae nae mair o' thot, for I doobt if, up to the latest day I leeve, I shall ever be able to discharge it; ond os for Fogey, here, he's doon a' he hod to do vary weel—sae if ye'll just get him

the coostum of the Hall, it well be what he desarves, amang a' them flock of lassies below stairs, they must often want top-knots, and the young laird is just of the age when climbing and cricket are vary distrooctive to suspenders, which Fogey could a'ways replace; ond then perhops Miss Prudence might open her heart sometimes, and gi' her gossip, Mrs. Damnemall, a gilt-chain, ond the doctor a pinchbock seal, ond this is os mooch os Fogey either desires or desarves."

Mr. McSnips, having seconded Mr. Dunn's motion, and Mr. McPhin finding that both were resolute as to not hearing him in reply, he silently sat down to the supper which Effie now brought in. The goose did not appear one bit more tender than Mr. McPhin had ever done to Mademoiselle Perpignon, which caused Mr. Dunn to apostrophise it as follows:—

"Gin Mr. Toon war but a roasted guse before me, I'd stick my dirk into his gizzard os I now do into yours, ye deceptive auld grandmother!"

While Effie, for reasons best known to herself, contrived, in helping Mr. McSnips, to spill the ale all over his yellow plush-waistcoat, merely, inquiring, by way of apology,—

"Why, conna ye keep yer eyes straight? ond.

then ye'd see what's cooming, enstead of flanging them over yer shoulder avery minute, like coon-jurers' balls ot a fair?"

The next morning, at niñe o'clock, a large yellow carriage appeared at Mr. Dunn's door, being what he called a glass coach, which he had ordered from Shrewsbury. Mr. McPhin, upon seeing his books, &c. placed in it, naturally inquired the meaning of so much pomp and state, when Mr. Dunn justly observed "that there was a wide difference between a man leaving home over head and ears in debt, and returning to it aboove the world. In the former case, pedestrian journeys were not only the most suitable, but the only ones feasible; while, in the latter, people should appear, as well as be, independent." For the second time, Mr. Dunn proved himself a better logician than his patron; and, as Archy pushed the latter into the carriage, he kept exclaiming at the top of his voice, for the good of the neighbours, while a tear was in his eye and a smile on his lip,—

"They are nae done, honoured sir, but ye shall have them, without fail, this evening, os I told ye yesterday, whan I ca'd ot the Hall. I'm sorry ye've hod the trooble of coming your sel about them."

Scarcely had Mr. McPhin's equipage driven

out of sight, and Mrs. Brough's head disappeared from her door, before Masters Finigan and Maloney made their appearance, and each, speaking as if they had a bog in their throat, inquired, "if the Masther was waiting for them?"

"Hoot! there's nae master here noo," said Archy. "He wad nae langer waste his voluable time on sic a set o' ne'er-do-weels os ye, sae he started for Loonen yesterday; but he laft a flogging a-piece for ye, which, ef ye'll come in, I'll gi' ye."

The young gentlemen, not wishing to trouble him, declined Mr. Dunn's obliging offer, and took to their heels with great velocity, not, however, before he had torn down "Greek, Latin, and all sorts of learning," with their accompanying birch-rod, and flung it after them; this duty performed, Mr. Dunn drew his hat over his eyes, locked his hall-door, put the key in his pocket, ditto his hands, and then, with an orderly and measured step, walked over to the Pug and Primrose.

CHAPTER II.

“Telle est la misérable condition des hommes, qu’il leur faut chercher dans la société, des consolations aux maux de la nature, et dans la nature, des consolations aux maux de la société. Combien d’hommes n’ont trouvé, ni dans l’une ni dans l’autre des distractions à leurs peines.”—CHAMFORT.

ALL THINGS PROSPER WITH “MR. HOWARD BUT LOVE.—HE IS NOT THE MORE RATIONAL FOR BELIEVING HIMSELF SO.—MANY MONTHS INTERVENED, BROUGHT WITH EVENTS, WHOSE END IS NOT YET.”

MR. HOWARD is not the only person in the world who, by the time they have attained an enviable position, have incapacitated themselves from enjoying it,—and blessings are but blessings when we feel them to be such.—Therefore, notwithstanding the great advantages by which he was now surrounded, both in a social and political point of view, that “sunshine of the breast” which alone can make any prospect charming, was wanting. His home was, in every sense of the word, luxurious, as it afforded him the two greatest of all luxuries, leisure and liberty, with a full enjoyment of an intimacy with the most gifted and extraordinary man of the day.

The Duke of Arlington was a man greater from his talents and his virtues, than from his fortune and position. Always superior to the offices he filled, he was at once capable of *swaying the present, and not only of foreseeing, but of regulating the future*; and even when that future had been entangled by less consummate policy, his was the patience, the perseverance, and the skill that unravelled and wove into a strong and even woof the complicated web of others. Great in his designs, subtile in his councils,—he was equally just in his decisions and selections:—no wonder, then, that he was always happy in his results.

Viewing him as a statesman, he appeared as if diplomacy, wisdom and eloquence, had been his sole study, and that nature and art had left room for no other qualities. But those who saw him in the calm retreat of domestic life, creating a halo of love around him, from a strict observance of all those minor morals, of attention, forbearance, and anticipation, which form at once the empire and the rulers of the heart, would have supposed that so gentle and benevolent a spirit had never come in contact with more rugged paths than those smooth and verdant lawns of life, which form the boundaries of a good man's home; while his conversation was as racy, and

his wit as brilliant and meteor-like as if it had solely arisen from the lightest and most vapoury soil of mere imagination. In short, he was filled with all those opposite and dissimilar, but equal virtues and talents, with which God endows those spirits whom he intends should be the masters of others.

When he was Premier, truly might Martial's compliment to Domitian have been applied to him:—"Vox diversa sonat, populorum est vox tamen una: cum verus patriæ diceris esse pater."

As far as a politician can be honest, the Duke of Arlington was so; for while the leaven of party (from which no statesman can be entirely free) compelled him to assume that necessity will excuse some actions, common sense taught him that to justify them could never be necessary; by which he avoided the meanest of all vices, hypocrisy; for what are hypocrites but moral swindlers, defrauding the community, at large, of toleration or esteem, for that which, in reality, they can give no equivalent?

The Abbé Frugoni says that "style is a kind of magic which is but too often successfully employed to make paradoxes be received as truths, and sophisms as solid arguments. By these stratagems the greatest part of free-

thinkers and false philosophers have subtly distilled their poison. Their works were so well written, that the reader forgets the matter in favour of the manner: and a sentence wrought into harmonious cadences, produces them a number of admirers." Now, hypocrisy is style in action, and often procures the blackness of men's deeds to be forgotten, from the fairness and plausibility of their words and outward bearing. But the duke, having nothing to conceal or to varnish, had no occasion for hypocrisy or style in his deportment; or if he had, he adopted Hampden's, whom we are told was so modest, so humble, that he seemed to have no opinion but what he derived from others. By which means he had a wonderful art of leading men into his principles and views; who all the time believed they were leading him.

Like many great men, the duke's family was neither as great, nor as amiable, nor as clever as he was; yet he was one of those whom to know renders one independent of all others, by the world he comprised within himself, and by the epoch an intimacy with such a man forms in one's own existence.

During the few weeks that Cecil had been domiciled at Arlington House, he would, under any other circumstances, have been perfectly

happy; but when our thoughts and minds are any where but where we are, external influences, whether evil or good, are alike lost upon us. And the only times that Howard could succeed in concentrating his ideas within the present, they conveyed to him the painful consciousness of his own 'gaucherie' and unpardonable absence of mind, which, in time, he feared must weary even the duke's kindness and forbearance, and unfit him for the trust he had so generously reposed in him. This temporary awakening, however, brought with it no spur to future activity; for there is something so paralyzing in intense mental suffering, that, for the time being, it annihilates that energy which is indispensable even for the most mechanical exertion.

The recollection of the few last months of his life passed in Shropshire had, in the present stunned state of his feelings, all the confusion of a delightful yet painful dream, the only part of which that seemed clear and certain being his separation from Theresa and his own folly! Fifty times had he been on the point of writing to her, and imploring her forgiveness; but the conviction of how contemptible he must appear in her eyes, from the little faith she could possibly attach to his promises, after the manner in which he had violated all his former protesta-

tions, always withheld him ; and, as if to aggravate his misery, he felt, as intuitively convinced of her entire blamelessness throughout the whole business, as if he had received the most minute explanations from her own lips.

In this unenviable frame of mind it was not surprising that every one and everything disgusted him, except the duke's kindness, and that pained him, from his conviction of his own unworthiness ; while among his ' degouts,' the most prominent was that which he experienced at Lady Annetie Lovell's attentions ; for though the world talked loudly of her marriage with Sir Headworth Clavering, Cecil received constant invitations to dine at Lord St. Quinten's, which he as constantly declined. But notwithstanding the early meeting of Parliament, town was still exceedingly dull ; and Lady Annette was one of those light and brilliant spirits whose friendship never flourished but in a fog, and whose benevolence was never apparent but in the absence of balls ; for which reason she amiably enlivened the monotony of Arlington House during the dead season, by offering herself twice a week to the Duchess for dinner ; and finding that Cecil could not be got to sing, ride, dine, or do anything she proposed, she very kindly informed him one evening in the

when——” this likewise shared the fate of its predecessors; and another, and another, and another in succession;—till fairly posed, he placed his elbows on the table, and leant his forehead against his hands; in which position he had been for about five minutes, when a servant entered the room with a salver full of letters, which he presented to Cecil, merely saying—“from Lord John Bubble, sir.”

He started from his reverie, and scrambling up all the letters together, hastily broke the seal of the largest packet, which was directed in Marmaduke's hand-writing, but contained an inclosure of Theresa's. Marmaduke's letter was instantly dropped—but Cecil's hand trembled, and his heart beat so violently, that it was some moments before he could open the one he had seized: and when he did, a sudden faintness came over him, and the letters swam before him;—what a true prophet is the heart, when it is sorrow that it foretells. The letter contained but a few lines—and there is always a doom in the brevity of those who are wont to have much to say: they ran as follows—

“I cannot leave England (perhaps for ever), without telling you, that the unknown knight at the tournament was my uncle Lionel Man-

ners, whom you had known as Mr. Ormond; he had always a romantic disposition, and therefore decided upon this eccentric mode of making himself known to my aunt and cousins; I would have gladly let you into his secret, had he not positively forbidden it. This explanation, I consider, more due to myself than to you; for, from my uncle's great kindness to me (to whom, on his first coming to the Hall, I had discovered himself), I thought it only right to make him the repository of the only secret I possessed—my love for you: he, in the most generous manner, promised to do all within his power, and that was much, to promote our marriage; but he thought your jealous temper might hereafter cause our unhappiness, and therefore wished to test you by the scene at the tournament—alas! with a presentiment that has been but too fatally fulfilled. I tried to dissuade him from it, but in vain! you know the result. It is now his wish that I should accompany him to India—what else have I to do? I have never yet concealed a single feeling of mine from you, and therefore will not do it now, even though you should despise me for my weakness, or my boldness.

“ Know then, that for three weeks I have delayed our departure, in the expectation, nay,

in the hope of hearing from you; this, like every other hope, has been disappointed: I do not upbraid you for it; why should I, when notwithstanding all that is past, I cannot feel that you have been, that is, that you meant to be unkind to me?—no, on the contrary, I know you would serve me to-morrow, and for that reason, I am going to make you a request, which is, that when April comes, you will take little Blanche Carlton her poor mother's geranium, which the Duchess of Arlington took to town; and, as you were the first to rescue both the poor child and the little plant, I need not tell you to say all that is kind to the former for me, when you give her back the latter. And now; good bye! I cannot bless you more at parting than I have ever done, or than I shall ever do—but I make no promise, and I ask none. Cecil! you are free! and if I am fettered, though deserted, it is from no anticipation of the future; for my uncle has forbidden me henceforward, on pain of his displeasure, to hear from or write to you; but because the past cannot be effaced from the heart of

THERESA MANNERS."

To say that Cecil's breath came thick and short, and that a death-like paleness over-spread

his face, when he read this letter, is to say nothing : there are two sorts of death—the one is physical, and the debt we must all pay to nature ; the other is moral, and inflicted by despair, which annihilates all things but a sense of its own misery : and no sooner had he read Theresa's letter, than, morally speaking, he ceased to exist ; for, beyond a dense consciousness of intense agony, Cecil Howard knew nothing ;—he mechanically took up Marmaduke's letter—but the characters seemed to flit about like so many 'ignes fatui,' and mockingly elude all his attempts at fixing them.

“Gone ! gone ! and for ever ! for ever !” reiterated he, as his eyes wandered over Marmaduke's letter which ran as follows :

“My dear Howard,

“The enclosed is a month old ; but it was the poor child's wish that it should not be forwarded to you, till she had been that time gone ; she said it was something you were to do about a plant of poor Blanche Carlton's (good child that), and I suppose she was afraid of your forgetting it if you got the message too soon. I wonder, Cecil, you never fell in love with Theresa ? I think I should at your age ; and yet I don't know—it is better not, for love is all

d——d nonsense, or something worse; and if the woman you love is not a jade, why Fortune is, and it comes to the same thing; to say nothing of the Fates being old women, and therefore, like all other old women, confoundedly in the way on all occasions;—so after all, you had better not fall in love—no, no! fall into the fire or into the sea, or anything else you please—but don't fall in love.

“ I don't know how it is, but ever since that poor dear child has left us, the house seems too small for me; I think the lobsters must feel much the same as I do now when they cast their shells, and get under the rocks; for every thing hurts me, or, if it doesn't, I know it will.

“ There is one comfort though, that Lionel Manners is a good fellow,—however he came to be so,—but I suppose it was by helping himself in a lump to all the goodness that was intended to be farmed out among the whole family—always excepting Theresa's share—but he's got that too, now that he has got her. I tell you what, Howard, it does not do to live too long, for if you are obstinate, and won't leave the world, the world will leave you. Talking of leaving, there is Mc Phin, who was absent without leave, for a whole six weeks; and just as I began to fear that this time he had been drowned in

good earnest, one fine morning he arrives in a machine like the ark upon wheels; and, after Mademoiselle had screamed herself black in the face, and he had stuffed himself ditto, and my brother had vowed he'd discharge him, and his fury at length subsided, after having burst forth in a hurricane of Algerines on poor Mac's devoted head, the latter informed me that he had had a narrow escape the morning of the tournament of being arrested on account of moneys lent to Mr. Tow:; and I shrewdly suspect, from Romulus's alarm when I told him this, that the fellow has also gulled him to a considerable amount. I wish, therefore, you would keep an eye upon the reptile, now that you are in London, or this sea-horse hobby of poor Romulus's may engulf him.

“News there is none here, except that marriage is the worst epidemic we have had since the cholera; and the final symptoms are much the same; for in both cases people end by being sick, and looking blue. Mrs. Fine is to become Mrs. Dunn; and Archy, tired of being a sinner, is to turn publican, and opens the London campaign as landlord of the Bear and Bee-hive in Drury Lane.

“Report, and my sister Prudence say, that

Miss Anna Martha Dannemall, is to turn into Mrs. Alonso Tripe, at the same time that caterpillars turn into butterflies; and Lucy's King-fishing ends this day week, when the silly pair set off for Paris, where my brother talks of joining them in August. And now you have all our news, so pray send me some of yours; and, above all, tell me when you think our poor friend Carlton will be able to act? and whether he is not a little elated at the great success of his book? Tell him Lord John wrote to me *ex officio*, desiring to know if he might not proclaim the real author? as the burden of its fame was becoming too great a responsibility for him! I said no—not yet; but that if it would be any relief to him, he might own himself the author of Junius's Letters!

“I wish you were back amongst us. I wish things were as they were; that is, I wish I was not so miserable. Again I say, send me some news; but I also say, as Pliny said to Calpurnius Piso, ‘If possible, let it be something that is quite new; somewhat that is surprisingly great!’ I tell you beforehand, that it must be no manner of thing that I have ever yet heard, or ever yet read; for whole heaps of notions, both from men and books, are at my own fingers' ends, and ready enough to assist me; but, alas! all of them

put together signify not one straw to the present affliction of your affectionate cousin,

MARMADUKE BUBBLE.

Bubble Hall, March the 19th, 181—.

Cecil was sitting with this letter in his hand, gazing on vacancy, with a look from which all intelligence had fled, when the duke entered.

“Howard,” said he, “is that letter about the Cinque Ports gone?”

“Gone! yes, for ever—for ever—and I am the ‘cause!’” replied he, in a hollow and broken voice; his elbow was resting on the table, and as he sat sideways, with his face partly hid, the duke had not on entering perceived his wild and haggard look, but at once surprised and alarmed by the tone of his voice, he now walked round, and taking his hand, said—

“Howard, you are not well?”

“Not well—not well—is not the wind fair for India? and yet,” added he, pressing his heart forcibly with both his hands, “I thought all the tempests in the world were raging here—then how can they be there? Hush! listen—they are laughing—laughing! still at that horrid tournament; and yet see how the white manes of those wild sea-horses lash and foam, and plunge! And it was I—I! drove her into the midst of

them—but not to kill her—no, not to kill her—the rattle you hear is in my throat not in hers—no, no ! angels will take her spirit in a dream. Death comes only for such as me, but in fire not ice, as they would make one think. See ! see ! how he burns me here !” and he pointed to his temples.

“ Poor fellow !” said the duke, as with one hand he felt Cecil’s pulse, and with the other rang the bell, to send for a physician. “ Poor fellow ! he is in a brain fever.”

This was precisely the case ; and for two months Gertrude Howard watched over her brother, with little or no hope of his recovery ; and when he did begin to mend it was so slowly, and he appeared such a complete wreck in body and mind, that his friends began to fear he could never again be what he had been.

The duke’s kindness seemed to augment as Cecil’s power of being useful had decreased ; and with that delicacy of tact, which nothing but genuine good feeling can give, made it appear his personal wish that Howard should get into Parliament. The line he had chalked out for him he knew must awaken his energies, while the success that could not fail to attend the very brilliant talents he possessed, would imperceptibly to himself rouse his ambition. Nor was

the duke mistaken in the result of his benevolent stratagem; for, as Cecil's feelings towards him amounted to little less than idolatry, every faculty was strained to the uttermost when he thought that it was *his* wishes he was promoting;—and if any glow resembling pleasure could be said to have glanced across his heart, since the day he had received Theresa's letter, it was on the night of his own very brilliant maiden speech, not indeed at the enthusiasm that very cold and earthly assembly the House of Commons was roused into, but by the cordial sincerity of the duke's assurances, that since the gone-by days, when the very air was made eloquent by real oratory, he had heard nothing within those walls approaching to it till that night.

Even Lord John Bubble contributed his quota of applause by assuring him that, had he had an idea that he was so good a speaker, he would have provided for him on the Whig interest long ago; while Mr. Town echoed his patron's sentiments, adding the following sentence of original matter: "Upon my word, Mr. Howard, sir, with your talents, it was a shame to desert the family politics, and go over to the enemy!"

In a word, Cecil became the fashion, which

he attributed quite as much to his 'piéd à terre' being Arlington House, as to anything else; at all events, he knew that success, not merit, is the test that wins popular applause more even in the Game of Life than in science, arts, and literature; and that the 'observation Petronius Arbitèr puts into the mouth of Eumolpus in reference to the bad poets of his time, is applicable to all human careers.* Besides, there are different sets of feelings for every sphere and circumstance of life; and that success, however brilliant, which touches not the ruling passion, forms but an imperfect circle in the heart, wherein the one hiatus mars all.

The image of Theresa, lost to him for ever, was the skeleton that obtruded itself at every banquet that ambition prepared for him; for the brightest wreaths that fame ever twined, to which love has added no roses, breathe more of cypress than of bays. Still, by degrees, the "bubble reputation" began to have charms for him; for through it he began to hope that he might redeem himself in Theresa's, or rather in her uncle's opinion; and from that hour a healthy and well-regulated spirit was the impetus of all

* "Ego. inquit, Poeta sum, et et'spero, non humillimi spiritus: si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad imperitos deferre gratia solet."

his exertions; till, one day, about a year and a half after her departure for India, Sir Romulus informed him, with a very triumphant air, that she was about to be married to a rich nabob. From that moment, his heart became darkened and heavy; for whatever or whoever we overrate, we sow the seeds of disappointment within ourselves, which only want time to mature; and Cecil had, as it appeared, overrated Theresa's constancy to him.

But, blessing on Nature when she invented indignation! •It• has saved many a heart from breaking: it is to the living what Egyptian embalming is to the dead; it enables them to endure and to defy all contingencies. Remove it, and the sternest heart will soon fall a prey to external influences.* From that hour Cecil toiled more indefatigably than ever; but his spur was that false ambition which grasps at power, in order to rule and to be feared.

Among the most assiduous of Cecil's adulators, as his fame increased, was Colonel Dragglesfar;

* A gentleman, just returned from Egypt, told the author, that doubting the miraculous effects attributed to the ancient modes of embalming, he took a mummy, two thousand years old, plunged it into a warm bath till all the bitumen was detached from it, when the flesh instantly plumped up like that of a living person, and in a few hours was in a state of decomposition.

he was unremitting in services and attentions, of which Mr. Howard was in no possible want, but quite the contrary; for these sort of coals-to-Newcastle and diamonds-to-Golconda favours are exceedingly troublesome and oppressive. Nay, such was Colonel Dragglesfar's paternal feeling towards Cecil, that when "listening senates" applauded him, and sweet voices echoed his fame, the worthy veteran has been heard and seen, either in the lobby of the House of Commons, or on the Tournay carpet of a crowded saloon, to thump his stick (a substantial weapon, somewhat thicker than that tariffed by law for the beating of wives) on the floor, and exclaim, with tears in his eyes :

"Egad! sir, it was I who taught the boy. When he used to come home from Eton, I used to take delight in teaching him elocution, and making him what he is!" The incredulous "is it possible!" that generally followed this assertion only elated the gallant officer the more, by convincing him that no one knows what they do till the world discovers it.

Colonel Dragglesfar also began to stir himself indefatigably about George Howard's promotion; but unfortunately for the expenditure of so much benevolence, the Duke had anticipated him! Alas! alas! philanthropy places a man

on the horns of many a dilemma. Carlton had been acting for about a year with wonderful success at Drury Lane, drawing unpacked and overflowing houses every night. Guzzlecat had never condescended to go and see him, although for his friend Mr. McEverpuff's sake, he daily and weekly wrote the most slashing philippics against his acting.

Now it so happened that Colonel Dragglesfar was of course a public worshipper of Mr. McEverpuff, because being more of a Ghebir than a Persian, it was not so much the rising sun as the sun that had risen, which he worshipped; consequently, to Carlton himself and among the Arlington House set, he was lavish of his praises; but when he found himself in mixed assemblies, or among a majority of McEverpuffites, he either preserved a discreet silence, or recanted in toto the previous admiration he had imprudently bestowed upon Carlton.

Among the events of the last eighteen months were Lady Annette Lovell's marriage with Sir Headworth Clavering, and Lord St. Quinten's appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India. A year after the former event, Lady Annette presented her husband with a son, to the great joy of his father, whose enormous

wealth was not now likely to be divided among distant branches of his family.

One morning that Cecil had ridden out to see Carlton, and congratulate him upon his more than usual success on the preceding night, he mentioned, among other news of the day, the arrival of the Clavering's young heir. One of those sudden and convulsive changes, which occasionally, and to Cecil unaccountably, overspread Carlton's face, ensued upon the mention of this circumstance.

"I wonder," said the latter, at length, stopping short in his hurried pace up and down the room, "if it would be possible to get those people to come and see me act?"

"Very possible," replied Cecil; "but will you meet them at dinner some day?"

"No, no,—no dinners; I hate what is called society of every description."

"My dear fellow, forgive me for saying, that I think you are wrong, for Blanche's sake hereafter, so entirely to give way to that repugnance," urged Cecil

"Blanche's sake hereafter," mused Carlton; no, that is all settled, but it must be—"

"What must be?"

"Nothing—nothing; I was merely thinking of the new crown I have ordered for the banquet

scene in Macbeth; let me see, Lord St. Quinten goes to India, does he not?"

"He does," said Cecil, biting his lip, and turning towards the window, to hide the painful sensation that the word India always created.

About a week after the above conversation with Carlton, the Duke of Arlington entered Cecil's study with an open letter in his hand, "Howard," said he, as he closed the door, and seated himself in a vacant library chair, "I am going to be magnanimous."

"That sentence," smiled Cecil, "contains a flagrant grammatical error, as in it your grace has confounded the past and the present with the future, for you have never been any thing but magnanimous."

"Prettily flattered," said the duke, "and only makes my magnanimity the greater; but to be serious, Lord St. Quinten has expressed a wish that you should accompany him to India; for, from the great talents you have evinced in the theoretical sphere of debate, he has augured greater things from you in the more arduous and practical one of action; therefore, should your views and wishes coincide with his, I need not tell you that I will wave my own, for your mutual good, and that of the country."

"Kindness and generosity on the part of your grace are things so familiar to me," replied Cecil,

“ that they excite no feeling beyond that ordinary and fixed gratitude, I must ever entertain towards you ; but while I admire, I cannot emulate your disinterestedness, and therefore, feeling no inclination to accept Lord St. Quinten’s offer, must beg to decline it.”

The duke’s penetration was at no loss to perceive, that the haughty flush that accompanied Howard’s refusal of this proposition, arose from a very different origin than Lord St. Quinten, or any thing connected with him ; for which reason, without asking any explanation of his motives, he merely rejoined, “ Well, although I am the gainer by your decision, I cannot but regret it, as I am of St. Quinten’s opinion, that it would afford a scope worthy of your talents.”

“ Talents,” said Cecil, with a faint smile, “ which have no existence, I fear, but in your grace’s imagination ; at all events, it would, in all probability, be with me as Kennet observes it was with the gladiators, who, though inured to a desperate kind of combat, made but an indifferent figure whenever the necessity of the times called them into the Roman armies.”

“ I’ll not dispute your modesty,” said the duke, “ since it is all in my favour ; so I must only modify Lord St. Quinten’s disappointment as much as possible,” added he, leaving the room.

CHAPTER III.

“Aujourd’hui le parlement ne fait rien—C’est ce qu’il peut faire de mieux.”—*Le Charivari de Jeudi*, 9 Janvier, 1840.

“He put his self all a board of a ship,
A forrin countrie for to see.”

The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.

THE BUBBLE FAMILY GO TO PARIS.—ANTICIPATORY PRECAUTIONS OF SIR ROMULUS PREVIOUS TO THAT EVENT.—MISFORTUNES OF MISS PRUDENCE ON BOARD THE MONARCH, WHERE IN HER WAY TO SEE THE LIONS, THEY POLITELY SAVE HER THE TROUBLE BY COMING TO SEE HER.

It was the beginning of August, and that time which had hitherto been bestowed on Government was now devoted to grouse. In a word, Parliament was up, and the members down at the moors. As lovers are proverbially great bores to every person in the world but one, we will leave Mr. Howard for some time, to red tape, wove paper, and his own reflections, while we follow his illustrious kinsman, Sir Romulus, in his trip to that Paradise of women, Purgatory of horses, and Inferno of husbands—Paris.

For several months had the note of prepara-

tion sounded, before the family at the Hall could be got under weigh. At length, Sir Romulus's final arrangement was completed, in the shape of a highly emblazoned and interminable map of the sub-marine rail-road, intended as a present to His Majesty, Louis Philippe, and of such ponderous dimensions as almost to require a travelling-carriage to itself. This, with a large chest of printed prospectuses of the plan, headed—"Private and confidential," and protocol'd—"disseminate this every where," in Sir Romulus's own hand-writing, being at length packed, the family started on the morning of the twelfth of August, in four carriages, for Bath, as Sir Romulus, who, even in his worship of Hygeia, liked to be out of the common, had taken it into his head that at Paris he should become exceedingly bilious, and had, therefore, determined upon undergoing a course of the Bath waters, previous to his departure. Add to which, it was his intention to deposit Mrs. Manbers with an old friend of hers, in Sidney-Place, as he naturally enough thought that Bubble-Hall would be too dull even for eighty-nine, when they had all left it.

Lady Bubble had also her preparations to make. She had been in Paris twice—once at the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, and again at the

general Peace, in 1814—when she had imported, not only a quantity of finery, but also a large supply of the printed fashions of those two eras; from these gone-by modes, she had taken care to replenish her wardrobe, before her departure, notwithstanding the accurate descriptions her daughter, Mrs. King, continued to send her of the reigning fashions, so that, instead of the Brebis now worn, her ladyship's bonnets were admirable imitations of chimney-tops, surmounted by flower pots; and the Burnous of the present day she superseded with the short-waisted crimson or yellow silk spencer of the past.

Miss Prudence, with a deeper philosophy, busied herself—not about external things—but evinced a great deal of resignation—having ascertained beyond a doubt that roast beef—aye, and roast turkeys, too—were now to be had in Paris for the asking—and of the excellence of the brandy there could be no doubt, as Dr. Dannemall had requested her to send him some over. Cosmo had been assured by his father that sight-seeing should supersede study while he was in Paris, and Mademoiselle Perpignon conjured up to him cool visions of ice in summer, and warm ones of roast chestnuts in winter.

Marmaduke had his reminiscences of the choice old books to be got on the 'Quai Malachi and Quai Voltaire,' and felt as comfortable as he had been able to do since Theresa's 'departure. Miss Lucretia, who dreaded the freedom of Parisian manners, and had vague notions that she should meet the goddess of reason parading through the streets, had decided upon remaining with Mrs. Manners; so that every one was satisfied except Mr. McPhin, who, fearing that all French women might be equally inflammable and demonstrative with Mademoiselle Perpignon, already, in imagination, felt himself Béchamel'd by the attentions of the Parisian ladies.

Sir Romulus uttered but one bon mot during this journey; but, as it not only lasted him the whole way to Bath, but served him every day for the fortnight he remained there, we will repeat it. On leaving Shrewsbury, as they were slowly descending Pride Hill, he observed several loose stones and large pieces of earth rolling down in the suite of the carriages, whereupon, turning to Lady Bubble, as he pointed to the runaway earth, he facetiously remarked,—

“My dear!—my dear! Pride shall have a fall! Pride shall have a fall!” and then, elevating his voice, he screamed into Mrs. Manners's ear,—

“Ma’am, you must not forget to tell your friend, Lady Pamperpug, that Pride shall have a fall!”

“Oh, thin, endade! Romuluth, I’ll do no thuth thing,” said the old lady; “for poor Lady Pamperpug never wath proud in her life.”

“My dear, your mother is getting terribly old and stupid,” mumbled Sir Romulus, ‘sotto voce,’ to his sposa; “wit is quite thrown away upon her, but you must not forget to tell the Pamperpug that pride shall have a fall! Poor Pamperpug, he was one of my most intimate friends before the old lord died, who was a very genteel man (!) He used to be terribly hard-up for money, but always full of fush. I remember on one occasion, he was to have acted at the Kilkenny plays, and he wrote word he was laid up with the gout and could not come. Shortly after, I met him walking in Dublin, as well as ever, and congratulated him upon having recovered from his recent attack of gout. Gout! my dear fellow,” said he, “are you mad? I never had the gout in my life. Why, you wrote us word you had. Oh by G—, so I did, for who the d—l could spell rheumatism, though that was what was the matter with me! Very genteel man!—very genteel man! Pamperpug; and as I wish to shew his calamity

every attention, you must not forget to tell her, my dear, that pride shall have a fall !”

Nothing remarkable occurred during the fortnight that the Bubble family remained at Bath, as Lady Bubble only added another to the ambulating antique female frescos that haunt its streets, and therefore passed unnoticed, as did Sir Romulus among the male specimens. Every morning while he was paying his devoirs at the Court of King Blagud, in order effectually to defy the embryo heart-burns and bilious fevers he was shortly to encounter in the shape of truffes and ‘foie gras.’ Miss Prudence took a constitutional walk through the market, of which she expressed her unqualified approbation—at the same time giving utterance to a fear that she should see nothing like it abroad—a circumstance she should regret beyond everything !

The old lady and Miss Lucretia having been safely deposited with their friend, Lady Pamperpug, in Sidney Place, the rest of the family proceeded at eight o’clock of a fine morning in the middle of August, to Southampton, from whence they were to sail for Havre. The party were divided as follows:—Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, Miss Betsy and Cosmo were in one carriage, Mr. McPhin, Mademoiselle Perpignon, Miss Prudence, and her maid, Buzzard,

in another. Marmaduke, Trip, and his books in a third, and the rest of the maids and valets in the fourth; but as Miss Prudence could not possibly undertake so long a journey without a proper viaticum, there was necessarily a delay occasioned in her departure, by the packing of ham and chickens, sherry, and Seltzer water, which caused her to arrive full an hour and a half later at Southampton than Sir Romulus and his suite, whom she found had sailed by an earlier packet, having word that she should come by the *Monarch* which was to sail at eight in the evening.

“Oh dear,” said she, upon receiving this intimation; “’tis so much better, for now we shall have time to dine, and there is nothing so bad as going on board ship without food.”

Accordingly, at eight o’clock Miss Prudence and a very substantial meal embarked in the *Monarch*; while, from Mademoiselle’s extra tenderness of manner, Mr. McPhin felt as much nausea as if he had been already half-seas over; and, as he leant languidly over the side of the vessel, while Mademoiselle recommended him to try some ether, a sudden darkness seemed to overspread his countenance, as he turned somewhat savagely round, and ungalantly vociferated—“I tell ye what, mum, the

more you torment me, by Jove the worse it will be for you!" and then calling loudly for the steward, soon gave her unequivocal proofs that it was no vague threat that he had uttered. Meanwhile, Miss Prudence, who had despatched Buzzard to get her berth ready, with an injunction to be sure and leave plenty of hard biscuits in it, now began to think of turning in for the night, when she was unaccountably alarmed by a terrific roaring of wild beasts. "Oh dear!" cried she, darting from her seat; "is that the steam-engine or the sea making that terrible noise?"

"Neither, marm," said a man standing near the fore-castle, in a rough jacket, with large white bone buttons, and a seal-skin cap; "neither, marm, it be the beastesses a calling for their suppers."

"What do you mean?" cried Miss Prudence, in additional alarm; "you don't mean to say that they have got any beasts on board but ourselves?"

"Yes, I do, marm—I'm a taking hover hall Wan-hamburg's beastesses, as he's a going to hexhibit in Paris."

"Oh dear, what a shame! to put lions and Christians together on the wide ocean—arn't you dreadfully afraid to travel about with such creatures?"

“ Bless you, no, I don’t care.”

“ Ah, there it is—now there’s where you’ll come to your destruction; for Don’t-care, you know, was eat up by the lions.”

“ Was he, marm. Well, then, he should have tooked and gived them no supper, as I do, ven they’s hobstropus.”

“ Oh dear, but that’s cruel,” remonstrated Miss Prudence; “ I don’t hold with being unkind to dumb animals.”

Another roar, louder than the first from the wild beasts, seemed a polite indication on their part, that she had made a slight mistake in calling them dumb animals.

“ Would you like to come and ave a look at them, marm?”

“ Oh dear! not for the world—do they eat much?”

“ Don’t you wish they may get it? Lor bless ee, they’d heat you if so be as you vas to per-woke them.”

Without waiting to make any more researches into Natural History, Miss Prudence, at this last piece of information, seized the arm of the stewardess, who was passing at the time, and immediately descended to the cabin. The first berth she looked into, she found filled with tracts—this was a “new birth unto righteous-

ness" that she did not understand, so she lifted them out and placed them on the sofa, till her eye was attracted by one entitled—"Hooks and Eyes for the Garments of True Believers," which she thought would just suit Dr. Dammemall, and, save Archy Dunn a great deal of work. So without any reference to the relative positions of 'meum' and 'tuum,' she transferred it to her bag, and then proceeded to undress, carefully pinning her button mushroom 'cheveleur' to the curtain.

"Oh dear! only think," said she, as she herself folded up her habit-shirt, and placed her large dimity pockets under the pillow, while Buzzard officiated at her stays; "only think there's all Van Amburg's lions and tigers on board. I call it quite scandalous! Government ought to interfere. I'll write to Lord John and tell him to bring a Bill into Parliament, to prevent them putting Christians and wild beasts together in this way, and I'm sure Dr. Dammemall will preach about it when he hears of it. Oh dear! that is such an affecting psalm where David talks of delivering his darling from the lions. I wish he was here to pray for us tonight, he's such a good man to be sure!"

"Which ma'am, David or the doctor?" said Buzzard, gaping for information.

“ Oh the doctor, to be sure—not that I mean to detract from David, but then I know more about the doctor, and David did things that I’m confident the doctor never could do.”

“ Indeed, ma’am ?”

“ Ah you know what a good man he is—don’t you, Buzzard? but just get the essence of mustard and rub my shoulder, for I feel terrible rheumatic to-night. Dear me, what was that? the wind or the horrid creatures roaring again?” continued Miss Prudence, as the ship gave a lurch with a loud creak, and a sudden gust of wind blew out the candles.

“ It’s only the wind, for the wind is rising fast, ma’am, and I fear we shall have a terrible rough night of it; for there’s a Merican gentleman on deck who seems to know a deal about the weather, and I heard him tell the wild beast man, so. Steward—Missus—steward—lights, if you please.”

“ Directly, ma’am.”

“ Have you seen the beasts, ma’am?” resumed Buzzard.

“ Oh dear, no! but don’t begin talking about them in the dark, pray.”

“ Dear me! ma’am, those I’ve seen at fairs seems very tame, and I suppose they are all alike.”

“No such thing; there are not two animals alike—that you see even in a flock of sheep; the features are totally different—some have long tails, and some short, you know!”

“Steward—oh—steward!” groaned a gruff voice from above; “bran—oh—”

“Good gracious me! I do believe we have got into the gentlemen’s cabin by mistake!” almost screamed Miss Prudence, “and here am I all undressed. Put on my cloak, for heaven’s sake!”

“Steward—oh—quick—another—oh!” re-groaned the voice from the upper shelf: and, lo! two heavy substances came pounding and clattering down at Miss Prudence’s feet, who now began to scream in good earnest with mingled fright and pain, as she felt some sharp claws stick in her arm.

“Sir! messeer! if you are a man, or a gentleman, or even a Frenchman, don’t lie groaning up there selfishly by yourself, while two unprotected females are being torn to pieces by wild beasts—but do do something to save us!” vociferated she, imploringly stretching her wigless head upward in the darkness to the supposed lord of the creation above.

“Ah, do, sir, if you please,” seconded Buz-zard; “for there is something broke all to pieces here!”

Another groan was the only reply to this appeal, and another scream from Miss Prudence, louder than the first, as the steward entered with lights, and discovered a scene not very easily described—Miss Prudence, wigless and gownless, with a large porcupine, that had fallen from the upper berth, digging into her arm, as it was writhing from the pain of the bottle of essence of mustard that had broken in the scramble and got into its eyes—Buzard on the floor at her feet, with one half of a bason on her head and the other half in fragments in her lap, while above sat the author of the tragedy, in the shape of a figure whose genus would have puzzled the best naturalist living: a Wellington boot appended to a very substantial leg, that hung out over the berth as well as what looked like a closely buttoned double-breasted cloth coat and very stiff white cravat, seemed to intimate that it belonged to the male sex; the enormously large red face, ditto years, and hay-coloured moustache that appeared above the cravat, would have also favoured this supposition—but that they were in their turn surmounted by a very thickly curled flaxen wig, with a very high plait at the back, fastened up by an equally high comb, which evidently indicated, that notwithstanding the symptoms of masculine superiority

in other quarters, the owner of the Wellington boots was also an aspirant to feminine graces. On one of its elbows this Herculean torso leant, while with the other large, bony, freckled hand, that was covered with enormously large seal-rings, it grasped a bason, which when the stewardess had removed and replaced by a tumbler of brandy and water, it cleared its throat, and in a fine distinct stentorian voice, spoke as follows, as it nodded affably down upon Miss Prudence and Buzzard :

“ Ahem—ahem—beg pardon, ladies—hope there’s no mischief done—but it’s the first time in my life I ever believed in sea sickness. So ho ! Jupiter, you d—l ! what’s the matter with you ? —Jupiter is that porcupine— I’m taking it over to my brother, who has a museum and all sorts of things at Paris. So ho ! can the creature be affected by the sea, that it writhes and wriggles so ?—hasn’t run into your arm, has it ?—mere scratch—bit of gold-beater’s skin set it all to rights.”

“ Oh dear ! I’m confident it will be the death of me ! I never was so used in my life,” gasped Miss Prudence, as Buzzard, with her hands well muffled in a shawl, was in vain endeavouring to detach the remorseless porcupine from her mistress’s arm.

“ Jupiter, be quiet, sir—well, never mind, it can’t be helped. I think I heard you mention Dr. Dannemall a while ago ?”

That revered name seemed to act like an electric shock upon Miss Prudence, who giving a sudden jerk, effectually shook off Jupiter, who was instantly conveyed back to the upper regions by the stewardess. Once more free, and revived by the Doctor’s name, Miss Prudence began to entertain a more favourable, or rather a less horrible opinion of the owner of the masculine feet and feminine head, and therefore replied :

“ Oh dear ! do you know him ?”

“ Not I,” replied the nondescript, “ and hope I never shall ; but I’ve a fool of a brother—a regular milk-sop—a fellow who writes poetry and mends pens, who is making love to his daughter. I dare say you may have heard of him—Tripe—Alonso Tripe. Now, my other brother at Paris, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe, is the most scientific man of the day ; his galvanic experiments on minor animals are truly wonderful. I have seen him send a flea so high up in the air, that it never came down ; and I am taking Jupiter over to be galvanized. If you are going to Paris, I shall be happy to introduce you to him. What he does with cats is

perfectly miraculous—he once made a dead tabby ramble for half an hour upon a housetop; and the only way you could have discovered that it was dead, was that it allowed all the live cats to pull it to pieces without retaliating; after which my brother shot it—oh—steward—oh!”

Mademoiselle Perpignon now descended, looking fat and feverish, and having announced that the sailors had predicted a very rough passage, and that “Meestere McPhin was very much sufferer,” she asked for a looking glass, and after exclaiming “Oh ciel!” at the representation it made to her, she commenced a duet with Miss Tripe, which lasted till Miss Prudence got into her berth, where she rolled her boa round her head, tying the ends gracefully under her chin, as she declared she felt a draft that was cutting her throat. At length, all was hushed but the storm, which as it rose to an alarming degree, seemed only to rock the inmates of the ladies’ cabin the more profoundly to sleep. Meanwhile, poor Mr. McPhin determined upon “braving the winds and waves,” not indeed for “Hero’s sake,” but for his own, as he dreaded going down below, for fear of again encountering Mademoiselle: therefore, he had the full benefit of the effects of an undue quantity of brandy

and water imbibed by the American gentleman that Buzzard had alluded to, who was now pacing the deck in as great a storm as the night, at the steward's having refused to supply him with any more of that exhilarating beverage.

“I come,” hiccupped he, rolling more heavily than the ship, “I come from a land of liberty, where I can get plain brandy for the asking—and I come to a land of slavery, where I can't even get br—andy and wa—water by paying for it! Shame! shame!—but I'll stop the cotton trade—that's what I'll do—if they grudge the liquor, we'll grudge the cotton—that's what we'll do!—no, no, we won't cotton to the English any more! And there's that chap, Captain Marryat, that they think so much of—he'll find himself in a tarnation frizzle of a fix the next time he shows his nose in the United States I can tell him! and I should like to know how he'll spin out a book without cotton?—no, no, no more than I can act with spirit without brandy!—but I will though, for all that.—Steady, steady—my man!” said he, stumbling against Van Amburgh's chargé-d'affaire, “you've been making a beast of yourself—shame! shame!—it's taking the bones out of those poor animal's mouths!”

Now it so happened, that the American was

right! the keeper of the wild beasts was in a high state of exaltation; and therefore, naturally resented the personality of his assertion; which he evinced, by seizing that gentleman's black bear-skin travelling cap, and vociferating with as much distinctness, as the present nature of the circumstances under which he laboured would allow of—

“ You says as I've a-been making a beast of myself does you? ’ now I'll have you to know my fine feller, as I never allows no one but the lioness to say as I am addiceted to *lick-her* ! ha ! ha ! ha ! or I sarves 'em according—so here goes,” added he, kicking the unoffending bear-skin cap before him, like a foot-ball, till it rolled down the cabin steps; where, in the ardour of the chase, he followed it, believing in the confused state of his vision and ideas, that it was a young tiger that had made its escape.

As all this occurred about half-past four in the morning, the intimates of the ladies cabin, including the stewardess, were still in a profound slumber, so that the cap-hunter entered unmolestedly; but having fallen over the object of his pursuit at the foot of the stairs, he thought it better to proceed in quest of that unknown something, which, most of us, even in our sober senses, are apt to follow; accordingly, amid the

darkness visible, the first point of resistance he made for, was Miss Prudence's berth, into which he almost tumbled, seizing hold of the ends of her boa to break his fall; which mistaking in his oblique state of sensation, for the mane of the lioness, he tugged away at it, till he nearly strangled the unfortunate lady to whom it belonged, exclaiming all the while—"so my old Duchess I've caught you have I, though the young one has escaped me!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" screamed Miss Prudence, awaking half suffocated—"the wild beasts are tearing me to pieces—the monster's claws are on my throat!"

"Eh, what's the matter?" thundered Miss Tripe in her turn, waking up, "Jupiter! what are you at? can't you let the old woman alone? eh, what the deuce is the matter?" and out flew the Wellington boot, which, coming suddenly in contact with Mr. Peter Chaffing's eye, (the name of the tutor of Messieurs Les Animaux) caused him to fall back on the floor, and, by so doing, to relax his grasp of poor Miss Prudence's throat; making, however, a grapple at her wig, which was pinned to the curtain, and conveying it by way of a victorious trophy to his pocket.

"Oh! it's only a man," said Miss Tripe,

looking down upon the fallen hero, and complacently twitching her un-nightcapped wig a little more to the right.

“Ou done?” inquired Mademoiselle, starting up in her berth, “Mon^{sieur} McPheen, est-ce vous?”

“A man!” re-screamed Miss Prudence, “oh dear! that’s infinitely worse than I thought it was—the wild beasts might have been accident; but this is evidently a black design, to ruin the reputation of an unprotected female, ’cause he knew neither of my brothers were with me; Lucretia was right—the French are a most profligate set, no woman’s reputation is safe!”

“I’ll guarantee your’s to the amount of the national debt, unless they seize it at the custom-house,” thundered Miss Tripe, as she gave a loud yawn, and completed the toilet she had commenced on her wig, by pulling out the ends of her cravat at arm’s-length, and re-tying them.

Miss Prudence, who was always ‘au pied de la lettre’ in everything, now started up in her turn, and seizing her pockets, as though she thought it was there, exclaimed—“but can they seize it though?”

“No, no! duty will always save it, or a little skilful cunning pass it through the Customs of

any country ;” ha ! ha’d Miss Tripe, now tucking up her habit, protruding both her Wellington boots over the berth, and springing down upon the floor, with an energy that shook the cabin, and rolled Mr. Peter Chaffing to the other end of it.

“ Well ! now that’s what I call scandalous,” dogmatized Miss Prudence, “ to make people pay for their reputation !”

“ Why, you see it’s a thing that is very dear to some people, while there are others, who don’t value it ; but the less people have of it, the more it costs them to maintain it,” rejoined Miss Tripe, as she brushed away at the sleeves of her habit, accompanying the operation with a sort of hissing sound, like that adopted by grooms when rubbing down a horse.

“ Ah ! I’ve heard Lord John and Dr. Damn-emall, when they were talking political economy— I think they call it,” said Miss Prudence, “ say that the poor always pay more for everything in proportion than the rich—but I call that scandalous.”

The stewardess, who, upon Mr. Chaffing’s arrival, had gone for her husband, now returned with him, and their united efforts succeeded in removing that gentleman from the sacred precincts into which he had obtruded :

and shortly after, Miss Prudence had the satisfaction of learning, by an official bulletin, that Mr. Chaffing was much too tipsy to have seen, or at least to remember anything he had seen in the ladies' cabin; but, alas! there is no happiness without some alloy; and on that fatal morning, Miss Prudence's wig was numbered among the "treasures of the deep;" for no sooner had Mr. Chaffing arrived on deck, than having occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, he put his hand into his pocket, when, irritated at Miss Prudence's wig meeting his grasp, instead of the object he had expected, in a moment of unpardonable excitement, he flung it overboard.

Towards six o'clock a calm succeeded to the storm of the night, and at seven the Monarch sailed into Hâvre; prior to which Miss Tripe put on her hat, which was in the shape of a man's, only made of Leghorn, and the ample sides were lined with green silk; while Miss Prudence had to 'coiffer' herself as she best could. Miss Tripe and the porcupine were the first individuals examined at the custom-house, but were soon dismissed by the ungallant officer, with "passez madame, monsieur, la laideur n'est pas defendu;" while the same person put a note into Miss Prudence's hand, demanding if she

was not Mademoiselle Beau Bell? She was on the point of denying her own identity when she looked at the note, and saw it very legibly directed in Sir Romulus's handwriting, to "Miss Prudence Bubble." Upon opening it she found the contents to be as follows:—

"Dear Prue, on arriving at Havre, pray make Mc Phin and Mademoiselle (as she speaks French), make every inquiry about the plan of the Sub-marine Rail-road, that I was taking over for his majesty Louis Philippe; I think I must have left it on board that Algerine of a Grand Turk by which we came—though they say not. The thing to be feared is that those custom-house sharks have got it. As my calamity has been terribly ill, she has decided upon going by land, which I am sorry for, as I could have explained all about the Sub-marine Rail-road to those Algerines, had we gone by water as you will do, and as I had intended to do; but as we shall travel all night, we shall be in Paris before you. When you arrive, drive to Meurice's, as the Algerines speak English there.

"Your affectionate brother,

"ROMULUS BUBBLE."

Miss Prudence conveyed the desired instruc-

tions to Mr. Mc Phin and Mademoiselle ; but finding that “ La Normandie ” sailed for Rouen at twelve, and that she had not only to breakfast, but to find a successor to her lst wig, she gave herself very little further trouble about the plan of the Sub-marine Rail-road ; indeed she found the getting a fac-simile to her departed ‘ coiffure ’ an utter impossibility. It had been made to the ticking of Shrewsbury clock, and that was not to be found in Hâvre. So, after innumerable fruitless researches, she was fain to follow Mademoiselle’s advice of waiting till she got to Paris.

At twelve the bell of ‘ La Normandie ’ having rang for its departure, Miss Prudence was obliged to leave an unfinished ‘ coquille de volaille,’ and hurry along the Quai ; Mr. Mc Phin striding on before, and Mademoiselle waddling after her ; till they reached the vessel, on board of which Jupiter and Miss Tripe had just embarked, amid a shout of ill-suppressed laughter. Miss Prudence, after having visited both the eating-rooms, secured three places, ordered luncheon at two, and dinner at five, returned to the deck to reconnoitre her ‘ compagnons de voyage.’

At one side of the vessel sat three very nice Carlo Dolce looking ‘ soeurs de la charité,’ with

one priest, whom they seemed to divide equally between them. A little higher up sat a very pretty French girl, her mother who had once been the same, to judge from what appeared under a fawn-coloured 'capotte,' and her father, a subsided 'ancien militaire,' with a legion of honour ribbon in his button-hole, and a moustache that might still have achieved a victory. At the young lady's feet reclined full length a member of la Jeune France, his hair a 'la victime,' surmounted by a wide awake,* while between every whiff of his cigar that he puffed in the young lady's face, he brought out a 'crépeau,' that actually seemed to ripple the waters, till the band struck up 'a galope;' when, without asking her, he seized the young lady by the waist, and set off round the deck, making as much noise as a pack of hounds in full cry, to the great annoyance of two sober-looking Englishmen, who were reading Nicholas Nickleby, and the American gentleman, who was trying to sleep off the excesses of the preceding night. Miss Tripe also added to the din, by singing a discordant accompaniment to the music, bumping Jupiter up and down on her knee, while beating time to it by a heavy thumping of her right Wellington boot.

* Hats so called from having no nap upon them.

As soon as the 'galope' was over, Miss Prudence seated herself by the fragment of la Jeune France; and, pulling a dictionary and vocabulary out of a huge black silk travelling bag, entered into conversation with him. Seeing her close cap, and absence of hair, the young gentleman inquired if she belonged to any religious order, which having been interpreted to her by Mademoiselle, she replied--

"Oh dear! no; always attend Dr. Damnem-all's church; oh! he's 'si bon homme' to be sure."

"Oui, le bon homme dort," said la Jeune France, looking towards the young lady's papa, who was enjoying a siesta, regardless of the beautiful scenery around.

"I'll tell you," continued Miss Prudence, "how I came to lose my — Mamselle, what's a front in French?"

"Tour," replied Mademoiselle.

"Tour—oh!—oui, J'ai perdoong tour."

"Ah! vous avez perdu votre tour—voilà donc sans doute la raison que vous n'est pas si belle (Cybèle,)" said la Jeune France, going off into a loud laugh at his own pun, in which Miss Tripe joined, and then put Jupiter down upon the deck to take a little exercise;—but as fast as the creature moved half a yard from her, the banks

of the river re-echoed with "Jupiter ! Jupiter ! come here, sir,"—a command which it invariably obeyed with great docility—till on one occasion, having strayed a little out of bounds, and being much alarmed by the intervention of la Jeune France to chase him back to his mistress, the ungrateful creature made straight for that amiable young gentleman's ankles; and there making some very pointed allusions to his unseasonable interference, caused the latter, while writhing with pain, to scream out to Miss Tripe: "Mais ôtez donc votre polisson de Jupiter."

"Comment polisson ?" retorted Miss Tripe, seizing the culprit and replacing him in her lap; "comment polisson ! entre les Dieux et les Déeses, oui,—mais parmi les hommes non—car ils sont bien pis aller !"

"Par exemple ! ce n'est pas à vous de le dire, j'espère;" said the young gentleman, with a contemptuous expression, as he turned upon his heel, and Miss Tripe turned round to admire the beauty of the Château de Tancarville; while Miss Prudence agreed that the scenery was charming, as it made her quite hungry, a truth that could not be disputed, as the Tower of Francis the First, and the Tomb of William the Conqueror's mother had alike passed unnoticed

by her; and in their turn La Mailleraie, Heurteauville, Jumièges, the maison de plaisance of Charles the Seventh, the manor of Agnes Sorel, at Mesnil, the Château of Robert le Diable, les forêts riveraines, les bracelets d'or, les flots, le Roi impromptu; and even the environs of Rouen shared the same fate. But Mr. McPhin, who had at length effectually escaped from Mademoiselle Perpignon, looked at the bright waters as they flowed murmuringly and mysteriously along, and thought with Charles Nodier, without being able to embody his thoughts in such beautiful language:—" Il en est des fleuves comme des nations inconnues à leur origine; rien ne révèle, dans la source obscure d'où ils s'échappent, la portée de l'espace qu'ils vont parcourir, et les différentes vicissitudes de leur cours. Faibles à leurs commencements, ils coulent cependant au gré de la pente qui les entraîne; approfondissant peu-à-peu leur lit; reculant peu-à-peu leurs rivages; portant avec eux des désastres ou des bienfaits, la fertilité ou la terreur: jusqu'à ce que, parvenus au plus haut degré d'étendue, de richesse, et de splendeur qu'il leur soit permis d'atteindre, et poussées à son terme par leur propre violence, ils se précipitent et disparaissent pour toujours dans l'abîme des mers!"

With such reflections, varied by a few substantial meals, Mr. McPhin reached Rouen about seven in the evening, as did the rest of the passengers, having contrived to kill time according to their different tastes and habits. Monsieur Cataplan, the member of La Jeune France, regaloped, re-smoked, re-swore, re-flirted with the young lady, and carefully eschewed Jupiter and Miss Tripe for the rest of the voyage, carrying this latter precaution so far, as, on landing, actually to remove from the Hôtel d'Albion, on the Quai du Havre, after having ordered supper there, to the Hôtel de la Paix, Rue des Troquois, as he accidentally discovered, from a chambermaid, that a large jug of milk she was carrying into a neighbouring bed-room, was 'pour le Porcépic de la grosse Anglaise.'

The next day, at four o'clock in the morning, the party re-embarked on board *Les Dorades* for St. Germain, and passed their time, with little variation, much as they had done on the preceding one, except that Mademoiselle tenderly pressed Mr. McPhin's arm as she stepped on board, and murmured, in a low voice:—

“ Embarquez-vous, qu'on se dépêche,
 La nacelle est dans les roseaux,
 Le ciel est pur, la brise fraîche,
 L'onde réfléchit les ormeaux :
 Le dieu de ces heureux rivages,

Le tendre amour, veille sur nous,
Jeunes et vieux, folles et sages,
Embarquez-vous."

but the only effect these lines of Guttinguer's had upon Mr. McPhin, was to make him repeat the words, 'Folles et Sages,' as he suddenly dropped Mademoiselle's arm, and exclaimed,—

"By Jove, mum! old or young, I see no fool here but yourself!"

At half-past eight in the evening, they reached St. Germain; the carriages were landed, and, after undergoing the usual purgatory, at the 'Chemin de Fer,' and afterwards at the very Smithfield-looking Custom-House, horses were procured, and Miss Prudence gave orders in very good English, to drive to Meurice's Hotel. No sooner was she, Mademoiselle, Mr. McPhin and Buzzard seated in the carriage, than they heard and felt a heavy substance spring into the rumble, which caused the vehicle to heave about like a ship in a storm.

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Prudence; "what on earth is that?—it's just like the spring of a wild beast!—I shall be haunted by those horrid creatures as long as I live."

Presently Miss Tripe's voice was heard screaming out, "Numero quatre vingt-dix, rue Basse de Rampart, et faites bon train."

“Well, now, that’s most extraordinary,” exclaimed Miss Prudence; “but that masculine-looking female has a voice like a ventriloquist, for I could have sworn it was somewhere about this carriage. Now, her brother, Mr. Alonso Tripe, that is in love with Anna Martha, is altogether as mild and feminine! oh, dear, he has so much the advantage of her, to be sure!”

As they rumbled slowly on through the by-streets leading from the Rue de Londres, Miss Prudence decided that Paris was not to compare to London, “Oh, dear, far from it!” but just as they reached the end of the Rue de Montblanc, and the lights of the Boulevards burst upon them, she was inclined to change her opinion; when the carriage suddenly stopped, and, two minutes after, the door opened, and Miss Tripe and Jupiter got in, the former wedging herself between Miss Prudence and Mr. McPhin, as she said,—

“Don’t mind me, so—no—Jupiter be quiet, can’t you?—thought I might as well get up behind your carriage as get a fiacre, for, I never have any luggage but a portmanteau and a carpet-bag,—drizzling rain beginning to fall, so, thought I might as well get in, for my brother—this is his night—he has a literary and scientific reunion every Saturday—have no time to

dress—past ten now, and if I'd gone in damp, might have affected the electricity; he always does a great many experiments. Would you like to come in and be galvanized, eh?"

But Miss Prudence, who, to say the least of it, felt perfectly electrified at Miss Tripe's sudden and unexpected appearance, declined this obliging offer, adding,—

“Oh, dear! I can't think how you could ask me to go into company, when you know what that horrid man threw overboard!”

“Ha! ha! ha! true,” laughed Miss Tripe, “I forgot; but I see you are as deep as your wig, and not to be taken unawares.”

“Oh, there you're wrong,” cried Miss Prudence, whose invariable custom it was to reply to, or argue upon, the last word that dropped from whoever was speaking to her, “there you are wrong, for it was taken quite unawares; for I never knew a word of it till I heard it was overboard.”

“Well, as I said before, Epaminondas receives every Saturday, and you and all your people may come whenever you like, and any use I can be of to you, in the way of sight-seeing, I shall be very happy. My brother is very intimate with Monsieur Henri, the hereditary executioner of Paris, who gives him a great

many subjects ; and if, any day, you would like to see the guillotine, or even place your head on it to see how it's done, you have only to say the word." 4

"Oh dear, now!" cried Miss Prudence, twitching her fingers with more than usual velocity, "that's just what I dreaded coming to France for. I knew that I should hear of nothing but guillotines and bloodshed."

"Fudge!" cried Miss Tripe; all the blood in France is in the Faubourg St. Germain. But if ever there should be another row, to prevent anything disagreeable, Epaminondas has constructed a model of a revolution in granite; and there's no getting blood out of a stone, you know. But I've no doubt they'll go on very well, while this *Philip* to their constitution lasts, ha! ha! ha!"

Here the carriage stopped. "Ah, there is a great crowd at my brother's," said Miss Tripe, stretching her head out of the window; but it was only a large mud-cart that stopped the way. But that the doctor's party should lose none of its importance, on arriving at no-go, Miss Tripe again put her head out of the window and said to the postilions, "Il y'a beaucoup de monde, n'est pas?"

To which they replied in a breath,—

“Oui—il y’a un fiacre!”

“Ah, I thought so,” said Miss Tripe; “bien—n’entré pas.”

“Oh, fiacre is French for crowd, is it?” said Miss Prudence. “I shall remember that. Oh dear! as Dr. Damnemall used to say, it’s live and learn.—Fiacre—fiacre; dear, how droll! not the least like an English crowd, is it?”

“Well, good night—good night—since you won’t come in and be galvanised; and, remember, anything I can do for you about the guillotine, or in that way, I shall be very happy,” said Miss Tripe, as she got out of the carriage, giving Mr. McPhin a ‘coup de pied’ with the heel of her right Wellington boot in her descent.

“Guillotine!—guillotine!” repeated that gentleman; “I very much fear that even then it would be cut-and-come-again with you, for there seems to be no getting rid of you.”

“I wonder,” said Miss Prudence, “if it is the galvanism, that she talks so much about, that has made her so masculine? I have heard—oh, now, for a certainty—’cause I’ve heard Dr. Damnemall talk of it, that galvanism does do wonders!”

“Then I should advise you, by all means, to try it, mum,” said Mr. McPhin, in answer to

a tender pressure of his arm on the part of Mademoiselle Perpignon, as the carriage jerked on one side; "for who knows but it might make fools have common sense."

"Dear! you don't say so," exclaimed Miss Prudence, catching the sound of the last sentence, and wondering upon it till they reached Meurice's, where they had the satisfaction of hearing that the hôtel was quite full, and, therefore, Sir Romulus had secured the best rooms he could get for them at the Hôtel de Wagram; where, upon arriving, after mounting 'au cinquieme,' and fruitlessly spelling over the 'carte,' Miss Prudence had the mortification of hearing that nothing could be procured for supper but an omelette, a bad 'potage à la Créci,' (as thin as herself) and a 'fricandeau,' that had already made the grand tour—as far as the Hôtel Wagram was concerned. Having supped full of these honours, she retired to rest, declaring that she always knew she should be starved if she came to France; and that she was confident she should dream of nothing but Miss Tripe and the guillotine!

CHAPTER IV.

“ Il criait, il jurait, comme un héros d’Homère,—ah ! quel homme.”—*L’Ecole des Journalistes, par M. Emile de Girardin.*

“ Have a care you don’t serve for a foil or jest, and make such a ridiculous figure in nature, as that Doggril did in the play Chrysiippus mentions.”—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

SIR ROMULUS’S DEBUT IN PARIS, WHO GIVES A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION “ THAT GREAT WIT TO MADNESS NEARLY IS ALLIED.”

THE morning after Sir Romulus had arrived in Paris, as he and Lady Bubble were enjoying a profound slumber in two small crimson-canopied beds, that were placed ‘ pied à pied’ in an alcove, the latter was awakened by a tremendous crash, as of glass fallen from a great height on the pavement.

“ Good heavens !” said she, sitting up in her own bed, and looking notes of interrogation through the borders of her night-cap at Sir Romulus’s red sleeping face, as it snored sonorously upon the opposite pillow. “ Good heavens ! my dear, have you any idaya what that was ?”

“ Eh—eh—my dear,” cried he, opening one eye, and partially raising himself by the assistance of his elbow; “ this Algerine of an hotel is terribly noisy; but noise, my dear, is one of the sights (!) of Paris—one of the sights of Paris.”

“ Gracious! there it is again,” said Lady Bubble; “ do you think it’s a revolution?”

“ No, my dear—my dear, that I’ll answer for,” replied Sir Romulus, suddenly drawing his cotton night-cap over his right ear, as though it had given him private but certain intelligence of the state of the nation.

“ Oh then, in that case, my dear,” yawned Lady Bubble, “ you had better get up, as we have a great deal to do to-day.”

“ The thing is,” said Sir Romulus, now opening both eyes and stretching his arms above his head, “ the thing is, when one is at Rome to do as Rome does. Everything, now, you must know, my dear, in France, is ‘ à la jockey;’ so I have brought my top-boots and buckskins, and have ordered a wig ‘ à la victime.’ I hope all your rattle-traps are right; for it is a terrible thing, especially in Paris, not to see one’s calamity well dressed.”

“ I think, my dear, if any ought to understand French fashions I ought, after having

been here at the two paces" (peaces). And, so saying, Lady Bubble rang for her maid; while Sir Romulus sprang out of bed, and, instead of his usual dignified march, conveyed himself, by a 'pas de zephyr' into his dressing-room, where, after having for some minutes contemplated with great admiration his new wig, 'à la victime,' in which, for the better imitation of nature, he had ordered a few grey hairs to be interspersed, he commenced his toilette, which had proceeded as far as an almost orange-coloured pair of buckskins and top-boots, with a striped waistcoat, as like a groom's as possible, when the same terrific din that had awakened Lady Bubble recommenced, with much additional fury. Sir Romulus, with a pistol that he had been examining in one hand, and a large sponge in the other, flew to the window (forgetful that his wig was still on the block), and, pulling it suddenly open, beheld a scene of uproar, to which his extraordinary appearance considerably added, by eliciting peals of laughter from the mob that were assembled in the court-yard.

From the opposite windows (thrown by invisible hands) flew chairs and tables, accompanied by broken panes of glass and yells of the most appalling nature. Sir Romulus, and those inhabiting the apartments on his side of the court,

saw what the crowd from below could not see, namely, a desperate struggle in an opposite room between an unhappy maniac and his keeper. The former was insisting upon throwing everything out of the window, while the latter, unable to prevent him, was occupied in watching the door, in order to try and make good his retreat. Presently, every window in the house was filled with heads, some night-capped, some 'en papillotte,' some half dyed, others half dressed; but none wigless, save Sir Romulus Bubble's!

"It's a poor madman! will no one send up the police to secure him?" screamed several English voices at once.

"Diable! on ne devoit pas faire une Maison de Santé d'un Hotel Garni," responded a tessellation of foreign accents.

"Mad as Bedlam, by George!" falsetto'd Sir Romulus.

Rumble—tumble—clitter—clatter—and out flew a wash-hand-stand, bason and ewer.

"Oh the Algerine! this is too bad! will no body secure him? fou fou--quite fou," vociferated Sir Romulus, levelling both pistol and sponge at the madman's windows, which drew forth fresh peals of laughter from the crowd below: facetious as the worthy baronet was by

nature, yet ill-timed mirth was a thing which he always set his face against ; and, by so doing, converted it into a reasonable and natural proceeding ; therefore, on the present occasion, drawing himself up to his full height, and clearing his voice three times, he began to address the spectators in a neat, but somewhat inappropriate speech, with all that eloquence and dignity which he was wont to exert at Lord John's elections, or at the Corporation dinners at Shrewsbury ; swinging to and fro as he spoke, like the pendulum of a clock, and alternately brandishing the sponge or the pistol, as his oratorical parterre might require the action to be suited to the word ; the sponge did for those sentences which he thought fraught with absorbing interest, while the pistol was invariably flourished at those lighter and more brilliant sallies, which he intended should go off well !

“Ahem—ahem—gentlemen !—if you are gentlemen ! it is a terrible thing to tamper with the infirmities of nature, especially when you consider the nature of those infirmities (sponge). ‘Homo sum : humanum nihil a me alienum puto !’ (pistol and sponge together) ; and therefore, I cannot see a fellow sufferer so treated : (laughter) you may laugh—those may laugh that win ; and having won your way to this

scene of misery, (sponge) you now think fit to laugh at what Pope justly calls the noblest work of God—an honest man, and that is me ! (loud laughter, and hear, hear ! from some half-shaved Englishmen in the adjoining windows ; with ‘ ah le Malheureux ! c’est sans doute des bêtises qu’il dit,’ from the foreigners, who were now convinced that Sir Romulus was the madman ‘ en scène.’) “ I came to this country, bringing with me what would have benefited all classes !—a plan of Town’s ‘ Submarine Railroad !’ (much laughter from the English) Without making any illiberal animadversions on French probity, I shall merely confine myself to stating the simple fact—that that plan was lost !—lost ! mind, I draw no inferences—I come to no uncharitable conclusions—I simply assert that it was lost ! in the small space of time that necessarily intervened, in conveying me from the white cliffs of Albion, to the fertile plains of France ; but this much I will say, that national prosperity can never be permanent, unless it be based upon national honour ! (pistol) but though the plan of the Submarine Railroad was lost (mind, I say nothing about the chicaneries of foreign policy), a fellow creature shall not be so, through the intêr-ference (for so Sir Romulus always pronounced the word inter-

ference), of a foreign police, nationally called 'gens d'armes;' and whose hearts are as hard as the flints in their muskets! (sponge; laughter; and a couple of jardinières, from the opposite window, which distributed two broken heads and three black eyes among the crowd, but only gave a fresh impetus to the baronet's eloquence, who continued, as he gazed upon the carnage below) "no! though I should fall like Spartacus, upon heaps—not indeed of slaughtered Romans! but of maimed Rum-uns! I will defend him!" (pistol).

Here the laughter and uproar grew so immense, that Sir Romulus became inaudible, but continued to gesticulate energetically with the pistol and sponge, which confirmed the police (who were now making their way up-stairs) in their mistake that he was the madman. Meanwhile, Lady Bubble seeing all eyes directed to her husband's dressing-room window, rushed in with only one eyebrow on, in all the agitation of conjugal anxiety, and in vain endeavoured to drag him from the window.

"My dear! my dear!" said her heroic spouse, "women should never interfere in public business! besides, the Algerines were delighted with the wit and pleasantry of the last hit in my speech!" and, added he, lowering his voice to a

confidential whisper—"though I gave a very severe (!) cut at foreign policy,—I did it in such a way, that I defy Louis Philippe, or the whole French nation at large! to be offended when they hear it—as hear it they shall—for I'll have my speech printed: Lord ~~John~~ might like to allude to it in the house—and I'll stake my head upon its effect!"

"You had better put on your wig first, my dear," urged Lady Bubble, "for you have no idaya how odd you look."

"Oh! my dear—my dear—in France they don't mind these things. At one time, during the first French Revolution, it was the fashion to wear no head at all; and in these times, any more than those, it does not do to be 'tête monté! tête monté!' do you approve of my wit? You see, my dear, I am as witty in French as I am in English." Be this as it might, before Sir Romulus had well finished his last sentence, in walked four 'gardes municipales,' with ropes and handcuffs, and in spite of all his efforts, or rather the more on account of them, instantly secured all the wit and eloquence before them; while Lady Bubble's screams and struggles had no other effect than to make them promise, that they would return for her, as soon as they had disposed of 'le bon homme.' Finding all en-

treaties fruitless, her last act of devotion was hastily to give Sir Romulus his new wig, sobbing out as she did so—

“They may well call it ‘à la victime!’ God knows the wretches have made a victim of you.”

“My dear—my dear,” said Sir Romulus, with the presence of mind and composure of a truly great man in the midst of difficulties, “you have put my wig too far over my forehead; it hides all my organs; just move it a little further back, will you, for it is as well to let these Algerines see that I have the organ of combativeness, though I shall refrain from developing it,” (and here he again lowered his voice) “because it is necessary to act with the utmost prudence, as I should not wonder when this outrage reaches Lord John’s ears if it occasioned a war between England and France! So be very cautious, my dear, very cautious, as it will be necessary to prove that we did nothing to provoke bloodshed!”

Lady Bubble was an excellent wife, and always yielded to her husband’s superior wisdom; therefore, as he was now borne out of the room neck and heels by the ‘garde municipale,’ she thought the most prudent thing she could do was to faint, as during that ceremony she could say nothing. Talk of stoic philosophy, what was

it compared to that with which Sir Romulus allowed himself (to be sure he was handcuffed, and his feet tied together) to be placed, amid the shouts of the assembled multitude, in number three hundred and ninety-five, and driven off to a *Maison de Santé*, at the other extremity of the *Champs Elysées*. It is also true that upon being placed in the 'fiacre,' and pressed down like a Sardine by one of the 'garde municipale,' he struggled a little, but then the policeman only pressed the more, so that it was 'Bithus contra Bacchium,' and no advantage gained by either party. During the drive, Sir Romulus composed himself, and a speech that he intended delivering, when he should be delivered from his present dilemma; but it was his wont, when in a state of incubation, to bestow sundry caresses with his fore finger and thumb upon his under lip—a practice that seemed to usher his thoughts into the world with the greater facility—no wonder then that handcuffed as he now was his ideas were in a protracted state of gestation, and that begin where he would, his perorations ended in "the liberty of the press! and the liberty of the subject!"

The 'garde municipale' seemed to have a perfect knowledge, both practically and theoretically of the former; but, whether poor Sir Romulus

would ever again realize the latter, seemed dubious, even to himself;—however, he confined his ire to bestowing dignified and terrible looks upon his companions, sonorously clearing his throat, and repeating aloud, at measured intervals, “the liberty of the press! and the liberty of the subject!” which his auditors appeared to think was very like what Alphonse Karr observes of Monsieur Passy, namely, that he was ‘comme orateur, tout-à-fait insupportable à cause d’un défaut dans la prononciation qui le rendit aussi fatigant qu’inintelligible.’ At the end of twenty minutes they reached Boulogne, and arrived at a quiet, pleasantly situated, Maison de Santé, where Sir Romulus was deposited in an airy room, overlooking a delightful garden, and a vista of the Bois; and was also furnished with a keeper, who being Irish spoke English.

“Ahem—a-hem,” said the former, as he looked through the back window into the garden, “dê-lightful prospect this—if the Algerines did not compel one to pass one’s time here.”

“Algerine baths, is it, sir,—oh, yis, you can have one whin iver you plase,” responded the Hibernian keeper, in answer to Sir Romulus’s soliloquy.

“What!” said that much injured individual,

“are you a next door neighbour countryman of mine? for so I call the Irish, and joined in this diabolical conspiracy against one of the most loyal of her Majesty’s subjects! I blush for you!” and so saying, Sir Romulus waved his hand with great dignity—and (having been relieved from his handcuffs)—drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and announced aloud, that he should amuse himself till the Algerines thought fit to bring him some breakfast, by reading a pastoral eclogue from the German, entitled, “Milon and Dametus.”

“Oh! you may d—n at us as much as you please, sir, but you won’t move a mile on from this, I can tell you,” said the phlegmatic keeper, as he suddenly assassinated with a ‘coup de main,’ a wasp that had lighted on Sir Romulus’s cheek; and, in the energy of the proceeding, nearly upset that equanimity which the worthy baronet had hitherto maintained. At this juncture, the doctor and proprietor of the establishment entered, followed by some Ostend oysters, a bottle of ‘châblis,’ and some ‘cotelettes à la Soubise,’ with a yard and a half of bread for the new patient’s breakfast; but, upon deliberately feeling Sir Romulus’s pulse, which had risen twenty degrees since the massacre of the wasp, or, more properly speaking, since the blow on

his cheeks, which had been made the scaffold of this execution, the doctor countermanded that savoury repast for another 'eau magnésienne saturée de l'établissement des Bains de Tivoli,' and a light tisane of 'tilleul.' This was too much! for philosophy consists in resigning oneself meekly to the luxuries and pleasures of life, but not in going supperless to bed, with the expectation of a 'déjeuné à la fourchette,' and seeing it suddenly exchanged for a glass of eau magnésienne and a cup of tisane!

"Mais diable! diable!—fang, fang, morte de fang," remonstrated Sir Romulus, as he saw the cutlets vanish, and the eau magnésienne appear, with which the doctor drenched him as though he had been a pointer pup in the distemper!

"Comment! vous ne l'aimez pas?" said the doctor, "cependant c'est tout ce que nous avons de meilleur."

Vain were the wry faces Sir Romulus made. He was not, indeed, like Dominie Sampson, compelled to eat; on the contrary, like Adam, he was forbidden to do so, but he was compelled to drink; and the violent fit of coughing that ensued from the nauseous draught having, in the struggle between him and the doctor, gone the wrong way, made him so indignantly outrageous, that the next measure was a straight



Illustration by H. K. Kornee

20

waistcoat! This was a climax for which there was nothing but endurance. Had not his 'chevelure' been 'à volonté,' shaving would have followed the straight waistcoat; but as it was, Monsieur Guépard the doctor contented himself with removing it as expeditiously as might be, and vigorously sponging Sir Romulus's head with cold water, to the great detriment of his waistcoat 'à la jockey' and suitable continuations; while his vociferous cries of "Oh! the Algerines!—the Algerines!" only caused the doctor and keeper to throw more cold water upon the efforts he made to emancipate himself.

After being completely drenched, a dry straight waistcoat was procured, and he was placed upon the bed, and ordered to seek that repose which in his present condition he was not likely to find.

In this compulsory state of quiescence, we will for the present leave him to the care of the keeper and relays of 'eau magnésienne,' while we return to what the Sunday papers would call his disconsolate wife and family.

Lady Bubble, as we before stated, had made it a point to faint as soon as Sir Romulus had been torn from her; but it was not an ordinary and silent faint—no, it was a heaving and de-

monstrative one, accompanied by a considerable plunging of the feet. Her maid had come to her assistance, and brought her right eyebrow and some 'eau de juce,' yet still the fit was unconquered, when Miss Prudence, Mademoiselle, and Mr. McPhin arrived to inquire the order of the day.

"Oh dear! what's the matter?" exclaimed Miss Prudence; "eat something that disagreed with her, I suppose—for I was as ill as possible all night after that horrid French supper. But where is Romulus?"

"Where is he!" screamed Lady Bubble; "why dragged to the Bastille by a 'lettre de cachet!'"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, throwing up her hands and eyes. "Just go down and ask Mr. McPhin to come up directly," added she, turning to the maid.

As soon as Mr. McPhin had answered the summons, and bowed himself into the room, Miss Prudence began:

"Oh dear! only think!—those horrid French have dragged Sir Romulus to that horrid prison—what's the name of it?—where the people never get out—oh—ah—yes—the—a—Pastille, with one of those what-do-you-call'ems—lettre—lettre de sachets!"

“De cachet,” corrected Lady Bubble, and then gave another plunge, of which one of Mr. McPhin’s ankles had the full benefit.

“Ahem—ahem—I would take leave to observe, with all due deference to your Ladyship,” said that gentleman, rubbing his ankle, “that there is no Bastille nor ‘lettre de cachets’ either now.”

“The next thing you will try to persuade me, sir,” cried Lady Bubble, angrily, as she assumed a sudden perpendicularity, “will be that I am out of my senses, and tell me, I suppose, that they have not taken Sir Romulus away at all?”

“Oh dear no!—that I’m confident he can’t,” said Miss Prudence; “for I’ve often heard Dr. Damnemall say that there was no place where people were so easily led away as in Paris. But where is Marmaduke?—oh, not up yet, of course; but he’d better be called, ’cause ’tis but right he should see after his brother, and not let them rob and murder him, without any assistance on his part.”

At the tableau Miss Prudence’s forcible language and rich imagery had conjured up, Lady Bubble gave another scream, and pushed her feet out horizontally, while her head fell back upon the arm of the fauteuil, at which inte-

resting crisis Mr. McPhin was despatched to summon Marmaduke, whom he found in bed, with the second volume of "Moustache" in his hand, and the last number of the "Charivari" on his pillow. Mr. McPhin apologised for intruding, and then informed him of all he himself knew, namely, that some disaster had happened to Sir Romulus, and that he was requested to go to Lady Bubble, in order to see what could be done.

In less than an hour, Marmaduke was with his sister-in-law; but not being much the wiser from a second edition of the 'Bastille' and 'lettre de cachet,' he summoned Monsieur Calliez, who with many apologies and regrets explained how Sir Romulus had been mistaken for the madman, who had been since secured; but that if Marmaduke would accompany him to Monsieur de Rembuteau's, the prefect, the mistake should be rectified as soon as possible.

"Dear!" interrupted Miss Prudence, Rumbletoes, what droll names the French have to be sure! but I'm confident I shall soon learn the language by thinking of other things. Now, those large gateways they have here go by the name, in French, of two things I'm remarkable fond of in English—'portê,' port-wine, you know; and 'cochon,' which means pig—so by

that means I always remember ‘porte cochon,’ as they call the gateways. Now, Mr. McPhin, if you would teach Cosmo on this plan, it would be such an assistance to him.”

But before Mr. McPhin could thank her for so valuable a hint, Marmaduke had taken his arm, and started for the Hôtel de Ville, where they received from Monsieur De Rembuteau, that prompt assistance and kind consideration, of which the well-bred French are so lavish to strangers. The Prefect having had the goodness to write a letter to Monsieur Guépard, ordering him instantly to release Sir Romulus Bubble, who was an English baronet, and, madness being neither the ‘specialité’ nor the ‘catégorie’ of the order, had no right in the first instance to have been seized, and in the next, to have been detained.

Thus armed with all the appliances and means to boot, Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin set off for Boulogne, where they arrived between five and six o’clock in the evening, and found poor Sir Romulus much exhausted from want of food and copious draughts of eau magnésienne.

As soon as they had announced the name of the person they wished to see, or rather described him, Monsieur Guépard proclaimed with great satisfaction, as it amounted to an

eulogium on his own skill, that, from the regimen he had adopted, the malady of the unhappy patient was considerably abated since the few hours he had been under his care;—great, therefore, was his astonishment, when Marmaduke angrily accused him of having committed a shameful outrage, and put the Prefect's letter into his hand.

“ Comment !” exclaimed Monsieur Guépard, as soon as he had read it, tightly clasping it, and shaking it above his head, like a hero in a French tragedy ; “ comment ! il n'est pas fou ? par exemple mais c'est extraordinaire—pas fou ! ça je ne me connois donc ! mais cependant, si Monsieur le Préfet le dit, il n'y a pas à dire ;” and so saying, Monsieur Guépard shrugged his shoulders, took a candle and led the way up stairs, where, unlocking the door, he advanced towards the narrow bed, upon which poor Sir Romulus, in self-defence, had lain quiet for the last hour. He then commenced undoing the straight waistcoat, and said in a bland voice — “ Mille pardons, Monsieur, on dit que vous n'etes pas fou, ainsi c'est tout-à-fait dans une autre catégorie que nous nous trouvons.”

“ Oh my dear Marmaduke,” said Sir Romulus, piteously, without paying any attention to the doctor's speech ; “ I am half-dead with the

way these Algerines have used me,—one and all—for I have had to endure the interference of the whole household on the occasion. Not one morsel of food have I had, while the wretches have compelled me to swallow a Mediterranean of some infernal medicinal water, that has play'd the very deuce with me."

"You do indeed look sadly pulled down," said Marmaduke; "but how on earth did it all happen?—for I have not yet been able to get a clear and satisfactory account of the business."

"Um—um—never were there such a set of Algerines, said Sir Romulus, in a confidential mumble, leaning towards Marmaduke's ear, as the Irish keeper replaced the straight-waistcoat with the one striped à la jockey—the brilliancy of whose hues, however, were much dimmed by the plentiful splashings of 'eau magnésienne,' and tilleul; "the fact is, the French are anything but a free people; and therefore it is not easy to open one's mouth without getting into a scrape; and a very slight political allusion that I made in my speech has brought all this persecution upon me"—

"What speech?" interrupted Marmaduke.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, one that I addressed to an infuriated mob from the window at Meurice's, in behalf of a poor d—l of a madman—and"—

“Oh, I see it’s a clear case now,” again interrupted Marmaduke; “so put on your wig as quick as you can, and let us get home, for dinner will be waiting, and I should think you must be hungry.”

“Hungry!” exclaimed Sir Romulus, tenderly pressing his hands upon his chest—“by George, Sir, I could eat my grand-père without a ‘sauce Robert.’”

Here the Irish keeper handed Sir Romulus his wig, which, in his hurry to snatch from that functionary’s hand, he put on hind part before; and such was his precipitation to leave the fatal scene of his day’s persecution, that neither the remonstrances of Monsieur Guêpard and the keeper, nor the hints of Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin about the erroneusness of his coiffure, had the slightest effect in making him alter it.

“Pardon, Monsieur—mais votre perruque,” recommenced Monsieur Guêpard.

“Pardon! Sir,” thundered Sir Romulus, looking very formidable in his wig under its peculiar circumstances—“pardon, Sir! You must ask of heaven!—your king!—and country!—for crimes like yours—without which mine can avail you little. What will Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, too—think of such an infringement upon the liberty of the subject!—but the liberty of the press shall and will avenge it.”

Poor Monsieur Guépard, who did not understand (how should he?) one syllable of this harangue, shrugged his shoulders, looked wistfully at the straight-waistcoat, and merely soliloquized, "Comment ! on dit qu'il n'est pas fou ?" as he walked over to the table to write out his "little account," which amounted to 63 francs, for trouble, lodging, medicine, and attendance for seven hours, and damage done to two blue damask arm chairs by Sir Romulus's uncourteous rejection of the proffered bumpers of eau magnésienne.

"The Algerines !" said Sir Romulus, conning it over, when Monsieur Guépard presented it to him; "their effrontery!—they want me to pay for the outrages I have received—they! who have done me more injury than the best larder in Europe can repair in a month!—the double-distilled Algerines! But it's a bill, I can tell them, that shall be laid before the house!"

"It is a great shame," said Marmaduke, taking out his purse; "but I fear we shall have to pay it at last, so there is no use in disputing it."

Sir Romulus seized his hat, and giving it an indignant slap, so as to secure it on his head, which was a matter of some difficulty, considering the wheel-about-jump-Jim-Crow conduct of

his wig—he walked with great dignity towards the door, where he was followed by Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, the keeper, who, pulling the forelock of his auburn tresses, said he hoped “his honour would, as a gentleman, remember his attentions, and the care he took of him when he stood so much in need of them?”

“Remember you!” thundered Sir Romulus, shaking his cane at him, accompanied by a sort of Jupiter Tonans look, as he placed his hand on the lock of the door—“you Algerine! never shall I forget you and your accomplice as long as I live; remember you! I should think so indeed.”

But seeing that Sir Romulus terminated this promise, by buttoning up the pockets of his much-injured buckskins, Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald extended his hand, humbly asking, “Thin what would yer honour be pleased to give me?”

“As hearty a drubbing as you ever got in your life, if you don’t disappear instantly; and if you are not satisfied with that, there’s the straight waistcoat and those infernal empty bottles for you.”

“Indeed, Sir, it’s an empty compliment,” said Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, despondingly scratching his right ear; as Sir Romulus cleared the first flight of stairs at a bound, followed by Monsieur

Guêpard, who, bowing and holding the candle above his head, kept repeating that he should be at all times 'charmé de lui revoir,' while Marmaduke flung a sop to Cerberus, in the shape of a five-franc piece to Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, who then opened the door wide to let Mr. McPhin pass, winking and whispering him as he did so.

"I advise you to kape an eye upon the old boy; for if he's not mad, why the race of March hares is extinct, that's all."

Mr. McPhin, who knew the value of time too well ever to lose it, and who had not been born on the other side of the Tweed, without on all occasions having an eye to business, replied to Mr. Fitzgerald's admonition, by whispering an inquiry as to whether they ever took female patients.

"Av coorse, all sorts," was Mr. Fitzgerald's reply.

"Humph—had you ever any old women mad on the subject of fancying themselves in love?"

"Not many; for that complaint, you see, ginrally takes the ould ladies the other way, and they do be fancying that pable is in love wid thim."

And is there any cure for that sort of thing?" breathlessly inquired Mr. McPhin, with a depth of look that must have reached to the very back of Mr. Fitzgerald's scull.

“Divil a better, either for love or larning, thin plenty of that same,” replied that gentleman, nodding familiarly across his shoulder at three or four empty ‘eau magnésienne’ bottles that stood on an opposite table.

“Hove you ony of it for sale, my dear friend?” exclaimed Mr. McPhin, suddenly seizing Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald’s hand in a sort of ecstasy

“As much as you plase.”

“What is it a bottle?”

“Thirty sous.”

“Give me a couple of bottles now,” said Mr. McPhin, and send ten bottles at eleven o’clock to-morrow morning to the hotel ‘Meurice, Rue de Rivoli,’ when I’ll pay for it, ond if it succeeds, I’ll reward you handsomely.”

“Mr. McPhin, Mr. McPhin, we’re waiting for you,” cried Marmaduke from the foot of the stairs.

“Coming, Sir! immadiately,” cried Mr. McPhin, hastily placing a bottle of ‘eau magnésienne’ under each arm.

“Have they got hold of him too? or is the Algerine mad, that he stays so long up there?” said Sir Romulus, placing one foot on the first step of the fiacre, as if about to get out.

“No, here I am, sir,” replied Mr. McPhin, diplomatically holding the precious bottles be-

hind him; fearing that they might excite disagreeable reminiscences in the baronet's mind, and come to an untimely end by some sudden explosion on his part, seeing the indignation they elicited from him up stairs.

The trio, seated in the fiacre, and once fairly off, each became busy with their own reflections.

"Egad, my dear Marmaduke," said Sir Romulus, "I have even had a straight waistcoat on my lips all day in that infernal place, but now it's off, I'll tell you what I mean to say in my printed speech to Lord John," and here Sir Romulus blew up into a whirlwind of eloquence that was listened to in profound silence by both his auditors; for, Mr. McPhin was racking his brains to know under what pretext he could present the bottles of 'eau magnésienne' to Mademoiselle Perpignon, and, what was more german to the matter, how he could induce her to swallow their contents. At length, having hit upon an expedient that he thought infallible, he rubbed his hands with delight.

"God bless me! you're not cold, surely?" said Sir Romulus, suddenly stopping short in the midst of the "liberty of the press," and the "liberty of the subject," at the sight of this untoward proceeding on the part of Mr. McPhin.

“for it’s uncommonly sultry. How delightful it will be to travel by the Sub-marine Rail-road on such an evening as this! and then, as I told the Mayor and Corporation of Shrewsbury,—the thing will be not who shall keep their head above water! but who shall get it under water,” and, so saying, he gave poor Marmaduke a poke in the side that effectually dispelled his reverie, which had consisted of efforts of his imagination to try and conjure up the scene of his brother’s being dragged to the ‘Maison de Santé,’ which, by the time the fiacre stopped at the ‘Hôtel Meurice,’ he had effectually succeeded in doing. This accounted for the loud laugh he burst into, which, Sir Romulus, mistaking for a tribute to his oft-repeated mot to the Mayor and Corporation of Shrewsbury, extatically exclaimed,—

“Um—um—um—I’m glad, my dear Marmaduke, that you understand the point of this at last, for you never seemed to do so before.”

Upon alighting from the hackney-coach, the driver, of course, expressed himself dissatisfied with his fare, whereupon Sir Romulus exclaimed, turning to Marmaduke,—

“A propos (?) that reminds me of my calamity! how has she borne the misfortunes of the day?”

“ Oh, like a heroine up to the time I left her,” replied the latter.

Sir Romulus lost no time in making his way up stairs, and restoring himself to his disconsolate family. All French houses, whether ancient or modern, being constructed upon the ‘*chasse mari*’ and ‘*sauve amant*’ plan, the rooms occupied by the Bubble family at Meurice’s had the usual plentiful allowance of doors, out of which different artistes, who had been to wait upon Lady Bubble, were now exiting as Sir Romulus entered with open arms ready to receive the first who should rush into them; this happened to be Cosmo, who was rebutted with—

“ Oh, you Algerine, where’s my calamity ?”

Lady Bubble, who was sitting dressed in deep mourning, with a long black crape veil pinned to the back of her turban, and a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, did not perceive his entrée, but no sooner did she hear his well-known voice, than she started up, gave one loud scream, and then sank back into her chair, while Miss Prudence, who was making the tour of the dinner-table, in the next room, and emphatically ordering a waiter to take away the French bread and bring English, now came forward, exclaiming,—

“ Oh, dear ! well, I’m so glad that Marm-

duke has been able to get you back, and just in time for dinner, too. I suppose you have had nothing but black bread and muddy water in the Bastille?"

Here Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin made their appearance, upon which Lady Bubble's sobs increased so audibly, that Mademoiselle Perpignon drew forth her pocket-handkerchief and contributed a contralto hysteric, declaring that this affecting scene reminded her of the pictures of Louis Seize taking leave of his family, with this difference,—that Sir Romulus was rejoining his, and that, instead of his head, he was only in danger of losing his wig, which, with his hat, had nearly fallen off as he leant forward, to embrace Lady Bubble.

Colonel and Mrs. King, who were also present on this joyous occasion, now chimed in with Mademoiselle, in assuring Lady Bubble that there was nothing so bad for the complexion as crying; for, while it reddened the eyes and nose, it invariably whitened the cheeks. Mr. McPhin took this opportunity of whispering in Mademoiselle's ear that he wished to speak to her in the next room. Too delighted at such an unexpected request, she gave him her hand, and he led her, fat and fluttering, into the 'salle à manger,' where he said, with some hesitation,—

“A-hem—a-hem!—not, inum, thot you want ouy thing of the sort, far from it; but I hard of a most woonderful cosmetic to-day, which, if tacken three or four times a day, will make ouy lady look as bright as Venus herself, when she first rose out of the waves of Cirego. So, pray, mum, let me recommend your tackjng a toombler full before dinner?” Mr. McPhin, who, all the time he was speaking, had been uncorking one of the bottles of ‘eau magnesienne,’ now poured out a tumbler, which Mademoiselle, with confiding innocence, drank off, merely repeating beforehand, “Ah! le cher homme!” and making a wry face after, which caused Mr. McPhin to assure her, that he had never seen her look so well.

Shortly after, dinner was upon the table; every one seemed happy in their own way. Sir Romulus eat for six and talked for ten; Mademoiselle sat close, very close to Mr. McPhin, but soon felt so ill and uncomfortable that she was obliged to leave the room, upon which that gentleman silently but sincerely drank Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald’s health in a glass of champagne that was ‘frappé’ to a sparkle.

After dinner, Marmaduke proposed going to Franconi’s; but Sir Romulus looked despatch-

bags, and declined, saying that he must write that very night to Lord John, giving him a full and authentic statement of how the French government had behaved to him.

“Then at all events,” said Marmaduke, “the rest of us can go.”

“I think,” cried Lady Bubble, waving her handkerchief majestically, “that it would be highly improper of any of Sir Romulus’s family to stir out on the first night of his miraculous delivery.”

“Miraculous delivery!—capital! capital!—that gives me an idea!” said Sir Romulus, making a pirouette as he took a triple pinch of snuff—“that gives me an idea!”

“Then it must be miraculous,” muttered Marmaduke.

“Cosmo, bring me the pen and ink.”

“Yes, papa.”

“Well, have you a mind to go to Franconi’s, Mr. McPhin? If not, I shall go alone,” said Marmaduke.

“Stop—one moment,” cried Sir Romulus, “just till I show you how I intend to begin my letter to Lord John, not to alarm him too much; besides there is nothing like throwing a little wit and pleasantry into everything.” So saying,

Sir Romulus hastily indited two lines, and then clearing his throat, read out three times over the following 'jeu d'esprit'—

“ Dear Lord John,

“ I was confined this morning, but have been safely delivered this evening !”

CHAPTER V.

“ Le moyen n'est pas neuf, je vous en avertis, et il a couru son monde dans toutes les comédies, depuis Aristophane jusqu'à Molière.”

SIR ROMULUS REJECTS THE ORDER OF THE BATH, AND IS PUNISHED FOR HIS INDEPENDENCE.—LADY BUBBLE, FOR THE SECOND TIME, EXPERIENCES AN ATTACK OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

ABOUT a fortnight had elapsed since the arrival of the Bubble family in Paris, and since Sir Romulus's release from Monsieur Guépard's château at Boulogne; yet, wonderful to relate, England had not declared war against France, and more wonderful still, neither had Lord John replied to Sir Romulus's last important communication; and it was 'a propos' to this last oversight of his Lordship that he observed at breakfast, though apparently 'à propos des bottes,' "that it was evident those Algerines the Whigs were tottering to their fall, and no wonder, from their total incapacity for business, however urgent." Ever since the Baronet's arrival in Paris his unlucky star seemed in the ascendant; for from his uprisings to his down-lyings, from his

out-goings to his in-comings, some disaster seemed still to wait upon his most trifling movements.

One day he had been guilty of a consummate piece of art—to imitate nature, and had gone into a ‘salon épilatoire’ in the Rue Vivienne, when lo! just as his head, or rather his wig, was between the hands of an excessively attractive demoiselle, Lady Bubble, who was on her way to a ‘modiste’s’ who occupied the apartment over the salon épilatoire, beheld him in this apparently perfidious position through the half-open door; and the Doctors-Commons scream she gave on the occasion caused Sir Romulus to rush out, thereby leaving his wig in the young lady’s hands, which Lady Bubble, naturally enough, considered as an additional proof of his guilt, and long and laboured were the arguments he had recourse to before he could convince her that it was the custom in France for elderly gentlemen to have those unsightly ‘souvenirs’ of time, gray hairs eradicated; to which she replied, with that obstinacy which none but wives, and donkeys hired by the hour, are capable of:

“Yes, Sir Romulus—out of their heads; but not out of their wigs, sir!”

“My dear—my dear,” replied he, in his

most persuasive tone (telling her, 'par parenthèse' that he had never seen her look so handsome), "one must put a little poetry into what one does, and I don't want the whole world to know that I wear a wig."

"And I, sir," retorted Lady Bubble, in a paroxysm of tears, "don't want the whole world to know that I am a poor—neglected—deserted—betrayed wife! So the next time you are guilty of that foolery, I beg you will allow me or Martin to do it for you at home."

"Ce-ce-certainly, my dear," stammered Sir Romulus, as Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit now came forward, and handed him his wig, which Lady Bubble snatched from her hand with a look of outraged dignity.

It was several days after this unlucky 'contre-tems,' before Sir Romulus could succeed in restoring peace, by calming her Ladyship's fears: to do him justice, never was man more innocent of any design, beyond the one he had confessed to her of wishing to have the 'renommée' of possessing a fine head of hair; but unluckily, in objecting to the gray hairs being removed, she had put far worse things into his head; for, from that hour, Sir Romulus was seized with the ambition to pass for 'un homme à bon fortune' during the remainder of his

'séjour' at Paris: and not to lose time, he made his debût by a tender pressure of Mademoiselle Pauline's hand, as he placed a Napoleon within it, instead of the three francs usual on such occasions, and gave her a very telegraphic wink, as he gave Lady Bubble his arm, and conducted her to her carriage. It was about a week after Sir Romulus had been thus lancé as an 'homme galant,' that Marmaduke proposed at breakfast a party to Versailles by the 'Chemin de Fer.'

"Oh dear! a very good thought, Marmaduke," said Miss Prudence, "and we can lunch there, and come back and dine at the table d'hôte, at the Hôtel de Paris: where, do you know, I have found out that they have better dinners than any where else in Paris: and oh, dear! there is a stout elderly gentleman there that seems to enjoy his dinner beyond everything! it quite does me good to see him: do you know, I went there one day, at four o'clock, to say I should dine there; and I saw him already seated at table, before the two bottles of Champagne, that he always puts in ice himself; and I thought it so sensible of him, that I sent away the carriage, and stay'd too, though they don't dine till half-past five. He talked a good deal till dinner was ready, only I could not un-

derstand him; but he never said a word from the moment dinner was on the table—oh, dear! I should like to know his name, for he appears the most sensible foreigner I've seen!"

"Well," said Sir Romulus, regardless of Miss Prudence's panegyric on the fat 'frappeur de Champagne, at the Hôtel de Paris—"well, I must take an Algerine bath to-day, to see what they are like, for I have not yet done so; and after that, I'm ready for anything."

"And I," said Lady Bubble, "want to go to a flower shop in the Rue Richelieu, so that will just do."

"And I must go to the Hôtel de Paris, to say we'll all dine there, or we shan't get places; and as it is in the Rue de Richelieu, you can take me, Lady B."

"Betsy, my dear, as you are going up-stairs, ask Mademoiselle if she would like to go to Versailles? we are going at one by the railroad, and shall return in the carriage."

"Yes, mamma," said Miss Bubble, as she closed the door.

Mr. McPhin gave a groan, and pushed away an untasted pile of foie gras that remained on his plate. For ten days the eau magnésienne had done its duty—and by making Mademoiselle Perpignon ill and uncomfortable, had confined

her almost entirely to her own room; but at length she turned restive, and vowed she would take no more of it, despite the energy of Mr. McPhin's persuasions; but as she preferred him to his prescription, they were not likely to prevail. Another groan on the part of this unfortunate gentleman exciting Marmaduke's compassion, he announced that he was going to take a turn in the Palais Royal, till one o'clock, when they were to rendezvous at the Chemin de Fer, if Mr. McPhin liked to accompany him.

"I shall be very hoppy, sir," replied the latter, looking as miserable as it was possible for a man to look, as he rose and took his hat."

"Remember—one!" cried Sir Romulus, as they left the room, "which is an improvement upon Belvidera's "remember twelve! as it gives you an hour more!" and with this brilliant sally, he walked to the glass, placed his hat on one side, kissed his hand to Lady Bubble, and started for the Algerine baths.

Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin had twice made the tour of the Palais Royal, stopping like two school-boys before every shop window; when, suddenly, Mr. McPhin's attention was unusually riveted, by seeing a razor in a cutler's shop, revolving slowly round on its own axis, without the intervention of hands.

“Eh! what can that possibly be?” asked he.

“Why,” replied Marmaduke, looking in his turn at the phenomenon; “I suppose it is a self-acting razor, for cutting throats upon philosophical principles.”

“Eh! but that’s a capital invention, and quite does away with the sin of suicide,” said Mr. McPhin, “I’ll sartainly buy one.”

“You’ll certainly do no such thing,” said Marmaduke, dragging him on till they reached a magazine of Bohemian glass.

“Well now,” cried the latter, “these things really are beautiful, and look as if they had been brought from Aladdin’s garden; as Gertrude Howard is to be married in the spring, I don’t see why I should not order her a complete service of all these pretty things for her boudoir: poor Theresa!” sighed he, entering the shop, “I wish I had the same office to perform for you!”

By the time Marmaduke had ordered a complete dessert and toilet set, besides innumerable vases, and one large basin, of sapphire and ruby-coloured crystal, for perfumed water, in the shape of the Florentine one, with several little musical birds of the most brilliant plumage hovering round it, the time had arrived, within half a hour, when they were to be at the Rue

de Londres, whither we will leave them to find their way, while we look after Sir Romulus, who, indeed, appeared to require more looking after than our time will permit us to bestow upon him. In his way to the baths, as it threatened rain, he had purchased an umbrella of bright purple silk; somewhat similar to the one in the possession of Mr. Simpson, as described in the first volume of this interesting work. Much charmed with his new acquisition of property, he walked on to the baths, which having minutely examined in all their several departments, he dismissed the attendant, and, despite of remonstrances against such an imprudent step, insisted upon arranging everything for himself.

Now, though it is true, as we have before stated, that Sir Romulus had been in hot-water ever since his arrival in Paris, yet he was by no means prepared for the boiling he was about to give himself; for, having recklessly jumped into the bath, and turned the tubes of hot and cold water both at once, it was not till he was nearly scalded to death that he discovered that the tube containing the cold water was stiff and would not turn, and that the boiling flood was therefore mercilessly engulfing him. "God bless my soul!" exclaimed he, jumping out upon

the floor, where he danced with pain. "Never again as long as I live will I eat lobsters; for now I know what the poor devils must suffer when boiled alive! Oh, the Algerines! they may well call these Algerine baths. I suppose they are what the Dey of Algiers had for making 'consommé' of Christian in—pooh—pooh—pooh! I'm positively done to rags!" and here Sir Romulus rang and roared alternately, till the bath-man at length appeared with a

"Ciel! qu'avez vous donc, Monsieur?"

And Sir Romulus informed him, in a 'Maçédoine' of French and English oaths, of the misfortune that had befallen him. The phlegmatic water-sprite merely replied with a shrug of the shoulders and a protrusion of both hands, after the fashion of Orestes in Racine's tragedy of 'Andromaque,' when he announces to that very-hard-to-be-pleased lady, Hermione, that he has committed the murder, like a faithful servitor, as she desired him.

"Pardi, Monsieur, ne vous ai je pas bien dit? On ne se fait pas pot-au-feu comme ça soi-même."

"Maim—yes, you Algerine, I believe I am maimed for life," said Sir Romulus, limping about in quest of his different garments, between minute-gun interjections of "Oh, my arm!—ah, my back!"

“ Mais asséyez—vous donc, monsieur,” said the bath-man, offering him a chair.

“ Barbarian !” muttered Sir Romulus, looking angrily at the attendant and sorrowfully at the chair, “ Barbarian ! when I’m positively like King Clovis’s angel ! It will be a mercy if I am ever able to sit down again.—Oh !” And here Sir Romulus, who kept a journal that he eventually intended publishing, sought for his pocket-book, and hastily wrote down—“ Let all Englishmen coming to Paris beware how they go into any of the public baths, unless they wish to be boiled alive—which will be the infallible result ; as these baths are evidently a deep-laid scheme of the French government to exterminate the English. (Mem.—To write to Lord John, and give him timely notice of this.)” “ Um—um—um,” bumble-bee’d this great benefactor of the human race, looking handcuffs and condemned cells at the poor bath-man, who was quietly examining the workmanship of one of the top-boots, and who had come to the conclusion that the words “ Hoby, maker, St. James’ Street,” printed and pasted inside, were the names of the owner. “ Um—um—um, you Algerines—I’ll defeat your malice.”

“ Pardon, monsieur, mais à propos (*de botte*) vous avez un nom bien longue, *Hobay Mackair San Jam Strait.*”

“It will be longer, you Algerine, before you catch me here again,” said the indignant baronet, ordering the attendant instantly to quit the room; a command (which, like Pottier in the “Sorrows of Werter,” when he desired the absence of Charlotte’s, infantine relatives) he enforced by bringing the sole of his right foot in juxtaposition with the most defenceless portion of the retreating individual’s person.

As Sir Romulus progressed in his toilette, he heaved an expiatory sigh to the ‘artiste’ who had fabricated one portion of his dress, which, from their now inconvenient narrowness, reminded him of the scolding he had bestowed upon the tailor for not having made them tighter; but, without diving into the depths of philosophy, this was only an additional proof that in the view we take of things, from insurrections down to inexpressibles, we are always actuated by our own personal feelings; thus it is but natural that a man who had just barely escaped being boiled alive, should have narrower views than he who stands at ease before a mirror, the Alexander Selkirk of his dressing-room—“monarch of all he surveys.”

When Sir Romulus found his way into the street, every stone of which appeared like a red-hot gridiron, he determined to cast a last look

of indignation on the scene of his sufferings, and raised his eyes therefore to the narrow doorway, and read in plain black letters, on one side of a ground glass lamp, the modest 'affiche' of "Bains." "Bless me," said he, "after all, I don't believe I have been to the Algerine baths. Pray, sir," said he, addressing an Englishman who was passing at the time, "do you know what street this is?"

"This, Sir?—it is the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs."

"And the Algerine baths—are these they?"

"Oh, dear, no; they are in the Rue Neuve Vivienne."

"For heaven's sake, Sir, if ever you take a bath, never venture into this infernal den, where I have come by mistake, and been most barbarously used—boiled alive, Sir—boiled alive!—in the most cold-blooded manner; and then to find they are not the Algerine baths after all!—luckily I have not specified that they were in my journal, but merely give a general caution to my countrymen to avoid the trap laid for them by the French government! Um—um—um"—and here Sir Romulus lowered his voice to cabinet-secret pitch.

The Englishman, thinking that he had cer-

tainly become cracked in his late boiling, merely replied with a smile, "Oh, no, the Algerine baths are like the Russian ones: they first put you into a vapour bath, and when you are nearly suffocated they pour cold water upon you, which is very delightful."

"Thank you, good sir—I owe you one—that has given me an idea. I'll go back and take it out of these Algerines in cold water."

So saying, Sir Romulus re-entered the house, and walked into a room opposite the one that had been the theatre of his late martyrdom. He rang the bell, and ordered the attendant to fill the bath with cold water, and bring some rough ice immediately. By the time the man had come back with the ice, the baronet had resumed his 'costume de Paradis,' and plunging into the bath, ordered the attendant not to return till he rang. For about a quarter of an hour he continued to enjoy this antidote to his late boiling, when, considering himself sufficiently 'frappé,' he recommenced his toilet, and felt himself so perfectly convalescent that instead of a sigh he bestowed a volley of Algerines upon his tailor, and returned to his former opinion of how widely he had erred.

Having given the last touch to his wig, he

walked quietly out, leaving, instead of the price of his last bath, the following witty ! reproof written on a slip of paper—

An English baronet boiled,
Is a French bath-bill spoiled."

being, as the classical reader will perceive, a parody, though not a close one, upon the celebrated distich relative to the prevailing dissimilarity of tastes with regard to the mode of dressing a leg of mutton.

Exulting in this dignified reproof, Sir Romulus walked on through several bye streets, till he completely lost his way; and as it just occurred to him that it would be as well to inquire the road to the Rue de Londres, a few large drops of rain began to fall. According to his usual plan of doing things out of the common, in order to save his new umbrella, he beckoned to the driver of a very dilapidated-looking sylphide that was passing at the time, and as soon as it stopped jumped into it, ordering the man to drive as fast as possible to the Rue de Londres.

The dreadful jolting of the sylphide not only reminded Sir Romulus of his recent boiling, by making him feel every instant as though each fresh jerk were tearing off a blister, but it also caused him to compare himself, as he bumped from one side to another, to Taglioni balancing on

the sun-flower, which he had always considered a most perilous and uncomfortable proceeding.

“Um—um—these Algerines of hackney-coaches are terribly ill arranged; there should be a total overthrow of the whole system”—soliloquized the baronet, who at the most extreme point of personal distress never forgot the public weal. Scarcely had he uttered these last words, when, turning suddenly into the Rue de Mont-blanc, over went the sylphide, and out came Sir Romulus head-foremost.

Now it so happened, that among the crowd that such an accident invariably draws, was Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit; and it also happened that it was into her arms Sir Romulus fell as he gave the last kick, to extricate his right foot from the window of the sylphide; in his fall his hat had received a bulge on the left side, which pushed both it and his wig considerably over his right ear, which gave him a very knowing look, and no doubt caused the arch glance that lurked in the corner of Mad'elle Pauline's eye, which, reminding Sir Romulus of his new role of ‘*homme galant*,’ made him, as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, turn round and bestow sundry little caresses and ‘*coup de pattes*’ on that young lady's cheeks and chin; which, to the great amusement of a

numerous auditory, he accompanied with, "Um—um—um—Mong petit chat ça va mew!" and here Sir Romulus raised his voice, in imitation of that of æ' chat en bon fortune.' As ill luck would have it, just as he was again bestowing a few little amiable attentions upon Mademoiselle Pauline's chin, who should drive by, on their way to the Chemin de fer, but Lady Bubble and Miss Prudence.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the latter, who can that young woman be that Romulus has got with him?"

"Stop!" screamed Lady Bubble, pulling the check-string so suddenly that the coachman's finger was nearly amputated; "Alcibiade, Alcibiade—laissez moi get out!"

And Alcibiade (Sir Romulus's chasseur) jumped down from behind the carriage, and lowered the steps. Indignation gave an impetus to Lady Bubble's movements that enabled her to squeeze herself through the door-way in less than a minute and a half; when rushing up to Sir Romulus, seizing his arm, and menacingly shaking a large green fan in his face, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Sir Romulus! Sir Romulus! this is pretty behaviour in the public streets, sir."

"My dear, my dear, if you'd hear me."—

“I won’t hear you, sir; seeing is believing.”

“Um—um—um—there is something in the Paris air that makes one’s calamity dreadfully jealous.” sotto voce’d Sir Romulus. “

“There is something in the air of Paris that makes husbands scandalously profligate—what is the cause of this, sir?”

“My new umbrella, my dear.”

“Your new fiddlestick—you may make a fool of yourself, Sir Romulus, but you sha’nt make one of me.”

“Fool! my dear, there is no folly in the case, but, on the contrary, great wisdom—you see this fine new purple silk umbrella—bought it only two hours ago, and naturally wishing to save it from the rain, I got into that Algerine of a sylphide, which overturned just before you drove up, and collected this mob; and this, I assure you, my dear, is the exact truth.”

“Really, sir!” fanned Lady Bubble, “you are enough to provoke a saint—who ever heard of any one saving an umbrella from the rain, when that is what they are made for!—but it never rains but it pours—and that is the reason, I suppose, you were taking such scandalous freedoms with that creature.” Here Lady Bubble turned indignantly round, but Mademoiselle Pauline had prudently shrunk back, and min-

gled with the crowd. "That was to save your umbrella, too, I suppose?—Oh! that I should live to be so treated!"

"Um—um—um—no; there I was making hay while the sun shines," muttered Sir Romulus; "but" added he aloud, "Oh, my dear! as for the young person to whom you allude, she prevented my falling, when I was upset out of that infernal machine, and so I was obliged to be civil to her."

"There is a great difference between being civil to young women, and being rude with them, Sir Romulus," replied her ladyship indignantly, as, fanning herself violently, she returned to the carriage; while Sir Romulus, who began to find his situation somewhat unpleasant, and his position anything but advantageous, seeing that he had one foot in the mud, and one skirt of his coat (owing to the pressure from without) getting up a touching scene with the better half of an over-ripe melon, that was melting away on a stall beneath the rays of a meridian sun—now began to think seriously of how he should effect a retreat; when, just as he was deliberating (that dangerous crisis for man as well as woman), whom should he perceive in the crowd—like the "peerless Marcia"—inasmuch as, like that formidable

lady, "he towered above his sex;" but Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, grinning from ear to ear—the sight of a shell coming towards him could not have given a greater impetus to the baronet's movements—for, pioneering his way with the point of his umbrella, he made straight for his wife's carriage.

Just as Alcibiade had lowered the steps (against Lady Bubble's express command), Sir Romulus was recognized by two men in the crowd, who had heard his eloquent harangue from the window of the Hotel Meurice, on the first morning of his arrival; and bursting into a loud laugh, they exclaimed with one voice, pointing at him, 'Ah! c'est le Saltimbanque de l'Hôtel Meurice!'—which watch-word, setting on some twenty or thirty little gamites, the uproar and rush towards the unfortunate baronet became tremendous.

"You shan't come into my carriage, sir," was Lady Bubble's first veto, as Alcibiade lowered the steps; but as the pursuit after Sir Romulus became hotter, and hotter, and the noise louder, and louder; her ladyship began to feel herself in the same predicament as those, who formerly rented ferries on the banks of the river Meander, in Ionia; who, Strabo tells us, were responsible for all the damage done by its over-

flowings; so that whenever the river was indicted—which by the Athenian law it could be—these unfortunate proprietors had to bear the brunt. Now, as Lady Bubble was unquestionably the proprietor of Sir Romulus (however much he might be inclined to divide and circulate so valuable a property), she felt herself called upon, at the increasing overflowings of popular tumult, to pay the tax entailed upon her, as possessor of the cause of it; and therefore relaxed, so far as to address to her sposo, who stood with one foot on the step of the carriage—not daring to advance farther—the interrogation of “What is the matter?” His wits being always whetted by the urgency of the moment, he lost no time in leaning forward, and saying, in a confidential whisper, as he put his hand to one side of his mouth,

“Um—um—my dear, don’t be alarmed, but it is the first outbreak of a revolution.

“Good heavens!” almost screamed Lady Bubble, “get in directly, and don’t stand there to be murdered.”

Sir Romulus obeyed, without an instant’s delay; but still the provoking Alcibiade stood with the door open in his hand, waiting for orders; and to his reiterated query of where he

was to tell the coachman to drive, Lady Bubble, in her fright, replied, "Chemin d'Enfer."

"Well, my dear," said Sir Romulus, facetiously patting her cheek, for he had grown courageous with the first movement of the carriage; "well, my dear, that is as good a road as any other; for I have no objection any day to go to the d—l with a fine woman."

"So it appears, sir," frowned Lady Bubble, drawing herself up, and again having recourse to her fan; "for you seem to have come to a fine pass, since you have been in this horrid abandoned place!"

"Abandoned place, is it, my dear?—then it should turn Tory, for no place ever was abandoned by them—ha! ha! ha!—turn Tory, no place ever abandoned by them! I must write that to Lord John, though the Algerine has not answered one of my letters since I left England, though they all contained the most important Government secrets! which I have no doubt, they will issue from the Cabinet next Session as their own!" and here Sir Romulus very dexterously made the conversation, or rather his harangue, so completely political, that before they had arrived at the Rue de Londres, he had quite succeeded in convincing Lady Bubble that the little 'scena' she had

been witness to at the corner of the Rue de Montblanc, between himself and Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit, was only one of the hundred and fifty little dexterities and manœuvres he possessed, of managing and humouring a French mob! with whom oratory was sometimes dangerous for the orator—witness the late catastrophe at Meurice's."

"Still, my dear," said Lady Bubble, with a last faint glimmer of scepticism; "I don't see what that has to do with your being so familiar with young women in the streets?"

"Um—um—um—my dear"—but whatever Sir Romulus said, though no doubt as pithy and witty as usual, is unfortunately lost to posterity, as he whispered in Lady Bubble's ear, who replied with a benignant smile—"Oh! Sir Romulus," tapping his cheek with her fan, as the carriage stopped at the station in the Rue de Londres.

CHAPTER VI.

“ — enfin quelle galère,
 Et que c'est fatigant de se mettre en colère.”
L'Ecole de Journalistes.

“ My story will not be the worse,
 If you'll reflect with patience,
 Upon the constant intercourse,
 Between the neighb'ring nations.”

“ THERE IS REASON IN THE CASTING OF EGGS,” SAYS THE PROVERB, AND THERE IS ALSO REASON IN MISS PRUDENCE'S ADMIRATION OF PICTURES.—SOME BAD LANGUAGE PASSES BETWEEN HER AND A GARÇON DE CAFÉ AT VERSAILLES.—MR. MC PHIN SEEMS INCLINED TO MAKE A DECLARATION AT THE BARRIER.—THE BUBBLE FAMILY DINE AT THE HOTEL DE PARIS, WHERE MISTER SIMPSON RE-APPEARS WITH HIS BRIDE, ALSO MONSIEUR CATAPLAN, TO HIM HIS UNCLE.

THE tide of Sir Romulus's affairs had certainly set in with a current of ill luck, for, when he arrived at the station, he had the satisfaction of hearing from Marmaduke, that the last train had been gone about ten minutes, and that consequently they must wait an hour for another ! However distressing this might have been to the rest of the party, Sir Romulus bore it very philosophically, as he passed the time in nar-

rating the providential escapes he had had, and the plot of the French Government! for boiling all Englishmen alive! Miss Prudence, too, enlivened the conversation, by several original remarks, such as “Oh dear! do you know I have observed that there are two names remarkable common at Paris—‘Bains,’ now that’s an Irish name, and ‘Prix Fixé,’ which is quite French, but very ugly.”

Marmaduke endeavoured to set her right upon her wonderful discoveries; and, after much argument, she resigned ‘Bains’ to their fate; but ‘Prix Fixé’ was an ‘idée fixée,’ that there was no possible means of removing, as she insisted upon having seen it at so many totally different shops, and therefore it must be the people’s name.

This dispute not being likely to end, and Sir Romulus hating to be bored, however he might like to bore, walked out to the train, and entered into a description with the engineer, of the plan and advantages of the Sub-marine Railroad. This description would have been most graphic, but that unfortunately there was an impervious incognito about Sir Romulus’s French, that baffled the engineer’s most strenuous attempts to recognise a single word;—perceiving which, the baronet became pantomimic, and seeing a

pail of water standing near, he instantly tilted it on one side, performing a sort of booming sound with his lips as he did so, and passing his stick rapidly along the side of the bucket, by which means the engineer got considerably splashed. This did not, however, in the least damp Sir Romulus's ardour, any more than the alarmed looks of his companion, till he suddenly perceived on the wall the tall shadow of a man, the thumb of whose right hand touched his nose, while that of his left joined the little finger of his right: and the fingers of both hands were performing telegraphic evolutions to the engineer. Looking for about a second at this 'ombre Chinois,' which seemed to produce an alarming effect upon the engineer, Sir Romulus turned abruptly round, and beheld the gaunt figure of Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald! measuring his own august person very significantly with one eye, and playing the flageolet with his fingers at the engineer.

We have before stated that Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald's were fire-locks—they were more, they were percussion locks; for no sooner did Sir Romulus behold them, than the noise in his ears became intolerable, and he darted off like a shot back to the waiting-room, overturning and dividing the contents of the pail equally between the seriously alarmed engineer and Mr.

Jonah Fitzgerald, who had been merely acquainting the former by all the eloquence of dumb-show, that Sir Romulus had been one of Monsieur Guépard's incurable patients—a fact (!) which he put into words the moment the baronet had disappeared.

“What's the matter, Romulus? you look as if you had been pursued by a mad bull,” said Miss Prudence, as her brother flung himself on a bench, fanning himself vehemently with his hat.

“Mad bull!—um—um—um, my dear, worse than that—I have discovered,” (but here Sir Romulus prudently lowered his voice, a precaution the intelligent reader must have observed this able politician always took when alluding to the French government), “I have discovered that the French police is composed almost entirely of those Algerines the mad-doctors, who dodge, haunt, pursue, and catch one at every turn—it must fill every honest man with indignation—as for me, ‘servata fides cineri’ I am ready to burst! and there is one thing I am convinced of, my dear Marmaduke, respecting this country——” but whatever that was, unluckily for posterity, it never transpired, for at that moment the bell rang, and the crowd in the waiting-room rushed like a swarm of electrified

ants to secure their places. Cosmo and Mr. Mc Phin were hurrying on with the rest, when they were suddenly pulled back by Sir Romulus.

“Stop!” said he, “in these critical times one cannot be too guarded in every movement one makes; and as at this moment I am evidently an object of political persecution! it behoves me for the honour of England, and my name, to baffle them. Um—um—um, my dear, take my arm. Prudence, you take my other arm. Mr. Mc Phin give Mademoiselle yours, and walk close behind me.” (Mr. Mc Phin groaned assent; Mademoiselle simpered alacrity.) “Cosmo, you take your uncle’s arm, and walk close before me; King, you take your calamity, and walk before them; and then we shall be enough to frighten the d—l.”

“Ah! just so—just so—ah!”

With this ‘garde de corps,’ Sir Romulus walked boldly out to the train, till, arriving at the carriage destined for his party, whom he whispered to surround him, he hastily poked the tickets into the man’s hand; and ducking his head, like a hero making a low bow to a bullet, or a school-boy to a proffered box on the ear, he sprang into the carriage, all the time crouching down, holding his hat before his face, beckoning to the rest of the family to follow, and repeating the words “quick! quick!”

“ Oh dear !” cried Miss Prudence, as soon as they had passed another train, “ I wonder if the Sub-marine Rail-road trains will be like these, all fire ?”

“ No ! to be sure, they’ll be all water,” replied Lady Bubble.

“ Um—um—um, my dear, my celebrated ‘ bon-mot ’ to the mayor and corporation of Shrewsbury ought to have made you know that ; but as I suppose you have been stupid enough to forget it I’ll repea——”

“ Oh, dear no !” interrupted Miss Prudence, “ I’ve heard it too often to forget it, but I merely asked for information sake.”

“ Well, then,” said Marmaduke, “ having been answered, let us wave the subject.”

“ Wave the subject—very well—very well—egad ! you are growing witty too, Marmaduke ; but I must explain to these Algerines, for they don’t seem to take—um—um—um—my dear, wave the subject—the subject being the Sub-marine Rail-road, and wave being in allusion to the waves of the sea.”

“ Oh ! I see,” said Lady Bubble.

“ What a pity,” remarked Sir Romulus, facetiously, “ that there is no one here of the name of Anne, for then I might exclaim, ‘ Oh ! see—Anne—which would give us the whole

ocean ! ha ! ha ! ha ! there, Marmaduke, go beyond that if you can !”

“ I don't want to go beyond seas, I am very comfortable where I am,” said Marmaduke, opening one eye, and leaning his head more towards the window. After which he drew an English newspaper from his pocket, and began to read.

“ Um—um,” said Sir Romulus, glancing at the paper, “ What have you got there, Marmaduke, my friend the Examiner ? eh !”

“ No, indeed,” replied Marmaduke, “ I have long given up that paper ; for its swear-black-is-white tone, both in literature and politics, is truly disgusting ; and the ministerial toadyism of its leading articles completely neutralizes the otherwise good style in which they are written ; as for its reviews, or rather boreas-like puffs, they are a disgrace to the very devil who prints them. No, I now take “ The Spectator,”— there is a good healthy honest tone about its political articles ; and a fair spirit of criticism in the literary department, that makes one feel it is conducted by men of sense and probity, and not by a band of brigands of the press, ready to pillage and assassinate the community at large, for the sake of enriching and aggrandizing their own chosen few ; but nearly all Periodical Liter-

ature, with very few exceptions, is on a most disgraceful footing, that of cliquism. So that when "My Grandmother's Gazette," ycleped the Literary, is ordered by some money-lending confrère to 'béchamèle' a book, and denounce resisted sin as the adultery of the mind! (sublime expression, worthy of those gentlemen celebrated for their addiction to the ordinary sort forbidden in the Decalogue), its continental correspondents, such as the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' for instance, is ordered to flounder out a similar attack, in which it displays much ingenious ignorance, in confounding the identity of Queen Charlotte and Queen Caroline—infusing Belgium blood into Irish veins—and wasting a great deal of poor invective upon a very fertile subject of which it knows nothing.

"Then comes the plastering department, when contributions to annuals, written by diplomatic young gentlemen, who,—when not engaged in the honourable employment of a spy, or of furnishing the newspapers with gross falsehoods, of a persecuted woman, or publishing slanders of an illustrious lady,*—devote their valuable time

* See the infamous calumnies on the charming and still beautiful Madame Recamier, in a late ridiculous work on France, which calumnies were fabricated and furnished by the revengeful malice of the author's mistress.

to outraging English grammar, and maiming English style, by telling the "pensive public" that some old lady's "verdant lawns were green!" and attempting the lives of great men (vide that of Lord Byron), in a manner so atrocious, that they deserved to be hanged, all of which enormities have to be puffed and be praised by the aforesaid periodicals."

"Oh the Algerines!" cried Sir Romulus; "you give a pretty account of them."

"A true one," said Marmaduke, as the train stopped.

"Um—um—um," bumble-bee'd the former, whispering in his brother's ear, "you know that great tall Irish Algerine of a keeper, that was at the madhouse at Boulogne,—well, I saw the wretch before we set off, so just keep a look out for him, and I'll sit here till you tell me he is out of sight." Marmaduke did look in every direction, but no where could he see Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, who, indeed, had only been as far as the Rue de Londres with a parcel to forward to Versailles.

As soon as the crowd had quite disappeared, Sir Romulus ventured to alight, but took the precaution of marching to the hotel in the same order in which he had walked to the train. Half the party were for going at once to the château; but Miss Prudence declared that it

would be too late for luncheon after they had been over it, and that for her part she was so faint for want of food, she should die if she did not get something; and Mr. McPhin having given a casting vote in her favour, it was decided that they should have luncheon first. Accordingly, they repaired to the Hôtel de ——— and selecting a table under a lime tree in its charming little garden, Sir Romulus busied himself about iceing the wine, while every one ordered a separate 'plat' to their own taste. Sir Romulus ordered a 'mayonnaise,' which he called a 'Solomon Gundy' of chicken and salad, and was very angry with the garçon for not understanding him.

Every one had chosen what they wished, except Miss Prudence and Mademoiselle; the former had been too busy looking for her bag, and the latter looking at Mr. McPhin. As Miss Prudence was still hunting under the table for her lost reticule (which she had left in the carriage), and shaking every one's petticoats, much to their annoyance, the garçon finding it in vain to appeal to her, turned to Mademoiselle, who, sighing deeply as she bestowed a parting glance on Mr. McPhin, replied to his question of what she wished to have, by murmuring out, "Riz au lait."

“Au gras,” repeated the garçon.

“Non, au lait,” corrected Mademoiselle.

“Pour vous ça sefoit toujours au gras,” muttered the waiter, as for the last time he turned to Miss Prudence, to know what she would like to have.

“Mong sack—avez-vous voo mong sack?” inquired she, sitting down at the table quite exhausted from her researches, and brandishing Mademoiselle’s bag in the man’s face, to make him understand what she meant. He replied that he had not, and suggested that she had probably left it on the seat of the railroad carriage, but that he would send and see, and then again inquired what she would choose for luncheon. This was the third and last time of asking; so Miss Prudence, placing her wrists on the edge of the table, elevating her hands, and twitching her fingers vehemently, began to consider, and at length decided upon a ‘coquille de volaille.’ Now it so happened that her face had got exceedingly red and angry looking, from the exertion of stooping to look for her bag, and it also happened, that not being very sure of her French, she always made up in loudness of tone and vehemence of action what she thought might be deficient in clearness of pronunciation. Accordingly, in reply to the gar-

çon's last query, she twitched her fingers more convulsively than usual, and looking him sternly in the face, replied, 'à haute voix,' twice running, "Coquin de voleur ! coquin de voleur !"

The poor waiter, naturally considering this as an aspersion upon his honesty in reference to the lost bag, hastily fling down a yard of bread, a bottle of beaune, and a napkin, that he had hitherto held, as he indignantly exclaimed, clinching his hand in Miss Prudence's face :

"Comment ! coquin de voleur ?—plutôt canaille d'Anglaise ! c'est joli ça, par exemple !"

And here Monsieur Hector the waiter tore his hair, knocked his forehead with his clinched hand, and rushed out of the garden to bring the master and mistress of the hotel, Monsieur le Chef, and two or three other waiters, to bear witness to his unimpeachable honesty. As he was exiting, Mademoiselle explained to Miss Prudence what she had called him, when, by way of mending the matter, the latter followed him to the door, and with even a greater appearance of anger, inasmuch as it was uttered in a louder and shriller voice, accompanied with more violent gesticulation, she cried out :

"Eh bieng, si vous n'êtes pas coquin de voleur, quel autre chose êtes vous ?"

Now what the poor lady meant to say was,

“Eh bien, si vous n’avez pas une coquille de volaille, quel autre chose avez-vous?”

“Oh ciel!” exclaimed Monsieur Hector, again slapping his forehead, as he darted into the passage, from whence in less than three minutes he returned, with the chef, two waiters, and the master and mistress of the hotel—the latter an exceedingly pretty woman, of some four-and-twenty summers—her sposo a burly personage, labouring under the result of sixty years’ good living, in the shape of a gouty foot and a large oak stick.

Sir Romulus undertook to explain, and therefore, as usual, made confusion worse confounded by interlarding the words “coquin de voleur,” with sundry English expletives, all of which were perfectly incomprehensible to his audience.

“Ah, Monsieur,” said the chef, doffing his nightcap, and twisting it energetically in his hands, as he shrugged his shoulders, “pour Monsieur Hector, il est un charmant garçon,”

“Bien sûr,” chimed-in Monsieur Carmagnol, the master of the hotel, appealing to his wife as he hobbled three steps nearer to Sir Romulus, “n’est ce pas, Virginie? tu sais bien que je lui ai toujours confié mes intérêts les plus intimes.”

“Ah, pour sa fidélité j’en répond,” said Ma-

dame Carmagnol, looking unbounded confidence at Monsieur Hector, which that gentleman returned with suitable assurance, and then turned to the wall, which he thumped with his clinched fist, muttering rapidly, at short intervals, the words "coquin de voleur ! la vieille diablesse !"

"Well, now, but do you know, young man," said Miss Prudence, approaching him, "it's exceedingly foolish of you to make such a piece of work, when I never meant to call you a thief; 'cause, of course, I know nothing of your moral character, and, as Dr. Damnemall says, one should never bear false witness against one's neighbour, and I was not even thinking of my bag,—I assure you, I mean what I say—but it's all the fault of the French language, which I call truly ridiculous, having names for things that no mortal can understand or remember."

This apologetic harangue, the substance of which Monsieur Hector was perfectly ignorant of, and the manner of which seemed to him anything but conciliatory, only seemed to add fuel to fire, for he turned round and demanded of Madame Carmagnol what la vieille sorcière had said? Here Mademoiselle Perpignon charitably came forward to explain the nature of Miss

Prudence's offence and apology, which so far appeased Monsieur Hector, as to enable him to turn his face from the wall, run his fingers through his hair, and exclaim,—

“Etes elle donc bête, la vieille? d'appeller une coquille de volaille, coquin de voleur!”

“If you mean to see the Palace to-day, you had better make haste,” said Marmaduke, looking at his watch, “for it is now a quarter past three.”

“To be sure, it's ridiculous to have luncheon at this hour,” said Lady Bubble, who, perceiving that Sir Romulus bestowed more looks upon the pretty face, and prettier cap of Madame Carmagnol than she thought absolutely necessary, considering she was not the heroine of the scene, became anxious to hurry him away.

“Oh, dear, how tiresome!” said Miss Prudence, seizing a long roll; “so we are to have no luncheon after all.”

“Come!” cried Lady Bubble, majestically leading the way, and flinging a look over her shoulder at Sir Romulus, as much as to say, “linger behind at your peril!” The whole party had reached the street, when Sir Romulus bumbled out,—

“Um—um—in paying that Algerine of a waiter, I forgot my gloves; just wait here, my

dear, and I'll be back in a moment ;" accordingly into the house the baronet returned, to look in Madame Carmagnol's face for his gloves, which he knew to be all the time safely in his pocket. Monsieur Carmagnol, the chief, and the two other waiters had not stood upon the order of their going, but had gone at once, as soon as the Bubble family had quitted the Hotel ; but Monsieur Hector still remained in the garden to re-arrange the table, and Madame Carmagnol also remained, to offer to this much injured young man the surplus of that philosophy of which she had not occasion for her own immediate use ; and, as her left hand rested on his right arm, while her right hand parted the raven hair on his angry brow, it was, no doubt, through the medium of magnetism that she meant to convey it.

"Um—um—un—mes gants, perdoo mes gants !" said Sir Romulus, and no sooner had he uttered these words, which seemed to act like electricity upon Madame Carmagnol and Monsieur Hector, who both started back, than the head of the latter was under the table, leading the forlorn hope of a search after Sir Romulus's gloves, who, not to lose ground, took Monsieur Hector's place, which brought him so close to Madame Carmagnol that it

enabled him to discover that her eyes were dark blue, instead of black, as he had at first thought they were. There was a mysterious and unaccountable attraction between all female chins in France and Sir Romulus's true-born English fingers, that always at the end of a few seconds brought the latter intimately acquainted with the former; and it was just as his finger and thumb had been introduced to the pretty little dimpled chin of Madame Carmagnol, that Monsieur Hector became convinced that Sir Romulus's gloves were not under the table, nor even growing upon any of the trees; and this it was, no doubt, from a natural combination of thoughts, that caused him to exclaim; in no very dulcet voice, and looking up,—

“Ha! ha! coquin de voleur!”

Sir Romulus was at first slightly displeased at the construction of the sentence; but, upon reflection, thought it better to consider it as a quotation from Miss Prudence, and, therefore, to show that he felt no resentment, was proceeding to renew his attentions to Madame Carmagnol's chin, when he heard Lady Bubble's voice angrily through the garden-paling, and, what was worse, saw her indignant look as she cried out,—

“So, Sir Romulus, I suppose this is another

of your precautions to save your umbrella from the rain !”

“Um—um—um—my dear,” said Sir Romulus, abruptly quitting Madame Carmagnol, and looking as blue as his newly acquired umbrella. “There’s no finding any thing in this Algerine of a country when once it is lost.”

“You appear lost yourself, sir, to all sense of propriety,” said Lady Bubble, indignantly rejecting his proffered arm.

“Um—um—my dear, our heads would very soon be lost, if I did not understand how to humour these Algerines, on the very brink of a revolution as they now are.”

These talismanic words never failed to produce the desired effect, and form an instantaneous Lethe for all Sir Romulus’s peccadilloes; so, silently seizing his arm, Lady Bubble walked quietly on to the Château.

As the day was already advanced, they hurried through the palace, taking but a cursory view of the very great improvements that Louis Philippe has made in that, as in most other things in France. Sir Romulus, when he came to the picture of Louis Quatorze; as Apollo, surrounded by his court, in mythological costume, conceived the idea of having himself painted as Jupiter on Olympus, looking over a chevaux de frize of clouds and cupids, to re-

place the picture of Sir Cephalus Bubble, on the staircase at Bubble Hall, which he intended transferring to the music-gallery.

Arrived at length at the gallery of French victories, Miss Prudence stood riveted before the picture of the battle of Wagram, twitching her fingers as she exclaimed aloud—"oh dear! how I am interested in this!" Scarcely had she made the assertion, when she felt the butt end of a riding whip touch her shoulder, accompanied by a gruff voice, inquiring—

"Why! did you lose any friends or relations at that battle?"

The voice proceeded from Miss Tripe, in her packet costume; but before she turned round even to see who had accosted her—Miss Prudence replied—

"Oh dear, no! but being at the Hotel Wagram, of course I take an interest in the battle you know!"

"I don't know any such thing; for I can't conceive why you should," said Miss Tripe; "but allow me to introduce my brother, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe to you—I forget your name: Miss—a—the old woman I met on board the packet, my dear; that was so frightened at Jupiter—my brother, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe."

Dr. Epaminondas Tripe rejoiced in a tall

thin figure, like two deal boards fastened together by a blue coat, with gilt buttons, being buttoned over them; his complexion was ruddy, his nose snubby, his eyes light and small, and his head covered by a bay wig, of the scratch genus; which, from its long-tried fidelity to his head, in a civil war with his velvet coat collar, was beginning to turn up behind, after the fashion of a drake's tail. Having been bred and born near Dublin, the doctor had a rich and mellifluous brogue, which he imprisoned as closely as possible, by always speaking with his teeth shut; and in a low and lengthened drawl, which had a very pathetic effect, when he was wont to describe certain domestic wrongs that he had experienced and discovered, as he said, by the "marest accidint in life, that of happening to pape through a kay hole."

"Is this your first visit to Pawis (Paris) ma'am?" said the Doctor to Miss Prudence, as soon as the introduction had taken place.

"Yes, my first—queer place, isn't it?"

"Oh indade, ma'am, ther are some quare things in it, and I have a collection of the quarest—a perfect *ansaclopedia*, I may say, of curiosities, which I shall be happy to show you at any time you would like to take a pape at them."

“Oh, thank you! but they are not all like those great hedge-hogs, are they? ’cause do you know, I was particular frightened at that, and my arm is quite sore still.”

“Why, ma’am! I have animate and inanimate objects, and I try curious experiments on ache.”

“Um—um,—who’s your friend?” whispered Sir Romulus; “very genteel man—introduce me to him.”

“Oh, Dr. Epethelanium Tripe—my brother, Sir Romulus Bubble.”

“I think my brother, Mr. Alonso Tripe, has the plisure of knowing you, sir,” bowed Dr. Epaminondas Tripe.”

“The celebrated poet? oh, to be sure—he’s go’ng to take a calamity from our part of the world—Miss Damnemall.”

“Really, Sir Romulus,” said Lady Bubble, “strangers never could imagine that by a calamity you mean a wife!”

“Ma’am,” bowed the Doctor, “I regret to say, that no one knows more of the avils attendant on marge (marriage) thin I do—it has been a rale calamity to me, as I’m sure you’ll allow whint I tell you that Mrs. Tripe desaved, deserted; in short, played me false, ma’am, at the age of forty-two!”

“Oh, the Algerines!” said Sir Romulus,

who, with great tact, gave the conversation a scientific turn, by sounding Dr. Epaminondas Tripe as to the feasibility of constructing a galvanic telegraph for the Sub-marine Railroad.

“The Doctor expressed his conviction, that as soon as the Sub-marine Railroad should be completed, he would have no difficulty in constructing the telegraph in question.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, Sir Romulus became the happy possessor of one of Dr. Epaminondas Tripe’s gilt buttons; whereupon, the latter gentleman thought it high time to make his bow, saying, “that his scientific parties took place every Saturday, at which he should be most happy to see Sir Romulus and his party!”

“Very genteel, clever man!” said the latter, as the Doctor and Miss Tripe strode out of the gallery.

“As much the one as the other,” muttered Marmaduke.

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Miss Prudence, drawing her town clock of a watch out of her pocket, “it’s a quarter past four! the dinner is to be at half-past five, and I am quite famished—we had better be going.”

“Um—um”—mumbled Sir Romulus, paying no other attention to Miss Prudence’s wishes,

than by mechanically moving on towards the door, "um—um—very odd Lord John don't answer my letters—but I must write to town, and our fortunes will be made, if he can get the galvanic telegraph for the Sub-marine Railroad."

The train—not of the Sub-marine Railroad, but of thought—which Sir Romulus's soliloquy led to, continued till they reached the courtyard, where the carriages were waiting; when the sudden recollection of Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald caused him to retreat back into the entry, while the carriage was driving up, and order his family to surround him in his way to it, in the same order they had done from the station in the Rue de Londres. Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, Miss Prudence, and Mrs. King got into one carriage, while Marmaduke, Colonel King, Mademoiselle Perpignon, and Mr. McPhin filled the other—Cosmo going in the rumble.

Colonel King, who had never been of a loquacious turn, had become even more taciturn since his marriage; for having, since that event, been in the habit of being appealed to by his wife, to know if he did not think she would look exceedingly well in this or that article of dress; he had abstained from the use of the only words to which he had ever been much

addicted, namely—"just so—just so—a;" being therefore now in a profound state of quiescence, Marmaduke followed his example, so that Mr. McPhin was obliged, in self defence, to go to sleep, in which happy state he continued till they arrived at the Barrière, where the sudden stoppage of the carriage, and the "avez vous quelque chose à déclarer?" of the gens d'armes awoke him; but he was not thoroughly roused, till in answer to the above question—Mademoiselle murmured with a deep sigh in his ear:

"Rien, qu'une passion malheureuse pour vous!"

"Oh, by Jove, mum," said Mr. McPhin, "the sooner you make that over to the police the better—shall I tell them of it?"

"Oh Ciel!" cried Mademoiselle, "l'amour n'est pas des comestibles!"

"Humph! it's to be hoped not, mum; for on some occasions it is both unpalatable and indigestible; in short, there's no swallowing it."

Luckily for Mademoiselle's peace of mind, this reply did not reach her ear, as Colonel King was busy telling the servant to set him down at his own house in the Rue Tronchet, as his wife had asked her sister Betsy to dine with them, Sir Romulus not thinking it proper that his daughter should dine at a 'table-d'hôte.'

On arriving at the Hôtel de Paris, he had scarcely time to pay his devoirs to two magnificent Persian cats, with tails that beat Mr. O'Connell's hollow, who were ambling about the court, when Miss Prudence pulled him by the sleeve, and pointed through a glass door to show him that the guests were already seated at table: he instantly offered his arm to Lady Bubble, who, in passing through a smaller room, where a very pretty and beautifully dressed girl was putting some verbenum leaves into finger-glasses, begged he would not waste his time looking at that over-dressed creature, but look straight forward and see how full the table was.

“Oh dear!” cried Miss Prudence, dodging looks through the camelias, heliotropes, and azalias of the plateau; “I'm so afraid he's not here.”

“Who's not here?” asked Marmaduke.

“Why that stout, sensible, elderly gentleman, that seems to enjoy his dinner so.”

“Fudge!” cried Marmaduke.

“Oh yes, there he is!” and Miss Prudence began nodding, like a mandarin, at an old gentleman, who marvellously resembled a large, fat, white, superannuated Angora cat stuffed into nankeen trousers, whose faults, whatever they

might have been, were now nearly obliterated; his eyes were green, round, and shiney; his face was white and smooth, with a purring expression of innate complacency about the mouth; his head was round as an apple, bald, and shining, with some half-dozen feline whisker-looking hairs on each temple; round his neck was a half handkerchief of white cambric muslin, which looked as if it had undergone a course of camomile tea, and of which the little rabbits-ears, attenuated ends, fluttered from the undrawn-out bows like sign-posts, pointing the way they never went—namely, to the right; his coat was of grass-green, cut like a shooting-jacket; and his waistcoat was of rusty black satin, between which and the aforesaid pale and cowardly-looking nankeens there was evidently a hostile meeting, as they stood full twelve paces asunder; his coat-sleeves, also, fell far short of what a gentleman's hands have a right to expect, even when those hands should be engaged like the stout gentleman's in question, forfing a miniature North Pole round a bottle of champagne.

The rest of the party seemed composed chiefly of Americans and Germans. The former, as far as the female portion were concerned, might be known by their extreme beauty and lady-

like appearance; and the latter, by their unexceptionable moustaches and their attention to their dinners. In spite of the good breeding rife among all foreigners, the 'entrée' of the Bubble family seemed to subject their risible muscles to a painful degree of temptation. Scarcely were they all seated, Miss Prudence securing a place on one side of the stout gentleman, before the door opened, and in tripped a young gentleman with his hat on, humming the "Cracovienne" and aiming the remains of a cigar from his mouth to the other end of the room, placing, as he did so, his right hand perpendicularly at the side of his mouth, according to the rule of that charming dance, but looking as unlike that lovely and graceful rival of Terpsichore, Fanny Elssler, as possible. These little preliminaries over, he gave his hat to a waiter, and glided into a vacant seat on the other side of the stout gentleman, first going through the ceremony of exclaiming—

"Comment ça va t'il, mon vieux?"

And giving him a resounding slap on the back, that nearly choked the old gentleman with a turbot bone, and embroidered his waistcoat with a splash of 'sauce Hollandaise,' that was anything but an improvement to it.

"Eugh—eugh—eugh! Ah c'est toi, mauvais sujet?" coughed the old gentleman.

“Oui, c'est moi, mon coqueret; et le vin de Champagne—c'est ton spécialité?” said this amiable youth, pointing to the solitary bottle before the old gentleman.

“Oui, bien sûr; tu n'en auras pas aujourd'hui, fripon.”

“Les pauvres neveux! c'étoit pour les tourmenter que les oncles par la nature étoient inventés,” said the young gentleman, making his head look like a porcupine by running his fingers through his hair.

“Oui, mon Nénuphar, justement,” replied the old gentleman, helping himself to a glass of champagne.

While Miss Prudence was in vain trying to understand all that the fat gentleman said, and making a point of helping herself to every dish that he did, having formed, from a fortnight's attentive observation, a just deference for his gastronomic talents, she was addressed by a nasal voice on her right-hand in the following words:—

“If you ever drink sherry, madam, this is proime.”

“Oh dear, you are very good. I'm so glad I've got beside an Englishman, for now I shall understand what I'm eating.”

“Under correction, madam, I am not Eng-

lish, but American. My name is Simpson, madam. I have come to Paris on a little government business; and expence being no object to me, I am determined to see, and show Mrs. Simpson, everything. You may probably have seen my name, madam, in the public papers, as connected with a very valuable hydraulic privilege, a water-mill that I have upon an estate in Kentucky, that the American government wish to purchase; though, perhaps, it may not have got into the European papers yet. So I take the liberty of repeating my name, madam—Simpson—Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson.”

“ Bless me !” said Miss Prudence, laying down her knife and fork, and staring Mr. Simpson full in the face, “ Bless me ! are you the American gentleman who was shot in a duel in Dublin, about two years ago ?”

“ No, Madam—I am the gentleman who narrowly escaped being shot about that period of time.”

“ Well, that’s very droll. You know Howard—Cecil Howard, my cousin, that you used to correspond with—he told me all about you.”

Mr. Howard, madam, is my most intimate friend; I have been in constant correspondence with him ever since my first arrival in Europe,

and I have written to America to say how he is rising in the world. I hope he enjoys his health, madam, and his high station?"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Prudence, twitching her fingers, without replying to Mr. Simpson's kind inquiries after the health of his most "intimate friend"—"Oh, dear—I'll tell you another person who used to talk of you, Mrs. Jinks. Now, do you know! I think it's a most remarkable circumstance!—that I—a person you never saw—should have been talking of you two years ago!—and that now I should be talking to you! and sitting beside you at dinner! Oh, dear! It is droll, to be sure!" concluded Miss Prudence, with a little short cackling laugh, as she helped herself to some filet de boeuf.

"Surely, madam," assented Mr. Simpson; and then added musingly, balancing a fork on his fore-finger—"At one time there was very near being a trip out to New York for Mr. Howard—and no Mrs. Simpson!" Here Mr. Simpson turned his right thumb back, so as to point over his shoulder at Mrs. S.—"Yes, madam—had I been shot in that duel—Mr. Howard, with his usual kindness (for I wrote to him about it), would have gone out to New York to look after Mrs. Simpson, then Miss Florida Wiggins."

“What, is that pretty young woman your wife?” said Miss Prudence.

“I am happy to say she is, madam,” replied Mr. Simpson, “and I think I may say without vanity, that she considers herself happy in being so!”

“And is she American, too?”

“Only partly, madam—the raw material is English—that is, her father and mother were natives of Derbyshire, who came to New York in 1806—where Miss Florida Wiggins, the present Mrs. Simpson, was born in 1814—an auspicious era, inasmuch as it cemented the peace of Europe, madam.”

“How de do?—do you like Paris?—been here long?” said Miss Prudence, nodding at Mrs. Simpson across her sposo.

“Not vary long; I came last fall, and shall probably go back the next—but I loike Europe extremely.”

“And what do you think of the marriage state,” said Miss Prudence; “I don’t ask out of idle curiosity, I assure you—I mean what I say; but because I don’t mean always to remain single myself.”

“Then, madam,” said Mr. Simpson, before his wife could reply, “I should advise you to lose no time; for I think happiness is like

money, and the sooner one invests both the better."

"Oh, that is your opinion, is it? Well, I quite agree with you. And how are the American funds just now?"

"Looking up, madam,—looking up."

"Oh indeed!—that is the reason there are so many American families in Paris just now, I suppose."

"Possibly, madam. Are you acquainted with Colonel Thorn? I understand he lives quite like a lord!"

"Oh, dear, to be sure—that's the rich American gentleman, isn't it, that gives such fine balls, and that the English do such mean things to get to. I hear his daughters are very beautiful; and the Duke of Arlington told my brother that his balls were the most beautiful things he had ever seen."

"So I have heard, madam; indeed I believe nothing in Europe comes up to his style of living, except, indeed, that on board the Great Western!"

"So the living on board the Great Western is good, is it?" said Miss Prudence.

"Superior to all others—even hangs Paris, madam."

"Well, I have often heard Lord John Bubble say that America was daily and hourly getting

the start of all other countries, and that it would be the greatest country in the world. Now, what you say confirms this."

"I shall write out to America, madam, to inform them of his Lordship's opinion. If you are fond of scenery, you would be delighted with our's. Some of the environs of Paris are exceedingly pretty, too, madam, but not on the same great scale as our's"

"Ah madame," said an Italian, who sat next to Mrs. Simpson; "if you are fond of de fine scene, you mose come to Italy. Oh dere is nosink in zee worlds like Vesuve—he smoke—smoke—smoke, and burn—burn—burn, all zay and all nise."

"Frizzle! Vesuvius, sir! we've a Niagara that would put it out in five minutes," said Mr. Simpson, indignantly, who neither liked the Italian's praises of Italy, nor his attentions to his wife.

"Well now, that is most remarkable," said Miss Prudence; "but would it be possible to get the engine you speak of over to Italy?"

"I fear, not, madam," smiled Mr. Simpson; "for it belongs to the firm of Nature & Co."

"Oh I see, they've a patent for it then."

Mr. Simpson was about to reply, when he thought he heard the Italian telling his wife that

there were no eyes in all Italy, so beautiful as her's; and that the flames of Vesuvius were nothing to those she had kindled in his heart."

"Sir," said Mr. Simpson, angrily; "American ladies are not accustomed to have nonsense talked to them; and as I am not an admirer of Italian scenery, I beg we may hear no more of your descriptions."

Plain as Mr. Simpson's English indisputably was, the Italian did not quite understand it, and therefore looked very much embarrassed, which three exceedingly gentlemen-like looking Americans at the opposite side of the table, perceiving, with great kindness and good-breeding, immediately entered into conversation with him;—for there is a degree of kindness and good-breeding among the best class of Americans, only to be equalled by the most polished of our own aristocracy. Nevertheless, Mr. Simpson did not seem comfortable, and turning to Miss Prudence, he said, 'sotto voce,' placing his hand 'à la cracovienne' at one side of his mouth—
"Would it be a great inconvenience, madam, if I asked you to change places with Mrs. Simpson, and let her sit at this side of me?"

"Oh dear! not in the least," said Miss Prudence, darting like a hot pea out of her chair, and perceiving for the first time as she did so,

that her left hand neighbour, was Monsieur Cataplan, the specimen of 'la Jeune France,' which she had met on board 'La Normandie'; and the only words of French that occurred to her at the moment, being those she had heard while last in his company, when embarking at Hâvre for Rouen—and at Rouen for Paris, she, by a natural concatenation of ideas, thought they were the most applicable to him, so accordingly she began nodding and bobbing to him, as she repeated—"Bon voyage—bon voyage!"

Monsieur Cataplan stared, as well he might, and at length with a look, as if awaking from a dream, recognised Miss Prudence with an exclamation of "Ah—! la vieille perruque perdu des Dorades! et le tour—comment ça va t'il?"

"Oh! quite well," said Miss Prudence, pointing to a new set of capillary button mushrooms that adorned her forehead; "quite well, but on board ship, you know, one ought to nail on everything, if one means to keep it."

"Nail, nail—what ees nail?" asked Monsieur Cataplan.

"Clou," responded Mr. Simpson, who was tired of waiting for Miss Prudence, to take his wife's chair.

"Ah ça veut dire clou en anglais—alors ç'est

la Tour de Nesle que nous donnerez à l'avenir dans les bateaux à vapeur."

"Oh dear no! I never have the vapours; or if I do, I take a little Hungary water," said Miss Prudence, at length seating herself in Mrs. Simpson's chair, much to the discomforture of the Italian, who did not at all like the transfer, and consequently talked no more of Italy, Vesuvius, flames, or fine eyes, but transferred his attentions to a 'Charlotte Russe.'

Miss Prudence, however, had found Mr. Simpson what she called so chatty and knowledgeable, that she continued to monopolize his conversation. "I should be extremely obliged to you," said she, "if you'd ask that young man, the Frenchman next you, if that stout elderly gentleman next to him, who seems to order all the wine, is his father?—just find out his name, will you?"

Mr. Simpson propounded the desired query, and informed her that the stout gentleman's name was also Cataplan.

"Dear, I wonder if he's married, or a widower?—do be so good as to ask the young man?"

Now, all Yankee as he was, this appeared to Mr. Simpson rather an unwarrantable investigation at a public table. However, to use the

language of his own thoughts, "there was nothing a man ought not to do for the ladies!" so he took courage and made the inquiry, by delicately saying to Monsieur Cataplan junior, as he looked towards the old gentleman; "Monsieur votre père, sans doute, Monsieur?"

"Au contraire, il est riche célibataire, et par là mon coqueluche."

This intelligence Mr. Simpson also conveyed to Miss Prudence, who now eyed the stout gentleman with additional complacency, as she said to Mr. Simpson, "Now, I'll tell you the reason I did not like to ask myself,—the French are so uncommon rude and spiteful if they don't understand you: now, as a proof of what I say, we went to one of the inns at Versailles to-day, intending to have luncheon, and do you know, 'cause the waiter did not understand when I ordered a particlular sort of fricassee'd chicken, if he did not go and make out that I called him a thief! and there was such a row as never was known,—true as you're there, I assure you. Oh! they're a terrible set—I suppose on account of all the revolutions they have—my brother has stopped two or three since he's been in Paris. There, what do you think of that?"

Mr. Simpson was about to express all the surprise he so naturally felt at this announce-

ment, when a piece of ice Miss Prudence had helped herself to, to put into her wine, instead of her glass found its way into her lap, and her subsequent search for it, and Mr. Simpson's remarks upon its brightness, and strong family likeness to the lumps of diamonds found by Sinbad in the valley of brilliants, changed the subject of their conversation, and by so doing checked another revolution! Meanwhile, Sir Romulus, at the opposite side of the table, had been placed, perfectly to his satisfaction, and still more to Lady Bubble's, next a lady who for age and ugliness would have made the Gorgons hide their diminished heads, seeing that there was no particle of youth or beauty in disguise beneath her smart yellow crêpe bonnet, pink dog-roses, gray hair, parrot's nose, and railroad of a mouth, ornamented with large discoloured teeth, placed—

“ Like angels' visits, few and far between.—”

Her Ladyship allowed him to converse unmolestedly with his loquacious neighbour, who had known Napoleon intimately, consequently was a great Bonapartist—described very graphically the state of things ‘sous l'empire,’ and told Sir Romulus many pieces of the secret history of that time, which, with his usual patriotism, he determined upon writing to Lord John—think-

ing that the knowledge of Napoleon's covert intentions might be of "incalculable use!" to the British army, who had occupied France six-and-twenty years ago! No matter how delightful conversations may be, still they must come to an end; and as every one was now leaving the table, Sir Romulus was compelled to make his bow to his agreeable companion, telling her she little knew the service she had been of to the English nation!

The only person staunch to the dinner table was Monsieur Cataplan senior: as he was there the first, so he was there the last—and his similitude to a cat seemed to broaden and lengthen into that of a cow in the act of ruminating after an ample meal, except that cows don't wear nankeen trowsers, and have no thumbs to put in the pocket-holes of them if they did. This after dinner sedentary habit of Monsieur Cataplan enabled Miss Prudence to vent her admiration of his rational behaviour, by asking his nephew, through the medium of Mr. Simpson, to present him to her. This ceremony gone through, Monsieur Cataplan tried to rise, but soon relinquished the fruitless attempt, and contented himself by nodding his head with a purring accompaniment, which no doubt meant something very civil. Be that as it may, Miss

Prudence replied to it by putting her hand on his shoulder to push him down in his seat, and saying :

“ Oh dear ! you are so much in the right of it !—nothing so bad for the digestion as moving directly after dinner—we’ve the wisdom of our ancestors for that, you know ; for ever since Adam and Eve’s time it has been—

“ After dinner rest awhile,
After supper walk a mile.”

There is my card—shall be happy to see you if ever you come my way,” said Miss Prudence, thrusting her autograph into his hand, which Mr. Cataplan, who had a confused knowledge of English, thought was the ‘affiche’ of some dinner pills manufactured by herself, as from her ‘savoir’ about digestion, he concluded her to be some diplomaless female Esculapius : so that, in placing the card in his pocket, he drew from it a five franc piece, which Miss Prudence having at the moment turned to shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, and express a hope that they would come and see her, prevented his offering to her.

Sir Romulus, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, informed Marmaduke that he had sat next a most agreeable well-informed woman. “ Um—um—um—I have mountains—positively

mountains of information for that Algierine, Lord John—and yet he won't answer my letters. The lady I was talking to said she knew Napoleon intimately, and that he was a very genteel clever man—very genteel clever man!”*

“After that,” said Marmaduke, “shall we go and see ‘Les Pilules du Diable?’ ”

“Um—um—um—you may do as you please,” said Sir Romulus; “but I shall go to bed; for somehow or other I have had a most arduous day of it, and feel quite dead beat, just as I used to do after one of Lord John's elections.”

“Well, Mr. McPhin, are you for the ‘Pilules du Diable?’ ”

“I thank you, sir,” groaned Mr. McPhin, whose hand the minute before had undergone a tender pressure from Mademoiselle's, “but I've had one.”

Finding no one inclined to go to the play, Marmaduke drove quietly home, where Miss Prudence passed the evening, and insisted upon having some toasted cheese for supper. As Sir Romulus imprudently partook of this delicacy, introducing it during the evening to several

*. Poor Napoleon! that he should have lived and died to be called genteel! Ridiculous and far-fetched as this may appear, the original of Sir Romulus Bubble made use of these very words in speaking to the author about Napoleon.

tumblers of bottled porter, it is our painful duty to state that the night he passed was not more tranquil than the day. His nightmare came in the form of a sea-horse (far different was its action from the soft ambling paces of his waking hobby) on which he was furiously galloping à la Mazeppa on the Submarine Railroad, pursued alternately by Lord John Bubble and Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald. But love—that

“Rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,”

extends his empire even over toasted cheese, and therefore exerted his influence over Sir Romulus's midnight plungings, in the forms of Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit and Madame Carmagnol; the dimple in the latter lady's chin no doubt caused the night mare to stumble—for in another minute, both ladies were rolled over into the briny flood, into which Sir Romulus, with his usual gallantry, plunged—but lo! instead of the

“Cool waves, that play with summer air,—”

he found himself boiling in the bath of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, with the heads of the fair syrens now courting, now illuding his grasp. But, heroic even in his dreams, he pursued them till he seized them by their flowing locks, and bore them safely to the shore;—but oh!

horror of horrors!—in turning to bestow on them a look of mingled love and triumph, he perceived they had been boiled into mermaids!—not those fabled ones of more than mortal beauty, but into a pair of shrivelled ‘*lusus naturæ*,’ resembling the composition of an ancient monkey sewn into a fish’s tail, exhibited under the name of mermaid some years ago in Piccadilly! Just as he was about to give vent to his wild despair, he heard the engine of the Submarine Railroad running after him, and felt his head macadamizing into a thousand pieces! He awoke—and Lady Bubble was standing by his bed side, shaking him violently by the shoulder, as she exclaimed,

“Sir Romulus! you have no idaya how you are snoring!—it’s impossible to get a wink of sleep!”

CHAPTER VII.

“ Seccare is a word of fun ;
 It means to dry as you may find,
 Not like the fire, or like the sun,
 But like a cold unpleasant wind.”

Not from BYRON.

“ Therefore, I have no one notion,
 That is not form'd like the designing
 Of the peristaltic motion ;
 Vermicular, twisting, and twining ;
 Going to work,
 Just like a bottle-screw upon a cork.”

Not from BYRON, but from whom he stole.

A FANCY BALL, AT WHICH SEVERAL OLD ACQUAINTANCE
 APPEAR.—MR. HOWARD IS GUILTY OF A GOOD-NATURED
 ACT TOWARDS MRS. DAMNEMALL, WHICH INVOLVES A
 RESULT TO A PRIVATE AND PUBLIC-HOUSE.

WE will now for a short time leave Sir Romulus to all the pleasures and perils of Paris : the first consisting of what he intended to do, the second of what befel him in the shape of political plots against his personal comfort, and that ‘otium cum dignitate’ which gentlemen of his age and fortune are in most parts of the world entitled to enjoy—while we return to London and see how Mr. Howard is getting on.

In the common acceptation of those two last words, nothing could progress more rapidly; and, while, every day, he was considered more promising, his friend Carlton was performing nightly to overflowing houses. Still, notwithstanding the most brilliant success, both in politics and society, no one laboured so much under that worst of maladies, the 'tædium vitæ,' as Cecil Howard—the envied of the men—the admired of the women—the respected of the good—the appreciated of the clever. Alas! it is with the heart that we hear, see, and think, as well as feel! and when once these faculties have become deadened within it, from the one great blow of fate, which must in some shape or other come to the hearts of all, the remaining pleasures or prosperities of life are but as colours to the blind—music to the deaf—and sunshine to the dead. So it was with Cecil; he felt that his one great fault—a morbid jealousy and tenacity of temper—had wrecked the argosy of happiness that might have been his. True, there was much still left; but he was as a prodigal banished to a beautiful and fertile country, without having left himself the means of existing in it. He had reached that pinnacle of worldly success which always attracts a vile herd of imitators.

Cecil Howard, with every thing to make life

not only agreeable, but enviable, always looked melancholy and discontented. Consequently, it was the fashion for most of the young men of his acquaintance to appear 'blasé sur tout,' a circumstance which often made him remark to his friend Carlton, that he longed, like Alexander, to box the ears of the abject copiers of his stiff-necked misanthropy.

He had only been able to obtain unauthentic and garbled accounts of Theresa.—One was, that she was married to a man of enormous wealth, an old, unattractive, sun-burnt nabob;—the other, that she had been only going to be married, but was not married. And this latter account his sister Gertrude always endeavoured to impress upon him, was the correct one; but this was of little import to him. The offence towards his self-love, was equally great in going to be married, as in being married. Yet, in spite of all his efforts to despise her, he could not; for, in his minute and constant researches for materials wherewith to do so, he found nothing but those calculated for self-condemnation.

It was now January, and, early as it was, town was filling. A new star had risen in the hemisphere of fashion, in the person of a Miss Delville, a millionaire of great reputed beauty.

She had recently purchased a fine house in Whitehall, which she had considerably added to, and improved in splendour. She had already acquired the renommée of giving the most recherchée dinner in London; and, while the men were naturally anxious to form the acquaintance of so desirable a partie, the women were equally anxious to have the entrée of so agreeable a house.

Gertrude Howard had contracted an intimacy with this charming person, and was always importuning her brother to be introduced to her; while Lord Mornington declared that, if he was not already in love with Gertrude, he soon should be with Miss Delville, were it only for her exquisite taste in dress; and that, as it was, he was not sure, if he thought he'd be accepted, that he should not jilt her for the beautiful millionaire; but nothing could pique Cecil's curiosity into a wish to know her, or even a consent to see her.

"But she is so charming!" urged Gertrude.

"I hate charming women," was Cecil's ungallant reply.

"And she dresses comme un ange!"

"Or a French woman, which is an ange de toilette!" interposed Lord Mornington.

"You know those charming women may dress

themselves just as they please!" laughed Cecil; "at least for me;" and then he would turn off into the most opposite subject he could think of.

One morning, after a conversation like the foregoing between the trip, Howard exclaimed, à propos to any thing but the beautiful heiress,—

"By Jove! I'm sadly afraid that fellow Town will be the ruin of all the poor gulls whom he has got to advance money for his quicksand chimera, the Sub-marine Rail-road."

"What a bore you are, Ces, with your Sub-marine Railroad; Sir Romulus himself is a rational being compared to you," said Gertrude; spoiling a whole packet of pens, by tapping her brother's head with the ends of them, as she and Lord Mornington were as usual idling away his and their own time in Cecil's study: "but the real meaning of my honouring you with a visit this morning," continued she, "is to know whether it is to-night or to-morrow night, that the Claverings are going with us to see Carlton act: I hope it's not to-night, on account of the fancy ball for the Poles, at the Mansion-house, because I'm dying to be there early; having met Mrs. Damnemall at the bazaar this morning, who told me that she had come to town for

Anna Martha's *truss-up*, and that they were to be at the ball to-night, as the Doctor had given Anna Martha a dress, that was so foine, it would quoitte put 'all the others in the back ground; and Mester Froipe, he was going as Alonzo the Brave, which was something or other belonging to the dress Anna Martha was to wear."

As soon as Cecil had done laughing at Gertrude's very accurate imitation of Mrs. Damnemall, he replied:

"No! considering I've been nearly a year trying to get Sir Headworth Clavering to go, I was determined to choose a night when we had nothing else to do."

"Oh, that is right," said Gertrude, for I would not for the world miss the entrée of Alonzo the Brave, the Fair Imogene, and Mrs. Damnemall!"

"It will certainly be worth seeing," smiled Cecil; "does—a—your friend Miss Delville go?" added he.

"Now really," said Gertrude, kissing his forehead, if your hair was not so abominably black, you should be my white-headed boy from this out; for it is the first time I ever heard you evince a particle of human curiosity about that unfortunate young lady."

“Nay, most fortunate of young ladies! but does she go?”

“No! I am sorry to say she is laid up with a bad cold, and has sent £300 as her deputy.”

“Then she does know how to spend her money,” said Howard.

“She does that as well as she does everything else—and better she could not do it.”

“Well, that is a comfort,” yawned Cecil, “for it is a talent so few of those Croesus’s are possessed of.”

“Dear me! it is five o’clock, and we dine at six, on account of this charity ball—so ‘adieu et au revoir’ brother mine,” said Gertrude, as Lord Mornington helped her on with her burnous; and in another minute they had reached the carriage.

“I do believe those two are happy, if any one is,” soliloquized Cecil aloud, as they closed the door: and then ensued a train of silent reflections, that might have led him on into midnight, had not Girouette put into his head, at a quarter to seven, with “Pardon, mais Monsieur has sans doute forget he is to conduire Madame la Duchesse au Bal ce soir, et par consequent de dinner he is early!”

At ten o’clock the Duchess of Arlington and her party arrived at the Mansion-house,

and found some difficulty in making their way through whole cities of Greeks, Romans, Turks, Albanians, Poles, Russians, Hungarians, Spaniards, Bohemians, Sylphs, Sylphides, Devils, Dairy-maids, Angels, Africans, Wizards, Witches, Nymphs, Neptunes, Sailors, Susans, Monks, Mandarins, Pachas, Peris, Circassians, Capucines, Postillions and Philosophers—to say nothing of Alps upon Alps of Savoyards and Shepherdesses.

“Dear me,” said Gertrude, as she had finished a quadrille with Lord Mornington, “I don’t see the least vestige of my only inducements to come to the ball.”

“Nor I!” replied her companion, “but I see a green baize bench over there; and as it is most likely that at some time to night

“Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene,
Conversed as they sat on the green,”

if you take my advice, you will hover near this spot, as my prophetic spirit tells me they will pass this way.”

Here a troop of Polish lancers came charging in a galope, and for a short time impeded their progress towards the green bench; this retrograde movement brought Gertrude beside her brother—“Really, Cecil,” said she, “if you

persist in looking so dismal, I shall apply to the gas company to light up your face."

"Then I fear it would be more ghastly than ever!" smiled Cecil.

"I can't box your ears before all these people, or else I certainly would," said Gertrude, "for that is the second accés of Sir Romulus you have had to-day; however, anything is better than than the Sub-marine Railroad."

"I am sure, Miss Howard, ma'am, I feel proud and honoured, indeed I may say, highly distinguished, ma'am, at such a lady evincing such a deep interest in the prosperity of the country as to speak of the Sub-marine Railroad," said, or rather suddenly whispered Mr. Town, with his mouth close to her ear. His costume was that of a merman, which he contrived to represent by having stuffed both his feet into the solitary opening of a one-legged, flesh-coloured, web pantaloön, the said feet coming out at the other end, but so closely kept together as to be scarcely visible; while from their heels an artificial, but substantial tail, curved upwards; and over his shoulders fell thick clusters of green worsted, from a wig made of that material; in his right hand he held the frame of a mirror, which, instead of glass, con-

tained a prospectus of the Sub-Marine Railroad, that he brandished in every body's face.

"'Pon my word, Mr. Howard, sir," whispered he, mercifully releasing Gertrude, "I think I may say, indeed I'm sure I may, as he has at length said, he'll think about it; therefore, I may with truth, sir, say, that I have got Sir Headworth Clavering to invest a small portion, sir, of his enormous wealth in the Sub-marine Railroad; and if I might hope, Mr. Howard, sir, to get your powerful influence enlisted on my side, I should not despair of adding the Duke of Arlington's name to my list, sir."

"Considering what a thorough going Whig you are, Mr. Town," smiled Cecil, "I should have thought you would not in so great a national improvement have allowed any Tory to enter the lists with you."

"Oh! indeed, Mr. Howard, sir, as far as the Sub-marine Rail-road is concerned, I wish all politics were at the bottom of the sea."

"Then I suppose," laughed Howard, "you'd allow the bishops only one sea (see), to which you'd translate them all."

"Precisely, Mr. Howard, sir," whispered, more confidentially than before, Mr. Town, who never liked to be thought in the rear of any one's ideas or plans, "precisely, it is an idea,

sir, that has often suggested itself to me, and which I have had serious thoughts of communicating to Lord John."

"What is that?" inquired his lordship, who now advanced in plain clothes, to match his face, "that you thought of consulting me about?"

"Oh! a little matter of business, my lord, that we will discuss another time, when your lordship is more at leisure."

"How do you do, Major Whabble, delighted to see you," said Lord John to that gentleman, his looks all the while insulting his words by giving them the lie.

Neither did the Major seem one iota more pleased at the rencontre than his lordship; but for this there were certain private and pertinent reasons. In the first place, no dissolution had taken place since the time they had met in Shropshire, therefore, the Major had had no opportunity of giving his votes to Lord John; and what he thought infinitely more distressing, and more injurious to the country, neither had the then confidently talked of brevet ever taken place, consequently the major was still a major! What his present costume was intended to represent was by no means palpable, as it merely consisted of a fur cap, fustian jacket, and leather

apron. So finding his address rather cool, Lord John thought he would do the popular and affable by rallying him upon the warmth of his dress. "You must find that cap and apron very hot," remarked he, "what costume may it be intended to represent?"

This was the consummation Major Whabble had so devoutly wished; so drawing himself up to his full height, and giving what his wife called one of his Talavera looks, which cut the lookee to pieces, he replied with great dignity, "My lord, I am tired of being a major, and seeing no hope of advancement, I have thought anything better than standing still, and so have gone back, and again become aminer!" (minor).

"Ha! ha! ha!" struggled Lord John, "very good."

"I think it very bad, my lord," said Major Whabble, in a dignity key pitched at zero, as he swept past Lord John, who got a headache, at the sudden recollection of all the noise made over his head by the young Whabbles, on the morning after the night he had, for the good of the nation, ventured to "lie" at Gorget Cottage.

"How do you do?" said Gertrude, "have you heard from Sir Romulus since he went abroad? and have they all been turned into vaudevilles yet?"

“Yes,” replied Lord John, “I have had two or three most extraordinary communications from him: to judge by his letters I should say he was quite mad, indeed they put him into a mad-house the morning after he arrived at Paris, he says by accident, but I should say they knew very well what they were about.”

“Yes,” acquiesced Lady John, who now came to claim the arm that was legally hers, “yes, that is putty plain; by the bye, Gertrude, I hear that your friend, Miss Delville, is going to give a magnificent fancy ball in March: I wish you could get me an invitation to it, as I am told it will be the puttiest thing that has been given a long time; besides, I want to see if she herself is as putty as they say.”

Gertrude was about to reply, when up rushed Mrs. Damnemall, dressed as a Cherokee queen, with rampant strips of scarlet and green feathers round her forehead as a crown. “Oh! Miss Howard,” exclaimed she, laying both her hands on Gertrude’s arm, “ave you seen the coptain?”

“What coptain?” re-interrogated Gertrude.”

“Whoy Aye” (for so Mrs. Damnemall invariably pronounced the pronoun I)—“Aye know he is a coptain by his mannet! but Aye moost tell you all about it first. You moost know, the doctor, as indeed you may sup-

pose from his way of thinking, don't approve of balls at all, specially the fancy; so he was decidedly against our coming to-night, and threw all sorts of cold water upon it. Among other things, that as Anna Martha had as good as got a husband, there was no manner of use in her going to such places. But Mr. Troipe, he seemed as much for it as Anna Martha; and the doctor and Aye, we happened to meet his lordship" (the lord mayor sous entendu) "at Birch's, and he was so pressing, and affable, and condescending about our coming, that the doctor, he was quite over-persuaded; and so off we came, and the doctor, he is, poor man, left to himself, as he says of sinners. Now, on coming into the room, and seeing so much of what the doctor calls 'the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' Aye says to Anna Martha: 'Now, my dear, aving chosen a partner for loife, Aye think he may do for you for the whole evening; so moind if any one else asks you to dance, that you say, 'Thank you, sir; but Ay've got a partner quite to my moind, and have no intention of changing him.'" Well, poor choild, she had gone through two cod-drills with Mester Troipe, when up comes the captain"—

"But what captain, Mrs. Damnemall?" interrupted Gertrude.

“How should Aye know, my dear, when I never laid eyes on the man till to-noight? but as I told you before, Aye know he’s a coptain by his manner, though he’s dressed loike a Choinese. Well, up comes the coptain, and asks Anna Martha to dance; she answered him as Aye told her, when—would you believe ’it?—he turns round like a dragon, and nearly knocking off Mr. Troipe’s helmet, says to him—now in the rudest and most ungenteel manner possible—‘You be d—d!’ At this, of course, Anna Martha faints away in the arms of two pages of Frederick the Great’s; for Mr. Troipe, he was busy saying to the coptain, ‘No, sir, that Aye never can be! for Aye am writing a tragedy which will never even be acted, as it is intended wholly and solely for the closet.’ Whether or no the captain was frightened at Mr. Troipe’s determined manner, Aye can’t tell; but he was off like a shot, and returned with a great tankard full of iced water, which he soused all over Anna Martha; when, as you may suppose, Aye ran up as fast as Aye could, to try and save her beautiful spangled dress, which the doctor had given ten guineas for last ninth of November, for her ladyship’s ball; but it was too late: Aye only got terribly splashed myself, and am sadly afraid Ay’ve got my death of cold too; and the

worst of it is, the doctor will say it is a judgment on us for coming to the ball."

"But what became of the captain?" asked Gertrude, making a great effort to suppress her laughter.

"Oh, Aye was going to tell you: when he'd done all the mischief, he bolted, and soon after a gentleman came and said he was so tipsy that he had fallen over a bench, and was lying at full length on the floor. Now, says Aye to Mester Troipe, is your time to be after him; but he made answer something or other about keeping his temper if Choina fell; but as Aye told him, he should consider he was not a real Choinese. However he did not move, which shows he is of a quiet forbearing disposition, and will make a good husband: and we soaked up Anna Martha as well as we could. Oh dear!" concluded Mrs. Damnemall, "for my part I feel quite shivery and goose-skinny."

"No wonder," said Miss Howard, in reply to Mrs. Damnemall's last assertion.

"Here is Mester Troipe and Anna Martha," said Mrs. Damnemall; "dear me, her dress is quite spoiled."

Mr. Tripe advanced, supporting Miss Damnemall. He had hired the armour belonging to the Ghost in Hamlet, in order to personate

Alonzo the Brave, and consequently looked more dismal and moth-eaten than usual.

“I do believe, my dear,” said Mrs. Damnemall to her daughter, “you are wringing wet still.”

“’Tis but the dew-drop on the rose,” said Mr. Tripe, with a solemn wave of his hand.

“More loikely to turn into an ague, Aye fancy,” said the tender mother.

“Fancy! ‘Tell me where is fancy bred!’” spouted Mr. Tripe.

“Whoy, the best fancy bread in all London,” said Mrs. Damnemall, “is in Bridge Street, roight opposite Alderman Fippet’s. Dear me, this cold wind from that door will give you your death, child—stand more on this side—and, unfortunately, Aye have not ordered the carriage till two o’clock, and it’s not twelve yet.”

“Mine is at your service,” said Howard, who really pitied both mother and daughter for the drenching they had got.

“Oh, Aye’m sure we’re greatly obliged to you, Mr. Howard, and will accept your offer. Aye do hope the doctor’s a-bed and asleep, or else he’ll think we’ve joined the Anabaptists.”

Cecil, who never thought vulgarity, especially in a woman, a sufficient reason for being ill-natured or ill-bred, now offered Mrs. Damnem-

all his arm to escort her to the carriage, while Alonzo the Brave ran every risk of rusting his armour by a contact with the damp Imogene—but he was above all such paltry and personal considerations; and, as an outward and visible sign of his internal philosophy, he quitted what he and the newspapers called “the festive scene,” murmuring something about the “light fantastic toe,” which, however, he gave no practical illustrations of, as he nearly overturned the carriage on getting into it, as the Bishop of Rochester describes Lord Bath to have done the ministry—“chiefly by his own personal weight;” for long, lanky, boney mortals are always heavier on hand, and on foot, than any others.

No sooner were the trio seated—Alonzo the Brave rattling and clattering as Bodkin—than Mrs. Damnemall told the servant to drive to her house, No. —, Southampton Street, Covent-garden, “and not to knock, as the doctor he’d be a-bed.”

“And now, my dear,” said she, turning to her daughter, “don’t you say anything to your father about the drenching we have got, or else, Aye’m very sure, it’s the last ball we should get to; as the doctor he’s a decoided objection to parties of all kinds.”

“Even water parties,” epigrammatized Mr. Tripe.

“ Oh yes; it don't signify what sort of party it is,” matter of-facted Mrs. Damnemall.

On arriving in Southampton Street, Mrs. Damnemall, we regret to state, considerably increased her cold by the time she occupied in rummaging in her pocket for half-a-crown to give the footman, who was no other than Harding, the ‘ci-devant’ lacquey of Sir Romulus Bubble, who had “left to ~~better~~ himself,” and was now in the service of Mr. Howara.

Having pocketed this king-consort pittance, Mr. Harding thought he might as well convert it into brandy and water at his old familiar friend's, Archy Dunn's, new “public,” the Bear and Bee-hive in Drury Lane. So, accordingly, he begged his colleague, Mr. Jenkins the coachman, to drive there.

As the snow was drifting fast, and the cold intense, Mr. Jenkins had no objection, and accordingly turned his horses' heads in the direction of old Drury.

The same bright pots and pans that had adorned the kitchen of the Pug and Primrose now graced that of the Bear and Bee-hive, the ceiling of which being protected with thick bars of white painted wood, through which appeared innumerable hams and sundry sides of bacon,

while from the rafters were suspended boughs of holly and strings of birds'-eggs, that gave the Bear and Bee-hive a 'rus in urbe' appearance that must have been truly refreshing to its cockney 'habituées.'

Mrs. Dunn was to the full as active and as thrifty as Mrs. Fine had been, and had the same turn for managing she had ever had, with far better success as regarded her present spouse; who, to do him justice, was the most dutiful and obedient of husbands, never, by any chance, appropriating to his own use a single drop of the choice spirits of their establishment, unless given to him by his wife; never receiving a doit that he did not instantly transfer to her; never "fetching a walk" of a Sunday without asking her leave; and never making the slightest reduction in any reckoning without the bill having first received the royal assent of Mrs. Dunn. Yet, notwithstanding all this marital perfection, Mrs. Dunn thought, with regard to husbands, what Hamlet thought with regard to death—there is no knowing "what charge may come." So, upon the Vicar of Wakefield's plan of arranging his wife's epitaph so as that it might always stare her in the face, Mrs. Margery Dunn placed the square wooden collar, that Mr. Fine had been wont to wear after his throat had been

cut, hatchment-ways over the kitchen chimney-piece of the Bear and Bee-hive, under which it was Archy's habit to sit and meditate, or, peradventure, to smoke; and it must be confessed (as we pique ourselves on the veracity of this history), that there were times, notwithstanding the generally speaking halcyon atmosphere of their 'menage,' when that great financier, Mr. Joseph Hume, might have recommended Mr. Dunn to put the said square collar in his pipe and smoke it!

Just as Messieurs Harding and Jenkins entered the kitchen, Mr. Dunn was sitting with his eyes mournfully fixed on the aforesaid collar, while the ashes fell listlessly from a pipe that he held in his right hand; Mrs. Dunn was engaged in the useful, if not ornamental, occupation of frying beef-steaks for the supper of Mr. John Brough, who was drinking, swearing, and playing draughts at a small table with Fogey Mc-Snips; while, on a bench beside him, with a bundle tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief in her lap, and an old, torn, black straw bonnet on her head, which leant languidly against the wall, looking very tired and very cold, sat Sally Tomlins, who followed Mr. Brough through all his fortunes, in the hope of being made Mrs. Brough. "present-ly."

“Why, you here, John Brough!” said Harding, as soon as he had finished his salutations to Mr. and Mrs. Dunn; “I thought you’d been down yonder in Shropshire.”

“Um—” grunted Mr. Brough; “if I’m here—shows I’m not there.”

“And Sally, too!—how is this?” continued Harding, eyeing the girl’s pale and altered face. “Why, you used to look like a cherry-orchard, and now you look like a turnip-field.”

“That’s neither here nor there,” growled Mr. Brough. “Sixes!—my eye! don’t be so bounceable! While mother Fine’s a holding the stakes (steaks, there, and I’m a holding my tongue, your’e a fleecing the loining out of my pockets. That femoinds me, Archy, my man, that ere vescu^t of moine, as I give you this arter-noon; I wants it particlar herly to-morrow, as oi’ve a job as vill carry me out o’ town to-morrow arter-noon.”

“Ye need na fear; I’ll be ready for ye,” said Archy, in a tone of voice that seemed to imply more than met the ear.

“I’ll trooble ye, Meester Brough, to gi’ me eighteen pence ha’pney,” said Fogey MacSnips, leaning back in his chair, and pushing away the board.

“I wool, present-ly,” replied Mr. Brough, “if so be as I can’t vin it back ater anoother bout.”

“Hoot, mon! enoo’s os gude os a feast, ond I’m na for venturing ony mair to-night, beyand the spaculations my night-cap may lead me into.”

“Vell, I’m blow’d if that aint one way of getting off Scot-free,” growled Mr. Brough, as he reluctantly doled out the sum he had lost in half-pence and farthings.

Mrs. Dunn now placed the supper on the table, before which Mr. Brough squared himself, at the imminent risk of knocking out Sally Tomlins’ right eye with his left elbow, as he made these gastronomic preparations. “Umph!” grunted he, sticking his fork into the viands before him; “a collop off old Tony himself could not be harder. I’m sadly afeared I’ll have a tough job of it here.”

“I dinna doot but ye’ll soon have a tougher elsewhere,” muttered Archy, who was, in vain, thanks to his peculiar obliquity of vision, trying to catch Harding’s eye, as he stood at another table, acting as master of the ceremonies between Mr. Jenkins and a bowl of punch.”

“Shall I make you a cup of tea, Sally,” asked Mrs. Dunn, who really pitied the starved and

dejected appearance of the girl, who silently shook her head as Mr. Brough replied, through a well filled mouth, while his wrists rested on the table, and his knife and fork pointed upwards towards the ceiling,—

“Set her up—tea, indeed! she’ll be wanting a coach and a lady’s maid next, I s’pose;—vot I leaves she may have, and if she don’t like it, she may lump it; but, on t’other hand, if as I leaves nothink, vy, her supper vont disagree with her, that’s all. Vomen and vater is two plaguy things to deal with, as the devil said, ven he found his wife, vouldn’t drown. But I say, Missus Foine,—I beg your pardon, I always forget as you’re Missus Tailor, now,—I’ll trouble you for another tumbler, or I’ll never get to my journey’s end to-morrow.”

“I suppose you’re off for Shrewsbury,” said Harding, as he walked to the fire to light a pipe.

“You’re out there, as the extinguisher said to the wick,” replied Mr. Brough; “but it’s no consarn of nobody’s where I goes, or where I stops.”

“Hoot, mon! dinna fash yersel; avry ain kens full weel where ye’ll gang to, and, os for stopping, ye stop at nothing, just.”

“I’ll trouble you to keep a civil tongue in

your head; a pedlar's pack don't fit every back," growled Mr. Brough.

"A-hem—a-hem—I've got a' yer things ready, Maister Harding," said Archy, as the former was about to withdraw from the fire. Harding was on the point of inquiring what things? as he was not aware of having any in Mr. Dunn's custody, when the violent blinking of that gentleman's eyes, and nervous quivering of his nether lip, did not fail to convince a lackey whose intelligence had been whetted in the diplomatic atmosphere of Arlington-house, that a secret of importance was in the wind. So, instead of his first query, he answered, with considerable dignity, "that he was ready to take them."

"Very well," said Archy, rising with alacrity;

Harding followed the landlord of the "Bear and Bee-hive" into the opposite apartment, which was his bed-room, into which he had no sooner entered than Archy set his back against the door, and, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, spoke as follows:

"Ye'll observe, Maister Harding, that what I'm ganging to say to you, is in the stractes
 "W. confidence; but this bit o' written that I hold it

my hand has given me unco' trouble, as ye may suppose, whan I tell ye that I've nae e'en named it to Margery; but it confirms me in the opinion I have always hod, that John Brough is a scoundrel, ond ne'er-do-weel."

"Of that there is very little doubt," replied Harding; "but what has that to do with you, Archy, in your line of life? A scoundrel's money is as good as a saint's! and thirst, do you see, is like a Radical Member; so, as it gets what it wants, it's all one to it, whether the measure is carried through the mouth of an honest man or a rogue."

"Preceesely, Maister Harding, ond there's nickle sense in thot same; but it's nae what John Brough does in this hoose that I wad dis-coorse ye aboot, but what I fear he scans doing in ither hooses. Read that bit paper, which I foond crinkled up in the carner of a waistcoat pocket that he gave me to mend this vary after-nune."

Harding took the proffered paper, which was the fragment of a letter, and read as follows:

"——it should not be later; but there is no use in your being there before two in the morning on Saturday next, as he may not be back. The great thing is to secure him. I'll have th
ie in

chaise ready. Any papers you can get, do. The child must also be secured; and for plate and that sort of thing, you need not fear an equal division from

“J. G.”

“Why, dang it!” said Harding, pushing his hat more over his forehead by scratching the back of his head, as he turned the letter in various directions with his other hand, “this seems like a plot to break into a house and kidnap some one.”

“Preceesely,” responded Archy: “just what I said—and they must be sarcumvented.”

“Yes, but who are they? for, beyond John Brough, we don’t know who they be; and Sir Romulus being abroad, you see there’s no magistrate in the family—and so I don’t know how to get John Brough taken up private and cautious like; besides, if he was taken up, we’d never get at the plot in that way.”

“To be sure not,” said Archy, “that’s not the way; but we must gi’ notice of their proceedings, and dog thim just avery step o’ the way.”

“Mighty fine!” objected Harding; “but give notice to who? and dodge them where?”

“Why, I’ve my suspeeclons, do ye see,” re-

joined Mr. Dunn, placing the forefinger of his right hand mysteriously at one side of his nose.

“ Well, and what ‘if you have?—suspicious neither twist ropes nor catch thieves.”

“ Na, na—but they’re the first stage on the journey towards doing so;—and noo I’ll axplain—but on the promise, Maister Harding, that ye tell nae living mortal of it but yer master, Mr. Hooard.”

“ Well, out with it; but I don’t see what he has to do with it.”

“ Why, you must ken that he’s a particklar friend of the undividual wha I suspect is to be made awa wi’: ye must also ken that about twa years agone on the vary night on which pure Maister McPhin was drooned and brought in dead to the Pug and Primrose, on ill-favoured fellow, with a’ kind of writens ond papers, like a walking prenting-prass, left ain o’ those awfu’ storms that are to be hod for looking out for on Dunderhead Common, for a gude fire and a gude dinner, (noo this Margery hos since told me, for I did nae ken the chap); but for the last fortnight a gibbet-faced looking scoondrel has been running a score here for brondy and boccy;—ond seeing there was naething to be hopped frae his looks beyand the treadmill or the stocks, I did nae like looking to them for payment. So I asked Margery just to pop in

and tak a look at him, ain night os he sot guzzling in the bar. She hod nae sooner seen him, than she said thot he was the same that hod stopped at the Pug and Primrose twa years before, ond thot he hōd wanted to scrape on acquaintance with Maister Marmaduke, but thot he hod said he was a penny-a-liner, whatever thot meant, ond wad have naething to say to him. ‘Are ye sure it’s the same?’ said I. ‘Ye’ll soon see whether it is or nae,’ said she; ond wi’ thot she walks up to him, ond says: ‘I see ye’ve nae money for water, sir; for yer duck trowsers are a deal dingier thon when I saw them twa years agone;—but, you know, brandy is dearer than water, for which reason I canna afford to let you hove mine for nothing,—ond sae I’ll trooble ye for the rackoning, which is just saxteen shillings ond sevenpence half-penny.’ Upon which, he want through the sarimony of putting his hands in his pockets, but there was nothing in them; he then scotched his head, but there was naething in thot either: for he said something about to-morrow, ond very sorry—but he hod called ot the office, ond not been paid himself. Weel, to mak a long story short, John Brough arrived this vary day, ond the chap with the dingy ducks come in soop after; ond after they had drank and smoked enough for an election, they went out together.

This was about seven o'clock. Thinks I, I'll follow you; for John Brough had put on his Sunday clothes and left me the waistcoat he had taken off to mend. • In turning out the pockets, I found the piece of paper I hove just shown ye, which raised all my suspicions: so accordingly I followed them, till they came to Drury Lane theatre, where they turned in, and I after them. I paid my money unobsarved by either of them, and followed them into the pit. The play was a gentleman in block, ca'd Hamlet, which pette was performed by Maister Carlton; and no sooner did he come on the stage, with his fine eyes and hot and feather turned up, and his conseederable black cloak, which I'm sure had nae less than sax yards roond—than the chap in the Russia ducks nudged John Brough and said, 'Thot's he—do you think ye'd know him again?' 'Ond nae mistake,' onswered John Brough. 'Gude,' said the other, though the rascal knew a' the time that it was bod; and then he went on scrabbling on slips of paper. I lat him scrabble on in the de'il's books or whatever he was writing, and I slipped out and cam' hame, where my first notion was to gang off in quest of Maister Hooard, and gi' him up that infernal piece of paper, telling him a' I had heard and seen between the twa; but on sacond thoughts I thought it wad be better, as this is ainly Thursday, to wait till after the play,

ond see if the mescreants wad come here. Accordingly, at about holf post elaven John Brough arrived with Sally Tomlins,—wherever he picked the jade up, ond after he'd been seated some time, he asked for the waistcoat he hod left me to mend. I gave it to him, when he began rummaging in the pockets, apparently in a great fright at missing something, ond asked me if I hod foond anything. Thinking he understood lies better than truth, I onswered nae, ond lit my pipe, which I sot smoking till ye came, Maister Harding. Ond noo, dinna ye think that I've put a brace of rogues ond couple of rascals on the right road to the gallows? There is the map of it," concluded Archy, pointing to the fragment of the letter in Harding's hand, "ond mind ye dinna sleep till ye hove delivered it safely into Mr. Hoard's custody."

Harding deposited the paper in his pocket, drew up with conscious dignity, and promised all things with the aid of a prime minister; then opening the door, and calling to Mr. Jenkins, who was still not filling, but emptying the genial bowl; he quitted the Bear and Beehive, shaking Archy cordially with one hand, while he doubled the other pantomimically behind Mr. Brough; a movement which (not being literally a Janus, although a double-faced knave) was totally lost upon that great man.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Toutes les passions sont exagératrices, et elles ne sont des passions que parce qu'elles exagèrent.”—CHAMFORT.

“ Un coeur souffrant, comme une santé faible s'affecte de mille nuances, que le bonheur et la force n'apercevraient pas.”

“ Persuaseratque nonnullis invidis meis se in me emissarium semper fore.”—CICERO.

A TRAGEDY, A SUPPER, A DENOUEMENT, CONTAINED IN A LONG CHAPTER.

MR. HARDING was now lancé as a diplomat, and the most arduous part of his mission he found was in endeavouring to obtain an audience with his master, through the medium of his colleague, Monsieur Girouette. That gentleman could not at all comprehend what matter a mere footman, nay more—an out-door footman!—could possibly have to communicate to Mr. Howard, beyond a budget-like demand for an increase of salary, or an anti-ministerial intention of resigning; both of which points, he very naturally thought, could be more orthodoxly arranged through him, than by so unprecedented a step as a personal interview; accordingly, Monsieur Girouette flatly refused to

negotiate it, unless previously made acquainted with the business to be discussed: this stipulation Mr. Harding as flatly refusing to comply with, and adding to his refusal a considerable degree of very exciting and unpardonable mystery and importance, infinitely more calculated to exasperate than to conciliate, the parties separated in mutual disgust, respectively slamming the opposite doors of the servants' hall, in which their cabinet council had taken place; Monsieur Girouette, to sip his coffee in the housekeeper's room, and 'disencanailler' himself from so long a parley with an under footman, and Mr. Harding to stand at the hall-door, and await the arrival of an idea how to achieve the wished-for tête-à-tête with his master. He did not wait long before a twopenny postman passed, and supplied him with the desired idea, accompanied by a wonder that it had not presented itself before. "A letter to be sure!—that's the thing;" and Mr. Harding twitched the gold garter on his right leg, with a violence that would have cowed any calf in the world, as he retreated into the hall on his way to the pantry to execute his great design. Many were the sheets of paper spoilt ere the caligraphy of the "Honoured Sir" at the top satisfied his fastidious eye, but those

two important words once achieved, the rest was easy, and the task soon completed, for he had read the debates that morning, and had been particularly struck, (as all men must be, whether lackeys, lovers, liars, or lords), with the truth of Lord Melbourne's assertion, that "no man should ever write a line that was not absolutely necessary," a truth no doubt arrived at, not only by his Lordship, but by many of his colleagues and jackalls, through the thorny road of experience!

The letter concluded, the next dilemma was how to seal it. Wafers he knew were never used except in bills, and he wished his communication to receive immediate attention, and not be thrown aside unopened, therefore a wafer was out of the question, but unfortunately he possessed but one seal in the world, and that bordered on the amatory, as he had purchased it from a Jew boy for sixpence, on the top of a German-silver pencil-case, to seal his letters to Bridget Bond, having laid his love and livery at her feet. The device of this seal was an open pair of large scissors, very like those which hung at Bridget's side, and between the mimic 'for-fex' was inscribed—"We part to meet again," though, as Mr. Harding had often facetiously remarked, "Cut and come again" would have

been a more appropriate "matter." The signing and sealing over, he himself conveyed his letter to the nearest receptacle for twopenny literature; and most mysteriously triumphant was his air, when, three hours afterwards, having taken in his own letter, which he thought looked remarkably well, and like other letters with the post-mark on it, he tossed it on a salver, and handed it over to Monsieur Girouette to take up stairs, where, ten minutes after its arrival, he himself was summoned. As may be supposed, he had some difficulty in opening his mission, but the necessary delay occasioned by the search in his pocket for the slip of paper Archy Dunn had entrusted to him, was of considerable use, as it enabled his master to put the leading question of—"What might be the reason of his wishing to see him?" whereupon he waxed eloquent as Isocrates, detailed the information Archy had imparted to him on Thursday night, and ended by placing the fragment of the letter found in Mr. Brough's waistcoat pocket in Cecil's hand, who, as soon as he had read it, said "Thank you, Harding, you and Dunn have acted extremely well and sensibly. Say nothing to any one till we see farther into this business. And now order my horses round immediately."

Justly proud of such an eulogium, Mr. Harding bowed himself out of the room, with vague notions of the probability, but quite sure of his capability, of one day filling the position his master then occupied,—an idea which was confirmed by the dignified manner in which he ordered George the groom to bring round Mr. Howard's horses immediately; and the mysterious tone in which he added, with the wave of the hand, worthy of Mr. McEverPuff: “and mind, saddle them yourself, and say nothing to nobody!” Moreover, scarcely had he uttered this fiat, when he met Girouette, whose curiosity getting the better of his other aristocratic faiblesse, accosted him with:

“Vell! so you have see Meestair Howard? what he say elm?”

“I have seen him, Mr. Jerry-ette, but as I'm an Englishman, I'm happy to say that I know as the truth is not to be spoke at all times; and that silence and sense is one and the same thing in England, whatever the fashion may be in France;” and so saying, he abruptly turned upon his heel, and ascended the stairs to display his importance at his favourite station, the hall door; leaving Monsieur Girouette to shrug his shoulders in bustling ignorance and exclaim—“Crénon! ces canailles de laquaises!”

It was a clear bright morning, the air was crisp and exhilarating, and Cecil cantered briskly on till he came to Notting-hill, when he slackened his pace, and drew bridle: as he was walking his horse leisurely, he turned his eyes towards the green-house of a nursery-garden; as he did so, a loose stone caused his horse to stumble—"Good God!" he exclaimed; but it was not at the false step the horse had made, but at a vision that greeted him among the plants in the green-house, appeared a fair young face, which, from being mirrored in his heart, was often reflected upon passing objects; and, for an instant, so strong was the power of imagination, that it appeared palpable to his external senses; but now, if ever he had seen her, he saw Theresa Manners! her eyes had met his; and the cheek which love had made so pale, now glowed at the tyranny of his sudden approach—Cecil looked again, but she was gone! "Pshaw!" said he, tightly pressing his hand across his eyes, "it is only one of those day dreams, that come to mock and to taunt me; he looked round—a plain dark chariot, ribbed with invisible-blue, the wheels picked out with crimson and white, the lining of purple velvet, and the blinds of white silk, with purple and crimson fringe and tassels, was waiting at

the door; the horses were thorough-bred grays, and the harness of massive silver; but no arms were on the carriage, merely a small cypher in silver on the upper pannel: in another moment Howard had reined in his horse, and sprung to the ground: he entered the nursery garden—and from it, the green-house, which he walked rapidly through, looking breathlessly to the right and to the left, and unceremoniously decapitating sundry crysanthimums with the end of his whip, as he passed along, till he was suddenly remonstrated with, by a gardener on an upper shelf, who was nailing a vine:

“I say, sir, I beg your pardon, but you’re a ruining on them there crysanthimums—what may you please to want? and I’ll call somebody to you!” said the man, taking a tack out of his mouth, and tucking a strip of Dutch matting into his girdle, as he prepared to descend, in order to save the poor crysanthimums from so strange a customer.

“Oh—why thank you—nothing--that is, was there not a lady here just now?”

“Yes, sir, I believe there was; I heard some one a choosing bulbs, and telling master to get ’em poned agin February.”

“But don’t you know who it was?” asked Cecil.

“ Can't say as I do, sir, for I don't work reglar here, only on jobs like.”

The master of the nursery now entered, and, hat in hand, begged to know what the gentleman wanted? Thus recalled to himself, Cecil, with a little embarrassment, first ordered home the plants he had mutilated, and then boldly enquired the name of the lady whom he had seen there some minutes before.

“ I really don't know, sir,” replied the man, “ I have never seen her but once before, as she comes to see a sick woman who lodges in my house, and to-day she ordered some plants and bulbs, which she said she'd send for, so I don't know where she lives; but I believe she's gone now.”

Cecil did not believe any such thing, and thinking it most likely that she had only gone into the house to see the invalid, determined to walk about the garden till she came out, first inquiring of the servants to whom the carriage belonged that was waiting.

“ To Miss Delville, sir,” was the reply.

“ Is that the lady who is gone into the nursery garden?” re-interrogated Cecil.

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Very strange; but she has another lady with her, has she not?”

“ No, sir, she’s alone ; master did not come out.”

“ Master !—oh—ah—yes—her father, I suppose ?”

“ No, sir, her huncle.”

But perceiving that the servants began to exchange looks, Cecil coloured, bit his lips, and, ashamed of displaying so much apparently idle curiosity, stammered out—

“ Oh ! thank you, I beg your pardon, I thought it had been a lady I knew,” and re-entered the garden. Feeling how ridiculous it would be to pace up and down before the house, he made the tour of the not very extensive grounds, turning every moment to see that the lady did not make her exit unknown to him. He had gone round for the third time, and was stopping at the other extremity of the garden to rescue a kitten that a mischievous boy had put into a bucket, and was about, in spite of its cries and struggles, to lower into a well, when, upon raising his eyes, after the performance of this benevolent act, he had the satisfaction of seeing the lady get into the dark blue chariot and drive off !

“ The deuce take you, you little wretch,” said he to the poor kitten as he threw it angrily from him, while it was gratefully licking his hand,

“ I wish I had let you be drowned before I lost so much time over you ;” and so saying, he hurried on to the gate at which he had entered, and looked wistfully at the track of the carriage wheels for a few seconds. “ It’s no use,” he murmured, “ and yet it’s very strange—such a likeness—I—I—yes I will know that Miss Delville that Gertrude has been teasing me about.” Having come to this resolution, Cecil remounted his horse, and galloped on to Shepherds Bush. When he entered Carlton’s library he was so pre-occupied with the vision he had seen at the nursery garden that he forgot the purport of his visit.

“ You are better than good,” said Carlton, laying down a pen with which he had been writing, and extending his hand to Howard as he entered, “ for you gave me no hope of seeing you to-day as we were to meet to-night.”

“ Nor did I intend coming to you this morning,” replied Cecil, “ but for a very mysterious thing that has happened.”

“ Mysterious !” repeated Carlton.

“ Very !” said Cecil, abstractedly, as he switched the carpet with the end of his whip, still thinking of the lady he had seen in the garden.

“ What sort of mystery ?” re-interrogated Carlton.

“The most extraordinary likeness I ever saw in my life,” replied Howard, in answer to his own thoughts, instead of his friend’s question.

“Like who—or what?” asked Carlton.

“Oh! true—I forgot—I was thinking of something else, of a person I met to-day,” hesitated Cecil, taking the piece of paper Harding had given him from his waistcoat pocket, and holding it in his hand, till he had related to Carlton the whole of the scene that had taken place at the Bear and Bee-hive; and all Archy Dunn’s suspicions as to the intentions of the writer of the letter.

“Just let me look at it:” said Carlton, extending his hand for the bit of paper, which he had no sooner looked at than, knitting his brows and biting his lip, he exclaimed, “Why this is that reptile John Nugent’s writing, so—after having played the honourable part of spy so long—I suppose he is going to enter upon the nobler and more arduous ‘rôle’ of house-breaking.”

“The wretch!” said Cecil, “then if he does we must be ready for him; and you had better not act to-night, I can easily put off the Claverings.”

“Not act to-night!” exclaimed Carlton, convulsively crushing the paper he held in his

climbed hand, "that will I, if it is the last night I have to live—and it may be—but as to being prepared for the villain that I can be too; and be the crisis of my fate what it may, you shall witness it. So remember, Howard, I hold you engaged to sup with me here after the play, and I promise you it shall be "full of honours."

"Nay, but seriously, my dear fellow," remonstrated Cecil, who saw that Carlton was labouring under one of his paroxysms of mental agony, "would it not be better to remain at home and wait the arrival of this wretch?"

"No, it would not," said Carlton, sternly, as he paced up and down the room with his arms tightly folded. Knowing that when the mood was strong upon him, it was worse than fruitless to attempt to reason with him, Cecil, in order to divert his thoughts into a different channel, carelessly took up a newspaper, and asked what play he had decided upon for that night?

"The Iron Chest," was the brief reply.

"I thought it was to have been Macbeth."

"So it was at first intended, but I thought," added Carlton, stopping suddenly with a short bitter husky laugh, "that the audience I was likely to have would better appreciate the sublime hypocrisy and subtle villainy of Sir Edward Mortimer, and I like to play up to my audience."

Cecil did not exactly see the drift of this sarcasm, but considering it merely as one of the random arrows of his friend's misanthropy, did not attempt to remove it by question or reply, but silently let it lay where it had fallen.

"Well, I'll take care to have a good reinforcement of police here to-night, ready to receive these accomplished scoundrels, Messrs. Brough and Nugent, alias Guzzlecat," said Howard.

"As you please about that," said Carlton, ringing the bell, "and I have also my preparations to make for their reception." "Stephens," added he, as soon as the servant appeared, "I shall have three or four people to supper to-night, let the supper be good, and let all the gold cups, vases, and other pieces of plate I have been given, within the year, be upon the table."

"Very well, sir."

"I really think," said Cecil, smiling, "that it would be rather more 'germane to the matter,' if you had ordered him to load your pistols instead of the table."

"L'une n'empêche pas l'autre," replied Carlton.

"True," said Cecil, putting on his gloves and preparing to depart; "au revoir then—oh by the bye, I knew there was one thing I wanted to ask you. You must know, my dear fellow,

that old Dragglesfar is a tremendous lion-hunter, and therefore after he has seen you act, or rather after he has seen the effect your acting produces upon others, it is most likely he will ask to be introduced to you; and I know the Duke has long wanted to be so; so if they express any wish of the kind, have I your leave to bring them to your dressing-room?"

"Decidedly not," thundered Carlton, his eye kindling and his lip quivering; "if the poor actor is worth knowing," added he, with a sneer, "he is worth knowing in his own way and on his own terms.—'Le veritable Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine,'—let the veritable Roscius be, 'le Roscius où l'on soupe.' They may come here after the play if they like, but on no other terms will I see them."

"Well, but my dear fellow, the usages of the world—"

"The world! has dealt with me after its own fashion, but it has never made me succumb to it, nor will I begin now. If it wants anything from me, let its members cringe, and truckle to me as they do to it, and for the same reason—self-interest."

Knowing that it was useless to remonstrate, Cecil again wished his friend good-bye, and returned to town, promising to be at Drury Lane

in good time, and thinking as he rode along, what a pity it was that so fine a nature should be so warped upon some points; but after all, thought he, what wonder, when one remembers all he has suffered; for the poison which fate infuses into the cup of life, when it fails to kill, at least destroys the healthy tone of the mind. Alas! how few can see the causes of effects—and how should they? when half of our happiness, and certainly more than half of our misery arises out of a thousand little circumstances that we cannot tell to our best friends—perhaps a look—a tone—a movement, which are hieroglyphics to every one but ourselves.

* * * * *

That night Drury Lane was crowded to excess, and the Duchess of Arlington's box was occupied by herself and the Duke, Lady Annette Clavering, Gertrude Howard, and her brother, Lord Mornington and Colonel Dragglefar, who, setting aside his fears of Mr. Mc Everpuff, and his barrel organ, Guzzlecat, had braved Drury Lane for a dinner at Arlington House; and, acting on that most profound piece of local wisdom, which consists in the geographical policy of—when you are at Rome, doing as Rome does, *alias* of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, or selling one's

friends when it is the fashion to do so, he was now as loud and exclusive in Carlton's praise, when he heard the unpacked plaudits of the House, as he had ever been in Mr. McEverpuff's, and declared that his Sir Edward Mortimer was the finest piece of acting he had ever witnessed in his wool (whole) life,

"What! finer than McEverpuff's?" smiled Cecil.

"Oh they are quite in a different style, and therefore not to be compared," *sotto voce'd* Dragglesfar; but this being a Vicar of Wakefield assertion, that might be interpreted either way, Cecil was determined he should not have the benefit of it, and therefore maliciously rejoined, "What! you think Carlton is not to be compared to Mr. McEverpuff?"

"No—no," said the gallant Colonel and impartial critic, thus pushed; "quite the reverse, for upon the wool, I think your friend superior."

"Indeed!" replied his tormentor; "I thought I had heard you express a very different opinion one night at the Garrick, but I cannot agree with you, for upon the wool, Mr. McEverpuff is superior, as he certainly fleeces the public more than Carlton has ever done."

Gertrude's ill-suppressed laugh following this speech, made the poor Colonel look very sheep-

ish, and he would doubtless have felt still more uncomfortable, had not the box door at that moment been opened to admit Sir Headworth Clavering, which was a great relief to him ; and his greeting was even more cordial and devoted than usual, though, to do him justice, to any one and every one upon whom fortune and the sun smiled, Colonel Dragglesfar was always ready to sacrifice himself or any body else, to the fullest extent the most sublime friendship was capable of.

Sir Headworth who had been dining out, came in at the last act, where Sir Edward Mortimer is sitting at the table giving his false evidence, and leaving nothing undone through the medium of the most bland voice and manner, and apparently benevolent words and angelic sentiments, to hang his poor victim, Wilford, who stands lost in amazement, not so much at his own misfortune, as at the stupendous hypocrisy and philosophical villainy of his destroyer, all of which made a fine tableau—the confusion and embarrassment of the innocent man tending to his own condemnation—the calm, deliberate, seemingly reluctant, nay, almost extorted testimony of the ruthless and guilty murderer, produced an electrical effect upon the audience. The masterly bye-play of Carlton, who was

abstractedly playing with the corner of the table-cover, while snaring his victim, had all the calm absent manner of sorrow in it, but not a particle of the nervous agitation of fear, while his subtle and penetrating eye, which seemed to command rather than to watch fate, produced a breathless attention in the audience, which heightened, to a painful degree, the excitement of the scene. It was at this moment that Sir Headworth Clavering entered; he seemed fearfully affected and taken out of himself: had he been the guilty party, he could not have appeared more convulsively agitated, or more nervously excited. A damp dew stood upon his forehead, his teeth chattered, his limbs quivered, and his hands opened and shut as with a muscular spasm, wherein free will bore no part. Cecil looked at him with amazement. "Well this is the triumph of art over nature!" thought he, as he attributed the powerful effect produced upon the iron-minded baronet to Carlton's inimitable acting.

"Is he not wonderful?" whispered Cecil, but a hushing motion of Sir Headworth's hand was the only reply.

"That voice!—it is most extraordinary," muttered the latter; and then passing his hand

quickly over his eyes, he again relapsed into silence.

“How handsome your friend must have been,” giggled Lady Annette; “do you know I think he’s not unlike you about the eyes, Mr. Howard, when you put on one of your terrible looks.”

But Cecil’s cold bow and contemptuous smile, followed as it was by an angry frown from her sposo—reduced her ladyship to silence. When at length the dagger drops out of the parchment, and neither hypocrisy nor plausibility any longer avail, but Sir Edward Mortimer stands a detected and unmasked villain, Sir Headworth Clavering actually groaned, and burying his face in his hands, remained silent for some moments after the curtain had fallen.

“Powerfully acted—was it not?” said Cecil to the duke.

“Wonderfully so, indeed; I should very much like to know him; do you think that”—

But here the calls for Carlton became so vociferous, that nothing could be heard but his name; at length he re-appeared, pale and exhausted from his recent exertions: the house rose—the stage was covered with flowers and wreaths—and though he bowed mechanically to the audience, his eyes were fixed on the Duchess of Arlington’s box, or rather upon Sir

Headworth Clavering, whose face was buried in his hands, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him.

“What do you think of his acting, Sir Headworth?” asked Lady Annette, as soon as the curtain had again fallen, and the plaudits had ceased.

“Strange!—very strange!” muttered he, seemingly in answer to his own thoughts, rather than his wife’s question.

“No—now do you know I think it is very good,” giggled Lady Annette; “but you people of the old school think nothing good but what you saw and heard in your own day.”

The gentleman of the old school was too busy with his own thoughts to make any reply to this well-bred speech; and the duke, that it might not be repeated, turned to Cecil, and said—

“I was going to say, Howard, just as the noise began, that I should very much like to be introduced to your friend; do you think he would allow me to go round and pay him a visit?”

“It is decidedly his place to come and be presented to your grace,” interposed Colonel Dragglefar, energetically thumping his stick upon the ground.

“Why,” replied Cecil, not paying any atten-

tion to the gallant colonel's orthodox parenthesis, and wishing to generalise the apparent rudeness of Carlton's misanthropy as much as possible, "he is an exceedingly odd person, and from a long series of misfortunes and reverses, he has engendered a morose sort of pride, that amounts to a perfect monomania; and never having received any assistance from the great in his distress, he makes a sort of merit to himself of treating them 'haut en bas' now, whenever they seek his acquaintance; for which reason he never receives visitors in his dressing-room; but gives them the trouble of coming home to his house to sup after the play, if they wish to see the wild beast, as he calls it."

"Sir! a man so distinguished as an Arlington!" exclaimed Colonel Dragglesfar, again flagellating the floor, "should not be subject to the rules of any humourist! Go, sir, and tell your friend, that much as I admire histrionic talent—and upon the wool no man admires it more (here the stick and the ground had another set-to)—that as a British soldier and a British gentleman! I cannot see historical fame like an Arlington's! succumb to mimic greatness!—and that therefore you will do him the honor of bringing him to his grace, who has condescended to express a wish to converse with him."

"No, no—not for the world," smiled the

duke, as he exchanged looks with Cecil; "but find out whether he will allow me to join his supper party."

"Recollect, my dear Colonel," said Cecil, laying his hand on Dragglesfar's shoulder, as he was leaving the box, and looking with provoking archness in his face, "recollect that Carlton is a rising man."

"Granted—granted; but egad, sir, there is McEverpuff, who has risen, and he is but too happy to be brought round to much less great people than the Duke of Arlington, after the play. McEverpuff! who commands the wool of the press, with very few exceptions, thinks nothing beneath him to gain public applause."

"I allow," laughed Cecil, "that it is impolitic to aim too high."

"Non supra modum elatus Tullius."

"Egad, the boy foils me at my own weapons; for, whatever he knows, I'm proud to say I taught him," chuckled the gallant Colonel, as soon as Howard had closed the door, and was safely out of hearing.

"What a load you have done for him then," smiled the Duke.

"Not more than I ought to have done for his father's son!" replied Dragglesfar, with benevolent terseness, and another coup de baton.

When Cecil reached Carlton's dressing-room, instead of finding his servant helping him to undress, and preparing for a bath, as was wont after acting, he found him alone, pacing up and down the narrow room with folded arms.

"Ha! so you are come at last," said he, turning suddenly round and standing still, as Howard closed the door, and then added, or rather gasped, as he laid his right hand on Cecil's arm, "They are not gone, are they?"

"Who?"

"The—the people in your box."

"Oh! dear, no—on the contrary, the Duke is most anxious to make your acquaintance; but——"

"Only the Duke!" interrupted Carlton.

"Why, you have so completely electrified Sir Headworth Clavering, that he seems to be still ~~quite~~ paralysed from the effect of your last scene."

"Eh—eh—it is well," said Carlton, with a short husky laugh, setting his teeth, and convulsively interlacing his fingers, as he clasped his hands together; "but does he not wish to know me too?"

"Most likely he does," said Cecil, taking up Sir Edward Mortimer's granite velvet hat, and examining the diamond loop and button

that secured the plume; but, hearing me tell the Duke that that was only to be achieved by supping with you, I suppose he thought it useless to proffer a separate request for an introduction."

"Howard," said Carlton solemnly, "get them all to come—mind *all*—and do with me what you will for the rest of my life."

"What, women and all?" asked Cecil, surprised at the earnestness of his manner.

"I have said it, all."

"Well, but they wish to see this new after-piece, and I'm afraid it will be so late before"—

"So much the better; I have business which will prevent my being home till half-past twelve at the earliest."

"In that case, had I not better go out to your house now, for fear those villains should break in before you return?"

"No, no, go back to your party, and never mind me; only should I not be at home when they arrive, make all due apologies for me, and keep them till I come; you know, according to the formula of that bit of paper you showed me, my other guests are not to come before two in the morning."

"True," said Cecil; at all events, he knew there was not the slightest use in combating

any preconcerted plan of Carlton's; so he quietly opened the door, merely saying as he closed it, "Well then, at half-past twelve we shall see you?"

"Certainly."

"What news?" said the Duke with a smile, as Howard re-entered the box.

"Of course he will be delighted to have the honour of seeing your grace; but on the terms I before stated."

"And I shall be delighted to accede to them," replied the Duke.

"Mr. Howard," said Sir Headworth Clavering, who appeared to be just rousing from the reverie in which Cecil had left him, "I feel a singular, nay to myself an unaccountable interest in your friend, Mr. Carlton. I wonder if he would allow me to make his acquaintance?"

"I'm sure he will," replied Cecil; "for he has just commissioned me to invite our whole party to sup at his house."

"Oh, thank you!" said Sir Headworth, abstractedly, yet emphatically, as though he had unexpectedly obtained something he had much wished for; and then suddenly relapsed into silence.

"What, the whole party—ladies and all?" asked Lady Annette.

“Yes, ladies and all.”

“Oh, how very charming! Of course, my dear Duchess, you will go: it will be something so new—and so nice—and so funny, to go home and sup with an actor!—and besides, I should so much like to see if he keeps on his terrible eyes off the stage.”

“I admire his acting so much,” said the Duchess, “that I should very much like to know him. But my tiresome health won’t allow me to brave the night air, as he lives at some little distance from town. However, notwithstanding his eccentricities, which Mr. Howard has been telling us of, I hope the Duke will be able to prevail upon him to come to Arlington House: at all events, my not going need be no preventative to your doing so, as, I dare say, Gertrude would like to go.”

“Yes, I should like it exceedingly,” said Gertrude; “for I want to see Cecil’s romantic friend, that I have heard so much of.”

“Romantic!—is he? dear—how nice!” giggled Lady Annette. “Well, he has a dear—loveable—amiable—high-minded—virtuous brigand sort of look about him. But how do you know that he is romantic?”

“Cecil says his history is a perfect romance.”

“Dear—dear—how very—very nice! I hope

he is starving in a garret—and all that sort of thing.”

“Not exactly,” laughed Cecil; “for it would be rather presumptuous of him to invite your Ladyship to supper if he was.”

“Oh, but I don’t mind poverty at all, when it is with geniuses and romantic people, or kings out of crowns and all that; but I confess I have no nerves for ugly women, squalling children, typhus fevers, footmen’s wives, and destitute females. I suppose he’d be offended if one gave him money? I’ll give him—let me see—this diamond ring—shall I?” concluded the truly feminine Lady Annette, turning to her husband.

“Nonsense!” frowned Sir Headworth; “your Ladyship surely don’t mean to come!”

“Why not, pray?”

“I should have thought your son would want you at home.”

“’Pon my word, ‘Caro Paterno,’ you are greatly mistaken, if you think all the Claverings in the world will ever convert me into a nursery maid!—much less when that dear, delightful, charming, handsome, terrible-looking man has invited me to supper.”

Again Sir Headworth frowned, and this time he sighed; but not having been accustomed

lately to have his own way in anything, he once more prudently took refuge in silence; while Colonel Dragglesfar, who thought nothing of the Duke's praises of Carlton, inasmuch as that he was a Mæcenas, and Arlington House a focus for talent in any and every possible form and shape—but when Sir Headworth Clavering—the stiffest, coldest, most haughty, and least admiring man in England—had condescended to express a wish to know him, he thought he might safely launch out into his praise, without incurring any danger from the absent Mr. Mc Everpuff, the clique at the Garrick, Guzzlecat, or his literary inquisition the Press. The prospect of a supper, too, at his house, with people whom he could talk about for the next six months, considerably enhanced Carlton's genius in his estimation;—for, after all, greatness is more topographical than anything else. How often does it happen that the cynosure of one hemisphere is undreamt of in another—and that the 'primum mobile' of the east is unknown in the west, and vice versa; for, if Europe has its Napoleons and its Wellingtons, little Peddlington has its Nixes and its Rimmins's, more important and more celebrated to it than either of the European heroes. A strong proof of this occurs in a charming and very important work, entitled

‘Le Manuel des Amphitryons,’ the preface of which, speaking somewhat reproachfully of the ‘Grand Monarque’s encouragement of those minor blessings to mankind, arts, sciences, and letters, has the following passage: ‘La cuisine eut aussi les siens; et si la postérité ne nous a conservé que le nom de Watel et celui du Marquis de Bécharmel, dont l’un s’est immortalisé par sa mort, et l’autre (the marquis) par le procédé qu’il trouva pour apprêter à la crème le tourbot, et la morue, il ne faut pas en conclure qu’il n’y a pas eu des grands cuisiniers dans le siècle de Louis-le-grand!’ What follows too is also a striking instance of the injustice of Fate with regard to fame: “Mais il n’en est pas de cet art comme de tous les autres; ceux qui s’y distinguent le plus sont à peine connus, même de leurs contemporains! On jouit avec délices du résultat ~~de~~ leurs travaux, sans leurs tenir compte des jouissances ineffables qu’ils nous procurent.’

After the first act of the afterpiece, the Duchess felt tired, and expressed a wish to go home; Cecil put on her cloak, and offered his arm, to take her to the carriage; just as he was handing her in, the sounds of “Miss Delville’s carriage stops the way!” broke upon his ear. The Duchess said something—but she might as well have talked to the winds, for Cecil’s eyes

and ears were strained to see who got into Miss Delville's carriage; it was a lady, but so muffled up, that he could not distinguish a single feature, as the hood of her burnouse was over her face; the lady was followed by a gentleman, equally invisible as to features, from ramparts of fur in the collar of his coat; he got in after the lady, the door was closed, and the carriage drove off: just as Cecil had darted forward, to try and catch a glimpse of its inmates, one of the Duchess's footmen followed him, and broke in upon his disappointment with:

“If you please, sir, the Duchess says, will you tell the Duke, that her grace will send the carriage back.”

To which Cecil's very appropriate answer was:

“This is the second time to-day that she has eluded me!”

But luckily, London footmen never stand upon the order of their going; and the Duchess of Arlington's was up behind the carriage, standing beside his colleague in an instant, and out of sight the next.

“Gertrude! who is that Miss Delville?” asked Cecil abruptly, on getting back to the box.

“She is Miss Delville! and the most charming person in London,” replied Gertrude, “and that is all I'll tell you about her, as you have

never thought fit to come with me to call upon her, often as I have asked you."

"I'll go to-morrow!"

"Indeed you won't, for to-morrow she is going out of town."

"Pshaw! it's really too bad!" exclaimed Cecil, pettishly tossing his head, and slapping the palm of his left hand sharply with his right hand glove."

"What is too bad?" asked Gertrude, with a provoking smile "surely there is nothing very desolating in not being able to go and see a person whom you have never seen."

"Nonsense! you talk like a fool!"

"Thank you for the compliment," laughed Gertrude, "for as you appear to me the very antipodes of common sense just now, no doubt you mean it as such?"

Her brother made no reply, but seemed lost in thought; till the afterpiece was ended, and the curtain fell; when Colonel Dragglesfar's extreme fussiness to cloak Lady Annette—and Lord Mornington's anxiety that Gertrude should not get cold, aroused Howard sufficiently from his reverie, to enable him to ask the Duke with whom he would like to go?

"Oh, you and I, Mr. Howard, and Gertrude, and Lord Mornington can go in my carriage;

and the Duke and Sir Headworth will do very well together."

"Upon the 'wool,' said Dragglesfar, "that is a very pretty arrangement, but I don't see what is to become of me!"

The ludicrously nettled look and tone of the gallant Colonel, as he made this speech, brought a smile to every face.

"Oh! I quite forgot you!" laughed Lady Annette, "but there is Lord Mornington's carriage, and you can have it all to yourself!"

As no one proposed an amendment to this arrangement, Colonel Dragglesfar was fain to accept it in solemn silence, and silent displeasure, resolving, that when Guzzlecat reviewed the next "Book of Beauty," in which her ladyship's picture was to be, that he should, in an analysis of her features, make sundry unpalatable remarks about dissipation, anticipating the march of time.

When the party arrived at Carlton's, it was nearly half-past twelve: the supper was laid in the library, which was brilliantly illuminated; at one side of the room were folding doors, with a violet velvet curtain before them, which was partially drawn aside by a massive gold cord; the dining-room was utterly dark—but the two brilliant fires of Kendal coal that blazed in the

library, besides the innumerable lamps, diffused an air of extreme comfort over the large and richly-furnished room.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Lady Annette, pressing one of her pretty little feet down into the soft Axminster carpet, after she had run about like a child, looking at the books and busts—“he must be very rich; I thought actors and authors, and geniuses, and those sort of people, were always poor?”

“It appears not,” smiled Cecil, looking round the room—“but Carlton, through his own exertions, has realized a very large fortune.”

“Has he no relations?” asked Sir Headworth Clavering.

“Plenty, I believe, but they have all behaved shamefully to him.”

“What a shame!” cried Lady Annette, who was making the tour of the table, examining the ornaments—“what a shame, to behave ill to such a nice man, with such a nice house!”

“But he had not always this nice house,” said Cecil, “and, perhaps voilà pourquoi.”

“Oh, what loves of salt-cellars!” exclaimed Lady Annette, trying to lift one of them, the design of which was a Venus rising from the sea. The shells were of gold, and over them were waves of clear crystal, on the edges of which, in

the lower shell, the salt rested, looking like white sea-foam, while the gold, under the glass, had all the effect of golden sand. "I wonder what we are to have for supper?" added she, taking a bill of fare off of one of the napkins; "a genius's supper must be so unlike other people's. Yet no, I declare! it is just like the dinner one has every day!—"Potage au consommé au gratin—potage de purée de gibier—veau à la crème—boeuf en chevreuil mariné—une bayonnaise de cabilland—turban de filets de lapereaux—salmi de beccasses—filets de mouton à la belle vue—carbonnade à la choisy—poulets à la reine—macédoine en chartreuse—pain d'une financière aux truffes—gelée de citron renversée—nougat praliné—des lazagnes d'Italie à la crème—génénoise aux pistaches—croquignoles à la chartres—choux-fleurs à la Condé—pureé de pomme de terre au lait d'amandes—mizoton de poires soufflé à la jannot—des gauffres à l'allemande—des petites jalousiès.—I am quite disappointed; I was in hopes we should have had all sorts of things one had never heard of before."

"I dont know," said the Duke; "I think it is better to venture on the bills of fare we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

"I quite agree with your grace," laughed

Lord Mornington ; “but I suppose Lady Annette expected that, supping with Hamlet, she should get the chameliop’s dish, the air.”

“That is a very fine picture of Shakspear !” said Draggelfar, placing his hand over his eyes, as he lifted a candle to look at the picture that hung over the mantel-piece ; “but, really,” added he, in a mysteriously important whisper to Cecil, as he put down the light, “it is very wrong of your friend to keep such a man as the Duke waiting in this unceremonious way !”

“I’m sure, he must be unavoidably detained,” was Cecil’s reply, though, in reality, he was growing alarmed lest one of Carlton’s misanthropical fits had come over him, and that he would not make his appearance at all ; or, if he did, that he would give his guests anything but a courteous reception. The time-piece pointed to a quarter-past one. The whole party had talked and walked, and examined every thing, till nothing remained to be done, but to sit down and play at patience. Just as Cecil was beginning to despair, the curtain over the dining-room door was pushed more back, and Carlton appeared, but in the same dress in which he had acted, even to the long-haired wig. From this circumstance, added to his more than usual pale-

ness, Cecil began to think his worst fears would be verified, when, to his infinite surprise, Carlton advanced up the room, not only with a perfectly easy and disembarassed manner, but almost with an air of gaiety. Nothing could be more polished and well-bred than his mode of receiving the strangers assembled before him, and, without the slightest freedom or forwardness, which none but the vulgar are ever guilty of, he contrived to place himself upon a perfect equality with his guests; and, if there was any apparent condescension of manner on either side, it was certainly on his. He began by apologising for appearing before them in his theatrical dress, stating, that business of importance, which admitted of no delay, had prevented his having time to change it; but, the apology once made, he instantly dismissed the subject, and, soon after, supper was served as if by magic; there was a profusion of attendance, and every thing was excellent, from the bread up to the malvoisie. Cecil thought he had seen his friend in every character, but, on this night, he appeared in a new one—the witty, brilliant, fascinating, agreeable, off-hand man of the world—possessing that peculiar tact which makes each individual think that they are exclusively attended to and addressed. He had general information for the

Duke, politics for Sir Headworth Clavering, tales of yachts and regattas for Lord Mornington, her brother's praises for Gertrude, 'l'esprit des cliques' for Dragglesfar, and even nonsense in perfection for Lady Annette. In short, from first to last, he was the Yorick

“Who kept the table in a roar.”

Sir Headworth Clavering, who never took his eyes off Carlton, at length said, during a short pause that intervened,—

“I think, Mr. Carlton, I must have had the pleasure of meeting you before; your voice seems very familiar to me; and I am certain I could have met no second person so agreeable.”

Carlton bowed coldly—somewhat superciliously—as he replied, “I have met you before; and at one time of my life I was exceedingly intimate with some Mr. Claverings—your sons, I believe; two of them were fine, high-minded, noble-hearted creatures; but”—

“And—and Henry, the youngest—did you know him?” interrupted Sir Headworth Clavering.

“Some Chamberlain,” said Carlton to a servant, without replying to Sir Headworth's question till he had drank it.

“Did you?” repeated the latter, with his

hands clasped, and his eyes riveted on Carlton's face.

"Why, not exactly—no body knew him—he was in no sort of society, from, as I understood, having behaved exceedingly ill to you."

"No—no—no—it's false—damnable false," groaned Sir Headworth, covering his face with his hands, while Carlton leant his elbows on the table, placed his chin in his hands, and kept his eyes deliberately fixed on his suffering guest. An awkward silence ensued, during which Draggles pulled Carlton's sleeve, and whispered—

"My dear sir, you have made a sad mistake; that was a cruel speech of yours; for my friend Sir Headworth was the kindest father in the wool world, especially to his younger son, who ran away from home and behaved shamefully. This I have from the best authority, a literary friend of mine, Mr. Guzzlecat, whom Sir Headworth employed to find out his prodigal son, and who devoted a great part of his valuable time to a fruitless search after this 'vaurien.' "

"Indeed!" said Carlton, turning suddenly round and measuring Draggles from head to foot, with a look beneath which, all hero as he was, he appeared to quail; till Carlton added, in a tone of such fine irony that it completely

baffled the intellectual fog of the colonel's apprehension, "This was, indeed, noble on the part of Mr. Guzzlecat; but it is only men who aspire to a great name that will ever execute great things: those who creep on slowly and cautiously in the beaten track suffer all the pains and penalties of their calling, but never reap its honours or its rewards."

"Very true," said the unsuspecting Dragglesfar; "and after passing such an eulogium upon Guzzlecat's character, I shall be happy to introduce him to you some night at the Garrick—be the making of you, my dear sir, if you could get a man like him to take you up: he has great influence, either directly or indirectly, with nearly the 'wool' of the press; and thinks nothing of swearing black is white to serve a friend; but, unfortunately for you, he is a staunch McEverpuffite. However, a few such suppers as this might do wonders."

"He must, indeed, be a valuable acquaintance—so convenient," said Carlton. "But what if I should take him up instead? don't you think that would do as well?"

"Why really," replied Dragglesfar, elevating his eyebrows like a Denmark owl, "if you go on as you appear to be doing, I should not wonder if you were soon in a position to do so."

"I hope so," was Carlton's brief answer.

"Good heavens! what was that?" said Lady Annette.

"Nothing but a noise in the next room," said Carlton, exchanging looks with Cecil, who half rose from his chair; but another look from Carlton re-seated him.

"Dear me," resumed Lady Annette, "I do hope this dear charming house is haunted. I am so fond of ghosts."

"What kind of ghost do you prefer?" smiled Carlton, "'à la Dame Blanche' or 'Bête Noir'?"

"Oh, 'à la Dame Blanche,' to be sure; for I hate black devils as well as blue." But here the sound of something heavy clanking on the floor of the next room, as though the iron bar of a window-shutter had suddenly fallen, caused Lady Annette to finish her speech with a loud scream.

Carlton seized a branch from the table, and rushed to the door opening into the dining-room, followed by the rest of his guests. The 'tableau' that awaited them was more appalling than beautiful. At one side of the room stood two policemen with dark lanterns, holding Mr John Brough by the collar of his coat, while Archy Dunn tugged manfully at the skirts. On

the window-sill sat Mr. John Nugent, alias Guzzlecat, with slouched beaver, folded arms, and one leg tightly embraced by two policemen, while a third turned his small dark-lantern full upon Guzzlecat's still darker face. Carlton placed the lights he held on the sideboard, and then, advancing slowly to the window with a drawn sword in his hand, said to Nugent, in a measured voice and with an ironical laugh—

“My dear sir, it was most kind and friendly of you to take me thus unawares; but fortune has mixed in your schemes, for here are several of your friends,” added he, looking round, and bowing with mock courtesy to Sir Headworth Clavering and Colonel Dragglesfar. “Will you not join them at supper?—for you must be fatigued after your exertions.”

“Villain!” exclaimed Sir Headworth Clavering, trembling with rage, while his white hair waved in the cold night air, “what brings you here?”

“Your business, old boy,” said Guzzlecat doggedly.

“My business! liar!—is it by housebreaking, and for aught I know, midnight assassination, that you search for my lost son? Where is my son?—my son, villain!” screamed the old man, tearing off his neck-cloth with his trembling

hands as he spoke, as if to prevent the words choking him.

“Here!” shouted Carlton, “to ask your blessing! ha! ha! ha! and thank you with filial homage for all your tender mercies, through long unchanging years!” As he spoke, he flung to the ground the long-haired wig, that had disguised his features. The old man opened his arms and rushed forward, faltering out,

“Harry—forget—forgive!”

But Henry Clavering retreated to the wall, turning away his head, and extending his hands to prevent his father’s approach.

“Then I have no son after all!” groaned the old man, clasping his hands.

“Nay, not so,” said Clavering, tauntingly—“you have a son—a young son—the child of your love!—and what’s so sacred as paternal love?—but not the heir of all your wealth—of all your greatness—no, that is me!—the starving author—the poor player—the tutor’s son-in-law—the blot on the House of Clavering!”

“Harry! in mercy hear me!” and the old man tried to kneel, which Clavering prevented, by pushing the hilt of his sword against his shoulder.

“Mercy!” echoed he, “what know you of mercy? I never had the millionth part of a

grain from you — and so have none to give you now! what! though you knelt till crack of doom, it could not bring those back whom you have sent to Heaven before their time—mercy! seek it of God! for man knows it not!” and Clavering turned his face to the wall, and leant his head against it.

“Villain!” said Sir Headworth Clavering, advancing with clinched hands towards Nugent, and looking at his son—“did you mean to murder him?”

“Not I,” said that worthy individual, “for that would have been so many hundreds a-year out of my pocket—and in your’s: I merely meant to convey him safely to a private mad-house, which I take to be the fittest place for Henry Clavering; and then, by a pretended search after him for the next three or four years, I should have kept you in play, and myself in cash, that’s all: and now you have my whole plan, for the knowledge of which you ought to give me something handsome—but I suppose you won’t, as the devil’s in my luck lately.”

“He han’t told you half on it,” growled Mr. Brough, from his retirement at the other side of the room, “for the little Miss was to be kidnapped too; but if so be as you’ll let I off scot free, I’ll tell ee all about it present-ly.”

“ Wheedling ! treacherous ! smooth-tongued ! foul-faced villain ! ” said Sir Headworth Clavering, grinding his teeth, and advancing with a clinched hand, which he shook menacingly at Nugent ; who, however, before he reached him, and before the policeman could arrest his arm, had drawn a small hair-trigger pistol from his breast, which, aiming at Sir Headworth, he fired, and the ball penetrating his heart, the old man fell, weltering in his blood, in the arms of his son, who had instinctively rushed forward to rescue him.

Again the miserable old man tried to murmur the words—“ forget!—forgive!”—but life was ebbing fast; and though his lips moved they scarcely made a sound; but Clavering read their purport, as he replied in a solemn voice, “ I do forgive, and will try to forget; may God do likewise.”

Lady Annette had screamed and fainted at the sound of the pistol, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility, accompanied by Gertrude and Lord Mornington. Cecil and the duke remained to minister what assistance they could to the unhappy father and son; and Colonel Dragglesfar, who foresaw that an exalted station must now inevitably be the termination of his friend Mr. Guzzlecat’s career, remained to give

him sundry sound and valuable fragments of moral advice, relative to honesty being the best policy, and virtue being its own reward, which had Mr. John Nugent Guzzlecat been about to take a new lease of his life, instead of, on the contrary, going to cancel his proprietorship in the one he already held, might (if acted upon) have no doubt been of considerable use to his future salvation and security. However, with such a chivalric and philanthropic spirit, Dragglesfar was not the man to withhold straws from his drowning friends, even at the last. So, accordingly, the next day, when all the papers teemed with garbled and exaggerated accounts of Sir Edward Clavering's fate, and, flaming panegyrics on the transcendent talents, and well-merited honours of his successor, there also appeared a modest letter, of simple words, and ~~simple~~ ideas, written by Colonel Dragglesfar, but signed "Kidney," warning the public not to believe all the evil they heard of that once celebrated literary character, Mr. John Nugent Guzzlecat, as he was ready to pledge the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, that all that gentleman's conduct would be made clear as noon-day, after the next edition of the Newgate Calendar had appeared. Nor did his friendship end here; for, six weeks after, he accompanied

his friend to that bourne where fate had drawn for Mr. Nugent Guzzlecat a 'cordon sanitaire,' between this world and the next, sending an orderly to see that Mr. John Brough and Miss Tomlins did not lack any creature-comforts on board the Government yacht that was to convey them out to Australia.

* * * * *

Henry Clavering watched by his father unremittingly for ten hours, at the end of which time the old man expired in his arms, looking the blessing he could not speak, while his son emphatically spoke the blessing he could not look, as the tears gathered thick and fast in his eyes; for when death, with his one miracle, has expelled the power to do evil—that foulest demon that ever possessed mankind—who can feel resentment towards the senseless clay that harboured it?

“Dear papa,” said Blanche, gently opening the door of the still chamber of death, “I have brought you some coffee.”

“Put it down, my child; raise a little of that window-curtain, and come here. Here, Blanche,” continued he, “is what was your grandfather; he can never harm you more, so it is right you should kiss him, for the first and last time.”

The child obeyed, but it was with a shudder,

as she looked at the stern, rigid features of the corpse, where an expression of agony had remained after death had removed the feeling.

“ You may go,” said Clavering, and the little girl noiselessly departed.

“ Poor human nature !” soliloquised Clavering, looking on the lifeless mass that had been the author of his being, and of all his misery, “ it is ever thus : the ebbs and flows of the heart are more frequent than those of the sea, and they roll on into eternity, carrying our passions in their depths, and their consequences on their surface.”

CHAPTER IX.

“ Rien n'est indifférent dans la vie d'un grand homme ; le génie se révèle dans ses moindres actions.”—*La vie de l'illustre Monsieur Gogo—Tributions, Désappointemens, Gaucherie, Crédulités, Brioches, et Cornichonnéries.*

AN EVENTFUL CHAPTER.—ALL THINGS MUST HAVE AN END, AND BUBBLES SOONER THAN MOST THINGS.—IN SEARCHING FOR PIGS SIR RÖMULUS STUMBLES ON A BORE.—SAPONACEOUS HINTS TO BE DERIVED FROM THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

IT was now the middle of March, that month so fatal to the sanity of hares, and the complexions of human beings. Many and great were the events which had befallen the Bubble family, since their arrival in Paris in the foregoing autumn. Colonel King had been left a fortune, for which he had taken the name of Lightbody ; Miss Prudence's purse had made a conquest both of Messieurs Cataplan senior and junior : the former had discarded his nankeens for top-boots, and wore his hat at the back of his head—‘ pour se donner un faux air Anglais ’—to get into her good graces ; while the latter adopted the wiser plan (had it succeeded) of

hunting Paris in order to obtain a roasting pig ; but Miss Prudence's affections were equally balanced. She admired Monsieur Cataplan, senior, for what he did eat, and his nephew for what he tried to get her to eat ; meanwhile, her intentions had proceeded so far, as to consult Marmaduke as to which of the gentlemen he thought cared for her the most, to which he returned the following, not very refined, poetical answer :—

“ My dear sister Prue,
 Don't be ridiculous ;
 They don't care for you,
 No,—not a pediculus ;
 Would you know what this means,
 Should you have the least *nouse*,
 As you're not in your teens,
 You'll try rhyme for house ;”

notwithstanding which, Miss Prudence wavered. She neither liked the French funds, nor the French fricassées ; she knew she did not like French habits, but she did not know whether she should like a French husband, and it was to give the Cataplans—uncle or nephew—the benefit of this doubt that she deliberated. The winter had been unusually gay ; the balls at the Tuileries unusually brilliant ; the Bubble family had attended them all ; and, notwithstanding their different humours and tastes, had been, individually and collectively, equally charmed with the dignified

amiability of the queen, the natural grace and winning naïveté of the Duchesse D'Orleans,* and the sweet voice, sweet face, and sweet manners of the Princesse Clementine; while, like Napoleon, Sir Romulus had found Louis Philippe to be a very genteel, clever man, which arose, no doubt, from his kingly bearing, when Sir Romulus, with his usual tact, on one occasion, repeated to him Mr. Simpson's hospitable wish, that they should see his majesty back amongst them in America again.

Amid all this mirth Lady Bubble alone was miserable, from labouring under frequent and increased paroxysms of the green-eyed monster. In every gooseberry bush she saw a grizette; in every bunch of violets, that Sir Romulus approached, to her distempered vision, was a pair of blue eyes; in every truffle that he eat (and they were many), lurked a pair of black ones; if he sneezed, she fancied it was nothing more than a sort of rail-road for his amatory sighs; if he slept, she knew he was dreaming of those he should not; if he woke it was to think of them; if he walked out by himself it was to an assignation; if he went in the carriage with her it was only to hoodwink her. Miserable woman! that

* The beautiful Duchesse de Nemours had not at that time formed one of the galaxy of the French court.

she was—why was she ever born? I'm sure I don't know, and if the reader don't, I can't inform him. Yet never had wife less cause for jealousy; for, sooth to say, Sir Romulus on his first arrival at Paris had had his heart so deeply lacerated by the perfidy of the 'beau sexe,' that he had resolved to devote the energies of his powerful mind to nobler objects, and had, therefore, transferred his attention from sentiment to science, attending regularly (with his daughter, Mrs. Lightbody), Doctor Epaminondas 'Tripe's' lectures on galvanism, and sea-bathing; two things which the doctor had been practising for hydrophobia lately with great success, as all the patients had died immediately after being perfectly cured! Indeed galvanism and sea-bathing were fast superseding the Sub-marine Rail-road in the baronet's good graces; for the accounts which he continued to receive from England of the monetary part of that scheme were anything but satisfactory; whereas, there was but one drawback to the pleasures of Dr. Epaminondas 'Tripe's' lectures, which was that he had lately taken Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald into his service, who officiated as candle-snuffer and water-carrier on these occasions, much to Sir Romulus's discomfort, who always seemed to labour under a slight touch of hydrophobia himself, inasmuch as that

he foamed at the mouth during the time, were it long or short, that the ci-devant keeper remained in the room. Marmaduke passed his time pleasantly enough, for he had contrived at the hôtel Castellane to become acquainted with all the best of the French literati. Cosmo passed his also perfectly to his own satisfaction, for he had during his 'séjour' in France devoured an incredible quantity of chesnuts and 'marrons glacés,' which had not at all cleared his intellect for mathematics. Miss Betsy was still Miss Betsy, and likely to remain so. Mademoiselle Perpignon was in a high state of health and affection; consequently Mr. McPhin was alive, and that was all. Things were in this state, when one morning, as the Messieurs Cataplan were breakfasting with the Bubble Family at Meurice's, their letters and papers were brought in, and an eventful post was it to them all, more or less. Marmaduke's letters were from Cecil and Gertrude, announcing the fate of Sir Headworth Clavering, Guzzlecat's capture with John Brough, and the clearing up of the mystery in Carlton's history. Sir Romulus's despatches were from Lord John; but the triumphant and important air with which he broke the seal, was soon exchanged for a lachrymose one, when he had perused the contents, which in-

formed him that Mr. Town had absconded, leaving him (Sir Romulus) among the other Sub-marine Rail-road victims, liable for thirty thousand pounds!

“That letter appears to have agitated you greatly, Sir Romulus; you should not have those sort of letters given to you publicly; I wonder the ladies don’t take care of that,” said Lady Bubble, tartly.

“Ladies, my dear! um—um—um,” bumble-
bee’d Sir Romulus, thrusting the letter into his pocket, “it is some bad political news from Lord John.”

“In that case I think you might let me see it, Sir Romulus.”

“Oh, my dear! womenkind know nothing about politics.”

“Politics indeed!” said Lady Bubble, tossing her head as she looked at the caricature in the ‘Charivari’ that was on the table beside her, “No—no, Sir Romulus, unfortunately I am not a fool—these are the politics you are dabbling in ‘politiques des femmes!’ shameful! scandalous! for a man of your age—a grandfather positively—only Mrs. Lightbody has never had any children.”

Whenever Lady Bubble was Xantippeally inclined, Sir Romulus, as in duty bound, out-

Socrates'd Socrates, but the news in Lord John's letter had so far rippled the current of his philosophy, that its surface was not quite so smooth as usual. Indeed, when a man loses thirty thousand pounds, he may be allowed to lose a little of his temper with it, which was the cause of this most perfect of husbands, and profound of thinkers, exchanging his usual B flat for an F sharp tone, as he replied:

“ Well, my dear, I know you are old enough to be a grandmother, and therefore, ought to be old enough to know better.”

The toughness of this speech was too much for Lady Bubble's delicate, and already over-excited nerves. She burst into tears (it is by far the best and shortest way of ending all disputes with the opposite sex), and left the room.

“ Um—um—um—my calamity is again in the hydraulics,” said Sir Romulus, helping himself to the wing of a ‘poularde en demi-deuil,’ as Lady Bubble closed the door.

“ Oh dear! oh dear!” exclaimed Miss Prudence, pushing away the huge English newspaper she had been reading, leaning back in her chair, shutting her eyes, and clasping her hands, “ Oh, dear! I am surprised beyond every thing!”

“ At what?” asked Marmaduke.

“ Shows what a dangerous thing cold is, and

I've always said so. Most remarkable circumstance, when the doctor used to say he was trying to get rid of his cold, I used to reply—oh ! now—times and often, take care your cold don't get rid of you,—it's not so bad as that either, but still it's bad enough."

"What on earth are you talking about?" cried Marmaduke.

"Oh, you shall hear if you'll have patience, and give me time to read it;" and here Miss Prudence rattled about the paper, and rummaged for her magnifying glass, which was set in mother of pearl, about the size of a large oyster; which having found, she read out the following paragraph in a firm and decided voice:

"On the fourth instant, at Bubbleton Rectory, near Dunderhead, Shropshire, Anna Martha, the beloved wife of the Reverend Dr. Demetrius Damnemall, many years Rector of that Parish. This lamented lady died of a cold caught last January: her loss will be felt among the poor as long as water gruel and tracts are remembered, and their absence missed; as Mrs. Damnemall used to distribute both with a truly evangelical spirit—indeed it may be said of her as of Madam Blaze:

"The naked every'day she clad,
When she put on her clothes."

The Doctor, we are happy to state, is doing well—for the affliction of the husband is supported by the resignation of the Christian.’”

“Fudge!” cried Marimaduke, as he left the room.

“Bless me! so Damnemall has lost his calamity!—oh! the luck of some people!” said Sir Romulus, scrambling up his letters and papers, and following his brother out of the room.

“Oh, dear! I must write to the Doctor—yes, and to young Anna Martha—and to George James, and give him a little good advice; ’cause I’ve heard of extravagant grief—and as he’s young, and gay, and giddy, that’s the sort he might choose; which, I’m sure, would sadly vex his poor mother: oh, dear! I must be a mother to them!”

This last idea seemed to make Miss Prudence quite childish; for she cried—yet giggled—then walked up and down—then sat still, oh-dearing, and twitching her fingers as if for a wager.

“Was ever woman in such humour woo’d?”

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.”

But woe betide the man, who does not seize

upon the proper moment. That very morning, both the Messieurs Cataplan,—uncle and nephew—‘jadis et aujourd, hui!’—at the very same instant—in the very same place—nay, in the very same breath—and on the very same knee (the left)—proposed for Miss Prudence; and were formally and finally refused. The elder Cataplan withdrew, murmuring, as he limped out of the room in his tight boots—“Alors je remettrai mes souliers!” while his nephew, with less resignation, exclaimed, as he flipped the dust from his knee with his pocket-handkerchief—

“Diable ! si j’avais su ça, je n’aurais pas abîmé mon pantalon !”

Like all great minds, Sir Romulus’s philosophy increased with his misfortunes; he had that morning become acquainted with the loss of thirty-thousand pounds; but there was not the least reason why his family should know anything of the matter; and in order to prevent their doing so, the best way was to go on precisely as usual, and not deviate an iota from his ordinary routine: Marmaduke’s reproaches, or rather, “I told you so’s,” he especially dreaded; as he had from first to last warned him against Mr. Town and the Sub-marine Railroad.

Now, it so happened, that though it was only

March, the weather was exceedingly warm, and Sir Romulus had been compelled to take refuge in Russia ducks; but his blanchisseuse did not at all please him, in the colour she had sent them home; he might have shown her fifty brilliant examples perambulating under the colonnade in the Rue de Rivoli, of what they ought to be: but with his usual love of doing things "out of the common," he resolved upon taking her to the Chamber of Deputies, to show her the picture of Louis Philippe, ratifying the Chartre, of July, 1830: as in that picture, his majesty had evidently just been home to put on a clean pair of trousers, of which the painter has made him look justly proud: and Sir Romulus naturally thought, that if he could show his blanchisseuse this picture, his trousers would for the future be—'fait à peindre.' Accordingly, placing his hands as calmly in his pockets, as if his thirty-thousand pounds had still been in them, he trudged along, followed by the blanchisseuse, till he came to the Place de la Concorde; where he suddenly remembered, that he had left the tickets of admission at home: but, having heard Lady Bubble order the close carriage—and dreading, that if he re-appeared, he should be taken in for a drive; he prudently resolved to send the laundress back for

the tickets, and remain where he was till she returned; telling her, however, if anything should occur to take him away, to walk on to the Chamber of Deputies, and wait till he arrived. He had been for about five minutes gazing upon the scaffolding and tarpauling that enveloped the fountains, and remarking how beautiful the sculpture (which was perfectly invisible) was: when he saw Dr. Epaminondas Tripe, and his daughter, Mrs. Lightbody, approaching from the bridge—the latter coloured slightly, as she said—

“ Oh papa, Dr. Tripe has been good enough to take me to the swimming-school they are to open next month on the Quai Voltaire.”

“ Um—um—indeed, my dear! Then I suppose you have been over head and ears—over head and ears. Do you approve of that, doctor?”

“ Oh indeed I do, particularly when it is with the ladies. It's a favourite experiment of mine, but I shall have the honour of seeing you tomorrow evening, Sir Romulus, when I think I'll do something that will surprise you. But what terrible news this is in the papers of my friend, Guzzlecat. Hang me, if I can make it out.”

“ Oh no, they won't hang you, but they'll undoubtedly hang him,” chuckled Sir Romulus.

“ Well, I’ll wish you good morning, as I am now going to escort Mrs. Lightbody to the Gymnase in the Rue Jean Goujeon,” said the doctor.

“ I’ll walk a little part of the way with you,” replied Sir Romulus.

“ Oh why would you give yourself any such trouble ?”

“ The trouble is a pleasure, my dear doctor.”

“ A mighty troublesome pleasure, to us,” said the doctor, aside.

For some yards after they had turned into the Champs Elyseés, Sir Romulus had all the conversation to himself, till coming up to a round-about where there were several ships in full sail, going round as fast as they could, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe was startled by hearing his sister’s voice screaming out—“ plus vite—plus vite.” Upon looking up, he beheld her seated in one of the ships in her bottle-green habit, giving sundry kicks, by way of impetus, with her Wellington boot to the vessel, to the great danger of the next, which contained two little boys.

“ De—lightful !” exclaimed Sir Romulus, rubbing his hands, and placing his umbrella against a tree; “ I’m your man,” and bellowing to the showman to stop the round-about;

much to their discomfort he placed the little boys on two wooden ponies, and himself scrambled into the ship next Miss Tripe, which groaned and creaked, and swung again, at its unusually heavy freight, but nevertheless pitched forward at a miraculous rate.

“Bon voyage, you ould fools,” muttered Dr. Epaminondas Tripe, as he walked on with Mrs. Lightbody, not waiting, scientific as he was, to watch the subversion of the laws of gravitation.

Now, it so happened that some neighbouring urchins were trying rockets at a very little distance from the round-about, while some thirsty souls were regaling themselves with ‘bonne bierre de Mars’ immediately under it, so that while Sir Romulus was assailed with smoke and gunpowder from above, he was attacked with froth and foam from below;—so true is it—‘que les contrastes forment plus de liaisons intimes que les rapports d’humeur;’ for Miss Tripe’s as well as Sir Romulus’s inclinations were both decidedly against the ‘pétards’ and the beer—indeed, the former was so irate at this accumulation of evils, that she gave a push with her parasol to the vessel that bore Sir Romulus and his fortunes, which destroyed the equilibrium of the round-about, and caused every pony and ship (her own included), to disembarass itself of its contents.

“Oh the Algerines!” exclaimed Sir Romulus, as he fell on his back with his heels in the air.

“Hold on, old boy,” cried Miss Tripe, as she fell over him, which she preferred doing to trusting to the reception she should meet from the ground.

“Um—um—I shall be suffocated,” groaned Sir Romulus, making a great but ineffectual struggle to rise.

“Gee-up!” said the lady, seizing his hands, and pulling him into a perpendicular position by sheer superiority of muscular strength—which position the baronet had no sooner attained, than, wishing to feel that he had something substantial to lean against, he flung his arms tightly round Miss Tripe’s waist, indulging in the ejaculation of an “O!” as round, as large, and as deep, as the basin in Hyde Park.

Blind mortals that we are! too often do we rejoice in our security, when, in fact, the crisis of our peril has only arrived, in the treacherous guise of protection and redress; and so it was with Sir Romulus, for, while he and Miss Tripe were still in their Cupid and Psyche attitude, who should drive by on her way to pay a visit in ‘P’Allée des Veuves,’ but Lady Bubble! The check was instantly pulled.—Alcibiade in a

moment was at the carriage door, and the next, Lady Bubble and her large green fan were moving slowly and with great dignity towards the unconscious pair. Sir Romulus having ascertained to his perfect satisfaction, that he had incurred no breakage in the fall, was beginning, with great benevolence to think of the safety of his companion, which he evinced by the following question—"Well, my dear, and how do you feel?"

"As every wife must, sir, at so scandalous and immoral a scene!" exclaimed Lady Bubble, advancing with the aid of a tragedy queen, flourishing her closed fan, as the ghost does his baton in Hamlet; and then suddenly placing it as a barrier between the hay-coloured moustache of Miss Tripe, and the "celestial rosy red" of Sir Romulus's ample and glowing cheeks; which, from his recent unwonted exertions, now blazed and shone, like the jewel of the Philippine Isles, which Camilla gave Gil Blas.

"My dear, my dear," said the baronet, with his usual presence of mind, "you have no idea of the danger we have been in; you should have seen us just after our fall."

"I have, sir," replied Lady Bubble, with a look containing the whole of the third chapter of Genesis.

“Um—um—um”—bumble-bee’d Sir Romulus, with that dreadnought courage which desperation always inspires; placing his hat with an ‘air galant’ on one side, as he spoke—“I must now leave you both, for I have a petticoat waiting for me at the Chamber of Deputies, and she’ll wonder what has become of me!”

“And I wonder what will become of you—you unfortunate, misguided man! lost as you are, even to the external part of decency—appearance:—as for you!” continued her Ladyship, with apoplectic earnestness, involuntarily raising her fan close to Miss Tripe’s face—“your conduct is as disgraceful to the female sex, as your appearance.”

“Come—come—my dear Lady Bubble, don’t make a fool of yourself,” said Miss Tripe, energetically brushing the dust off of her left elbow, with her right wrist—“I never cared one straw for any man in the whole course of my life; and as I’m not fond of trying experiments in natural philosophy, like my brother Epaminondas; neither have I a poetical imagination like my brother Alonzo; I certainly shall not begin with Sir Romulus—ha! ha! ha!”

“Horrible creature!” muttered Lady Bubble, as she made her way back to the carriage.

“Par exemple !” thought Alcibiade, lowering the steps, after having silently looked on, much amused at the whole scene—

“Voilà une scandale qui fera époque !”

“I do believe, if I was to go to the d—l, I should meet my calamity there,” soliloquized Sir Romulus.

“Not the least doubt of it,” replied Miss Tripe, now *curry-combing* her right elbow.

“I don’t know what has come to her of late, she’s a heterogeneous compound of credulity and incredulity, for she believes everything she thinks, and won’t believe one word I say ; I, that used to enjoy boundless liberty in Shropshire—provided I did not go beyond Dunderhead Common, or Shrewsbury, and was home by six—am now watched, as a cat would watch a mouse ; and she looks with an eye of suspicion upon every man, woman, and child, who comes to see me upon business—even the very barber who comes to shave my head is quite afraid of her, he

“Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
The boldest heroes oft has taken,”

takes to his heels when he sees her ; as indeed I do to mine, when I can.”

“Ha ! ha !, ha ! well, that is putting matters on a proper conjugal footing, and must naturally

remove the cause of dispute," said Miss Tripe, with her usual loud laugh.

" Bless me ! I have been here half an hour, if this Algerine of a watch tells the truth. I must make the best of my way to the Deputies. I think it's going to rain—can my umbrella be of any use to you ?"

" Pooh !—no ; I never carry a spout, and as for water, I don't mind it as long as I am not made to drink it—ha ! ha ! ha ! Good bye—see you to-morrow night, I suppose—good bye !" and so saying, Miss Tripe tucked up the skirt of her habit, and strode on towards the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, while Sir Romulus pursued his way to the Chamber of Deputies without further disasters. There he found poor Madame Déchireuse the laundress, blown and broiled into anything but an amiable mood, as she sat rocking herself on one of the steps.

" Ah, dame ! à la fin vous voilà Monsieur !"

" I suppose you had quite washed your hands of me—quite washed your hands of me !" said Sir Romulus, facetiously ; but as this ' bon mot ' was in plain English, it was quite lost upon Madame Déchireuse, as she trudged after the distinguished individual who had uttered it, up the stairs leading to the gallery. The "liuissier" who unlocked the door to admit them stared at the dress and

station of Sir Romulus's companion; but 'égalité' having arrived at 'c'est égalité' about all things in France, he did not stare long, but quietly closed the door upon them. At the moment of their 'entrée,' Berryer was electrifying the house with one of his peculiar and Apollo-like bursts of eloquence in which the god speaks out, and with a flood of light, as it were, bars all his arrows to the destruction of the Python arguments of his adversary,—thus gaining the day he has created. Virgil makes the manes of his departed heroes hover round the sepulchres that contain their ashes.* The manes of Cicero and Demosthenes seem to have gone beyond the heroes of Virgil; for while their "ashes glow with their wonted fires," in Berryer, their spirits appear to animate and hover round his words. Even Sir Romulus caught the infection, and gave a breathless attention to what he did not clearly hear, and what, if he had heard, he certainly would not have understood. At length, the orator descended from the 'tribune' amid a universal murmur of applause; and while partizans and even opposers crowded round him to pour forth their tribute of admiration, Sir Romulus took advantage of the pause to point to the por-

* "Id cinerem et manes credis curare sepultos."—*Æneid*.

trait of Louis Philippe with one hand, while with the other he traced the flowing if not symmetrical outline of his own figure, saying as he did so to Madame Déchireuse :

“Um—um—c’est comme ça qu’il faut me faire.”

But Madame Déchireuse, who had her head still full of Berryer, to the total obliuion of Sir Romulus’s Russia ducks, replied :

“Comment donc ! il faut que je vous fasse parler comme ça ? ma foi ! tout l’eau de la Seine et tout le savon de Paris n’y arrivera pas au bout !”

“Boue, boue—yes that is what I complain of—that the mud or ‘boue’ as you call it, is never half got out of them,” said Sir Romulus, again pointing to the immaculate purity of the royal inexpressibles, as handed down to posterity. The people in the gallery were beginning to be exceedingly amused at the colloquy between Sir Romulus and Madame Déchireuse, and at the manner in which the former suited the action to the word, which made him appear as though he was putting his person up to auction, and calling the attention of the spectators to all its peculiarities—when suddenly his eye was attracted by some one or some thing in the body of the chamber, or rather standing by one of its doors

—when all the energy that had been so lately ‘vouée au blanc,’ now turned into another channel, and rubbing his hands, and beckoning the ‘blanchisseuse’ to follow him, he left the box exclaiming :

“The very thing! the very thing!—Prudence’s fortune is now made! If there is a pig to be had in all Paris, he’ll get it for me!”

Now the fact is, Sir Romulus’s intellect was almost feminine in the manner in which it jumped to conclusions; and with his usual ‘*vi-vida vis animi*,’ he had descried a man, whom from his physiognomy he naturally enough supposed to be a pork butcher: his small sinister cruel looking green eyes, low shelving eyebrows, high cheek-bones, peculiarly vulgar-shaped face, and streaky complexion, surmounted as it was by his light bristly harsh hair, and universally plebeian appearance, convinced Sir Romulus that nothing so hoggish could have appeared in a human form, but from a constant intercourse with the swinish multitude. For, as Lord Bacon truly observes (and he is a good authority on the present subject), “a man’s calling, by moulding him to certain ways of thinking, is often wont to manifest itself in his appearance, the outward man being frequently but a transparency over the inward soul.” So

not reflecting, that even since the ‘chartre,’ ‘charcutiers,’ at least in the exercise of their profession (!) do not at the same time officiate as senators, Sir Romulus hurried down stairs, and in spite of the remonstrances of the ‘huissiers,’ made his way, hat in hand, panting and puffing, into the ‘tribune,’ never stopping till he had placed his hands on the shoulder of the individual he had resolved to gammon! Madame Déchireuse having wisely remained in the passage, he was thrown completely on his own resources as to French. Accordingly, as soon as he had acquired sufficient breath, he began:

“Um—um—mong bon hôte—tu cochon—tu cochon—moi un enfang cochon pour roast—roast—you know—roast pig.”

“Comment!—monsieur!” thundered the ‘charcutier malgré lui,’ with a frown like an embodied thumb-screw, and a voice that was the consolidated grunt of a whole forest of wild boars, “pour qui me prenez-vous?”

“Tu cochon, tu cochon!” reiterated Sir Romulus.

The veins in the individual’s face so apostrophised began to blacken and swell like a cordage of young serpents. He moved outside the door, pushing Sir Romulus into the passage, and was about to inflict condign punishment on

the ill-fated baronet, when Mr. Simpson, who had witnessed the scene from a box in the gallery, and who knew that French was not Sir Romulus's forte, good-naturedly hurried down to the rescue, foreseeing that his assistance would be wanting in some shape or other, but not dreaming to what extent.

“ Good heavens! my dear sir—what have you done?” panted Mr. Simpson, intercepting the clinched hand that was just about to make acquaintance with Sir Romulus's face.

“ Done!—nothing. I was trying to make the Algerine understand that I wanted a roasting pig, and he immediately flew into a rage.”

“ My dear sir, you are not perhaps aware whom you are speaking to.”

“ Perfectly; he is a pork butcher, evidently, and therefore the very person to get me a pig.”

“ Of lead, I guess, if you don't make him a genteel apology,” said Mr. Simpson. “ Why, sir, that is Mr. Odillon Barrot.”

“ Well, how should I know that Barrow was French for butcher?” cried Sir Romulus.

But Mr. Simpson was busy bowing and apologising to Monsieur Odillon Barrot, and, adding, ‘ sotto voce,’ that “ he must ex-cuse the gentleman, as he was rather touched in the upper story.”

Mr. Simpson next made Sir Romulus bow

and scrape for about three minutes, and repeat the words 'Mille pardons, Monsieur,' after which he hurried him away as fast as possible, while Monsieur Odillon Barrot, having grunted out an ungracious 'de tout, M^on^sieur,' returned to the tribune.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Simpson, as he champoo'd Sir Romulus into a citadine, "you made a terrible mistake in accosting such a celebrated character as Mr. Odillon Barrot as a charcutier."

"Why the d——I does he look so like a pig-sticker, then?" growled Sir Romulus.

CHAPTER X.

“ Une peu moins de galanterie,
 Je sais qu’après un cotillon,
 Vous courez comme un postillon ;
 Ce qui n’est pas des plus honnêtes
 Pour un monsieur ^à qui que vous êtes.”

La Henriade Travestie.

“ Non te unguentorum odor, non frons calamistri notata
 vestigiis in eam cogitationem adducebat?”—CICERO.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT
 PRODUCED BY FANNY ELSSLER’S FEET ON SIR ROMU-
 LUS’S HEAD.—LADY BUBBLE IS MORE DECEIVED THAN
 EVER IN SIR ROMULUS.—DR. EPAMINONDAS TRIPE
 TRIES A NEW EXPERIMENT ON SOLID BODIES.—‘
 LA SUITE D’UN BAL MASQUE.’

IT was only by continual excitement, and that
 useful occupation, which the reader must by this
 time have perceived that Sir Romulus was in
 the habit of giving himself, that he contrived so
 sufficiently to banish the remembrance of his
 recent loss of thirty thousand pounds, as not to
 let it appear to his family that any thing of the
 kind had occurred. It is true that Mr. McPhin
 had also had due intelligence of the elopement
 of his two hundred pounds, and had made Mar-

maduke acquainted with the whole transaction ; but a fellow-feeling made the former monstrous kind, and kept him silent, while Marmaduke was too merciful to taunt his brother upon his folly when he had suffered so severely by it ; on the contrary, he did every thing indirectly to promote his amusement, and help him to forget it. Moreover, he seemed latterly to have some secret cause for gladness, which put him in good humour with every one, and every thing, and only left him fidgetty on the score of returning to England. This Sir Romulus promised to do in April, a month from the first day onwards, which he always considered as most propitious to his undertakings and proceedings. “ Let me see,” said he, taking up the *Galignani* the day after his fracas in the Chamber of Deputies, “ what is to be done this evening ? Oh, to-night at the *Académie Royale* it is the ‘ *Vendetta*,’ and afterwards *Fanny Elssler*, in the ‘ *Tarentule*,’ — the very thing ! — as we shall have time after for *Tripe’s* midnight lecture.”

“ You may have what midnight lectures you please, Sir Romulus, but I certainly shall not go near those abominable people ; if there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is science and shuffling, galvanism and gallevant-

ing!" and here the green fan was to "double duty bound."

"—Um—um—my dear! those are four things, and you may make them a dozen, if you like; but you'll find it impossible to put a stop to the progress of knowledge."

"Yes, I know," said her ladyship, leaving the room, "that it is impossible to put a stop to villainy of any kind; but one need not countenance it."

"Well, Prudence, are you for the opera to-night, and your friend Miss Tripe's afterwards?"

"Oh dear! I wonder how you can think of such a thing! and Mrs. Damnemall so recently dead!—the Doctor would be shocked beyond every thing, if he heard it!—as to Miss Tripe, I've nothing to say against the woman, but she's no particklar friend of mine—oh dear, far from it!—indeed, there's a many things she says and does, that I'm sure the Doctor would highly disapprove of; for, he'd look to a prudent, sensible woman, who could be an example to his young people. I shall go to Miss Tripe's 'cause that's private, you know."

"Why, surely," said Marmaduke, "you don't want to marry the man the moment his wife is dead!"

“Oh, dear! I’m confident I never said any such thing!” exclaimed Miss Prudence, turning up her eyes, twitching her fingers, and hurrying out of the room.

“Ye gods and little fishes!” said Sir Romulus, as Miss Prudence closed the door, “it would take all the miracles St. Anthony was in the habit of carrying about in his portmanteau for the benefit of the ladies, to make our women-kind reasonable.”

From the ultra movement of the green fan, during the whole of the day, Sir Romulus naturally concluded that Lady Bubble’s box at the grand opera would be too hot for him in the evening, so he repaired with Mr. Simpson and Monsieur Cataplan senior to a ‘stal,’ of which, however, his wife’s box commanded a full view. Next to him sat two couturières of no very extraordinary personal attractions; but, as is always the case with that class in France, extremely well dressed. Now, as the chief part of the valuable journal Sir Romulus was compiling for publication, was gleaned from the remnants of conversations he overheard and misconstrued in public places, he was always exceedingly attentive to every word that was uttered by those who happened to be next to him. The young ladies in question were discussing the subject

upon which they were most conversant—dress. Mademoiselle Milanie was complaining of the extreme luxury at which the toilette had arrived, and the costliness of every thing, adding with a sigh,—

“Même les chemises.”

“Ah, dame! Si vous portez des chemises!” replied Mademoiselle Hortense, shocked at her friend’s invisible extravagance.

Sir Romulus, who had been attentively examining their faces during this colloquy, now drew forth his tablets, and wrote down—

“The French couturières are so extravagant that they wear six chemises at a time.”

He had scarcely booked this piece of information, when the vehement agitation of the green fan just above him recalled him to a sense of his perilous situation. So, asking Mr. Simpson to change places with him, he immediately seated himself between that gentleman and Monsieur Cataplan, devoting his attention exclusively to the latter, which kept his head turned in a contrary direction from Mesdemoiselles Milanie and Hortense; this caused an almost instantaneous cessation to the movements of the green fan.

“Um—um” said Sir Romulus to Monsieur Cataplan; “I did not understand what you were ordering for dinner yesterday. Cards!—cards!

were they playing cards, or visiting cards? or what? I know the French can make 'sautés' out of old shoes; but I did not think they could make 'salmis' of cards."

"Non—non, ce sont des légumes, on ne citait autrefois que deux cuisiniers à Paris pour les cartes: celui de Monsieur le Comte de Tessé, premier écuyer de la reine; et le grand Morillion, qui vit encore, mais ignoré, dans l'indigence! dans l'obscurité! malheureux enfin sous tous les rapports, quoi que très en état encore de travailler. Telle est hélas! la destinée, que, grace à la Révolution, ont éprouvé presque tous les grands hommes de bouche de la fin du dix-huitième siècle!" replied Monsieur Cataplan.*

"Um—um—the reason is, that the Algerines don't yet understand the philosophy of revolution, nor the revolution of philosophy."

But here Sir Romulus's attention was withdrawn from 'les grands homme de bouches,' by 'les grands bouches des hommes,' who scream through that ear-splitting din, ycleped a French opera, and who were now exco-riating every tympanum in the house in the last scene of the "Vendetta." In self-defence

* This is, verbatim, the account given of 'le grand Morillion,' and the other 'grandes hommes de Bouche,' in "L. Manuel des Amphitryons."

he stopped his ears and remained silent till that most graceful and charming of dancers, Fanny Elssler, had enchanted the whole house, and nearly worried the old doctor to death in the second act of the "Tarentule." There is certainly less of the opera-dancer, and more embodied poetry about her, than any 'danseuse' I ever saw, excepting Taglioni; but the charming Fanny has this advantage over her fascinating rival; her witchery extends to her face; and while her fairy feet come twinkling to the earth like falling stars, and leading hearts astray like 'ignes fatui,' her beautiful eyes are a firmament, containing fates far deeper and more fixed. There is a bee-like flutter in her delicate limbs that seems to extract honey from motion; and where reality intervenes, which is in her repose, it leaves imagination nothing to desire or to suggest. Beautiful Fanny! thou art one of memory's cameos, which time hallows but cannot efface.

The house had echoed with re-iterated rounds of applause—chaplet after chaplet, and bouquet after bouquet had been showered down on the charming 'artiste,' which so excited Sir Romulus, and wrought him to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that, forgetting everything, except that he had no floral offering to lay on the shrine

of Terpsichore, he mechanically raised his hands to his head, and, in a paroxysm of admiration, flung the better half of it, namely, his wig, on the stage; but, as usual, his views being too extensive, he missed his aim, and it fell, singeing and smoking on the foot-lamps, amid the uproarious laughter of the spectators.

“Um—um—um—my wig!” exclaimed the unfortunate baronet, putting on his hat, which, from the want of its usual accompaniments, was a world too large, and came down over his eyes and ears, as he followed close in the wake of Mademoiselles Milanie and Hortense, who were leaving the house. As they did so, the words, “bal masqué” fell from one of them, and the sound ascended to Lady Bubble’s box. Now it was all very well for Sir Romulus to tell her that he was going to Dr. Epaminondas Tripe’s, but, being as quick as lightning, it was only for one spark of suspicion to drop on the tinder of her imagination, and lo! her whole brain ignited in a moment. She had seen it! had heard it all! What had she seen?—what had she heard? Why, Sir Romulus leaving the house with two women, who whispered each other about going to the ‘bal masqué’ with him! But she would show them that she was not such a fool as they thought, notwithstanding his

slouching his hat over his eyes that she might not see him. "Oh the art of that man!"

Scarcely had Lady Bubble reached Meurice's and deposited her youngest daughter, than she wished her good-night and pretended to go to bed, but, in reality, descending to her carriage, and, with a trembling voice and palpitating heart, ordering Alcibiade to drive to a masquerade warehouse on the Boulevards des Gants. Before she had got half way a fear came over her—if Sir Romulus should really be gone to Dr. Epaminondas Tripé's? She had better, at all events, try. The check was instantly pulled—Alcibiade, in another moment, was at the door.

"A numero quatre-vingt-dix, Rue Basse du Rampart," said Lady Bubble, and then leant back, with a groan, to wait the event.

Arrived at No. 90, the concierge was interrogated. Sir Romulus was not there!

"Was he expected?"

The porter did not know.

It was all as plain as noon day. Lady Bubble was a miserable woman! and with another groan Alcibiade was again told to order the coachman to drive to the masquerade warehouse. Now, if Lady Bubble had but taken time to reflect, she must have perceived that it

was impossible for Sir Romulus to appear at a soireé, even a scientific one, without his wig, and that he had, in all probability, repaired to a coiffeur's to replace his recent loss; but jealousy, which has a thousand self-created eyes to see what does not exist—never has one to see what really does. On arriving at the masquerade warehouse, Lady Bubble found it difficult to get a domino large enough to cover herself and her suspicions. Having at length selected the nearest approach to it, she again set off for the Academie Royale, where, ordering Alcibiadé and the carriage to wait, as she did not know how long she should remain, she proceeded up stairs 'au premier,' to a box over the stage, justly concluding that she should have a better chance of detecting Sir Romulus, by looking down upon the crowd, than by mingling with it.

If great bodies move slowly, they at all events move safely, for notwithstanding the concourse of people that thronged the lobbies and salon, Lady Bubble reached her box in a perfect state of preservation.* “ Good heavens! what a crowd !

* Luckily, Lady Bubble had not to be tried by the liberal, enlightened, and truly manly judge, who officiated in a late case of marital tyranny, who so equitably and honorably decided that a woman capable of the enormity of going to see a ‘ bal masqué,’ after being turned out of her home by a brute of a

—how shall I ever discover him and those two wretches?" exclaimed she, as she looked down upon innumerable Greeks, Turks, Monks, Nuns, Postillons de Lonjumeau, and naked shoulders, that were 'gigottering' (for no other word will express it), through a galope; "but yet I see that none of the men wear masks; so at all events if he is here, I shall have no difficulty in finding him out." Nevertheless, dance after dance, and couple after couple passed beneath Lady Bubble's eager eyes, without affording her any clue to the demeanour and misdemeanours of her liege lord. An hour had nearly elapsed, and she was almost beginning to despair, when the idea struck her that Sir Romulus might be preserving a perfidious incognito at some other part of the house; so first taking the precaution to make the tour of all the boxes, upper and lower, and peep into each, without

husband, ought for the sake of morality! to be subject to every pain and penalty the aforesaid husband should think fit to inflict. However, men are quite right to twaddle amain about that one-sided virtue, which they truly consider exclusively feminine, as it certainly does not exist among their own sex. Moreover, this rigour with regard to ours not only rivets masculine tyranny, but by enforcing the lock and key system for women, puts every vice with impunity 'à la portée des hommes;' and as long as women as a sex continue to be as foolish, as ignorant, and as selfish as they are, men show their wisdom in exercising their meanness, tyranny, and brutality to their uttermost extent.

success, she descended and mingled with the crowd, without any other escort or protection than her faithful green fan, which she brandished ever and anon, so as to strike terror into the heart of the guilty baronet, should it encounter his view, but in vain! She had carefully perused every unmasked face that passed her, but no Sir Romulus appeared—could he have come disguised as a woman?—horrible idea! but no—as she looked at the female figures by which she was surrounded, she could not think so little of her husband, as to mistake any of them for him. Her eyes had been fixed for a few minutes upon a scene that was going on in two boxes, attracted no doubt by sympathy. In one sat a gentleman, who, though by no means young, had a ‘faux air de jeunesse,’ which gave him the appearance of a sucking Bacchus: not apparently being able to make way with his companion, the blue domino, who sat next to him, he began making away with his rings, which he pressed into her hand, while beneath her mask sparkled a very handsome pair of dark ‘espègle’ Spanish eyes, which seemed more willing to receive the gentleman’s generosity than his love. While all this was passing in one box, the gentleman’s bigger half, an unwieldy lady of some fifty years, labouring under as much

ugliness as flesh, and as much ill nature and gratuitous malice, as both put together, sat in the next, enjoying the satisfaction of overhearing the whole scene. Beside her sat her daughter, a well educated young lady, bearing a striking resemblance to a wasp, both in body and mind, and who was constantly employed by her amiable and judicious mother to mystify her father in his 'affaires de cœur.'

"Jessy," said the fat lady to her daughter, with a bitter smile, which displayed at the end of her mask a set of teeth, which the venom of her tongue had evidently turned black; "we'll pay him off for this. You shall write him a letter as if from Madame ——, giving him a rendezvous at the end of the 'allée Matignon,' and he will be in such a rage when he finds it is you!"

"Yes," replied the 'guêpe de seize ans,' "that will be capital fun; but I must get him to go to Manourit's first, or I shall not get my new dress for Colonel Thorn's ball, and that will be too bad, after we have worked so hard to get there."

"Hush, my dear Jessy, I have told every one that it was the Duke of D—— introduced us to the Thorns. You are much too frank and open."

"Open! mamma," said the young lady, with a congestive sigh; "why, I'm laced as tight as ever I can be!"

“Dear Jessy, you are so witty! I thought I should have died with laughter at the manner in which you affronted all the Americans at General Casse’s the other night, saying, whenever they spoke to you—‘Monsieur je ne comprends pas l’Americain.’ It was so very clever, for none of them ever suspected it was witty, but took it quite ‘au pied de la lettre.’”

Lady Bubble knew the parties, and, in common with all who did, disliked them much and despised them more, and although she thought every wife was right to watch her husband as closely as possible, she did not approve of their daughters being employed to do so. Accordingly she passed on, saying—“Thank heaven, my girls are at home and in bed.” Poor Lady Bubble! but we must not anticipate—in the midst of her soliloquy she was nearly run over by the rapid approach of a postillon de Lonjumeau, driving with rose-coloured ribbons four ladies abreast, as the man at Franconi’s does the six Arabians.

“Heavens upon earth! could it be! impossible!—yes, it was—the perfidious baronet! who notwithstanding the disguise of the white wig, and a very large false nose, could not deceive his wife’s penetration. No, no—the face was indeed altered in all but the colour, but in the figure she could not be deceived, for Sir Romu-

lus's was of that peculiar kind to which Nature has been so lavish on all sides, that she can seldom afford to furnish one city with two similar; but the women, who were they?—their masks baffled detection; so she instantly decided that two of them were Madame Carmagnol, and Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit, and the other two, the anonymous grizettes, she had seen her 'marito' with at the Opera in the early part of the evening. Crack went the whips in the postillon galope, and on rushed Sir Romulus with his four jades, as Lady Bubble called them, but as they returned with the same rapidity with which they had passed her, Lady Bubble seized the postillion's arm, exclaiming, with suppressed rage—"Oh Sir Romulus! is not this pretty conduct, to tell your family that you were going to Dr. Epaminondas Tripe's, and then to come here and make such an exhibition of yourself!"

"Eh—eh—-Trip—Tripe—plait-il?" said the postillon de Lonjumeau, vainly trying to extricate his arm from the Doctors'-Commons sort of grasp by which Lady Bubble was retaining it.

"Oh! yes, it is very well to resort to the mean subterfuge of disguising your voice, and pretending to be French—but that cannot deceive me, Sir Romulus."

"—Sare—? excusez—mais je ne vous comprends pas."

“ You comprehend me perfectly, sir,” retorted the lady frantically, bringing her green fan in contact with the postillion’s shoulder—
 “ and home you must and shall come.”

Here the four ladies, laughing exceedingly at the dilemma in which they saw their fat ‘ cavaliero,’ set off with other partners, and left him to his fate.

“ Côme — côme — most cômé, par bleu ! comme de raison je suis confondu—moi ! ah—ça mais qui êtes-vous donc ?”

“ You may well ask who I am, after having made me the most miserable woman in the world—you barbarous, unfeeling, incorrigible man ! But this is no place for reproaches, sir.”

“ Sare ! sare !—connois pas.”

“ Really, it is too abominable,” said Lady Bubble, now dragging her victim forcibly forward, “ to continue this jargon, and get up such a good French accent merely to torment me, and screen yourself ! you—who cannot speak two words of French when I or the girls want you to ask for any thing—but now I’ve got you, you shall not again escape me.”

The postillion, who was a ‘ bon bourgeois,’ from the Porte Saint Antoine, but who had no more objection to an adventure than if he had been a Marquis de Belair, now quietly resigned

himself to his fate, and, as the black domino seemed resolved upon carrying him off, without giving him a vote in the proceeding, he suffered himself to be led away without further resistance, exclaiming, philosophically, to the great amusement of the by-standers, as he waved his hat in the air, and its pink and blue streamers floated in all directions,—

“Ma foi! la marche des idées, le triomphe des principes sont soumis à des lois qui se dérobent à la faiblesse humaine—soyons prêts à tous les sacrifices!” and, so saying, he flung his arms (as far as they could reach) round the black domino.

“Hold! Sir Romulus,” cried Lady Bubble, repulsing him, “it is not by such public demonstrations that you can atone for private neglect.”

“Dame, si vous ne voulez pas de moi, pourquoi m'entraîner avec vous?” demanded the postillon. But Lady Bubble preserved a dignified silence till she reached the carriage, into which, as soon as the postillion had insinuated himself, he said to Alcibiade, with a ‘maitre de la maison’ air,—

“A l'hôtel!” and off they drove.

We will merely remark, en passant, que “rien n'est moins en notre pouvoir que notre cœur, et

loin de le commander nous sommes forcés de l'obéir !" and leave Lady Bubble to return home with her companion, while we accompany Sir Romulus from Monsieur la Porte, the coiffeur's, next door to Meurice's, where he procured as good a wig as the lateness of the hour would allow ; but which, as he facetiously remarked, put his head as completely under cover as one of the new penny-postage envelopes do the letters. His head once more decorated—though his forehead was by far too much hid for his own individual taste and for the benefit of phrenology—he again got into his carriage and drove to Doctor Epaminondas Tripe's. As the carriage rattled along, Sir Romulus exerted himself to the uttermost to compose a witty impromptu either upon Jupiter or galvanism, which he knew would be the leading subjects of conversation, but all in vain ; for, as he himself said, his wit, if not his wisdom, appeared to have been lost with his wig. Arrived at the Rue Basse du Rempart, the time which elapsed between his ringing at the door of the premier au-dessus de l'entresol, and its being opened, enabled him to push his new wig back to the extremest verge which safety permitted, and critically indeed must the goddess of chances have balanced the Hyperian chef-d'œuvre, that it was not like " Philip's god-like

son, fallen from its high estate," from the terrible bumble-bee-ing in Sir Romulus's throat, and violent shaking of his head when he encountered Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, 'nez à nez,' upon the door being opened; but not waiting to bandy looks with him, he rushed on into the salon, which he entered carp-fashion, bounding head-foremost. Indeed, such an impetus had Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald's appearance given to the baronet's movements, that he found himself at the opposite end of the room in less than a minute after his entrée, to the imminent risk of the equilibrium of Miss Tripe's chair, though she sat, according to her usual habit, 'à la Colossus of Rhodes,' with one foot east and the other west. Her evening dress consisted of a sort of lavender-coloured, coarse sieve-like texture, which, I believe, is called Italian net; round her neck was a small stiff ruff, tied with a piece of rose-coloured ribbon; above it appeared her face and very Babylonian-looking wig; her nose more resembled a lobster's claw in shape and colour, than any thing else, while her enormous ears bore an equally striking likeness to the body of the fish divided and the shell part turned outward; her hay-coloured moustaches at night, from appearing lighter, looked as if they had been manufactured out of the choke of an arti-

choke; the sleeves of her gown were not confined by any sort of wristband, but came down in a slope over her enormously large freckled hands, of which each thumb was so short and lumpy at the end, that it appeared as if it wanted a joint; in one hand she held a small black paper fan, which, whenever it embarrassed her, she stuck perpendicularly between her knees, which, on those occasions, and on those occasions only, she approached for the purpose; while, in the other hand, she held a coarse linen pocket-handkerchief, with which she occasionally frott'd her face; her feet terminated in coarse white cotton stockings and black leather shoes, bound with the same material. With the exception of the members of the Bubble family, every man in the room was a 'Savant,' and every woman a 'Blue.' Near Miss Tripe stood a celebrated German, Doctor Stuffinmuchin, renowned for a treatise he had been twenty years writing, and which he intended publishing at the end of twenty years more, upon the Physiology of Cutaneous Irritation. Doctor Stuffinmuchin was exceedingly tall, gaunt, and wolf-like in his appearance, and wore black shorts, as trousers would have been endless; his mouth seemed to have never decided what shape it should take, and, therefore, had taken none; his nose was

very small, very red, and very round, like a turnip-radish; his eyes had grown exceedingly like his spectacles, being large, round, green and shiny; while his hair, which was light drab, completely illustrated the description of some man in particular, or man the animal in general, as given by Thomas Campbell, in one of his poems, being "erect and free." The Doctor was evidently deeply interested in a conversation he was holding with a lady who sat, or, rather, fidgetted about a sofa near him. Like Belinda at her toilette, she was robed in vestal white; but some unprincipled person having, at an early period of her existence, possessed her with the idea that she had a beautiful figure, she ended as "the lovely young Lavinia" began, by having

"No stay—save innocence and heaven!"

And from her white muslin draperies remaining in 'statu quo' all the year round, she seemed to have become a convert to Lord Byron's opinion, that the real was far better than

"All the nonsense of their stone ideal."

Her face was of the discreet order, which said very little, but seemed to think a great deal, of itself; her hair, which was dark, was neither a crop nor a derth, but all the fat leechy-looking

curls turned back the wrong way, like the feathers of a Friezeland hen.

As we before said, she sat upon a sofa, her right foot was tucked under her in the oriental style, while, from the rapid movement of her fingers amid the different recesses of her muslin drapery, it was evident that she was giving practical illustrations (which amounted to a perfect fantasia on the Caledonian violin) of Dr. Stuffinmuchin's theory. Towering above and behind this lady was a tall thin figure in rusty black silk, with a face that looked as if it had been made of soot and then rolled in flour--so black was it, and yet so white; her nose was so co-equal with her cheeks, that she must have remonstrated about it at some time or other; but Nature had ungraciously answered her, "You have a nose, and that's flat." On her head was a something *via cap*, but having the appearance of an enchanted rag-bag turned into a cobweb, with large bunches of ivy flapping round her face; the idea of which she no doubt took from the seal of the ruin with the ivy twining round it, with the motto of "En adversit  fid le." This lady was not exactly a "bel esprit," she was merely a sort of amateur philanthropist, who infested every house in and out the neighbourhood, inquiring into the children's stuffings and stu-

dies, and into their parent's billings and bickerings; and, after the labours of the day, she haunted literary re-unions, keeping both the tea and the talkers in hot water, and flitting from victim to victim like a bat 'en rôle de Perruche.' She was now dividing herself, by keeping one hand on the back of the sofa and the other on the back of a stout gentleman's chair. This gentleman was a 'savant' of the first order—a Monsieur de Fleur-de-Miel; he was a great naturalist, and had lately written a very profound work called "L'Esprit des Singes, "ou Ourangoutangiana." His body was extremely broad, his head extremely small, and his neck extremely short; so that when reclining, as at that moment, in a large chair, he had the air of a huge tortoise on its back perfectly powerless. He was now leaning with one ear towards a table covered with green baize, upon which Jupiter was reposing, trying to catch the sound of the creature's breathing, while with the other ear he was endeavouring not to hear the incessant cackling laugh with which the black lady accompanied all her own sayings. On one side of the chimney-piece stood Colonel Lightbody, Cosmo, and Mr. McPhin, all with their mouths open to inhale the intellectual atmosphere by which they were sur-

rounded ; while, on the other side, sat Miss Prudence near a small table, upon which was a tray of orgeat, sirops, foggy-looking glasses of 'eau sucrée,' plates of geometrical-looking sandwiches, and 'compotiers,' full of a particular, and luckily a rare (!), sort of cavier, that Ptolemy himself would have been deceived into thinking was a 'béchamel' of mummy !

Miss Tripe was opening, shutting, and rattling her fan backwards and forwards with one hand, and on one side, while she leant her head every now and then on the other to address Dr. Stuffinmuchin, which she did in the hoarse deep whisper of a link-boy labouring under a severe sore throat ; and she was gutturalising through one of these husky whispers just as Sir Romulus pitched into the room.

"Um—um—um" said the latter, as soon as he had balanced himself on a steady footing, after his first plunge forward ; "I hope I have the honour of seeing Miss Tripe quite well, and that she is nothing the worse for our little overthrow of yesterday ?"

"Oh dear, no," ventriloquized Miss Tripe ; for the sound seemed to issue from her feet more than from her head, so deep and far-fetched was it ; "nothing ever hurts me ; but I'll take care how I ever go in the same boat."

with you again ; for, as Monsieur Fleur-de-Miel said to me when he heard it,—

“ Que diable allez vous faire
Dans cette galère ? ”

“ I am very late,” said Sir Romulus, “ but I hope the doctor has not tried his new experiment without me ? ”

“ No ; for he has not yet made his appearance,” replied his sister ; “ but I suppose he is detained by something unusual.”

“ Ah, just so—just so—a,” assented Colonel Lightbody, passing his hand across his forehead as he spoke.

“ Um—um—um,” bumble’d Sir Romulus, arming himself with a teaspoon and advancing towards the table where Jupiter lay, in order to wage war with his quills ; just as he was within an inch of them Monsieur Fleur-de-Miel seized his arm, exclaiming,

“ Arrête ! tête de mulet !
Ou vas-tu ? Qu’^{est} prétends-tu faire ?
Combattre le dieu du tonnerre ?
Sais-tu qu’au feu de son regard
Tu sauteras comme un étard ? ”

“ Bless my soul ! you don’t say so ! ” cried Sir Romulus, springing back several paces, which nearly brought him into Miss Tripè’s lap, who, shaking her gown with both hands, as if to get rid of so many crumbs, walked to the bell, ex-

claiming, "Well, it is very strange what has become of Epaminondas:" the bell was manfully pulled by Miss Tripe, and answered by Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, at whose advent Sir Romulus took the precaution of slipping behind the window-curtain.

"Jonah," said the Lady, "where is your master?"

"Is it the dochther, ma'am?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Sorrow a know, I know where he is by this time; but he tould me to give you this letter when the quality wid be gone." And here Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald rummaged in the side-pocket of his coat for a letter, which he presented to Miss Tripe.

"Very odd," said she, "to go away on a Saturday, when he knows all the people come; but have you no idea where he is gone to?"

"He said something or other about a nace (niece); at all evints, it is to some mighty grand place—for he tuk the big dheressing box wid him, wid all his best lucks (looks) in it, and his new calves rowled round his boot-trees, ma'am."

Miss Tripe now tore open the letter. "What a fool!" exclaimed she, when she had hastily read it. "He might have gone on for ever if he had not gone off!"

“Um—um—um—gone off!—is that the galvanic gun?” said Sir Romulus.

“Gun! no, it’s the galvanic blade—and I’ve no patience with him! What is to become of me and Jupiter, and all the skeletons?—a lone unprotected woman!” said Miss Tripe, fanning herself vehemently with her right hand, and beating the floor equally rapidly with her right foot—“there, read that, and you’ll see what a pretty mess we are all in!” said she, putting her brother’s letter into the baronet’s hand, who read as follows:

“My dear Thomasine,

“Before you receive this, I shall be many miles on my way to Nice, with that misguided young creature, Mrs. Lightbody, who has conceived a violent passion for me, which is not to be wondered at. But knowing that I shall at least lose two thousand a year, by forfeiting my position in society, I did all I could to reason her out of it, but in vain; and as the poor creature would evidently die without me, I have resolved upon this sacrifice to socialism. She has promised eternal gratitude, and I have no doubt I shall be able to turn her to account in some shape or other. You need not send my last article, entitled ‘Moral Purity the only

Safeguard of Society,' to Guzzlecat this month, as he, poor fellow, is under sentence of death, and not likely to appear again in this world, nor indeed in the other, till he has said 'cordon, s'il vous plait,' as I shall do in another minute, though not prior to quite so long a journey.

"Your affect. Brother,

"EPAMINONDAS TRIPE."

P.S.—As for Lightbody, it is impossible his face can look longer than it always does; and I honestly told the sapient baronet on the bridge yesterday, that I would do something to-night that would astonish him; but this was a 'pons asinorum' he could not get beyond."

"Oh the Algerines!—the Algerines!" cried Sir Romulus, wringing his hands, and pulling the hind part of his wig completely in front. "The sea—the sea—and everything connected with it, has been my destruction! First, the Submarine Railroad—yesterday nearly pulverized by an upset out of that Algerine of a round-about, which was also in the form of a ship!—and now my daughter ruined by that profligate old quack with his galvanism and sea-bathing!—Um—um—um—I shall go mad! Lightbody," said Sir Romulus, approaching his son-in-law, "you must blow his brains out!"

“ Ah—just so—just so—a,” assented Colonel Lightbody, without knowing whose brains he was to blow out, or what they were to be blown out for; and then perusing the letter Sir Romulus put into his hand, he exclaimed, with great fortitude, rubbing his hands, ‘ There’s an end of that—I never will see her again !’ ”

“ Well !” exclaimed Miss Prudence, as soon as she became acquainted with the matter under discussion, “ Dr. Dámnemá’l always said France was no place for young women !”

“ Eh !” groaned Mr. McPhin, “ it wad hove been far fitter for him to hove gone off with Modemoiselle Perpignon, ond no one wad hove molested him.”

“ I’ll make a field-marshal of him,” said Sir Romulus, “ if a ‘ bâton’ can do it !”

“ And I’ll make him a present of all he’s got,” said Colonel Lightbody, “ if Doctors-Commons can do it.”

“ Oh, he has doctör’s-commons already,” grinned the black lady.

“ And poor-fare it is !” said Miss Tripe, rocking herself backwards and forwards, “ when he loses two thousand a year by it.”

“ Um—um—um—we lose time,” said Sir Romulus. “ Pistols and postillions are the things !”

“Eh ! si l’homme savait bien ce que c’est que la vie et la mort, il ne les donnerait pas si légèrement,” philosophised Monsieur Fleur-de-miel.

“Well now, do you know,” said the white lady, proving by the nervous twitchings of her fingers amid the recesses of her drapery, as she spoke, that she was willing to do so on all occasions, “do you know, the Doctor was a sort of man who flirted so with every one, that I never thought he’d come to the scratch !—but you see he has at last.”

“The Algerines ! the Algermes !—but they shall pay for it !” muttered Sir Romulus, rushing out of the room, followed by Colonel Lightbody, Cosmo, and Mr. McPhin. In the passage was Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald with his hands raised arranging a lamp against a wall ; and his back being conveniently turned for the purpose, and desperation making every one courageous, Sir Romulus took that opportunity of giving him a very substantial kicking. Now, as everybody knows that the example of parents has more effect upon children than their precepts, it will not perhaps be a matter of any great astonishment that as soon as Sir Romulus had released his foot from Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald’s person, Cosmo darted forward like one inspired, and applied his.

“Oh! oh! murder! murder! wad ye be after killing me. Och! but your hoofs are three divils harder than the guld ones; if I wancht (once) had the shaving of your fine cherry-coloured locks, it’s I that wad bring you to raison my lad.”

“Vary weel ond discreetly aimed,” said Mr. McPhin, encouragingly, as his pupil continued his gymnastics against Jonah’s defenceless form, which was completely piniotted with his face to the wall.

“Bravo! bravo! Cosmo,” said his sire, patting him upon the shoulder, and placing a purse, containing ten Napoleons in his hand, “Bravo! I had no idea that the seeds of military glory would ever develepe themselves so strongly in you. I’ll enter you in the Shropshire militia as soon as we get home—I had once thoughts of the navy for you—but I’ve now done with the sea for ever, after the way the Algerine has behaved to me on all occasions.”

“Praise is the hot-bed of enterprise,” and thus commended, Cosmo whispered Sir Romulus to know whether he should go back and kick Miss Tripe top?

“Um—um—no my ‘dèar, that ‘would be dangerous!”

“Eh! ye’ll bear in mind, my young friend,

said Mr. McPhin, linking his arm within his pupil's as they descended the stairs, "that there is nothing more cowardly than fighting on unequal terms, and there the odds against you wad be equivalent to four to one!"

This argument was so conclusive that Cosmo involuntarily quickened his pace till they reached the carriage. Misfortune has upon the feelings the same effect that moonlight has upon a landscape: it softens, mellows, and subdues, all that in sunshine would be rugged, harsh, and unpleasing, and such was the effect it had upon Sir Romulus. During the eight months that he had been in Paris, he had never returned home after midnight without dreading a curtain lecture, and without summoning all his energy to brave and to defy it; but now every feeling was summoned to a council as to how he should obtain his pistols, which he always kept in his bed-room, without awaking his wife, and how he should most gently break the sad news to her, in the letter he should leave before he set off for Nice.

"Prudence," said he, as the carriage stopped at Meurice's, "you must not say a word to my poor calamity, till I break it to her, of that Algerine Mrs. Lightbody."

"Ah! just so—just so a—but I beg, my dear sir, you won't call her by that name any more,

as I intend to deprive her of it as soon as possible," said the disbanded husband, butting his head against the side of the carriage. As a reward for his late valiant attack upon Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, Cosmo was given permission to accompany his father and brother-in-law in the expedition to Nice. "And if we don't electrify the doctor, in return for all the times he has electrified us, my name is not Bubble!" said Sir Romulus, energetically flourishing his right foot as if to keep it in practice. So saying, he left his relatives and Mr. McPhin, with injunctions to be ready to start in less than an hour; and, having ordered six post-horses, he noiselessly ascended the stairs leading to Lady Bubble's bed-room. Arrived at the last landing place he rummaged for his pocket-handkerchief, applied it to his eyes, 'en règle,' blew out the candle, and groped his way along the passage, at the termination of which he passed his hand along the wall, and felt for the handle of the dressing-room door, which having found he gently turned, and noiselessly opened. All was total darkness (the persiennes being closed outside the windows), save a faint streak of light that gleamed from under the bed-room door. Now the reader must know that as soon as Lady Bubble had succeeded in capturing the 'postillon

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

de Lonjumeau,' she brought him safely home, and having taken the precaution to dismiss her maid before she went to the 'bal masqué,' she walked unobserved and unmolestedly into her room with her companion, whom she instantly overwhelmed with a volley of tears and reproaches. The poor postillion, thoroughly mystified, only knew for a certainty that there was some mistake; and Lady Bubble, not having taken off her mask, and he not knowing what might be under it, thought at all events he would be on the safe side,—so, with great difficulty kneeling down, he seized her hand, and panted out an harangue about "l'amour le plus tendre," and "fidélité éternelle!"

"Nonsense! Sir Romulus, this is a mockery!" said she, leaning back in the 'bergère' into which she had thrown herself by the bed side, fanning herself violently with one hand, and tearing off her mask with the other.

"Crénon!" muttered the postillion, trying to rise with the assistance of the bed, and nearly falling in the attempt; but, having at length regained his feet, he trusted to their fidelity to convey him without loss of time to the door, which Lady Bubble perceiving, she darted after him, and locking it secured the key in her bosom.

"No, Sir Romulus, you shall not return to

that scene of iniquity," said she, re-seating herself, and pointing to an opposite chair for the postillion, "and you shall listen to what I have to say."

"Enfin ! me voila donc le prisonnier d'une vieille sorcière ! ah ! la jolie suite d'un bal masqué !" cried the postillion, shrugging his shoulders, flinging himself into the chair, elongating his feet, which were raised in the air, while he tattoo'd with his heels on the floor, and knocked the top of his whip backwards and forwards against his closed teeth, a proceeding which from its contemptuous appearance greatly exasperated Lady Bubble, who commenced a fresh tirade of tears and invectives, "Ah ! ça—mais pour qui donc me prenez vous ?" asked her companion.

"Really, Sir Romulus, your persevering in the nonsense of pretending to be French, is too provoking ; but if I sit here, and watch you all night, you shall not escape me !"

In similar questions and replies, more than an hour elapsed, when the fire going out, and the atmosphere growing very chilly, the 'mari malgré lui' fell fast asleep, which accounted for the total silence that reigned just as Sir Romulus opened the dressing-room door—but before he had reached the centre of the room, the postillion awoke, and rubbing his eyes, and

seeing Lady Bubble sitting opposite to him, as large as life, he exclaimed, with a sonorous yawn—"Mais diable—je veux m'en aller—moi!"

"Barbarous! obstinate! vicious! abandoned! unfeeling! unprincipled man!" sobbed Lady Bubble.

"Um—um—poor thing! she is thinking of me," thought Sir Romulus, standing still, and pausing in the swimming evolutions, with which, with outstretched arms, he was steering through the darkness.

"Mais par exemple, ma chère Madame Gobemouche, le tête-à-tête n'est pas des plus agréables—je veux me coucher, ou je veux m'en aller," said the postillion, in a loud and determined key—

"Uu—um—um—this is no joke; who the deuce has she got with her at this hour?" and so saying, Sir Romulus boldly advanced to the door, and quickly turned the handle; which not yielding to his efforts, he next knocked loudly.

"Who's there?" cried Lady Bubble.

"Moi," replied Sir Romulus, in a squeaky feigned voice, like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood."

"And who is moi?" re-interrogated her Ladyship.

“Moi!” reiterated Sir Romulus.

“What do you want?” asked Lady Bubble, who had now come close to the door.

“To find out who you have got locked up with you at this hour,” thought Sir Romulus; for which reason, he, prudently said nothing. Lady Bubble repeated her question—but still no answer: when curiosity preponderating, she unlocked the door, cautiously opening it but a very little way;—but little as it was, it was wide enough for Sir Romulus to behold his facsimile—the postillion.

“The Algerine!” exclaimed he, pushing open the door, and rushing forward: but before he could advance three steps, Lady Bubble had uttered a loud shriek—and by flinging herself into his arms, in a fainting state, completely prevented his advancing another step: in vain, Sir Romulus struggled—his arms being free, and the violent efforts he made with them, to get at the intruder, only caused the weight of his better half, thus hanging round his neck, to push him more effectually against the wall, where they both staggered and fell, locked in each other’s arms. The postillion taking advantage of this little moment of conjugal excitement, seized a candle—made for the door—rushed down stairs—screaming: “cordon, s’il vous plait!” and before Sir Romulus

had succeeded in regaining his equilibrium, and picking up Lady Bubble, was half-way down the Rue de Rivoli, turning the corner into the Rue des Pyramides.

“Madam!” said Sir Romulus, flinging Lady Bubble with great effort into the arm-chair, at the foot of which she had fallen—“what is the meaning of all this?”

“Oh! Romulus! I had no idea you would ever so deceive me,” sobbed she, falling at his feet.

“Um—um—um—I fear the deception is all the other way.”

“Heaven is my witness!” exclaimed Lady Bubble, throwing up her arms, as she remembered to have seen Mrs. Siddons do in ‘Mrs. Haller,’ with great effect—“that I never had a thought but you!”

“Um—um—um—women have no business to think—um—um—um—especially when their thoughts are embodied in a d—d French postillion, six feet high: the devil is busy with my family, seemingly, for not content with my daughter, he wants my wife too.”

“Your daughter? what of your daughter?” said Lady Bubble; but before Sir Romulus could reply, she had poured out the whole history of her jealous visit to the ‘Bal Masqué;’

her having mistaken the postillon de Lonjumeau for him, and the subsequent capture she had made of his liberty!—indeed! indeed! concluded she—my dearest Romulus, I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!”

“Um—um—I hope so,” said Sir Romulus, now suffering her to throw her arms about his neck without repulsing her; for there hung such truth about her words that he did “not dare to doubt them.” “I hope so; for one such business at a time is quite enough in any family.”

“What do you mean, Romulus?”

“Um—um—um—I mean, my dear, that nature intended that mothers should look after their daughters, which you have not done; but never that wives—um—um—should look after their husbands! which you have done. The consequence is, that Algerine, Mrs. Lightbody has gone off—and no mistake—and I have come home at two o’clock in the morning and found you locked up with”—

“Oh, Sir Romulus!” interrupted Lady Bubble, placing her hand across his mouth.

“All by mistake,” concluded the baronet, who in his turn gave an explanation, as far as he knew them, of the particulars of his daugh-

ter's elopement, and his intended journey in pursuit of her. Poor Lady Bubble, who now, for the first time in her life, had really something to be miserable about, did not shed a tear, but, giving one groan, and muttering "God forgive her! for I never will!" began mechanically busying herself in helping her husband to prepare for his departure, by dusting the pistols, which Sir Romulus had not touched since the morning of his eloquent oration from the window of the hotel, and which, unlike Werter, he did not kiss; such difference is there between lovers and husbands—even among fools and madmen. In another hour Sir Romulus and suite were 'en route' for Nice, where, on the third day, they arrived; and where some hours elapsed before they could ascertain the hotel where the guilty pair had taken up their abode. At length, having done so, and armed himself and his 'garde de corps' with relays of stout storks, Sir Romulus reached the Hôtel du Midi just as the doctor had solved a problem, and was sitting down to breakfast, with that satisfaction which the consciousness of having surmounted a difficulty always inspires.

"My dear, said the doctor to his companion, a minute or two before the door opened and Sir Romulus and his staff made their appearance, "wid you like a divil."

“ Yes, my dear Eppy, provided it is a clever one like you,” replied the lady, patting the doctor’s salt-petre looking cheek. “ But why did you not take that nice house we saw yesterday; it would have been so much better than an hotel for us; more retired in the first place, and cheaper in the next.”

“ Why, you see, my dear, I heard that Mr. Foxskin, who ran away with Mrs. Gosling, had been living there; and appearances are every-thing in this world; for the less we practise it, the more necessary it is to talk about morality. If you observe, all my set write, and talk, and spachefy a power about virtue and morality, and all that sort of thing, which laves us all quite independant of such a troublesome and clogging commodity in our actions. Oh, my dear! talk is a mighty fine thing! in fact, it is the gravitation of society! Say (see) the time the Whigs have clung to office by it, and the shoals (shoals) of maneness (meanness), lies, dirty tricks, and other thrifles it gits thim through! Give me that other loaf, my dear. I wonder what your lagal long-shanks is about?”

“ I hope making the tea I told him to be sure and get for me,” giggled Mrs. Lightbody.

“ At all evints, my dear, we have supplied him with hot water enough for the purpose,”

replied the doctor, attacking a fourth egg; but before he had time to discuss it, the door opened, and Sir Romulus appeared, leading a van of seven or eight, including the servants, all twice armed with large bludgeons. Mrs. Lightbody screamed, upset the breakfast-table, and flew to her 'cavaliero' for protection; but, as Sir Romulus made straight for his back, he understood the danger of concussion between solid bodies too well not to take every precaution to avoid it; so, flinging Mrs. Lightbody from him as a good swimmer would a garment that encumbered him, he ducked his head, and darted with the velocity of lightning and the circuitous movement of an eel, under a piano that stood at the opposite side of the room; but, unfortunately, just as he was no doubt thinking "how sweet it was in harmony to dwell," Colonel Lightbody kicked the instrument (which was a light cottage piano on casters) vehemently aside, and nothing was left for the doctor but to recur to what half a century ago had been a pastime to him, and now begin 'nolens volens,' playing at leap frog; but a heavy heart, and a stiff back, are not auxiliaries calculated to insure success, in a game requiring so much agility, consequently the doctor, who had surdly remnants of lumbago and rheumatism hanging about him, lost his

balance and pitched upon his nose in attempting an all-four 'pas de grenouille' forward to avoid Sir Romulus's proffered civility; but alas! a great man generally involves others in his fall; and, as the baronet stretched forward to seize the doctor by the collar, his own foot slipped, and he also fell full length over the former, not, however, before he had secured his wig, which he had grappled at in his fall. Thus released by the false hold the baronet had taken, and being of a slight and wiry make, Doctor Tripe made a great effort to separate mind from matter, and at length succeeded in withdrawing himself from under Sir Romulus, when, not to lose time he darted on his feet, and across the room to the door; but before he could reach it, Sir Romulus, who was lying on his stomach, and vainly flinging out his feet behind, like the second position in swimming, began flourishing the bay wig that had lately contained so much wisdom, and screaming out, "Stop the Algerine! stop the Algerine!—I'll make a ghost of the first that lets him pass."

The word 'ghost' roused all Cosmo's spirit, and extending his arms, not indeed to embrace the doctor, but to impede his progress and prevent his escape, as people do insubordinate donkeys, colts, and cows who have a fancy for going beyond bounds, he presently succeeded in se-

curely clasping Doctor Epaminondas Tripe's thin, lath-like, cast-iron figure, when Colonel Lightbody and three servants, bringing up the rear, set upon him so effectually and so unmercifully, that the Doctor's ejaculations of bodily agony completely drowned Sir Romulus's encouraging exclamations of "Bravo! bravissimo! that's right! go it!" accompanied by clapping the floor with his right hand, while he supported himself on his left.

"Oh! oh! oh!—my ribs!" roared the Doctor, by way of echo to the last two blows.

"Ah!—just so—just so—a—teach you for the future not to meddle with other people's ribs, you scientific old sinner!" said Colonel Lightbody.

Here Mrs. Lightbody heroically threw herself into the 'mélée,' exclaiming: "Kill me if you will, but you shall not murder him!"

Sir Romulus, though still unable to regain his footing among the group, was not so completely floored as to lose that playful and elegant wit for which he was, on all occasions and under all circumstances so distinguished, now screamed out:

"Go on—go on! never mind her!—hang all French fashions!—She has had Tripe 'à la poulet' long enough—now let her have it in the English style—with plenty of batter!—plenty of batter!—do you approve of that, Lightbody?"

“ Ah! just so—just so a—but, for variety’s sake, let her have a little ‘cervelles en marinade’ with it,” said Colonel Lightbody, aiming another blow at that part of Doctor Tripe’s forehead where he himself had so lately suffered so severely.

“ Eh, but I thank yer noo os complete a mummy or aver ye lectured upon,” said Mr. McPhin, giving the final blow to the unhappy Doctor, and then, walking over with two servants, helped to pick up Sir Romulus. The landlord of the Hotel and several waiters had now joined the party, and, at Sir Romulus’s command, proceeded to secure Mrs. Lightbody, who screamed, kicked, and talked very bigly about prosecuting them for their infringement on the liberty of an English subject; notwithstanding which, she was forcibly borne away to the carriage by her father’s orders, exclaiming, as she went, that no human power should long separate her from her adored Epaminondas! Meanwhile, her husband and father, considering her adored Epaminondas as completely beaten as a retreating army, left him to Plaisters and Philosophy, Medication and Mathematics, while they retrated their steps back to Paris. Two days after their arrival in that city, the Bubble family returned to England, all more or less dis-

contented with their continental 'sèjour.' It was no wonder that, after his daughter had evinced so much, Sir Romulus should be a little 'dégouté' with philanthropy, the result of which was, that he committed his journal to the flames, containing so many valuable hints on the cause and effect of Revolutions, and commenced a physiological work, endeavouring to prove—and in which he did prove, to his own and Lady Bubble's perfect satisfaction—that Galvanism and Sea-Bathing were the whole and sole causes of the demoralization of Modern Europe!

CONCLUSION.

“Never heed what Cynics tell,
 Of the faithlessness of love :
 Bound by virtue’s golden spell,
 Like yon fixed star above,
 I have seen it shining through
 The longest night of human woe,
 Till hope began to bloom anew,
 And all her witching smiles bestow.”

MRS. CRAWFORD.

“Je puis vous marier, Madame, à peu de frais ;
 Le monde est tout rempli des heureux que j’ai faits.”

MME. EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

ALL that nature has given us of good, or of fine, of delicacy, or of sensibility in our characters, are only so many weak points for the world to take advantage of, and attribute folly to us in their stead ;—are you generous, you will have the reputation of extravagance—if you endeavour not to exceed your means, that comes under the denomination of stinginess—if you call vice, vice, and dare to condemn it, however successful—and virtue, virtue, and presume to defend and uphold it against that foul whirlpool—society, you are thought coarse and violent, two things unpardonable, especially in a woman—an animal who has but three

privileges which she is unmolestedly allowed to avail herself of—imbecility, cunning, and endurance. Are you devoid of selfishness, you are an easy fool, who do not mind what is done to you or what is taken from you; have you a heart easily moved at seeming affliction, you are an excellent target for your friends to aim every impostor at, of whom they wish to disembarass themselves. If you have met with much treachery, ingratitude, vulgarity, and impertinence, from more than one of your acquaintance—which if your position is either unfortunate or unprotected, you most assuredly have—then there are divers laments over your quarrelsome disposition, which won't allow you to keep well with any one; if, on the contrary, you treat the delinquencies of your friends (!) with sovereign contempt—which after all is the wisest plan—and rub on with them the same, then that just and well-judging monster, called society, howls a dirge upon your meanness and want of spirit!—the only way, “*cui senatus singularibus verbis gratias egit*,” is to pay the world back in its own coin, and for the few whose minds are too straight to wear the warped garment of hypocrisy, they should in self-defence take refuge in the arctic regions of reserve, and not show that they are made of “penetrable stuff.”

Ever since the night Cecil had lent Mrs. Damnemall his carriage to take her home from the Mansion House, Miss Damnemall, who had been in town for a month since her mother's demise, made a point of asking him to lend it to her not only every day, but every hour in the day; this at length became such a nuisance, that he had serious thoughts of making the young lady a present of a carriage and horses in order to retain the use of his own. It was now April, London was very full, and the day of Miss Delville's long-talked-of fancy-ball had arrived—had it been a Whig plot to shoot Her Most Gracious Majesty into popularity, greater excitement could not have prevailed—those who were invited, were running mad after their dresses, and those who were not were running mad after invitations. Cecil was sitting with his feet stretched out against the fender, the newspaper in his hand, listening to the retreating sound of his own chariot wheels on their way to Southampton Street to take Miss Damnemall and her friend, Mrs. Whabble, out shopping, (we must in strict confidence, but in justice to Miss Damnemall, confess that this lady it was who instigated her to all her demands for Mr. Howard's carriage) when Gertrude entered the room, and gliding behind her

brother's chair, placing her hands on his shoulders, and kissing his cheek, said,

“ You are coming to-night to Miss Delville's, brother mine, are you not ? ”

“ I don't know,” said Cecil, with a sort of spoilt child pout, as if he wanted to be petted into doing what he most wished to do ; “ I don't know—I've no carriage in the first place, and I don't know the lady in the next, as she's never thought fit to be at home when I've called.”

“ As for your first reason, it is not a reason but an absurdity,” laughed Gertrude ; “ and as for the second excuse, it is even more ridiculous—surely among us all your high and mightiness might find some mode of conveyance ; and as to the lady's never being at home when you've called, thanks to your own obstinacy, you never have called but once, and that was yesterday, and she was out, or only having returned to town the day before, perhaps did not choose to be at home.”

“ Well—I suppose I must go, since you insist upon it,” smiled Cecil.

“ Oh, I insist upon nothing ; only if you do come, you must come early, as I want to show you the house.”

“ ‘ There's no compulsion, honey, only you must,’ is that it ? ” laughed Cecil, kissing Ger-

trude's pretty little hand, which returned the salute with a slap—"but has not Miss Delville a friend staying with her? who is she?"

"Twenty times you've asked me that, and twenty times I've answered you no, you foolish boy," said Gertrude.

"Very strange! who could it be?" soliloquised Cecil.

Here the door opened, and Girouette announced Mr. McPhin, who darted into the room as if Mademoiselle Perpignon had been after him.

"Eh, Maister Hoord, y'ell axcuse the leberty I tak, sir, but I'm delighted to see you again," said the worthy man, dropping his hat and stick simultaneously out of each hand on the floor as Cecil extended both his to receive him.

"Ond Miss Monners, sir? the dear yong lady, hove ye heerd ony tidings of her lately?"

But the crimson flush of Cecil's cheek, and the quivering of his lip, as he pronounced the word, "no," made Mr. McPhin sensible that he had committed some great blunder, though he did not exactly know how, so clearing his throat, he added with great empressement:

"Ehem—chem—it's the auld leddy I meant to be asking for, Mæstress Monners, but my tongue's like Kikseywick'sy, rather opt to stum-ble."

“ Oh, she is quite well,” said Cecil, smiling at the promptitude of the poor tutor’s subterfuge.

“ This is a sad business about Mrs. Lightbody!” resumed Cecil, “ how does poor Sir Romulus bear up under it ?”

“ Eh, with tolerable defiance, sir ; it a’ comes of this confoonded morriage ; it’s you ond I thot are weel out of it !” replied Mr. McPhin, for the first time in his life, feeling both proud and happy.

“ By the bye, Mr. M’Phin,” smiled Gertrude, “ a very pretty young lady who has a fancy ball to-night, has expressed a wish to see you, having heard much about you, I think she said from Mademoiselle Perpignon.”

“ Mum,” groaned Mr. McPhin, “ aude (I have) no fonce for young leddies, espacially such os I’m raccumended to by Modemoiselle Perpignon.”

“ Well, but,” laughed Gertrude, “ there will be some excellent music there, will not that tempt you .”

“ Why, muir,” with regard to music, aum (I am) of the same opinion, os Don Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Montonedo, Preacher, ond Historiographer to the Emperon Charles the Fifth, wha used to obsarve that ‘ music, poetry,

valour, and love, are the four sides of folly,' not but what each might be commendable enough in its way with discretion, but because that the like parts generally fall to the lot of persons of inconsiderable, weak, and slender judgments."*

"Then you won't go," laughed Cecil and Gertrude both together.

"I'd rather be excused," said Mr. McPhin; "besides I really can't, as I have to escort Lady Bubble to Dr. Damnemall's Chapel in Holborn, for ye see she takes Mrs. Lightbody's conduct in the Methody line, while poor Sir Romulus, I fear, will preserve the recollection of it in brandy if he gangs on as he's begun."

"And do you like going to Dr. Damnemall's Chapel?" asked Cecil.

"Augh don't dislike it; it's a cool and pleasant place enough: ye see Mamselle—having turned Catholic—never shows her face there by any chance."

"And do you never persuade her to go?" laughed Cecil.

"Eh, sir," cried Mr. McPhin, starting on his feet, pulling a letter out of his pocket, and

* For this sapient remark, see a most ridiculous old book, page 47, written by this worthy, published in Portugal, and translated into English in 1697, entitled, "The Government of a Wife, or wholesome and pleasant advice to Married Men."

hastily buttoning up his coat, "it was not be right to introduce Purgatory into the Church of England service; but here is a letter (and that's what I came about) that Sir Romulus wishes forwarded to that unnatural curiosity, Miss Tripe, immediately."

And so saying, notwithstanding Cecil's proffered hands, Mr. McPhin took his leave by respectfully bowing, and backing out of the room.

"Poor Mr. McPhin," said Gertrude, rising, "the name of Mademoiselle Perpignon effectually drove him away. Well, good bye, Cecil; I shall come for you at half-past nine, so don't keep me waiting."

"Half-past nine is very early," said Cecil; but before he could finish the sentence, Gertrude was gone,—and, strange to say, he was ready at half-past nine!

"To Miss Delville's," said Gertrude, as soon as her brother got into the carriage.

"But are we not ridiculously early?" said Cecil.

"No—I wish to introduce you to her, before all the people come."

Cecil made no reply; and they both relapsed into silence, till the carriage stopped in Whitehall, and the echo of the thundering knock aroused them.

“ Ah, this is the right style of house,” said Cecil, looking round at some of the chef-d’œuvres of sculpture in the hall, as he and Gertrude ascended the wide snow-white marble staircase, and their footsteps fell noiselessly amid the velvet pile of the violet and gold-coloured Axminster carpets.

The large folding doors of the drawing rooms were of plate glass, with a massive trellis-work of richly gilt carving over them, on the outside; while violet velvet curtains, embroidered with golden violets, fell before them from within, so as to conceal the rooms from the gallery. These rooms, which were magnificent in themselves, and so long as to be three or four times divided with Acolite pillars, and richly gilt Corinthian capitals,—were also rich in pictures of the best masters, all of which were skilfully lit from Psyche lamps, held by statues; while the light from these lamps was again artfully reflected from the mirrors that intermingled with the paintings and carvings of the ceiling. The suite was terminated by a beautiful conservatory, so lit as to resemble daylight; and at either end were two fountains, the silver and tinkling sound of whose waters accorded well with the chef-d’œuvre of sculpture that was placed near each, one of which was Gibson’s

“Hylas and the Nymphs,” and the other, Wyatt’s “Nymph stepping into a Bath.” A profusion of beautiful Eastern birds, with their gorgeous plumage, seemed perfectly contented and happy in an artificial temperature resembling their native atmosphere, while “all Arabia breathed” around them. At the end of the conservatory was a small fairy-like door of carved ivory and gold, opening into a boudoir that might have belonged to Titania. The curtains were of the palest pink satin, with white lace over them, and frilled with the most delicate Mechlin imaginable, as were the pillows of the sofa, which were made of the same material. There were a few small modern-shaped chairs, of ivory and gold; and others in the form of ‘prie Dieux,’ whose old point-lace coverings—thrown out, as they were, by the soft pink lining—gave them the appearance of old ladies blushing to look young. The walls were also of pale pink satin, with lace fluted over them. There were no pictures here, but exquisitely done small enamels, in deeply carved silver frames, in imitation of the old open carving of branches and birds. Each small picture was suspended with strings of pale rose-coloured ribbon, fastened with rosettes of Mechlin lace.

The few books that were in the room—and which rested on an ebony table, inlaid with green and white ivory and gold—were all bound in green velvet, with filagree'd gold clasps and corners. One large silver modern Roman lamp, with chains, hung from the centre of the room; while in each corner were high bronze girandoles, in the 'iris' or 'fleurs de lis' form, the stems and leaves of which were bronze; but the lilies, which were studded thickly about them, so as to imitate nature, were of white ground-glass, with lamps in each of them, that shed the softest yet most brilliant light possible. The only piece of sculpture, in the room, was an exquisite group, under a canopy opposite the fire-place, of a Sleeping Cupid, and a Psyche in the act of stealing the lamp. The sleeping marble, which had that delicate glow through the flesh that Praxiteles had the art of infusing into his statues, actually seemed to breathe,—and the bosom of the Psyche to palpitate from suppressed breathing, as one finely modelled finger was pressed on her beautiful lips. The head was partly turned back, and there was an imploring and resistless loveliness about the whole figure, that gave one the idea of its being the embodied soul of the sleeping God. A harp and a piano completed the furniture.

“I will leave you,” said Gertrude, with a sort of triumphant smile, “to look for Miss Delville.”

She closed the door before Cecil could reply. He did not know why; but his heart beat violently—there was something in the atmosphere of the place that he seemed to love and to *know*, though, to his knowledge, he had never been there before. The fact is, there *is* a mysterious sympathy in nature; and the air of any place that has been frequently impregnated with thoughts of us by others, finds its way to our hearts, and in its turn creates thoughts of them. Genuine love, if not virtue, approaches nearer to it than anything else; for when real, and untainted by ulterior motives, there is about it a purity, a sublimity, a simplicity, and a nature, so totally devoid either of vanity or of ostentation, that both its aim and its reward centre wholly within itself. Yet so different is it from all other self-existing resources, that, far from making us independent, it makes bondage absolutely necessary to existence! Alas! that love should be, in our life, the same unendurable point that our little life is in the wide space of Time! Love's delirium is to fancy itself eternal! while its chief attribute is constant change—not indeed of object, for then.

it is no longer love—but, like the moon, though its sphere is ever the same, and its every ray is reflected from another source, yet its own phases are continually varying, and influencing the destinies which it either mars or makes. After all, love at best is a malady, and often a fatal one, whose most favourable symptom is perhaps a soft melancholy,—with sufficient memory in it to make us dream, and sufficient hope to gild those dreams into futurity!

Cecil walked to and fro, with a restlessness that he could not control;—then he sat down, but it was only for a moment;—and the next he was pacing the room, as though by so doing he thought he should find a solution to his own complicated and burning thoughts. A magnificent album lay upon the table; over it was a filagree of gold work, studded with uncut rubies and pearls. He opened it; some beautiful drawings met his view, but could not rivet his attention; and he turned listlessly over the leaves, till he was startled by seeing a song in his own hand-writing that he had written more than two years before, in a book of Theresa's, but not that book! Where was he? Did he dream? He passed his hand over his eyes, and mechanically read the following words:

“My soul is like a bee—laden, laden,
 With honied thoughts of thee, maiden, maiden;
 Yet the sweets I’ve rifled leave thee as fair,
 As buds that have trifled with summer air,
 Or blush’d ’neath the sun!

“Life is but a stream sparkling on its way,
 On whose banks we dream thro’ youth’s sultry day:
 While bright Hope’s rosy smile dimples the hours,
 Which love to beguile has strew’d o’er with flowers,
 Like a child at play!

“Still on the stream’s rushing its arrowy course,
 Now gliding, now gushing, now silvery, now hoarse,
 Now o’er margins of roses, now over shoals,
 Till a whirlpool closes o’er all the rash souls
 Who braved its deep waters!

“Then, maiden, together still let us dream
 On the fresh heather, leaving the stream
 To the restless who seek all that we’ve found
 In love’s sheltered creak: for eternity bound,
 Hope anchors in heaven!”

“What does all this mean?” exclaimed Cecil; “my lines! my writing! can she have given them to another?—Yet, no, who else would care to have them—Theresa must be staying with this Miss Delville—but what is that to me? she can never be anything to me now!”

He had scarcely arrived at this very unsatisfactory conclusion, when the sound of a door opening gently at his back caused him to turn round, when he perceived a large dog’s head peering through the doorway, and at which he

had scarcely looked before he recognized his faithful old friend, Bruno.

“ Bruno! poor Bruno! you here, too, is it possible? He had no sooner pronounced the dog’s name than the animal bounded forward, and in another moment his paws were on his former master’s shoulders, his cold nose had made the tour of his face, and his cries of delight had echoed through the room, while his tail, like Mr. O’Connell’s, seemed bent upon leveling everything, for it swept several books off of the adjoining table. In the midst of these greetings between the two friends the door again opened, and three figures appeared; the first was Gertrude, and the second a man wearing the glittering armour of the Knight of the Star of the East, that had caused Cecil such bitter uneasiness at the tournament—in short, it was no other than Lionel Manners, leading in his niece in the dress of Edith Plantagenet. Cecil’s first impulse was to rush forward, nor was there anything very repulsive in the blush on Thérèse’s cheek, or in the tears that filled her beautiful eyes, as she extended her small, white hand, and placed it tremblingly in his;—still he started back, as he faltered out,

“ By what name am I to have the hap—the honour of addressing you?”

“ Either by that of Theresa or of Delville,” replied Miss Manners, smiling, and cordially shaking Cecil’s unresisting but equally uncomplying hand.

“ Then I have to congratulate you on your marriage,” said Cecil, growing deadly pale, and dropping her hand.

“ Come,” said Mr. Manners, who compassionated the intense agony depicted in his face, “ sit down, and I’ll see if I cannot compress the last two years into a few words, and bring you to the point you are anxious to arrive at. My eyes were not so old,” continued he, “ that they did not very clearly perceive before I had been many days domiciled with my relations how matters stood between you and Theresa; I saw that you adored her,”—Cecil looked grateful—“ but that you did not know how to love her”—Cecil looked a flat and indignant denial. “ It is nevertheless perfectly true,” said Mr. Manners, in answer to his looks, “ for it is the easiest thing in the world for any man to adore a beautiful, amiable, and fascinating woman, but there are very few who know how to love her, and you were among the number. Yes, I repeat it, sir, although you were to frown all the lights in the room into darkness, you were among the number, for you were

jealous without a cause. Jealousy is a God, inasmuch as it creates everything out of nothing, but it is also the most heinous of idolaters—a self-worshipper, sacrificing all things on the altars of its most foul superstition, even to the immolation of the idol it affects to invoke—in short, it is the lamp of Psyche, which loses all in seeking too much. I saw you then with this lamp in your hand, seeking your destruction from morning till night; this I did not so much care about, but when I recollected the fiend-like power which the law allows, and the gordian knot with which custom has secured that power to man, I did care to see a young, pure, fond, confiding heart, exposed to such an ordeal, by being placed within the pale, and subjected to all the relentless tortures arising from the omnipotence of a marital inquisition. What was to be done? There was no sudden impulse in your jealousy,—no, it was a sort of predisposition in your nature, and therefore I dreaded it, for what arrives by slow and quiet degrees, whether in morals or in physics, is always decisive and inevitable; I saw that yours was a character which met misfortunes by anticipating them, recoiled from them with honor when met, and then performed a useless penance of unavailing regrets over results which a little

conduct and a little prudence on your part might have avoided. I therefore resolved upon a test by which you should be reformed, or reap the fruits of your broken promise of amendment; you know the result of my experiment, for the failure of which you have no one to blame but yourself. I then determined upon removing my niece from the influence of a man who, not being capable of managing his own happiness, was certainly not fit to be trusted with hers; but compassionating her lingering weakness in your favour, I yielded to her entreaties of remaining another month in England after your departure for London; during that month you had the grace neither to approach, write to her, or in any way to vindicate your conduct, or sue for a pardon that you did not deserve—a proceeding which while it alienated you from her good graces, reinstated you one step in mine, and in this antipodal frame of mind we sailed for India, Theresa not caring one straw for you—don't interrupt me, my dear—being fully convinced of the truth of the report that you were about to be married to Lady Annette Lovell."

"Good God!" interrupted Cecil.

"If either of you say another word I'll leave the room, and sail for Calcutta next week."—

Cecil bowed—Theresa smiled—and Mr. Manners resumed. “Well, when we arrived in India, difficult as you may find it to believe, I assure you Theresa found a host of admirers, and among others a very old acquaintance of mine and a perfect Cræsus, Arthur Delville—Cecil’s breath came short and quick—“for the last thirty years all the bales of marriageables imported from England had done their best to secure him but in vain; however, though he was by this time old enough to know better, he proposed for my niece.”—

“And she accepted him!” gasped Cecil.

“No, sir, she did not.”

“Thank you, thank you, God bless you!” said Cecil, not well knowing what he was saying.

“You need not thank me, for I did all I could to make her marry him—but perhaps she was right, for notwithstanding his protestations that he should never forget her, in less than three months he went off with—the yellow fever, first having had the complaisance to make his will, leaving her one million six hundred thousand pounds for having, as he expressed it, had the virtue to refuse the same when mortgaged by a disagreeable old fellow, but whose name he trusted she would not refuse to take now that it was disencumbered of himself; well,

sir, would you believe it, Theresa had no sooner got this little independence than she fancied herself her own mistress, and wanted, right or wrong, to return to England; but I soon convinced her that all her money could not make me relinquish my authority:—the fact is, I again dreaded her coming in contact with a certain madman of the name of Cecil Howard whom I had met in Shropshire”—Cecil smiled, while Theresa gave him a look that might have turned any man's head. “However,” continued Mr. Manners, after some time, “I myself began to have a great wish to shake hands with a Mr. Howard, member for ——, a very different person by all accounts from my Shropshire friend; as all the world heard of his public career, and all I heard of his private one, which is the only real part of any man, delighted me, and as a proof of it I then volunteered to return to England; but we were too rich and too great to seek any one, which accounts for my not having called upon you; no, I thought it strange, on the contrary, that you did not hasten to pay your respects to us, when all London were half-killing themselves to testify their admiration of my friend Delville's posthumous virtues, all of which he had bequeathed to Theresa, who had placed them in the English

funds, and thus secured the esteem and homage of the greatest nation in the world, because the only one which acknowledges no good qualities in any individual but what are *sterling*; but as you did not know that in us you would find your old acquaintance, I confess you were much raised in my opinion by not being among the number of our worshippers; and as Miss Delville and I have ever coincided in opinion (always excepting upon the one memorable point, of as to the fittest time for our return to England) I don't think you were lowered in her's by it. My tale is ended, and I have nothing more to say, except that if you have no peculiar or personal objection to the name of Howard Delville, you are welcome to take it as soon as you like,—for I command Theresa to bestow it on you, and she dare not disobey me!" So saying, Mr. Manners rose, and offering Gertrude his arm, added: "Come, my dear, I don't see what further use you and I can be of here; for although Howard has at length condescended to shake hands with me, and call me his best friend, and all that sort of thing, they neither of them seem to be able to find any conversation for us, so we will go into the ball-room, where we have a thousand dear friends ready to receive us."

As Lionel Manners and Gertrude closed the

door after them leading into the conservatory, they thought they saw Cecil's arm encircle Theresa's waist, as her head reclined on his shoulder; but, as they never revealed this vision to any one, we cannot take upon us to assert that such was actually the fact, especially as what is probable is not always possible! any more than what is possible is not always probable; but being of Mr. Manners' opinion, that we can be of no further use, we will leave Mr. Howard and Miss Delville 'tête-à-tête.'

Suffice it to say, that they did not make their appearance in the ball-room till very late, when many flourishing hopes were blighted, by the public announcement of Miss Delville's approaching marriage.

Political economists say that there is enough of food in the world for every body; and optimists assert that there is happiness enough in the world for all—'quand même!' Be this as it may, we cannot see why because Miss Delville and Mr. Howard think themselves the happiest people in it, that nobody else should be happy. Though perhaps happiness bursts upon some, like sunrise, all at once, yet to others it comes, like college honours, by degrees. So it was with Miss Prudence. Several days had she been debating within herself (during

the manufacture of a new black silk dress) as to the propriety of her calling upon Dr. Damnemall, to condole with him in person. Of the pleasure of it, there could be no doubt; and hence her scruples. Luckily, when they were at their acmé, Theresa's marriage was announced to her, and she immediately felt the necessity of communicating the intelligence to the Doctor. For which reason—having discussed a very substantial luncheon—she started from Mivart's for Southampton Street on foot, at about four o'clock, P.M., with no other companion but her umbrella. The early part of the day having been very showery, she had much difficulty in keeping her new black silk dress immaculate till she arrived in Southampton Street; however, what with tucking it through the pocket-hole, and sundry other little precautions, it arrived uninjured. Not so the dimity petticoat, over which it was let down, as she knocked at Dr. Damnemall's door, which, after a second appeal, was opened by a cherry-cheeked maid, as the footman was waiting at dinner.

Now, though Miss Prudence loved the Doctor's man, and his maid, his ox, and his ass, and every thing that was his, she did not like (at least on the present occasion) "the stranger

within his gate." So she took the precaution of inquiring whether he was alone.

"Yes, ma'am, quite," said the maid, "for Miss Damnemall is out with Mrs. Whabble, in Mr. Oward's carriage."

"Oh, then I'll go in, for I'm confident he'll see me."

"He's at dinner, ma'am," hesitated the maid.

"Oh dear! I hope he gets his meals comfortable, now he's a single man?" said Miss Prudence, following the maid into the passage, and raising her voice, so as that her anxiety might reach the Doctor's ears.

"Miss Bubble, sir," said the maid, throwing open the dining-room door.

One glance round the room, must have realised all Miss Prudence's hopes as to the Doctor's gastronomic comforts. On the table before him was a lobster 'à la chipolata,' in a silver saucepan, for immediate use; the remains of three roast pigeons were lying neglected at the other end of the table; while the caserole in office was surrounded by sundry black bottles, a decanter of Madeira, and another of Port. Before the fire were two iron-barred shelves, with two scallops of 'macaroni au gratin' on one, and two large Spanish onions on the other, while each hob was illus-

trated with plates. On the side table were a cold round of beef, the débris of a hot ham and a roast turkey, a Stilton, Parmesan, and Gruyère cheese, with sardines, caviar, char, and other condiments. The Doctor himself sat sideways at the table, supporting one foot upon a boot-ikin, from a recent attack of gout.

Miss Prudence's heart was full—so was the Doctor's mouth, as at her entrance he rose, and hobbled, or rather hopped towards her, removing his napkin from his chin, and applying his handkerchief to his eyes. Miss Prudence did the same,—but sorrow is proverbially dry; the Doctor poured out two glasses of wine—they drank them—they were better!—especially the Doctor, who was now able to converse about his “widowed state.” Miss Prudence, with her usual perspicuity, thought the best antidote for that was marriage, and announced Theresa's; but marriages, like all other misfortunes, never come single (which means that, alas! there is no getting single again, when once you are married); and somehow or other, in less than an hour Dr. Damnemall had ascertained that the whole of Miss Prudence's forty thousand pounds in the five per cents were entirely at her own disposal; and with some of that eloquence which she had so long admired,

he assured her that she would ever be dear to him, even on those terms; but far be it from us to raise the veil which shrouds the mysteries of the heart! No! let the Doctor's professions, like his profession, be sacred; it is enough for the world to know, that before he and Miss Prudence parted on that eventful evening, he asked her "if she would be his?" and she replied, with her usual candour, that she "should like it beyond every thing!"

Little now remains to be told of the Bubble Family. It was decided, *nem. con.*, that, twelve months after the events above recorded, the marriages of Theresa and Cecil, and Gertrude and Lord Mornington, were to be solemnized at Bubble Hall. Nor was this sufficient. Hymen seemed busy with the whole family, for in the intercourse Marmaduke was obliged to have with the Mornington Family, he quite overcame his prejudice to widows, and committed matrimony with his first and last love, Lady Mornington.

There was but one thing in the course of all these events, which displeased Miss Prudence; and that was, that Dr. Damnematt did not unite all the couples; but as he was himself to figure as a bridegroom on the same day, she was forced to submit to the Bishop of —— officiating in his stead.

The morning of the omnibus wedding, Sir Romulus took Cecil aside, as he was walking with the rest of the procession into the chapel.

“Um—um—um—my Dear Howard,” said he, “I have never said a word to mortal,—but I do hope you have been candid with Theresa about your cork leg, for it’s not fair to deceive her.”

“I assure you for the hundredth time, my dear sir,” said Cecil, laughing, “I have no cork leg.”

“Um—um—after that!” said Sir Romulus, turning up his hands and eyes, and walking on into the chapel, with the most bridal air he could assume. Colonel Lightbody was the only one of the family absent on the joyous occasion,—but he had had enough of marriage. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Delville set off for Earl’s Court, a place of the Duke of Arlington’s, about twenty miles from Bubble Hall! Lord and Lady Mornington went to Mornington Abbey, in Wales; and Mrs. Dammemall to the Rectory, where she first entered upon her conjugal duties, by inclosing a ten-pound note to her stepson in the 158th, with instructions about the best way of laying it out, which she said was—not to change it. Marmaduke alone, in

order to do as other people do, remained at the hall, to dance out his own wedding; for, as he truly observed, both Sir Charles Grandison, Sir William Thornhill, and Tom Jones, had done the same.

Three weeks after all these bridals, poor Mademoiselle Perpignon took a fever, and died. It was supposed so many marriages, in which she had no part, did not agree with her. Peace be to her manes! Mr. McPhin heaved a sigh to her memory, exclaiming with great pathos:

“Poor creature, nae thing in life became her like the leaving it!” He, worthy man, continues a fixture in the Bubble Family.

Miss Dannemall's marriage was celebrated a month after, with Mr. Alonzo Tripe (who wrote his own epithalamium) at Gorget Cottage, on which occasion Mrs. Whabble gave a ball; but, although Lord and Lady John were staying at Bubble Hall, Major Whabble would not allow her to ask that gentleman, having again turned Tory,—and justly observing that any Whigs would disgrace their party.

Sir Romulus again enjoys the same unbounded personal liberty he did before he went abroad,—being able to go, without asking any leave or giving any account of his ‘démarches;’

from Dunderhead Common to Shrewsbury, provided he is in by six; but having purchased from the Duc de Montobello, previous to his quitting Paris, a large quantity of Champagne, and his 'Chef' being a perfect adept 'dans l'art de truffer les dindes,' and in what the said 'Chef' calls 'des veritables abrégés de Paradis, des petites bouchées de foie gras,' Sir Romulus, from frequent attacks of gout, is seldom in a state to use, much less to abuse, his liberty; Lady Bubble therefore confesses that he is quite a reformed character, and that she should be the happiest of women, could she forget her daughter's delinquency. With one exception, every thing remains in 'statu quo' at Bubble Hall, and that exception is, that Lady Bubble has never been known to drive postillion since her return from the Continent, and has been heard to declare on more than one occasion, that she would rather even travel in a stage coach than post,—such a horror has she of them.

Colonel Lightbody succeeded in getting a divorce, and has quitted the army; but seldom comes to Bubble Hall.

Dr. Epaminondas Tripe has not married Mrs. Lightbody; but continues to write highly moral! and deeply scientific articles for his own and his friends' periodicals; while Miss Tripe

has set up a preparatory school of 'enseignement mutuel' at the "Barrière de l'Enfer."

Six months after his father's death, Sir Henry Clavinger was introduced in the same tomb with his beautiful and ill-fated wife.

Blanche lives with her first friends, Cecil and Theresa, whose daily increasing happiness alone convinces her that there is such a thing in the world: but she is now seventeen, and Mr. Stuart Vernon, having recently returned from abroad and become Cecil's most intimate friend, seems in a fair way to convince the beautiful Blanche that there is more to be found.

Lady Annette is living with her father, on a limited fortune, with no other occupation but that of spoiling her son, who already plagues her out of her life.

Many persuasions have been wasted upon Mr. McPhin, and even the example of his friends, to induce him to marry,—but in vain. For he still asserts that if marriages are made in heaven, that it is only a proof that they are like all other ready-made things,—which seldom turn out well. The result is, that Sir Romulus's last 'bon mot' which has reached our ears, consisted in bestowing the 'soubriquet' of the Epithalamium on him. Upon Lord John's inquiring why of all men in the world he should

call Mr. McPhin by such an appellation, when he was always railing at marriage, he facetiously replied :

“ For that very reason,—because he is *verse to matrimony*!—*a verse to matrimony* Do you approve of that ?”

But, as we are happy to state, Mr. McPhin has not succeeded in instilling his own prejudices into his pupil, who, on the contrary, seems labouring under a growing affection for his cousin Johndina, who makes paper pillows quite as well as her mother,—there is no chance of the BUBBLE FAMILY becoming extinct.

FINIS.

