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Biography





THE  
STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY  
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AUTHOR OF  
"COMPTON AUDLEY," "WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE,"  
"PHILIP COURTENAY," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:  
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.  
1857.

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**LONDON :**

**Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.**

THE  
STORY OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

“ Ill fits it me  
To quaff thy bowls, and riot in thy feasts.”

HOMER.

TOWARDS the afternoon of the day upon which Sir William was expected in London, I took leave of Mary, promising her to return the moment I had transacted all my business, and with an anxious and troubled mind awaited his arrival at my uncle's house in Whitehall Gardens.

“ You will of course give me the pleasure of your company to day at dinner,” said my good



humoured relative, "I was not aware that you were in London, or I should have written you a note."

"It will give me great pleasure to accept your invitation," I replied, "and in return I ought to apologize for not having sooner called, but I thought you were still in the country."

This was white lie number one; what the different hues of mendacity are, I will not here stop to enquire, but I dreaded the numerous falsehoods my clandestine marriage would involve me in. At this moment, my father's travelling chariot drove up to the door, and he welcomed me with open arms.

"I have already engaged the cornet to meet you at dinner," remarked Admiral Pembroke, "and as I am old fashioned, and martinet enough to be punctual, if you have nothing of consequence to say to him, he had better go home and rig himself out, he is staying at Limmer's I rather think."

"Yes," I responded, white lie number two.

Relieved by this suggestion, after making the kindest enquiries respecting my mother's

health, I proceeded to the hotel to dress for dinner, and at a quarter past seven was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found, what I own to this day, affords me much pleasure, a man's party.

"Oh the wretch!" exclaims some fair one "a perfect monster unfit for ladies' society."

Let me offer a few words in explanation, a ladies party in a pleasant country house, among friends in London, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, or Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, is delightful, and some of my happiest hours have been spent in such intercourse, but a formal London dinner during the season, of from five and twenty to thirty persons, is to my mind a perfect abomination.

The invitation card names a quarter before eight; but woe betide the unlucky wight who arrives there within half-an-hour of that time, he will probably find no one in the hall except the butler adjusting his cravat, and ringing violently for the groom of the chambers; a footman who has been carrying in the knife tray, sets it down, and rushes into his livery

coat, each of the above commenting in their own phraseology, upon the early arrival. "Some country cousin fresh from Derbyshire." "Dem'd odd, people wont give us time to deck the table." "I shall certainly give warning if I am not allowed to dress myself."

Upon entering the drawing-room, he will most likely tumble over the housemaid's brush, in return for which he receives a look of the most ineffable contempt; in escaping the Scylla of the cobweb sweeper, he will run a good chance of falling foul of the Charybdis of the man that attends to the wax-lights, and who has just lit the chandelier. After standing for twenty minutes arranging his whiskers and curls before a looking-glass, the lady of the house enters, attempting to button a tight white kid glove, she is followed by her husband, who, hearing a double knock, was interrupted in his toilet, as is evident from his shirt-studs not being properly fastened.

After numerous apologies from both host and hostess, the guests drop in at intervals. One fears she is late, but "the gardens were s

delightful, and the exquisite band of the Life Guards was perfectly entrancing," another was unable to quit the monkeys, "they were so funny."

At last, after a tedious desultory conversation about the weather, the park, Almacks, and the opera, dinner is announced, and the few who have been agreeably occupied in rational talk or incipient flirtations, are in conformity with the table of precedence obliged to separate. A young girl, scarcely out of her teens, quits her juvenile admirer, a lieutenant in the Guards, for a superannuated marquis; a lively Irish widow, anxious to renew a matrimonial lease, is compelled to leave an eligible middle-aged bachelor, for an elderly, broken-down peer; a full-blown matron of powerful intellect, is doomed to part with a philosopher of the day, to take the arm of young Viscount Sofetely, a vapid exquisite of eighteen; the lady of the house is doomed to give up a pleasant acquaintance, for a twaddling, gartered duke; and the host is sacrificed to some crabbed daughter of nobility, who, on the strength of her father being enabled to date his

marquisate from the time of Elizabeth, is taken down first. They are followed by the next in rank, and when the party reach the dining-room, a difficulty presents itself, the gentleman considers it his duty to place himself on the left of the hostess, while his companion thinks she ought to sit next to the host; during the discussion as to which is right, others take possession of the disputed places, and then the whole economy of the table is upset.

“Two ladies together,” exclaims the master of the house, “that will never do.”

“Man and wife next to one another, impossible!” says the lady. Then, after a considerable quantity of coquetting, apologising, smirking, curtsying, and bowing, during which process the caloric qualities of the soups have suffered greatly, the guests shake down into their seats, rendered more disagreeable from the fact of the confusion having marred the arrangements of a few young republicans, who, scorning Burke’s peerage, have, despite of sundry looks of anger from mammas, made their selection from inclination, not rank.

“ You must come up here, Lord Adolphus, and divide the ladies.” His lordship leaves his blooming *inamorata* to sit between two faded spinsters.

“ Miss Dalkeith, you will find a place next to Sir Francis Bolton.” The belle of the season is forced to quit Harry Montrose, a handsome young treasury clerk, to take her place next to a deaf baronet, who, in a nervous state of trepidation at the unexpected honour, upsets the fish sauce over her white tulle dress, after perforating the flounces with the legs of his chair.

After a long, tedious repast, in which, upon too many occasions, the old joke is realized, that “ nothing is hot except the wine,” the ladies retire; and the gentlemen remain to sip meagre Bordeaux, or potent port, and discuss poor laws, politics, and the last night’s debate; coffee is announced, and by the time the drawing-room is gained, most of the gentler sex have left for the opera, or some early party. The splendid ormolu Parisian clock strikes half-past eleven, and you are reminded that nearly

four hours and a half have been devoted to dressing for, and attending this large dinner ; and what has been the result ?

If you previously heard from some one interesting to you, that you should meet him or her, you have probably been disappointed, or made wretched at the seat you coveted being occupied by another ; you have sat in a hot, fummy room for more than a third of a day, to have that which would be infinitely better served at a club ; therefore, in an intellectual, as well as a gastronomical point of view, the whole affair has proved a failure. You have lost a great treat at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the only reward you get, is to see your name blazoned forth the next day in the fashionable columns of the " Morning Post."

And now, gentle reader, I trust I have made out my case, if you are candid, as I doubt not you are, you will admit that a few minutes' ride in the park, a quarter of an hour's conversation at a Greenwich party, a polka at Almack's, or a walk in Kensington Gardens, can be turned to better account than a large

dinner party during the height of the London season.

Having thus made a clean breast of it, by stating why I approve of an assemblage of males, I will return to Whitehall, where my uncle was doing the honours to eight choice spirits, and what a contrast was there to the banquet I have just been describing. The bill of fare included everything in season, and nothing out of it. No green peas at ten shillings a pint, no strawberries at a guinea an ounce, nor was the table crowded with entrées, and flank dishes, containing cold, clammy sweetbreads, fricandeaus, and fricassees. A spring soup, Severn salmon, two entrées, a saddle of mutton, ducklings, asparagus, plovers' eggs, two sweets, a lobster salad, formed the repast, aided by sundry cold provocatives to appetite, Westphalian ham, and pâté de foie gras.

Instead of "unadulterated claret," which means "vin ordinaire," new port, fiery sherry, and champagne, questionable as to its place of nativity, we had Sneyd's best Bordeaux, the



finest old beeswing port, exquisite sherry, Madeira that the Admiral could vouch for as having taken two voyages to India, and champagne dry and sweet, from one of the best growers in France. With such creature comforts, and a most agreeable party, can it be wondered that the hours passed rapidly away, and it was near midnight when we separated? Upon passing the Horse Guards, I heard the clock chime twelve; it was then that my conscience upbraided me at having remained so long from the poor sufferer at home, but I tried to reconcile my absence upon the plea, that duty, not pleasure, kept me at my uncle's board.

Vain sophistry! which produced no lasting effect, and almost maddened me at the thought of my heartless conduct.

My whole time was now devoted to what ladies take such a delight in—shopping, albeit, mine was more a matter of business than is usually practised by the fair sex, whose pleasure seems to be to look at an enormous quantity of articles, confining their purchases to a few. As my father generally called for me,

and was the very essence of punctuality, I was obliged to leave my home very early, and plant myself in readiness at the door of the hotel, to prevent the possibility of some stupid waiter saying, "Mr. Pembroke has not yet been here this morning."

We then proceeded to the different tradesmen, tailors, army accoutrement makers, saddlers, and bootmakers, and what with ordering, measuring, and trying on, I had not much time to spare before dinner. The result was, that Mary and her father were sadly neglected. The former bore my absence without a pang, knowing that it was unavoidable. Winterburn expressed no opinion, but evidently felt hurt, not upon his own, but his daughter's account.

I had now dined with the Admiral for nearly a week, when I availed myself of an opportunity (caused by an engagement my father had made) of staying at home.

Unfortunately, our culinary artist had quarrelled with the housemaid, about some point of kitchen etiquette, and the dinner was sacrificed to this feud; it was not ready at seven o'clock,

and when I petulantly rang the bell, as a matter of course, instead of expediting the affair, it delayed it; the soup, after an awful quarter of an hour, in which, being very hungry, I gave way to bad humour, proved to be smoked, the fish was underboiled, and the joint roasted to a tinder.

“You really must speak, my dear, to the cook,” said I peevishly. How strange it is, that whenever husbands wish to shew their authority, their anger, or spleen, they invariably say ‘my dear,’ when the antipodes of such a remark is uppermost in their thoughts.

“I will give her a good lecture to-morrow,” replied Mary, “I’m quite vexed you should have been so disappointed, especially after the splendid fare you have lately had in Whitehall Gardens.”

“Bring the cheese,” said I, in a very sharp tone to the maid, which was followed by a look at the mistress ending in a whisper.

“How unfortunate you are to-day, Arthur, we ate the last for lunch; but do let me send for some, or for a nice lobster, I know you will

like that, and I will make the dressing for it."

"Oh, it's too late, my dear, to send about town this evening, I can do very well without it," I responded, in not a very amiable mood.

"And the lobster?" she asked, in the most affectionate manner.

"I have already said it's not worth while to make the servant go all the way to Bond Street," I rejoined, "and as for fish in this part of the town, I could not touch it."

A momentary cloud seemed to come over my wife's brow, but like a summer one, it quickly vanished. Winterburn, who had kept a profound silence, shortly made an excuse that he had letters to answer, and left the room. Although during his absence we did not come to an open rupture, thanks to the patient endurance of Mary, I could no longer have put in a claim for the Dunmow fitch of bacon; for I am in candour bound to own, that in thought, or rather a sudden flash of it, a feeling that my married life was not what I had anticipated, crossed my mind. Determined, however,

not to wound a heart that loved me, I speedily recovered my good temper, and excusing myself for five minutes, under the pretext of going to the chymist's, I went to the nearest fishmonger's, and purchased a splendid lobster.

"Here, Mary," I exclaimed, with a smiling face, "none of us made a very good dinner, so I have brought you something for supper, you must make the dressing, and then I know both your father and myself will enjoy it."

Winterburn delighted at my conciliatory speech, ably assisted me in cracking the shell of this delicious denizen of the sea, I having remarked that in the state of mind the cook was in, she would, if possible, spoil the lobster, by breaking into its house with the dirty kitchen poker.

"A glass of whisky toddy will go well with this, Mary," said I, "and while you are occupied with the cruet stand, I will take the spirit case under my charge, and that your father may not be unoccupied, perhaps he will have the goodness to slice the cucumber."

"Most willingly," responded my former tutor,

“and, perhaps, you will oblige me by accepting two condiments I brought with me from France, some lampreys stewed in claret from Bordeaux, and a *pâté de foie gras* from Paris.”

No sooner was the cloth laid, and our labours finished, than we sat down to a supper worthy of the Roman Emperors in their days of voluptuous luxury, for the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, and the entire boar, roasted and stuffed with game and poultry, could not equal our gastronomic meal. The evening passed off merrily, and I felt that in the words of the Scotch ballad, Mary “was all and all to me!”

“I hope, dearest,” said I “that in a few days I shall be free, my father returns to the Abbey next Monday, and I have little more to do in London, as I am not to buy my chargers until I go to Windsor, you will soon join me in the neighbourhood, and we shall pass the time delightfully.”

Alas! my anticipations of pleasure were not realized, my father prolonged his visit for ten days, during which time I was compelled to be a great deal with him, and my wife was

again left to herself, for Winterburn, through the interest of James Smith had been employed by Messrs. Ryves and Hunter in editing a translation of a celebrated French historian. One afternoon, when I had made an excuse to Sir William for leaving him early, and had asked his permission to dine with some friends, the real motive being to remain with Mary, who I had left ill at home in the morning, he to my dismay replied, that Colonel Thorpely, then commanding the Blues, had been invited by my uncle especially for the purpose of meeting me.

“How unlucky,” I exclaimed to myself, taking my leave, and promising to be in Whitehall Gardens by half past seven.

Upon reaching home, I found Mary so unwell, that I sent for Mr. Johnson, the medical man, who was to attend her during her confinement, and was about to write my excuses to Admiral Pembroke, when my wife urged me not to remain at home.

“Do pray go, Arthur,” said she imploringly, “Mrs. Mason is up-stairs, and has promised to

stay with me until you return, I shall feel much happier if you would go, do for my sake, we must conciliate your commanding officer, or he will never give you leave of absence."

Urged by this and other arguments, I quitted Mary, and was soon dressed and on my way to the Admiral's, fortunately I was the first to arrive, for the gallant colonel to whom I was about to be presented always kept military time, especially at his meals, and when as he entered the room with his watch in hand and remarked: "Horse Guards clock, Admiral, striking half past seven," he looked round and asked, "Is that the young cornet?"

I bowed, and the presentation took place.

"Nothing like punctuality," continued he, "there are more dinners spoilt through a want of it than any other cause, Dickson of ours has established a fine in the mess for those who are late, and it has produced an excellent effect."

"An admirable plan," replied my uncle.

"And I never allow," proceeded Thorpely, "any dereliction of duty, I am a plain—"

"Plain enough," thought I, for the gallant



officer was a stout florid man, looking more like a farmer than a soldier.

“I like to see the duty done well, and wish those under my command to enjoy themselves; good living brings out the humanities, eh, eh, eh?” With this saying the colonel shook his sides, and indulged in a loud merry laugh, again he looked at his large old-fashioned watch, which I afterwards found my brother subs called the regimental warming-pan, and exclaimed, “its seventeen minutes past the time, by the Horse Guards; I will tell you Admiral what I did last summer, young Lord Seyton joined us, and introduced some fashionable follies he had picked up at Oxford, one among them was never being in time; Dickson, of ours, to whose troop he belonged, told me how much disappointed he was with the noble recruit, for in the old regiment we don’t aspire to rank, and he, like myself, prefer suet to blood.” I opened my ears and eyes at this tirade against the aristocracy, when the speaker continued, “Some of the young ones soon aped the manners of this lordling, so I determined to put a check to the rising system; our

dinner hour was six o'clock, and a very good hour for those who take an early breakfast, and don't follow Seyton's new-fangled notion of eating lunch ; so finding none of the cornets ready for mess, I ordered the subalterns to attend stables at ten minutes before six, in five minutes they were dismissed, and from that time they have always been in time for the soup, since which I have dispensed with their stable duties, holding it over them *in terrorem* in case of their again falling into bad habits."

"Nothing like discipline on shore or on board ship," said my uncle.

"I enjoy my meals," proceeded the colonel, whose fat paunch fully bore out the assertion, "the quarter, I declare, by the Horse Guards clock ; a few late arrivals completely destroy the comforts of their more punctual brother officers, and the fish which ought to be served the moment it comes out of the kettle is spoilt by being kept back ; nor is this the worst of it, for the whole of the other dishes suffer. I remember last Christmas, when Dickson, who was president of our mess committee, found fault with

the cook for over roasting some woodcocks, which had been sent him from the north of England, his reply was, that the delay over the first course was so great, that it completely upset his whole system, and he was right," added the gastronomer.

"It's like making a false move in the field, which is sure to club the regiment."

This conversation was put an end to by the arrival of the other guests, and the dinner was soon announced, but not as the colonel remarked before the clock at the Horse Guards had struck eight. "And my father?" said I, knowing his usual punctuality, "shall I go to his room?"

"I forgot," replied the host, "Sir William was sent for by the Duke of York, and desired me not to wait a moment for him, he will be here as soon as he can get away from his Royal Highness. I never knew him late in his life, except on such occasions.

"An example I hope his son will follow," responded Thorpely with a good-humoured chuckle, making way for me to pass before him.

"I can't think colonial of going before you," I replied.

"A very well bred young man," remarked he, "and will, I have no doubt, prove an acquisition to our corps;" scarcely had these words been uttered than a regular London footman's rap announced my father's return; upon meeting us on the staircase he apologized to one and all for his apparent rudeness. "Great work was now to be achieved at table," as Byron writes, and by no one more than by my commanding officer, who seated next to my father, enjoyed the good things of this life amazingly, that is as far as English fare went, for he abominated French dishes, "with their kickshaws and à la's as they call it, why can't they say a mutton chop, and not a cutlet of mouton à la some outlandish name." While the party are employed in what Fanny Kemble, in her Yankee Notes, terms "spoon exercise," we will give a slight sketch of my commanding officer, gleaned from a neighbour, and which afterwards proved to be a correct likeness. Tommy Thorpely, the name he familiarly went

by, was a Yorkshire country gentleman, devoted to agricultural pursuits, and why he did not turn his sword into a ploughshare, was more than his friends could understand, he had seen some little service in the south of France, and was present as a captain at the memorable battle of Waterloo, where the daring deeds of his gallant corps had earned them immortal fame, and had completely got rid of the ribaldrous name previously attached to them of Piccadilly butchers, and cheesemongers. Shortly after his return to England, Tommy took unto himself a wife, a plain, good-humoured, homely personage, who preferred her garden and dairy to all other things. As the Blues, at the period I write of, were always quartered at Windsor, the Colonel had bought a small farm near Wingfield, to which he and his better half devoted all their leisure hours.

His *bonhommie*,—a phrase he would have denounced—had won him the esteem of his brother officers, and the deep interest he and Mrs. Thorpely took in the men and their wives, had rendered them extremely popular. Tommy

as it has already been shewn was very fond of good living, and both he and Dickson, the senior captain, were port wine drinkers to an alarming extent, entertaining a very moderate opinion of any brother officer who could not imbibe at least a bottle of this fiery liquor. The above two worthies, bound by a similarity of tastes, and coming from the same county, were sworn friends, the Yorkshire Damon and Pythias of the corps. In the field, the colonel was rather slow, while the captain, as he afterwards proved to be when in command of the regiment, was as smart an officer as any in the service; at the mess they were both jovial companions, and kept up the hospitality of the regiment by inviting all the neighbouring country gentlemen to dine at the barracks. Such was the character of the man, under whose command I was about to be placed, and who in my hearing told the Admiral I was a promising recruit, and one that Dickson would be proud to have in his troop; the reason of my rising so high in the gallant officer's estimation,

was the fact of my having preferred the joint to an entrée, and port wine to claret.

Upon reaching home, I was met by Mrs. Mason, who whispered that the doctor was with Mary, and that a speedy termination of her temporary sufferings might be expected, "she will be so happy to hear you are in the house," she continued "as she has been asking after you."

"Tell her," I replied, "that I will attend her summons, poor creature. I trust all is going on well."

Mrs. Mason left me, and throwing myself on a sofa I waited with anxious trepidation for her return, in less than an hour she re-entered the room, and with a smiling face, said, "all's over, Mr. Pembroke, it's the finest boy I ever saw." In due course of time, I was admitted into the presence of the mother and child, and felt all the pride of a father, when I imprinted the first kiss on the cheeks of the little stranger. Upon the following morning, I took leave of my father, having promised to

call upon Colonel Thorpely, and receive his orders as to joining my regiment.

“It will be unnecessary for me to accompany you to Windsor,” said Sir William, “now you are acquainted with your commanding officer, so I shall return to-day to the Abbey to attend the meeting of magistrates to-morrow.”

This was the very greatest relief to my mind, and hastening towards Richardson’s hotel, to which the colonel (in consequence of the goodness of the old beeswing) always resorted, I was soon ushered into his presence.

“And when am I to have the pleasure of seeing you at head-quarters?” asked Thorpely.

“In two days, Sir,” I responded, “my outfit will be ready, and I shall then proceed to Windsor, without you wish me to join sooner; as yet I have not purchased my chargers, indeed I was advised to wait until I had consulted you upon the subject,” the colonel looked pleased, and in a good-humoured manner, warned me against the tricks of the London



dealers, and finally gave me a fortnight's leave to complete my arrangements. "Harris, of Northamptonshire," continued he, "furnishes the regiment with horses, and although I never voluntarily interfere with my officers respecting the persons they wish to employ, if asked for an opinion I recommend him, at all events for a first charger, he sent Captain Riddlesworth as clever a brown horse as I ever saw."

"Are you particular as to colour, Sir?" I asked.

"No," responded he, "dark brown or bays; I prefer the former, greys or light chesnuts would not pass, they must stand fifteen three, and show strength with breeding." Thanking the colonel for his advice, I took my leave, and returned home, where, to adopt the usual phraseology, I found "mother and child as well as could be expected." From that moment until the expiration of my leave, I never left the house, except for an hour or two, when I took a solitary walk in the fields near the Edgeware Road, whose green verdure has since been sacrificed to brick and mortar. The usual important

discussion as to the name of my son and heir had taken place, and it was decided that he should be christened Arthur Stephen, the latter after his godfather, Winterburn ; Mr. Hodson, who was to be the other, strongly urged his claim for Theophilus, but the female sponsor, Mrs. Hodson, decided against perpetuating so frightful a name, even in her own case, should her wishes upon that subject ever be realized. The day arrived upon which I was to proceed to Windsor, and having sent off all my heavy baggage by the luggage van, and taken leave of Mary and the "pretty poppet," I proceeded to the White Horse Cellar, where I was soon seated by the side of Moody on the box of the Express ; in less than three hours we drove up to the coach office, where I procured a fly, and was shortly afterwards at my destination. Although I was not what is called "troubled with the shies," I felt a little nervous, upon being ushered into the mess-room, where I found about half-a-dozen officers assembled : one, who I afterwards ascertained to be Captain Dickson, the senior present, came forward, and wel-

comed me most cordially, introducing me to my future comrades.

“You are appointed to my troop,” said he, “the D, and Severn is your brother sub, he will show you your room, where you will find the băt-man I have selected for you, there is not much time to spare, as we dine in half an hour.”

Following my lieutenant to the room appropriated to me, I found John Hargreaves, so the băt-man was called, in attendance, and having given him the keys of my boxes, was soon equipped in my new uniform. Upon descending to the mess-room, I found the party considerably increased, and again was the process of introduction gone through. “Mr. Pembroke—Lieutenant and Adjutant Moulsey—Mr. Brunder, riding master, Captain Buckingham, Captain Weller, Lieutenants Hodgkinson, Pigou, Cornet Cowper.”

As the clock struck half past six, dinner was served, and a very excellent one it was; not, however, such as is seen in the present day, for we knew nothing of French cooks at two hundred

a year, and the claret cup was not even in prospective existence. The meal, upon this occasion, was what all regimental dinners ought to be, a plain, substantial English one, with sherry and port wine, instead of champagne, hock, and claret, swelling the mess bills to more than an officer's pay.

As everybody thought it necessary to drink a glass of wine with me, I think the less I attempt to say upon the occasion the better. A racking headache in the morning, and a considerable supply of soda-water, proved the effect the strong port had produced, and my only consolation was at hearing from my fellow sub, that Dickson pronounced me to be a devilish fine young fellow, who took kindly to his drink. I must drop a curtain over the orgies of the night.

## CHAPTER II.

“How merrily we live who soldiers be.”

OLD SONG.

“How happy’s the soldier who lives on his pay,  
Who spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.”

EARLY the following morning, I was awoke by John Hargreaves, who told me the Colonel was to be in the orderly room at ten o’clock, and that I was to be in readiness to attend him there, or in the mess-room; I accordingly got up, and after a somewhat elaborate toilet, descended to breakfast. Before I had finished that meal, my commanding officer crossed the grass, and for some moments stood near the door, conversing with his ally, Dickson.

“Please, Sir,” said a most obsequious waiter, Higginson by name, “Colonel Thorpely wishes to see you in his room, and I shall be happy to show you to it.”

Following my guide, I entered the portion of the building devoted to the field officers, and was soon in presence of the Colonel, my Captain, and Adjutant Moulsey.

“Happy to see you, Pembroke,” said the former, extending his hand, “you were quite right in coming down last evening, I did not expect you until this morning; now you are with us, I think the sooner you get over your drill the better—you will then be able to get away for a day or two.”

“A prisoner until then,” thought I, as the remembrance of Mary and my child crossed my mind. Whether my countenance bespoke my feelings, I know not, but the good-humoured Colonel continued :

“If you pay attention, and devote yourself to your duties, you can occasionally go to town on a Saturday, when your family are there; in the meantime, if you are not better engaged, Mrs.

Thorpely and myself will be happy to see you at dinner to-morrow, at a quarter past six, military time. Dickson and a few others are coming, so you can join them in a conveyance."

After thanking my commanding officer for his kind invitation, which I gladly accepted, the Adjutant requested I would follow him into the riding-house, where I was to take my first lesson in military equitation. As Mr. Brunder was engaged passing some young horses in the barrack field, and among them, a splendid dark chesnut, almost black, or rather walnut colour charger, which Harris had sent me up, I was placed under the hands of Corporal Hall, a rough, or, as he would now be called, assistant rider.

"Bring out C. 15," said he to a trooper, who shortly afterwards returned with a fine, black, long-tailed horse, nearly sixteen two hands high, and to judge of his actions, not very easy in his paces. Moulsey took his leave, and I was left alone with my instructor and his attendant.

Despite of my awkwardness in mounting

without stirrups, rolling about on a large saddle, tumbling from my exalted position into the saw-dust, recovering my position again to lose it, I went through a very satisfactory first lesson, being, as the rough-rider afterwards remarked in my hearing, "extremely active, and hard as nails, not caring for a fall."

At two o'clock, I was ordered to attend the corporal-major for foot drill, which, I am bound to confess, was much more onerous and disagreeable than the mounted one; to stand for some seconds like a goose upon a common, with a leg in the air, to have your feet pointed outwards, to be told to hold yourself up, chest forward, shoulders back, to learn step by step, marching in slow and quick time, is certainly a very tedious process, without any of the excitement attendant upon managing the fiery steed: so, heartily glad was I when my infantry education was completed.

Not so respecting the manège, for after a time, when my first charger, who from his pedigree by 'Patriot,' I called 'Hampden,' was passed as being thoroughly broke, and I was



allowed to mount him, nothing could exceed my delight. During lesson hours, and out of hours, I was on his back, either in the school, or barrack-field, much to the satisfaction of the captain of my troop, who, although fond of generous living, was a soldier at heart, and as unlike what are called Her Majesty's hard bargains, as a Newfoundland dog is to a turnspit.

I now return to the Colonel's dinner, which consisted of the host, hostess, Dickson, Buckingham, Severn, and myself of "ours," with the addition of some country neighbours, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Brampton, Mrs. Castleton and her two daughters, the three latter being on a visit to Brampton Park, an old ancestral mansion within an hour's drive of the Cedars, as Thorpely's house was called. Before, however, we sit down to table, I must recount an adventure I met with on my way to the Colonel's.

My Captain having made a prior promise to drive Severn in his gig, I was left to share the expense of a post-chaise with Captain Buckingham, a man against whom I had taken a prejudice.

On my first interview, his entire conversation was about horses, and from a hint that dropped, I fancied he was little better than an unlicensed dealer, an opinion I was confirmed in, during our drive to dinner.

“That’s a niceish sort of a horse that Harris sent you,” said he, “but if report speaks truth, the figure was rather high.”

“I gave a hundred and twenty guineas,” said I, “and as he is a young, sound, handsome horse, I do not think that he was dear at the money.”

“Well,” continued he, “I could have sold you my bay gelding for about ninety guineas, and there is not a finer first charger in the regiment.”

Tyro as I was in the horse dealing ways of the world, it struck me forcibly, that to dispose of the finest charger in the corps, where nearly all were well mounted, for so low a sum, was very extraordinary, not, however, guessing at my inward thoughts, he proceeded upon his ordinary avocation of trying to “catch a flat.”

“If you want a nice buggy horse, I have one

that is to be sold dirt cheap, the fact is I have too large a stud, I am obliged to hire a stable for three of them, and forage is expensive."

Unknowingly Buckingham had touched the right chord, for my first wish on joining was to set up a buggy, feeling how useful it would be in my excursions to London, especially after my drill was over, when the troop to which I belonged was to move into out-quarters.

"I certainly should like to find a good buggy horse," I replied, with so much eagerness, that my friend booked me as caught, "but I cannot afford to give a high price."

"Now I'll tell you what I will do," continued my companion, "you saw the buggy and harness this morning, one of Hobson's best; the horse you shall drive to-morrow, he is a light bay, warranted sound, fine action, and as handsome as paint, I believe if I sent the whole concern to Tattersall's I should realize a hundred and thirty-five guineas, but you shall have it for a hundred and five," he saw I wavered and proceeded, "I'm a fanciful fellow about my horses, to-morrow no power may

induce me to sell, and indeed for all I know to the contrary, Jem Tibbets of Eton will probably make me an offer ; he told my groom, if he could get in some outstanding debts from the upper form, he would try if he could not bring about a deal." A pause ensued, my wary opponent evidently playing a cautious game, and finding I was silent, for I scarcely knew what to say, he changed the conversation by telling me, we were approaching the Colonel's farm.

"I shall be happy to try your horse to-morrow morning early, if agreeable," I stammered out, without heeding the remarks Buckingham made upon Thorpely's wethers, pigs, and poultry.

"Oh! certainly," he replied, with an air of the most perfect indifference, "and if you like him, well and good ; we are entering the lodge, I suppose we had better order the carriage at eleven, they are sure to make up a rubber."

The thought that the Eton job-master would step in, and purchase the turn out, haunted me, and I was about to return to the charge, when

my companion seeing my anxiety, saved me the trouble by saying,

“If you like to decide at once, the bargain is concluded; subject of course to the horse being passed as sound, if it remains open until tomorrow, I must be guided by Tibbets’ offer, not that it is at all certain he will make a bid,” the chaise drove up to the door.

“You must buckle on your sword,” remarked Buckingham, “but before dinner you may leave it in the hall, and now I will show you the way,” following my companion, as well as I could, for my sabretache would get between my legs, and my spurs would catch my trowsers, I reached the drawing-room, when just as the door was opened, I hastily exclaimed:—

“The horse, buggy, and harness, are mine.”

“Done,” he replied, had I known all, echo might have answered “done;” for as it afterwards proved I was “done to a tinder.” Thorpely greeted me with a hearty welcome, and presented me to his wife, who appeared to be a good-humoured unaffected woman, and in looks,

figure, and manner, a perfect help-mate to the farmer soldier.

“Punctuality is the very life and soul of the army,” remarked our host, “and I am happy to say the old corps keep up their character for it; and that reminds me that as we are all assembled, and it only wants two minutes to the quarter, I must introduce you to my friends;” taking me by the hand, I was presented to the respective guests as the new cornet. The Bramptons were a quiet unsophisticated country family, and require little notice, Mr. Brampton was an excellent magistrate, his wife was devoted to gardening, while the daughter was sentimentally inclined, with a slight pretension to blueism; Mrs. Castleton and her daughters must not be passed over so briefly, for never did I behold so handsome a woman as the mother, or two prettier girls than her daughters; Emmeline, the eldest, was a blonde with fair ringlets flowing luxuriously over a fine formed shoulder, while her younger sister, Adelaide or Ada as she was usually called, possessed that undefineable loveli-

ness, which is produced by expression, her form, above the common height, was perfectly symmetrical, and there was a grace in every movement which rendered her worthy a poet's dream.

"Pray offer your arm to Mrs. Thorpely," said the colonel, as the clock struck the quarter, and dinner was announced; for a moment I held back, hoping that upon this occasion, military rank would take precedence, but I was out of my reckoning, for no one would go in before a baronet's son, so stepping forward I claimed the hostess and conducted her to dinner. With that intuitive feeling possessed by the fair sex, Mrs. Thorpely had seen my look of admiration when I was presented to Miss Adelaide, and calling her towards the head of the table, placed her next to me.

"I think," said the kind hostess, "you will find Miss Ada Castleton a better neighbour than myself; if I had my own way, age, not titles, should take precedence, there's Emmeline sitting between my husband and Mr. Brampton, and Mrs. Brampton has fallen to the lot of young

Severn, I am not much of a reformer, but there is plenty of room for an improvement in this respect."

"Where freshness of mind and good humour are combined with age, there can be no great hardship in associating with it," I rejoined.

"You must keep your compliments for the young and beautiful," she continued laughing, "but in the meantime a truce to all pretty speeches, and excuse me for want of sentiment, if I ask you to assist me in helping the fish."

Whether there is any truth in the saying "love at first sight" I know not, but of this I am convinced, that there is often an instantaneous reciprocity of liking in first looks; and if Ada Castleton's countenance did not belie her, she took an interest in me from the moment I was presented. I too experienced that feeling, which under other circumstances than those in which I was placed, would have burst forth into admiration; and how was it to be accounted for, that during dinner we became as well acquainted, as if we had known one another for weeks instead of



minutes, the fact was I had touched upon a subject in which Ada was a great enthusiast, Shakspeare and the drama, and she listened to me with undivided attention as I brought vividly before her mind the finest passages of the immortal bard.

“I acted last Christmas in a *tableau*,” said she, “at Cheltenham, but it was painful to the performer, and doubly so I conceive to the audience; to remain in one position, without uttering the sentiments of those we personated was tiresome to a degree, and never did I feel greater relief than when the green curtain fell, and I as Ellen Douglas was no longer called upon to kneel at the feet of Snowdoun’s Knight and Scotland’s King, by the side of the enchained Malcolm Græme.”

Ada had been so accustomed to the honied accents of flattery and adulation, that she probably expected (nay, positively, as she afterwards told me) a very pretty compliment upon her resemblance to the Lady of the Lake, but, as a married man, I knew it would be worse than folly to pay her any marked attention, I let

pass the opportunity, merely coinciding with her opinion, that an inanimate group was not to be compared with a living one; from the subject of tableaux, we got to private theatricals, and before dinner was over, I had promised to exert my influence with Mrs. Brampton to get up a performance at her house.

“Fanny Brampton would write an opening address,” said my companion, “she is about to publish a small volume of poems, and if mamma could be prevailed upon to take a part herself, I am sure she would act better than any of us.”

Another opening for a compliment which I did not avail myself of.

“I will do my best,” I responded, “and all I sincerely trust is, that after your departure we shall not sit here half the night, boozing, and listening to long dissertations upon farming.”

“Yours,” interrupted Ada, “must be deferred for the present, as Mrs. Thorpely is rising, and now while you ‘lords of the creation’ are

enjoying yourselves over the bottle, we shall, of course, as you suppose, indulge in tea and scandal; but do not stay later than you can help, for I am dying to have the play arranged."

The process attending the ladies' retirement then commenced, by a cough from the hostess, and a look to Mrs. Brampton; this was followed by the movement of chairs, and a general hunt under the table for gloves, pocket handkerchiefs, and fans, articles which the fair sex invariably drop during dinner, for no other reason, it would be supposed, than to give their cavaliers the pleasure of seeking for, and presenting them to their rightful owners.

"And now," said the colonel, "take ground to the right and left, and Simmons bring us fresh glasses, and a magnum of the old beeswing port."

We closed up to our host, and then commenced the usual conversation upon poor rates, parish business, farming, and turnpike trusts; subjects of deep interest to landowners, and householders, but "stale, flat and unprofitable"

to others, of whom I unfortunately formed one. Magnum after magnum followed, and as I just had congratulated myself upon a cessation of libations, Dickson, who knew the colonel's weakness, suggested "the landlord's bottle."

"That's right, spoken like an old Blue," responded our host, "we'll have one glass to the health of the Royal Horse Guards, and may I always have around me comrades who will do justice to the toast."

This sentiment was received with cheers, and having drank another bumper to the prosperity of the colonel, we were permitted to join the ladies. Aware that my time was short, for the carriages were ordered at eleven o'clock, I at once commenced proceedings, and having gained the good-natured Mrs. Thorpely over to my cause, I lost not a moment in bringing the subject before Miss Brampton, knowing that a word from her would have great effect with her parents.

"And when," I eagerly enquired, "are we to be gratified with the publication of your poems ?

which, by all I hear, are likely to dazzle the literary world."

"You flatter me, Mr. Pembroke," replied the young lady, evidently delighted with my encomium, "but really I cannot say, for publishers are so very tiresome; would you believe it, Murray declined to treat for them, although I made him a most handsome offer."

"How extraordinary!" I exclaimed, adding a somewhat fulsome compliment at the expense of those true poets of the heart, Hemans, Norton, and Letitia Landon, which was not ill received; so, finding the listener willing to attend to my high flown praises, I followed out the old adage, "that a cup of honey will catch more flies than a ton of vinegar," and eventually succeeded in extracting a promise from Miss Brampton, that she would not only furnish an opening address, but would exert her best endeavours to prevail upon her mother to have the long hall at the Manor House converted into a theatre, under my especial management.

"Perhaps you will drive over to luncheon

to-morrow," continued the clever young lady, "papa and mamma will be delighted to see you, and as the Castletons have promised to extend their visit, all could be arranged. You must, however, in the meantime, raise some recruits, for we shall want gentlemen."

"I will attend to your instructions," I responded.

"Are not the Guards still at Windsor?" proceeded Miss Brampton.

"Yes, the third regiment," for in those days the Scotch Fusiliers, and their concomitant bagpipes, were unknown.

"I once knew Captain Armott," said my companion, with a slight blush, "and if he is there, I am sure he would take a part, he is so clever, and sings all Moore's melodies beautifully." The sly little *bas bleu!* she well knew Armott was at the barracks, for only the day before, he had ridden by the side of her carriage through the Long Walk.

"I am slightly acquainted with Captain Armott," I answered, "and will call upon him, to-morrow, when I have no doubt that I shall

able to prevail upon him and his friend Strange, who are inseparable, regular Siamese brothers, to take parts in our private theatricals, which under your auspices must prove successful." The entrance of the butler to announce that our carriage was at the door, caused me to leave Miss Brampton somewhat abruptly, and crossing over to Ada Castleton, I told her how successful I had hitherto been in my attack upon the outpost.

"If you have gained footing there," said she, laughing, and shewing her pearly white teeth, "the garrison will shortly surrender, for Mrs. Brampton is so entirely devoted to her daughter, that she yields every point to her."

The process of wishing good-night, cloaking, and shawling commenced, and anxious to propitiate Mrs. Brampton, I offered her my arm, and introducing the subject of gardening, received a most pressing invitation to visit her green-houses and pineries, of which the horticulturist lady was extremely proud.

"Success is certain," said Ada, as I handed her into the carriage. "You must read up

your florticultural knowledge, so as to be able to discourse to-morrow upon geraniums, chrysanthemums, hyacinths, carnations, roses, tulips, lilies, pinks, and sweet peas."

I promised to obey, and, before breakfast, had obtained a copy of "Practical Gardening," from the Windsor bookseller, and was deep in horticultural research. Upon descending into the mess-room, previous to attending riding school, I found Buckingham anxiously awaiting my appearance.

"I have had the horse put into the buggy," said he, "so if you like to have a drive, there will be plenty of time, it wants twenty minutes to ten."

"Please to take breakfast, Sir?" asked the ever attentive Higginson.

"Not at present," I replied, being extremely anxious to complete the purchase, so that I might drive over to Brampton Manor House, in all the pomp and circumstance of a buggy, at that period the height of my ambition. Upon reaching Captain Buckingham's stables, I found that the "turn out" more than came



up to my anticipations ; the horse was a bright bay, with a coat glossy as silk, the harness neat and free from superfluous brass work ; the dennes dark green, picked out with white, was well hung, the patent axletrees, drab lining, and apron, appeared all in first-rate order.

“ There take the reins,” said my companion, “ a child may drive him, I never knew him to require the whip or tire.”

Seating myself on the high driving seat, with Buckingham by my side, we passed out of the barrack gate, and proceeded towards the Town Hall of Windsor, much, as I thought, to the admiration of the passers by. Just as we reached Moody’s office, the London coach was about to start, and the knowing “ dragsman,” with whom Buckingham was very popular, seeing as he acutely guessed, a “ deal ” going on, turned round on his box and said, “ That’s an undeniable good ’un, Captain, he would make a splendid leader, but as I hear Jern Tibbets is about to purchase him, of course I say nothing, but if he is off, pray let me have the refusal, we shan’t fall out about the price.”

Touching his hat, and exclaiming to the horse-keepers "let 'em go—I've got them," the then pride of the road, Jack Adams, bowled away at the rate of ten miles an hour. I had now fully made up my mind to conclude the purchase, but a slight difficulty occurred to my mind, and that was whether I had funds enough in my agent's hands to draw for a hundred and five guineas; strange as it may appear, my companion seemed to anticipate my thoughts, for turning round he said,

"As you have probably been put to much expense in buying your chargers, should you decide upon having my buggy and horse, you can pay me at your leisure, a pony down to clinch the bargain, and the remaining eighty-five at your convenience."

"Thank you," I responded, and calling at Blunt's the saddler, I ordered a suit of horse-cloths for my new purchase. No peacock that ever strutted, felt more proud than I did, when I drove up to the stable door, and told my bătman to look after the buggy and horse; nor could I refrain from conveying the same in-

telligence to the riding-master, who in a significant tone, and with a knowing look, remarked, that the Captain generally made his customers pay for every hair in the tail, a metaphor that I found eventually to be true, for albeit the buggy was in good order, and the bay sound, I had "paid dearly for my whistle." No sooner was my drill over, than I walked to the infantry barracks, where I found Armott, who pressed me to breakfast with him, and during that meal, in which the usual tea and toast were replaced by stout, broiled bones, and devilled kidneys, I arranged to call for him at a little after twelve to drive him to Brampton Manor House, situated about four miles from Windsor, his friend Strange having agreed to accompany us on horseback. A brief sketch of the above mentioned sworn friends, may not be out of place. Armott, or as he was usually called, "Dick Armott," was an Emerald of the first water, possessing all the talent of that talented nation, and who, as a boon companion, a sportsman in every sense of the word, was second to none; he kept the mess table in fits

of laughter with his quaint remarks, his Irish stories, and his national melodies, and no one enjoyed (and happy are we to say still enjoys) the friendship of all who had the good fortune to know him more than our friend "Dick." Captain Strange was another good importation from Erin's Isle, his looks and manners were a passport into every society, and when he warbled forth Moore's sentimental ballads, in that pure unaffected style, in which the poet himself was wont to sing them, few young ladies could resist the charms of the gallant and handsome soldier.

"And is it a tragedy you are going to get up?" enquired my companion, as we trotted through Eton, "by the powers I am wonderful in O'Thello, sure he must have been an Irishman by his name, and a jealous blackguard to boot, for smothering his better half," then adding in the richest brogue, "Behold I have a weapon, a betther never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh."

Finding that Armott's line was low comedy, although like many other professional and amateur actors, he fancied a diametrically

opposite one, I at once decided not to peril the success of any serious play by giving him a part in it, so turning the conversation from Shakspeare to farce, I, after some little difficulty, persuaded him and his friend to study the parts of the Irishman, and Belville, in Rosina, knowing full well I should have plenty of female volunteers for the heroine. With regard to the first piece, I determined to settle nothing until I had seen Ada, whose predilection was evidently for tragedy, and as I myself was anxious to figure in some heroic character, I considered that detached scenes from the bard of Avon would go off better than a whole play. The Manor House, which we were now approaching, was a large old fashioned red brick building, with a quaint Dutch garden in front, and extensive offices and stables in the rear; upon entering the long gallery which opened from the entrance hall, we paused for a minute or two to look at what we fondly imagined would be the scene of our theatrical triumphs, and certainly no room could be better adapted for the purpose, for it contained a spacious

gallery at one end, while at the other, doors led to what was called the bachelor's corridor, admirably suited for dressing, and green room. The butler, who had evinced evident signs of surprise and impatience, now informed us that the party were at luncheon, and that after that meal was over, the housekeeper would be happy to show us the mansion, where we should see infinitely finer pictures than those in the long gallery, which consisted of a few portraits of bygone celebrated race horses, with short tails, attended by grooms and jockeys in mahogany coloured top-boots, ill-shaped hats and caps, powdered hair, and Petersham cut coats.

We were now ushered into the dining-room, where we were most kindly welcomed by the Bramptons and their guests, and, by a little manœuvring, Armott found himself seated next to Julia Brampton, and Strange by the side of the eldest Miss Castleton, I occupying the post of honour on the right hand of the hostess.

"How you must sigh for spring," said I, "with so lovely a garden," having got myself well up in the floral calendar for ~~May~~.

"I own I do," responded Mrs. Brampton, "for although every season has its pleasure, I own the early spring has great delight for me; beautiful as are the exotics in our hot-houses, they do not excel the wild flowers of the woods and meadows, or the simple products of the garden."

"True," I responded, "you remember those exquisite lines of Campbell,

"Ye Field Flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;  
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you;  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around us with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold."

Mrs. Brampton smiled her approbation, when I proceeded, "what can equal the hawthorn, whose brown-tipped stamens add to the beauty of the white petals lined with pink; or the trefoil pratense, 'whose leaflets close at the approach of nightfall to expand with returning light.'" The latter erudite remark seemed to produce a prodigious effect, and, I continued, "the laburnum with its golden shower, a floral

Danaë; the mountain ash whose broad corymbs of blossoms, and showy clusters of scarlet fruit adorn our shrubberies and lawns; the common elder, making gay the hedge rows and wood sides; and the gigantic horse chestnut lighting up with its painted flowers some lengthened avenue."

"I had no idea, Mr. Pembroke," replied my hostess "that military men took so deep an interest in the beauties of nature."

"I fear I can scarcely yet be called a military man," I modestly replied, "for I have only joined my regiment a few days, but my mother is devoted to her garden, and the little knowledge I possess on floriculture, is derived from her, and books I have read upon the subject," a pause ensued, when I proceeded, "dearly do I love a spring morning, the delicious fragrance of the woodbine, the sweet woodruff (scentless when gathered), but exhaling a perfume when held in the hand, the lily of the valley, and honeysuckle; the beauty of the mouse-ear scorpion grass, better known as the forget-me-not, the common broom, cowslip, blue bell, primrose, ragged



robbin, violet, wild mignonette, and white briony."

I had now come to the length of my tether, and feared that if I continued, I should expose myself after the manner of the young lady, who fresh from some scholastic finishing establishment in the suburbs of London, upon being asked if she was an horticulturist, replied, "that she knew the latin names of a few shrubs—the delirium tremens, alma mater, ignis fatuus, not forgetting, the lapsus linguæ." Fortunately at this moment the conversation took another turn, and the ladies shortly afterwards left the room to prepare for a walk. Offering Mrs. Brampton my arm, and accompanied by Ada Castleton, who had watched my progress, and now came forward to assist me when the momentous question was to be put, we strolled through the beautiful gardens, which really deserved the popularity they had gained.

"You see, Mr. Pembroke," said the former, "we provide as well as we can against the winter, these evergreens give a charming appearance to the plantation." Here was a cue

for a remark upon Christmas amusements, which I did not fail to take advantage of, and plunging at once into the subject of private theatricals, I boldly proposed an amateur play.

"How charming it would be," chimed in Ada, "and your daughter Julia would be so useful in writing a poetical address, independent of taking a part, for without her, of course, none of us would think of acting."

"As far as I am concerned," rejoined Mrs. Brampton, "it will give me the greatest pleasure to forward your wishes, but in such cases I must consult my husband."

"Oh, here he is to answer for himself," said Miss Castleton, as the rest of the party approached us.

"What is it, my dear?" good-humouredly enquired Mr. Brampton.

"Mr. Pembroke has proposed a private play," responded the lady, "ably seconded by Miss Ada, so I think we had better put the question to the vote, you and I to be the tellers, I for the Ayes, you for the Noes."

“I think my place will be a sinecure,” said the host, “but for form’s sake I will put the question from the chair. Motion proposed and seconded, that a private performance do take place at the Manor House, those who are of that opinion say Aye, those who are of the contrary, say No: the Ayes have it—carried nem. con., and now,” he continued, let me propose that a committee be formed to carry out the undertaking, consisting of Mesdames Castleton and Brampton, with Arthur Pembroke, Esq. as chairman, and liberty to add to their numbers—carried unanimously.” The affair being now settled, it was agreed, that a list should be made out of those who felt disposed to assist in the performance, and after that, the important point as to the play and farce would be entered into.

Armott and Strange good-humouredly volunteered, not only to take any characters that I might allot to them, but promised to beat up for recruits in their regiment, Mrs. Castleton offered to fill that most useful rôle—the old woman, and her daughters, and Miss Brampton

tendered their services in the general useful line. It was finally agreed, that I should take a few days to cast the pieces, my fiat, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, to be irrevocable. We then took our leave, but not before receiving and accepting an invitation to dinner on the following Thursday, with the privilege of bringing any brother officers who might feel disposed to join our amateur company.

No sooner had the report spread about Windsor, that Brampton Manor House was to be opened for private theatricals, and that a considerable number of dinners were to be given to the members of the histrionic corps, than I received a variety of applications from aspiring heroes of the sock and buskin, all of whom, by their own showing, were eminent tragedians, or unrivalled in comedy and farce.

Having had no opportunity of consulting Ada as to her wishes, I rode over to the Manor House on the following day, and fortunately found her alone with her mother.

“I must trust to you, Mr. Pembroke,” said the latter, “to select parts for my daughters,

suiting to their capacity. Emmeline is not ambitious, and would prefer what I believe you call a walking lady, Ada aspires to one of Shakspeare's heroines, and when you have heard her read, you will be better able to judge of her qualifications."

At this moment, Mrs. Castleton was called out of the room, and I was left alone with the young enthusiast.

"I must entreat you, too, Mr. Pembroke, to tell me candidly whether I may venture upon so arduous an undertaking as Juliet or Desdemona, the characters you advised me to study. I have looked over both, and have a sad misgiving that they are far above my powers."

"With study and practice," I responded, "you will, I feel assured, conquer every difficulty, and if I can be of any assistance in pointing out effects that may be produced, I shall be too happy to have you as my pupil; your conception of the parts will, I have no doubt, be perfectly correct, and the stage business (as it is technically called) can easily be shown to you during the rehearsals."

“Gladly will I accept your proffered kindness,” she responded, “and to prove that I have not been idle, I will recite a speech I studied last evening.”

“Pray do,” I replied, “and now my authority as a master commences, you must address yourself to me; I will give the ‘cues,’ and you must fancy the audience are in front.”

“I shall be happy to form one,” said Mrs. Castleton, re-entering the room, “and a most severe critic shall I prove; so I will seat myself in what you must look upon as the front row of the pit, and now the ordeal commences.”

Ada then recited those beautiful lines:

“My noble father,  
 I do perceive here a divided duty:  
 To you, I am bound for life, and education:  
 My life and education both do learn me  
 How to respect you: you are the lord of duty,  
 I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my husband;  
 And so much duty as my mother show'd  
 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 So much I challenge that I may profess  
 Due to the Moor, my lord.”

The voice, the manner, the feeling displayed,

was perfect, it approached the style of Ellen Tree, when, as a girl, she showed that nice perception of character, which, in her mature days, has ranked her as the greatest artiste of her time, for who in the varied line of tragedy, comedy, or melodrame, can equal Mrs. Charles Kean in Queen Catherine, Portia, Donna Violante, Lady Eleanor Irwin, and Pauline.

“Brava, brava!” I exclaimed, as I watched Mrs. Castleton’s countenance, which evinced surprise mingled with pleasure.

“I could not have believed, dear Ada,” said the matron, “that in so short a time, you could have studied the character of Desdemona so deeply, for every word you have uttered, proves that you have made yourself perfectly acquainted with the author’s meaning, all you require, is a little more ease in walking the boards, and that will easily be attained during the rehearsals; if Mr. Pembroke will occasionally go through the scenes with you, I foretell that your success will be every thing I could desire.”

As my pupil seemed so proficient in Desdemona, I at once decided upon getting up Othello; or, at least, detached scenes from it,

and manager-like, cast myself to the part of the Moor of Venice. Captain Strange I fixed upon for Cassio, Iago was reserved for Mr. Whiston, an amateur of the highest order, whom I had heard James Smith talk of, as being equal to many professional actors, and to whom I felt I could easily receive a letter of introduction from that popular wit.

Mrs. Castleton had, with some difficulty, been prevailed upon to take the part of Emilia, and the other characters had been assigned to officers of the Guards and Blues, all of whom at once entered into the spirit of the affair.

The farce, or rather ballad opera of Rosina, was selected by Adelaide's desire, with a view of giving her sister Emmeline a part suited to her vocal powers, and Miss Brampton, who in the character of Minerva, was to speak the occasional address, good-humouredly consented to play Dorcas in the same piece. Unlike affairs of this sort, the selection of plays and cast of characters seemed to give universal satisfaction, and I then set about making arrangements for converting the long gallery into a theatre.



Here difficulties sprang up which I had not anticipated, and I determined, during my visit to London, to kill two birds with one stone, namely, to secure the services of Mr. Whiston, and ascertain from James Smith, whether he knew of any professional man who would provide scenery, erect a stage, and superintend the construction of the temporary theatre.

Upon the following Friday, I obtained leave of absence after the duties of the day were over, to remain until Sunday night, and accompanied by Armott and Strange, proceeded to London, where I had some difficulty in absenting myself from my friends. After a considerable degree of bantering at the supposed cause of my declining a dinner at the Piazza, the play, and a supper after it ; I at last effected a compromise, by promising to devote the following evening to them. I then despatched a note, by a special messenger, to James Smith, asking him to name an hour in which I could see him the next morning, and proceeded home to my wife and child.

Three weeks had now elapsed since I had

seen Mary, and although I had heard from her constantly, and was in the daily habit of writing, my conscience smote me at having neglected her so long, for had I devoted those hours to my wife, which I had passed at the Manor House, my inward monitor would have left me more at peace than I found myself, when, with a beating heart, and nervous movement, I gave a hurried knock at the door of my obscure lodging house.

## CHAPTER III.

“ Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,  
Rush forward in the brain and come to mind.”

DRYDEN.

THE truth of the above lines came home to my feelings, as rushing past the servant maid who opened the door, I flew into the extended arms of my still beloved wife.

“ How happy I am, dearest, to see you again,” said she, “ and little ‘Dot’ will be so pleased, he is fast asleep now ; you will find him greatly improved, such nice fat cheeks, and a beautiful pink colour.”

I approached the wicker cot, and there lay extended the young and innocent creature,

looking like a sculptured cherub, his diminutive-hand and arm which lay across his breast were partly exposed to view, while the placid look that overspread his countenance, showed that his dreams sat lightly upon him. The act of imprinting a kiss upon the little fellow's forehead, gentle as it was, caused him to move, and waking up he uttered a small cry, ejaculating sundry sounds which his fond mother interpreted into 'mamma,' "and has the little darling awoke?" said she tenderly, "dear Dot, its only papa come to see you."

At this the child began to crow and smile, and seemed delighted at being jumped up and down in my arms.

"Have you dined, Arthur," continued my wife, "if not let me strongly advise you to go and have a nice dinner at some coffee-house, I have nothing in the house except some cold beef."

"And what can be better," I rejoined "but I have been so busy about you and Dot, that I quite forgot to ask after your father."

"He is quite well, and busily employed in

correcting and revising a pamphlet," she replied, "I expect him every minute."

"And now, Mary," I proceeded, "let the cook put some potatoes on the fire, and if she will order me a lobster and a bottle of stout, with the addition of the beef, I shall have a supper worthy of an epicure. I had some soup and a veal patty at Layton's before I left Windsor."

The directions were given, and I sat down, by that luxury of all luxuries, my own fireside, and once again felt happy as a domestic married man.

"And Dot shall have a drive to-morrow," I continued, as the child entwined its delicate little fingers in my hair and incipient whiskers.

"We walk out every day, when the weather permits," said his mother "and a drive would be charming, my father talked of taking us to Harrow some day in the coach."

"And in the mean time," I responded, "I will drive you and Dot in my new buggy, which I got a great bargain from a brother officer: Buckingham had, in truth, sold me (as the slang goes) a bargain!"

“Oh! won't you enjoy a drive with your father, my sweetest,” said she caressing the infant, “but where have you put up the buggy?”

“I drove a friend in it to Hounslow, where we overtook Pearse's Southampton coach, and my trusty bătman, John Hargreaves, who got a lift there in Captain Strange's tilbury, is to bring it on gently this afternoon; I told him to take it to Shackles, in Oxford Street, so in the morning, love, we will go and inspect my new purchase.”

Mr. Winterburn came home about nine o'clock, delighted to see me, and greatly elated at the literary honours which were now showered upon him; for, independent of contributing to many of the leading magazines of the day, he was employed by the editor of a scientific journal to review some works translated from the German, a language in which he was highly proficient.

The evening passed rapidly away, so much so, that the clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve whilst I was in the middle of

a regimental story, describing the horrors of the simple minded adjutant; who, being a married man, lived out of barracks; and who, upon awaking one fine morning, found the balcony in front of his house, strewed with spoils which some larking young gentlemen had abstracted from the fronts of shops in Windsor and Eton. There might be seen the three golden balls from a pawnbroker's establishment—emblems that the odds are two to one against those who deal with such a fraternity—next to them appeared a gigantic sugar loaf, and a huge wooden painted ham; by their side a monster cocked hat, and a figure of a stalwart Highlander were prominently conspicuous, with sundry boards, intimating that “mangling was taken in,” “messages delivered,” “teeth extracted,” and “lodgings were to let.”

“I hope, dearest,” said Mary, “that you were no party to these pranks.”

“It is the privilege of our glorious constitution,” I responded, “that no one is bound to criminate himself; there was a time when I should have been a leader in what are called

practical jokes, and which, as some one remarks, would be capital fun, if you could only induce the person upon whom they are played to think so too ; but I have sown my wild oats, and have become a respectable married man, and a father, so with this assurance, let us light our candles, for we are getting into the small hours."

Early the following morning, I received a note from James Smith, naming ten o'clock, adding a postscript to the effect that he trusted none of my friends had been summoned to Cursitor Street, and concluding with a parody on the "*Woodpecker tapping*," in which every line was epigrammatically treated, after the most approved manner of that modern Martial. Previous to quitting home, I told Mary of the projected theatricals, and of my engagement to dine with my friends, who had accompanied me from Windsor. Promising to return as soon as possible, in order to fulfil my engagement to drive her, and the precious Dot to Harrow, I took my leave, and proceeded to James Smith's offices.

"Delighted to see you," said he, with one of his blindest smiles, "and what can I have the



pleasure of serving you with? as the mercer's say."

"Anything but a writ," I rejoined, attempting my first pun.

"Very good," replied he, who always encouraged rising talent, "but what's the case?"

I briefly answered, telling the wit how anxious I was to procure the services of Mr. Whiston in our proposed amateur play, and to find some one who would undertake the construction of the theatre.

"How fortunate you have called this morning," he responded, "for I am going to Drury Lane Theatre at twelve o'clock, with an epilogue I have written for the new comedy; I will send a note to Whiston, asking him to meet us there, and at the same time I will introduce you to Beazley, who will pull Brampton Manor House down, and build it up again in a fortnight; and as for a theatre, he would construct a new Drury in a month, and will knock you up a temporary one in less time than you will take to rehearse your first piece; but what are you going to get up?"

“Othello and Rosina,” I replied.

“You fly at rather high game,” he responded, “but if you have a lady-like and gentle Desdemona, with Whiston as Iago—but I forgot to ask, who is to play the Moor?”

“I am going to attempt the part,” I most modestly replied, “although I fear it is far beyond my powers.”

“Well, ‘faint heart never won fair lady,’ so screw your courage to the sticking point, and with study and attention you will, I have no doubt, succeed. As an old stager,” continued my companion, after a pause, “let me offer you a little advice.”

“Pray do,” I rejoined, “for I should be much laughed at, if I was to make a *fiasco* of it.”

“The error that amateurs too often commit,” he proceeded, “springs from an over-rated opinion of their powers, I do not allude to their dramatic talent, but to the idea they entertain, that an occasional performance, with a few rehearsals, can conquer difficulties to which actors devote their whole lives; study and

practice can alone make perfect, and that is the reason of the success of the Cheltenham amateurs, under the direction of the head of the noble house of Berkeley; his lordship himself, who is a first-rate actor, is ably seconded by his brother Augustus, Austin, John Dawkins, and others. The three that I have referred to by name, would (as Charles Kemble once told me) command a good engagement at either of the winter theatres, but in addition to their dramatic genius, the pains that they take to get up a performance is most praiseworthy, every scene is rehearsed until it goes as well as it is expected to do at night, and no expense is spared with regard to the dresses, scenery and supernumeraries; Julius Cæsar was a master-piece, and would have done credit to the London boards."

The thermometer of my hopes fell as I listened to this sensible comment, when Smith, seeing my dejected look, proceeded.

"My object is far from wishing to dishearten you, on the contrary, I am most anxious to encourage your attempt, and the only way in

which you can command success, assuming as I do that you possess histrionic powers, is to give yourself up entirely to the study of the character ; after you have mastered that, and got perfect in the words, then I should strongly advise you to place yourself under Bartley, Chapman, or some equally judicious artist, who in addition, to their acting powers, have devoted their time to instruction ; when they report you fit to appear, a trial under a fictitious name at some provincial theatre would test your quality, for the public, who pay at the doors, will not extend that good nature or indulgence to you which a friendly audience will, besides it gives you ease and freedom in walking the boards.”

I listened with breathless attention, when James Smith continued,

“ My lecture is over, and if it has made any impression, you may claim my assistance in carrying it out. I am well-acquainted with George Bartley and his talented wife, and as for a country theatre, a friend of mine is going to “ star” it at Gravesend, Rochester, and Margate, a word from her would ensure you an open-

ing, and now what think you of an article upon the subject for one of the magazines, with this attractive title "Amateurs, or Acting made easy to the meanest capacity," that would take."

Thanking my companion for his suggestions, which I made up my mind implicitly to follow, I availed myself of a lift in his cab to the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre. As we entered, the Cerberus on duty came out of his den, to ascertain whether we belonged to the chosen few who had the privilege of an entrée behind the scenes.

"If you will remain here a minute or two," said my companion, "I will see Dunn, and get you an order to enter these well-guarded portals;—what! Beazley, by all that's lucky! you are just the man I was in search of, let me introduce you to Mr. Pembroke of the Blues."

"I am charmed to form his acquaintance," responded the "locomotive," as James Smith called him, from his active movements from place to place.

"But what are you doing in London? the hall porter just told me you were at Hastings."

“And so I was this morning, busily employed with a new crescent and esplanade I am constructing, but hearing the committee wished to see me upon the subject of some alteration in old Drury, I came up as fast as I could, and on my way made a plan which I have just submitted to them, I hope the meeting of the Sub-committee will be over by four o'clock, as I have to start off for Brighton, at that hour, to show Admiral Ramsay, the designs for his proposed Italian villa.”

“I must own, in your case, the truth of the old adage, “most haste, worse speed” is not realized, my object in wishing to see you, is to ask whether you can spare a day to visit Brampton Manor House, with my friend Pembroke, he wishes to indulge in

“Best of all madrigals  
Private theatricals,”

as my song says, and all he requires is a temporary Thespian temple.”

“Brampton Manor House,” replied Beazley, “is one of the old Elizabethan buildings, I am

most anxious to see, and if next Wednesday will suit, I will take it on my return from Bath."

"Will you then give me the pleasure of your company at dinner that day at the barracks?" I asked, "and if you come up by the York House or White Lion coach, I will meet you at Salt Hill, and drive you over; the next day we could pay the Brampton's a visit, where I will take upon myself to say they will be happy to give you a dinner and a bed."

"The arrangement will suit me perfectly, for I wish to run over to Henley and Marlow, and can manage that very well, but I must be off now, for I have promised to meet George Robins at the Piazza. So pray excuse me, but, perhaps Mr. Pembroke would like to go on the stage; if so, I will go and ask the manager's permission," and with this remark the "hundred horse power" writer of epilogues, operas, farces, and able architect, ran off to the lessee's private room, returning almost as speedily with a card authorizing me to pass a door, through which neither wheedling nor bribery could effect an entrance.

Stationing myself at the wing opposite the

the prompter, I was speedily called upon to pay my footing, by the head of that useful class of people called stage carpenters, and having placed a crown in his hand to drink my health with, I was allowed to occupy that post. No sooner was the rehearsal over, and Smith had called Mrs. Orger into the Green Room, to suggest two additional lines to the epilogue she was to speak, than Mr. Whiston made his appearance, and I was introduced to both.

“I shall be delighted,” said the good-humoured actress, whose lady-like manner off the stage was as conspicuous as her talent upon it, to do all in my power to forward your views; Mr. Smith tells me you wish to have some little practice before you appear as Othello; tragedy is not much in my line, still if Mr. Whiston and yourself would like a dress rehearsal in public, I would undertake Desdemona; let me see, I shall be at Gravesend in about a fortnight, and you might give your services for Mrs. Sylvester Dionisius Orger Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the 14th of December, under



the patronage of several persons of distinction."

"To me your wishes ever were commands," responded Whiston, whose fine manly figure, handsome countenance, and deep-toned voice were admirably suited for the stage, "and if Mr. Pembroke will undertake to be ready in the part, you may depend upon me, but what after-piece do you propose?"

"I have not yet thought of that," responded Mrs. Orger, "I must do something in my line, a comic farce, that the laugh may not be entirely confined to Desdemona."

Having arranged the principal business that brought me to London, I thanked James Smith for the trouble he had taken, and having pledged myself to meet him at Gravesend, the day before the performance, I availed myself of Whiston's offer to introduce me to Mr. Bartley, at that time a most able and useful member of Covent Garden Theatre. Fortunately, we found that gentleman at a rehearsal, and after it was concluded retired to his room, where an arrangement was speedily entered into, that I should

read the part over with him as often as I could come up to town for that purpose. Anxious not to disappoint Mary, I made the best of my way to Shackles' livery stables, and shortly afterwards drove up to the door of our residence in my new buggy.

"How punctual you are, dearest," said my wife, as she appeared ready dressed for the drive, with little Dot decked out in a beautiful new cloak and hat, which his grandfather had given him; the child gave a crow of satisfaction as I kissed his dimpled cheeks, and nestled in his mother's arms, we soon quitted the damp murky air of the metropolis, for the fresh breeze of Harrow on the Hill. I pass over the drive, dinner, and evening at home, (for I had refused the pressing offer of James Smith to accompany him to the first representation of the comedy) further than to say I was a lover again, and in the society of my beloved Mary, and our darling baby, was as happy as mortal could be. Upon the following day, I proposed that she should go as far as Cranford Bridge with me, where we could dine, and Hargreaves bring her

home in the afternoon, but this she declined, thinking I should be inconvenienced by not having my buggy at Windsor.

“If you like, Arthur,” said she, “to drive us to Cranford Bridge, or even to Slough, we could return by the coach, and to those terms I will agree; but I could not think of taking your buggy from you for a day, especially as you will be constantly going over to Brampton Manor House.”

“If ever there was an unselfish creature,” I responded, “it is you, Mary, and although I do not like to take advantage of your good-nature, I will upon this occasion yield to your suggestion; we will start immediately after church to-morrow, dine at Cranford Bridge, and meet one of the Bath coaches before we reach Slough, and I hope if I get over my squadron drill before February, that I shall obtain leave until the tenth of March, when we can drive out every day.” The above arrangement was agreed to, and on the following afternoon Mary and her child returned to the dull routine of a London lodging-house, and I proceeded

to the gaiety of a cavalry country quarter, near a large town, and in the neighbourhood of a most hospitable and agreeable circle. For the following ten days, my hours were devoted to drill and study; I went up to London as often as I could, to see Mr. Bartley, and under his judicious instruction, soon became proficient in the part; in the meantime, I had called upon Mrs. Orger and Mr. Whiston, and had gone through my scenes with them. James Smith had agreed to meet me at the old Falcon at Gravesend, a house that then was, and still is one of the best taverns within thirty miles of the metropolis, and all that was left for me to do, was to order the Moor's dress at Nathan's fancy dress repository near Leicester Square. The morning at length arrived, when having obtained leave of absence for two days, upon urgent private affairs, I left Windsor at a very early hour to meet Whiston in time to join him in a post chaise to Gravesend. After a very agreeable journey, we reached the High Street of that town, famed for shrimps and cotton bags, where we saw huge posters placarded everywhere,

announcing Mrs. Orger's benefit, the part of Othello by Mr. Broke, for such was my *nom de guerre*, his first appearance on any stage. Iago by Mr. Whiston, from the metropolitan theatres, and Desdemona (upon this occasion only) by Mrs. Orger.

As both Whiston and myself were anxious to remain unknown, we had commissioned the lady for whose benefit we were to act, to procure us a small lodging near the theatre, the address of which was to be left with James Smith; so driving up to the Falcon, we were shown into his private room.

"I have ordered dinner at five o'clock," said he, "as we must attend the theatre this evening, I have purchased three box tickets, but to keep up the fun, you and Whiston must have your names left at the door, and go in as belonging to the company; you can place the greatest part of your luggage under the charge of the landlord, for a carpet bag, a hat box, and a bundle, like the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's wardrobe, tied up in a silk handkerchief, will be more in character with a strolling company

than those large oilskin wicker baskets, and trunks; besides which, I doubt much whether the apartments that are secured for you at Mr. ——, I forget the man's name, but it is immediately opposite the box entrance, would be spacious enough to receive so large a bulk of theatrical property; the rehearsal is called for eleven, so you have not much time to spare, your lodging is at a hair-dressers, you cannot mistake it, as the owner pompously announces himself as *coiffeur* from Paris and London."

Taking leave of the wit, who promised to meet us at two o'clock, we wended our way through narrow streets, built of wood, to the small temple of the drama, in the London road, where we were met by Mr. Mortimer Granby, manager and principal performer of this and other small Thespian establishments.

"Happy to see you, gentlemen," said Mr. Granby, in a pompous tone, "Mrs. Orger is on the stage, and the moment I have settled some business with my box book-keeper, I will join you in the Green Room, and in the meantime the messenger can carry your effects to Mr.

Sims; you will find him most obliging, he is making me a Cassio wig for to-morrow evening, Othello and Iago are my parts, but upon such an occasion, I am happy to resign them in favour of aspirants for dramatic fame."

"Sims," said I, to myself, the name is familiar; but before I had time to think more upon the subject, the call boy informed us that the stage was waiting; following our guide, we entered a small side door, and soon found ourselves in the presence of the assembled company.

"We shall not require the services of the gentlemen of the orchestra this morning," exclaimed Mr. Granby, addressing himself to the leader of the band, which I afterwards discovered to consist of himself as violinist, a clarionet player, and a second fiddle.

The prompter ordered the stage to be cleared, that the rehearsal might commence, then began a series of petty annoyances, which many tyros would have sunk under, but which James Smith had warned me not to be annoyed at.

"I have never seen the business done in

that way," said the gentleman, who did the heavy parts, and represented the duke, "and yet I have acted with John Kemble, Charles Young, and Edmund Kean."

Then shrugging up his shoulders, and eyeing Whiston and myself, added "we ne'er shall look upon the like again,"—the representative of Roderigo muttered in our hearing, "a dead failure, evidently two stage struck lawyers' clerks;" while the lady with a sublimely tragic demeanour, who was to play Emilia, and whose husband had fallen from the high estate of Cassio to the subordinate character of Montano, at one moment threw up her part, declaring that her professional reputation would be sacrificed if she lent herself to such child's play, as trying to foist off two novices upon the enlightened public of Gravesend. Mrs. Orger, whose opinion I really valued, spoke to me aside, and in a few kind words entirely placed me at my ease, while Whiston, who was an old stager, proposed to Mr. Granby, that in the event of Mrs. Windermere carrying out her threat, he should proceed to London to engage the services of



some other lady ; this latter suggestion which was heard by all, produced the most wonderful effect, and we went through the whole play without any further comment or interruption.

“ I had better run over to our lodgings,” said I, “ to see that our luggage is safe, and will meet you at the box-office.”

“ Agreed,” responded Whiston ; so crossing the road, I entered the hair-dresser’s shop, and who, to my great surprise, should greet me there, but my old acquaintance, Mr. Sims.

“ Why what are you doing here ?” we mutually exclaimed.

“ I am a passer through,” I replied.

“ And I—but first you must allow me to present to you my wife Mrs. Sims as is, and Miss McLeod as was ; we have often talked of you and your pretty little friend, tout va bien, j’espère, I forgot—Mrs. Sims has stepped over to the theatre to ask Mr. Granby for a double order ; we were going to take box tickets for to-morrow, but we have heard so lamentable an account of the two gents who are advertized, that we shall save our money ; all the company declare it

will be a miserable failure, and Mrs. Granby fears a disturbance in the house. How foolish it is for Mrs. Orger to risk her well earned popularity by countenancing such an exhibition."

"Pleasant enough," thought I, not knowing whether it was wiser to trust my former acquaintance, or to run the risk of his not discovering the motive of my visit; while ruminating over this, Mrs. Sims returned, and following her and her husband into the back room, which was ostentatiously described as *salon pour la coupe des chevcux*, I heard the same comments made upon the London "stars."

"For my part," said Mrs. Sims, "I would not take the trouble to cross the street to hear Shakspeare so maltreated, especially as I have got two tickets for Mr. Gazeby's Lecture on Astronomy, which takes place at the Town Hall, and which will be most fashionably attended. I hear that Iago is not so very bad, but Othello is dreadful, not good enough to applaud, and not quite wretched enough to laugh at."

Pleading an excuse, I joined Whiston, and

then recounted the adventure that had occurred to me.

“I scarcely know what to advise,” said he, “a hair-dresser, from the days of the old Spanish romances, is the gossip of the town, and if he once finds out that you are going to act, he will assuredly repeat it in confidence to Mr. Granby and a few intimate friends, and the affair will be universally known ; but we will consult James Smith. A better opinion cannot be obtained.

“I quite agree with Whiston,” said the latter, after hearing the case, “as you luckily had presence of mind not to tell him you were one of the theatrical party for whom the lodging was taken, it will be easy to keep away from him ; Whiston can say he was disappointed in his companion, and so long as Mr. Sims receives the balance of the rent, for he would not secure the rooms until a deposit was paid, he will ask no further questions ; you can have a bed at the Falcon, dress there to-morrow, and enveloped in your military cloak, pass unnoticed into a close fly, which I have ordered to take me to the theatre ;

depend upon it, you might as well trust the town crier as this Gravesend Figaro. The former is generally inaudible, and would mutter forth "oh yes! oh yes!! oh yes!!! this is to give notice, that the gentleman who is advertized for the character of Othello to-morrow night is Mr. Pembroke of the Blues, son of Sir William and Lady Pembroke. God bless the King! and remember the crier."

I was about to enlighten the speaker upon the subject, and explain that Mr. and Mrs. Sims knew me as Mr. Arthur, and were not aware of my name, family, or profession, when a gentleman approached, and holding out his hand to James Smith warmly greeted him.

"Why who would have thought of seeing you in these parts?" said the latter, "I conclude we shall soon have a metrical legend of Tilbury Fort and the days of the Virgin Queen."

"A relation of mine," responded the new comer, "has a shooting box near here, and I have been popping away at the partridges for the last two days; hearing that Mrs. Orger was

here, I have consented to stay over to-morrow, and we are all coming in from Parrock to see Othello."

"Quite a *Paroxism*," replied the punster, "but permit me to present to you the stars of the evening, Mr. Broke, alias Pembroke, a gentleman who aspires to be a member of the Histrionics, and Mr. Whiston, Mr. Pembroke, the Reverend Richard Barham, Mr. Whiston, Mr. Barham.

The idea of acting before Ingoldsby, the talented Ingoldsby, almost overpowered me, for I knew him to be not alone a clever writer, but an acute critic. His own Lord Tomnoddy never looked more foolish than I did upon this occasion; but soon was I restored to confidence, for it was easy to discover, that although Barham possessed a deep and rich vein of satire, he never rendered it personal, his flashes were directed against classes not individuals, and there is not a line that ever emanated from his pen, or a sentiment, he ever uttered, which could wound the mind of the most sensitive person.

“And what are you going to do to-day?” inquired Smith.

“To tell you the truth, I am on the pavé; the fact is, I was going to London this morning to see Colburn on a matter of business, and have just received a line from him saying that he is detained at Brighton by indisposition; under these circumstances, especially as the party at Parrock are engaged to dine at Cobham, an invitation I was reluctantly obliged to decline, I thought of taking a chop here, and walking back after dinner.”

“Suppose, then, we move the venue to Pallister’s,” responded Smith.

“I shall be delighted,” rejoined Ingoldsby. “And if mine host speaks truth,” proceeded the wit, “his beeswing port is irreproachable, we have ordered dinner at five at the Falcon—”

“When,” interrupted Barham, “we will set to, like French *falconers*, Shakspeare, hem!”

Gravesend, (I speak of the old town) was, as it now is, an assemblage of narrow streets, dirty courts, filthy alleys, and dilapidated wooden

houses, whose principal trade seems to consist in shrimps, bloaters, and dried whittings; public houses, beer shops, and rooms for tea parties thrive considerably, and the occasional arrival or departure of a government transport, an East Indiaman, or a Thames yacht, give life to this usually dull spot during winter. In summer, the case is different, for the place is full, it is a cockney paradise, where the East End citizen, and his numerous family delude themselves into the idea that they are at the sea-side, because a land lubber dressed out as a sailor tells their honours, "that the water is brackish at ebb, quite salt at the flow, and that cod fish are constantly taken in the reach."

The piers are daily thronged with visitors listening to the town band, and Rosherville Gardens possess attractions which are justly appreciated by the million. In this Elysian spot, where the grounds are laid out in good taste, every class of person can find enjoyment, the studious may devote himself to his book in some sequestered spot, the lover may make protestations of passion in a flowery arbour, the board-

ing-school Miss recently emancipated, may shew off her toxophilite accomplishments with her bow and arrow, the deer-stalker may try his deadly rifle in the shooting gallery, the sentimental girl can have her fortune told by crossing the palm of the poor gipsy woman's hand with silver, the speculator may invest a few shillings in a lottery, where all are prizes and no blanks, and the lover of good living may gratify the palate with the substantials as well as delicacies of the season.

We refer not to the evening's entertainment—the monster concerts—the Terpsichorean gaieties, under the able direction of the Beau Nash of modern times—Baron Nathan—the Pyrotechnic wonders, for many reasons, one, however, will suffice, which is, that we have never yet been able to attend them, a loss which we trust to make up during next season, but for a morning stroll, few places furnish more delights than Rosherville, the site of which at the time I write of, was a chalk pit.

As it was now winter time, intense dullness



prevailed throughout the town. Whiston was disheartened, for the box-book-keeper had found his situation almost a sinecure; we however managed to amuse ourselves until dinner time by visiting Tilbury Fort, and listening to the brilliant sallies of Smith, and the pungent remarks of Ingoldsby.

Although the time of the year precluded us from enjoying a fish dinner, we made up for the absence of perch, water zuchee, trout, flounders, and white bait, by some excellent native oysters, hare soup, boiled cod, and beef steaks, tender and juicy, as those that grace the board of the celebrated club that bear their name, and which, despite the modern march of improvement and innovation, still flourishes in its pristine simplicity of fare—the port wine, too, fully justified the eulogiums of the landlord, and having imbibed a fair quantity of it, we sent for a fly, and were shortly afterwards set down at the theatre.

The house which is extremely small, was tolerably well filled, and the performance went off smoothly; at the conclusion of the comedy,

the manager came forward, and announced that on the following evening, the tragedy of Othello would be represented, the part of Othello by Mr. Broke, that of Iago by Mr. Whiston ; a loud laugh from two persons in the slips welcomed this announcement, and upon looking up I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Sims were the parties who had indulged in this ill-timed merriment, a cry of "shame," "turn them out" from the pit and boxes, soon checked the interruption, and when Mr. Granby proceeded to add 'Desdemona by Mrs. Orger, with other entertainments, being for the benefit of that lady,' the whole house gave an hearty English cheer, not alone as a compliment to the artiste, but an assurance that fair play would be given to the new aspirants for dramatic fame.

The day upon which I was to make my debut, was cold, wet, and wretched, and at two o'clock when James Smith looked over the list of places taken, for the purpose of adding two more names to the Parrock party, there seemed to be every prospect of the theatre realizing the description of the apothecary's

shop in Romeo and Juliet—"a beggarly account of empty boxes."

"How unlucky we are in the weather," exclaimed Whiston, "this sharp cutting east wind, with its fall of sleet, will ruin the house, as for me I cannot play to a thin house."

"It is very unfortunate," I responded, "although the saying runs, 'its an ill wind that blows nobody good,' I cannot, I own, see who is to benefit by this awful storm." James Smith who seldom, if ever, lost his perfect equanimity of mind, began to hum the lines of Shakspeare,

"Blow, blow thou wintry wind  
Thou art not so unkind  
As *benefits* forgot."

adding, "and I fear in this instance we shall have the overflow outside instead of inside the theatre, but what's going on? there seems a considerable excitement among the boatmen at the pier."

We hastened our steps, and upon reaching the spot, saw that some extraordinary event had occurred.

“What has happened?” enquired Smith addressing a weather beaten fisherman, who encased in tarpauling coat and trowsers, with a “Sou-wester” on his head was busily employed in preparing his boat.

“Why, there’s a h’ingyman just coming in, with troops on board, she must have had some roughish weather, for she’s carried away her mizen.”

Anxious to ascertain further particulars, we walked down to the Custom House stairs, where we soon learnt that the vessel was the ‘Araxes’ from Calcutta, with detachments from regiments in that Presidency; by this time, Barham, who had been in daily expectation of a relation in this ship, joined us, and through the courtesy of one of the heads of the department, with whom he was slightly acquainted, he and I were rowed off to the ship. Major Daniell who was the senior officer on board introduced Ingoldsby and myself to the principal passengers, and hearing that the theatre was open, the majority agreed to land, dine on shore the first time for four months, and attend the performance. The detachments had

received orders to remain on board all night, and proceed to Chatham in the morning.

“Well after all,” I exclaimed as we joined our friends on the stairs, “the old adage which we mistrusted this morning has been verified ‘the ill wind has blown us some good,’ Mr. Barham has been requested to secure five-and-twenty places in the boxes for this evening, and I have no doubt that we shall have some of the non-commissioned officers, men, and crew, in the pit and boxes.”

“What glorious news,” responded Whiston, “after being cooped up for nearly four months in that heavy sailing vessel, how charmed the passengers will be once again to tread English ground.”

“And attend a representation of England’s bard,” chimed in James Smith, “but ought we not to apprise the fair benificiaire?”

“Not for the world,” replied Barham.

“Twill give her wonder great as her delight to see—I have stolen a line from some one I fear—so great an addition to her audience, and if by any unforeseen circumstance the officers

should be prevented attending, it would cause a great disappointment."

"Let us then keep our own counsel," said James Smith, "and now the sooner I send to secure the places the better."

I pass over our dinner, and my dressing for the Moor, in which I received every assistance from my companions, even to the colouring of my visage, merely remarking that I nearly frightened the chambermaids into fits, when in crossing the passage, my black, or rather dark brown face peered out of my regimental cloak, and that I scared away two urchins at the street door, one of whom exclaimed,

"I'm blessed if they an't got Guy Fawkes in that 'ere fly."

"No it an't, you fool," responded the other, "it's the black doll from Mrs. Jephson's, newly painted and dressed."

Upon reaching the theatre, which in order to give Whiston time to dress, I had done long before any of the company were assembled, I asked the call boy, who was trimming the

lamps, to show me to the Green Room, of which Mr. Granby had so pompously talked.

"It an't much of a place," said the urchin, "a sort of make shift, but we are limited for space, the door on your right opens into it, you'll find it lighted up, Sir."

I entered the room, which was about eight foot square, a stage chandelier with three tallow candles in it, hung from the ceiling, while a wretched ill-shaped grate emitted more smoke than heat, a few ricketty chairs, a table, and a cracked looking-glass, with the silver worn off in many places, formed the furniture. After a time, the performers gradually dropped in, one by one, but it was not until the smiling face of Mrs. Orger appeared, that I felt at my ease.

"What a perfect dress," she exclaimed, "it's a fac-simile of the one Kean wore, when he first took London by storm at old Drury."

"Would that a shred of his mantle could descend upon me," I responded. Whiston now entered, and certainly no one ever looked the part better than he did, both his costume and mine seemed to create a strong feeling of envy

among the company, as was apparent from the remarks that passed round, "Handsome but ineffective." "Not at all in character." "We shall probably read to-morrow in the local paper, the same notice that once appeared on a noble amateur, after describing the respective merits of all the performers in flattering terms, the critic wound up by remarking and Lord —— was very magnificently dressed."

Time drew on, the call boy announced "Overture on," "ladies and gentlemen for the first scene," considerable demands are made for the box-keeper—a scrambling noise is heard in the gallery, a cry of "don't shove," sounds from the pit, Granby is all smiles, and the lady who acts Emilia is heard to say "lots of paper in to-night, very few places booked up to three o'clock," "clear the stage," shouts the prompter, "ring up," exclamations are heard from the pit and gallery, "down in front," "silence," "hats off," the curtain rises, and Roderigo and Iago are discovered; a shout of applause welcomed Whiston, whose manly bearing and fine ap-



pearance formed a passport to favour, and which was considerably increased by the beautifully toned voice of the speaker. I pass over the rest of the performance, briefly remarking that Mrs. Orger's acting drew down thunders of applause ; as for my Othello, adopting the principle of the erudite Doctor Pangloss, I will content myself with saying, "on their own merits modest men are dumb," it, however, proved highly satisfactory to my feelings, as I was complimented by Mrs. Orger, Barham, and James Smith, all of whom declared it was far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

A merry supper at the Falcon, where we were joined by some of the officers, wound up the evening's entertainments, and it was long past midnight e'er our revels concluded. As my leave only extended over the following day, I had merely time to return my dress before the coach was to start for Windsor, so, to my shame be it spoken, I passed through London without seeing Mary or my child. My conscience upbraided me the more, because I had withheld from my wife, the secret of my

visit to Gravesend, which, although innocent in itself, would, I fancied, have caused her anxiety, and perhaps a pang of jealousy, as she imbibed a very prevailing, although unjust prejudice against all females of the theatrical profession, too many of whom are included in the sweeping clause of the immorality of the stage. To this want of confidence towards her, to whom I had plighted my faith, I attributed much of the misery which eventually ensued, for an event occurred during my absence from my regiment, that sowed the seeds of suspicion, which shortly afterwards ripened into discord. A distinguished foreigner, who was on a visit to England, had expressed a wish to see a field day of the Guards and Blues stationed at Windsor, and Colonel Thorpely thinking I should like to be present, had sent my batman to London, to inform me of the event, and to say that if I liked to attend, he would appoint me orderly officer to the general for whom the field day was got up; the trusty Hargreaves reached Limmer's hotel, where he could glean no tidings of me, and was about to return without executing his com-

mission, when the one legged messenger, who was wont to take his post at the door of that then celebrated hotel, knowingly asked him "what he would stand," if he directed him to where I could be found; a pot of beer as a retaining fee, and a promise of a shilling, concluded the bargain.

"You must keep it dark then," said the cad, "as to who told you, for my character depends upon secrecy, but as you say your master may get into trouble, if you don't find him, and as he is a fine liberal young fellow, I can only say that if you go to number ninety Edgeware Road, you wont be far out, it's no breach of confidence as Mr. Pembroke never trusted me, but the waterman at the stand tells me, he always orders the coachman to drive there."

Acting upon this hint, the bătman made the best of his way to the above mentioned address, and telling the maid that he had a message of consequence from the Colonel to Mr. Pembroke, he was shown into Mary's presence. Hargreaves at once saw from her manner, that I had been playing the truant, and tried to stammer out

some explanation, which of course rendered matters much worse.

“Perhaps,” said the bătman, “master’s gone over to the Manor House, I’m sure if he had been in London he would have come here, for Jem, says the waterman tells him, that he never misses a day in calling here.”

Respectful as was the man’s manner, Mary felt a pang at being taken for the Cynthia of the moment, and not the wedded wife, as was evident from the way in which Hargreaves addressed her as “Miss.” Poor Mary kept her grief to herself, and appeared to be cheerful when her father came home to dinner, but the demon jealousy, for the first time, placed his fang upon her loving heart, and never allowed her to elude the grasp until her happiness was completely wrecked on that quick sand, which has engulfed so many.

“And is it possible?” said she, to herself, when communing in her own chamber, with her innocent child reposing on her breast, “that Arthur is so heartless; no, I will not believe in his baseness, I have harboured an unjust

suspicion, and will atone for it by driving all remembrance of the past surmise from my mind. Bless you, Arthur, and may I never live to be neglected," pressing her blooming baby to her heart, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears, and returned to Mr. Winterburn, in a much happier and more tranquil state than that in which she had left him.

Little was the daughter aware of what had been passing in her father's mind, for although the visit of Hargreaves had been purposely kept back from him, he himself knew more than he felt inclined to tell, and for the first time, his confidence in his son-in-law received some little diminution ; walking through Piccadilly, at the moment I was getting on the coach, he had observed the stealthy manner in which, enveloped in my cloak, I had emerged from Hatchett's, nor had he failed to notice that I never looked to the right or left as we drove off ; the remark, too, from the driver of the hackney coach, who had brought me from Nathan's, had reached his sensitive ears, and involved me not a little.

"I hope your honour will give me a trifle

more, for I waited nearly a quarter of an hour for you at the *Theatre*," and true it is I had stopped there to inform my instructor of the success that had attended my performance, previous to leaving my dress at the fancy dress warehouse.

To return to my own adventures, in which the reverse of virtue was rewarded, for the field day had been postponed, and upon the morning after my arrival, I turned out for the first time in review order, upon my highly broke charger, and realized all the pomp and circumstance of mimic war, which, two evenings before, I had spouted forth before a Gravesend audience.

The review (for the addition of a light dragoon regiment from Hounslow made it so) took place in the Great Park, and as orderly officer to the Prussian general, I was in the midst of the assembled crowd; the first carriage that attracted my attention was that of Mrs. Brampton, followed by an open barouche, in which the whole of the party from the Manor House were congregated.

"You can't pass without an order," said one of the detachment of Light Dragoons, appointed to keep the ground.

"Pray take our card to that young officer of the Blues," implored Mrs. Castleton, but without success; seeing the difficulty, I rode up, and forthwith placed the two carriages close to the saluting point.

"How kind of you," exclaimed all the ladies, with the exception of Ada, who uttered not a word, until she shook me by the hand, and repeated some lines I had often read to her.

"What a beautiful horse," said Miss Brampton, "but he seems terribly spirited."

"No wonder," thought I, as my right spur was constantly pressed against the side of the noble animal, fretting and irritating him almost to madness.

"And what do you call him?" asked Ada.

"I have not yet decided. I thought of Hampden, Russell, or Sidney, as his father's name was 'Patriot,' but I must leave the selection to you."

"You are taxing my powers too high," she replied, "but I will try and think of one."

"And now my duty calls me away," I continued. "I have told that dragoon not to allow any carriage to come in front of yours, and when the review is over, I shall have the pleasure of again seeing you."

With this, I waved my hand, spurred my proud courser, and cantered off to join the general.

The review went off as most reviews do, there was the usual quantity of dust, noise, and shouting, and after the marching past was over, the evolutions, although interesting to the experienced military eye, were perfectly unintelligible to the rest of the community.

No sooner had the general salute taken place, and the distinguished Prussian officer expressed his admiration at the appearance and movements of the troops, than I was relieved from my duty, and joined the Brampton party.

"We have a lunch at the barracks," I exclaimed, "quite an impromptu affair, and if you will do me the honour of joining us, we



shall be delighted to see you ; Mrs. Thorpely, and your friends, the Veres, will be there."

The proposition was gladly and gratefully accepted, for independent of a feeling of hunger, the result of an early hasty breakfast, a long drive, and a tedious wait, which had whetted the appetite ; the ladies were (as most ladies are) charmed with the idea of a visit to the barracks.

The messman acquitted himself extremely well upon this occasion, although the repast—the *déjeûner dinatoire*—as the fashionable world would have called it, partook a little too much of the substantial order, to be strictly correct for exclusive society ; the noble sirloin, the huge round of beef, the Brobdignag fowls, the extensive tongue, the lobster salad, the well cured ham, from the Colonel's estate in Yorkshire, were devoured with as much avidity, as the galantine, mayonnaise, and other French dishes are at a London *déjeûner*, and the sparkling champagne, with other generous wines from our own cellar, and not purchased for the occasion from some home-made stores, at four-

and-twenty shillings the dozen, were quaffed with the greatest gusto, by many a parched but pretty lip.

A dance was then proposed, and the band who had attended during the breakfast, were called upon to play quadrilles and waltzes; Stovasser, the master, a German by birth, was delighted at this opportunity of showing off his powers of composition, and the *Desdemona* galop, which was performed for the first time, and named by me after Miss Adelaide Castleton, to whom it was dedicated, proved a hit, and created the greatest sensation during the ensuing London season.

The day's amusement was wound up by a drive to Virginia Water, and mounted upon Charles de Moor, for such was the name Ada had given my charger, after the hero of one of Schiller's plays, I rode by the side of her carriage, imbibing intoxicating draughts of—shall I say infatuation, love or admiration?

I must leave the question to be answered by my readers, on one side was a young, lovely, unsophisticated girl, full of feeling and romance,

on the other, a vain stripling, carried away by a momentary weakness, to do that which his better nature would, on mature reflection, have shrunk from.

## CHAPTER IV.

*“In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia, injuria  
Suspiciones, inimicitiae, induciæ.”*

TERENCE.

I must now for a while take leave of my own doings, and return to the Edgeware Road, where poor Mary was mourning over my lengthened absence, the play at Brampton Manor House had engrossed so much of my time, that I was unable to visit London, and day after day a hasty letter informed my wife of the cause of my detention in the country. Mr. Winterburn redoubled his exertions to console his daughter, and raise her from that despondency grief had plunged her in, but

hers was a sorrow past relief, it was the painful feeling of a neglected wife. Hour after hour would she sit with her darling boy, watching his innocent countenance, and paying him that devoted affection, none but a mother can bestow; and who except a parent can show that intense love, that unselfish attention, that unwearied patience, which characterizes a fond mother's love to her helpless progeny—the pallid cheek, the care-worn brow—proved how much Mary had suffered from watchful days and sleepless nights, and the quick pulsation of the heart, known alone to herself, was an unerring witness that her mind was ill at ease.

Affairs went on in this unsatisfactory manner, for (despite of her good resolutions to the contrary,) a feeling would force itself upon Mary's mind, that I had not acted openly upon the occasion of my unexplained absence from Windsor, when a letter arrived, which threw her into hopeless despair, the writer who professed to be a female friend, warned her against the fascinations of a celebrated actress who had inveigled Mr. Pembroke to disgrace

himself by appearing upon the public stage at the Gravesend theatre for her benefit; and concluded by assuring Miss Winterburn that her former admirer was entirely unworthy of any affection on her part, as while he was paying attention to the above named married woman, he was engaged to a young lady near Windsor.

As a matter of course, this anonymous epistle ended with an asseveration that the author of it, was influenced by the most kind and honourable motives, that of saving a young and innocent girl from the vile machinations of a heartless libertine, and a determined flirt.

The letter bore the Gravesend post mark, and in a postscript, challenged enquiry into the truth of the statement, adding that the name Mr. Pembroke assumed was Broke, and that his costume was hired from a fancy dress warehouse near Leicester Square. Mary was so completely overcome with this statement, which bore the stamp of truth upon it, that she at once determined to lay it before her

father, and urge him to test the veracity of the writer.

No sooner had Mr. Winterburn perused the letter, than the circumstance of meeting me in Piccadilly, and the remark made by the hackney coachman of waiting at the theatre, flashed across his mind, and he exerted his best influence to prevent any further investigation into a subject which, he feared, would implicate me not a little. Had his daughter listened to this advice, and treated the communication with silent contempt, it was my former tutor's intention to have informed me of all that had taken place, so that, if any explanation could be given, it would relieve his daughter's mind; and that, if the contrary were the case, I might be made aware that my conduct had not entirely escaped public notice and censure. Winterburn had hitherto known his daughter as a quiet, passionless being, easy to be led, and always too ready to put the most favourable construction upon her husband's conduct. He now saw her fearlessly determined to sift the affair thoroughly, and to act with firm resolution, should her

suspicious be verified. Every attempt that he made to palliate my conduct under the plea of youthful folly, proved perfectly futile.

“For my child’s sake, for the love I once, nay still, bear Arthur,” said the wretched wife, “I would forgive any neglect, any unkindness, and attribute it to the evil influence of bad associates, who are not aware how Arthur is situated as a married man. But to carry on an improper acquaintance with a married woman, to brave public opinion by identifying himself with her, to act under a false name on the public boards, to play the senseless flirt with a young and innocent girl, to deceive, to mock me, with a fair and smiling face, when the heart was black within, to pollute my baby’s cheeks with kisses, such as he bestows on wantons, to be faithless to her he vowed to cherish, and to deceive you for whom he professes so great a regard, is so base and ungenerous, that no power on earth would induce me to see him again.”

A paroxysm of jealousy now so completely took hold of the poor creature, that it for a moment prevented further utterance; and placing



her throbbing forehead on her hands, she gave way to the wildest grief. After a time, the impassioned creature continued :

“ I pray Heaven that the reports I have heard are false, or even exaggerated ; if he can clear up the one fatal doubt that rankles in my breast ; if he can only prove his innocence in that respect, I will forgive the rest. The latter may be produced by thoughtlessness ; the former is the proof of a depraved and wicked nature.”

How happy it would have been for her, for me, had some one been enabled to enlighten Mary upon this point ; what years of misery would it have spared to both : but Winterburn knew little of the stage, and the characters of those who adorned it, or he would have been fully aware, that the lady who had been the innocent cause of this melancholy scene, was not only virtuous in every sense of the word, but as far removed from suspicion as purity can be from vice. Urged by his daughter, Winterburn most unwillingly undertook the investigation of the affair, that had caused her so much misery, and his first visit was to Graves-

end; there to his utter dismay he ascertained that a young gentleman, completely answering my description, had performed the character of Othello to Mrs. Orger's Desdemona. This he heard from a fellow passenger in the coach; and to satisfy himself of the truth of this statement, he proceeded to the box-office of the theatre under the pretence of enquiring whether the performance that had recently taken place would be repeated.

"I should rather think not, Sir," said a lady in a most dignified tragic tone, the representation of Emilia before alluded to, "it's all very well for certain 'stars' from London to cram the throat of a gulled public once on a benefit night, by bringing down 'gallant gay Lotharios' to support them, but upon any other occasion Mr. Granby would not allow his establishment to be degraded by such contemptible exhibitions, my husband tendered his resignation on the morning after Mrs. Orger's benefit, if such a word can be applied to an empty house, and nothing but the solicitations of the manager and the company, would have induced either

him or myself ever again to put our foot on his stage."

Mr. Winterburn was all attention, occasionally throwing in a civil remark.

"There will be a performance next Wednesday," continued the lady, "worthy the patronage of an enlightened public, when my husband, Mr. Windermere, will perform the Thane of Cawdor, the character of Lady Macbeth by your obedient humble servant, being our night. Mr. Checkley," she proceeded, addressing the box-book-keeper, who had now entered. "May I request you to secure the three front places that Colonel Eversfield of the Royal Engineers gave up, on being ordered to embark, for the Right Honorable Lady Amelia Mansfield, her ladyship wished to have a private box, but unfortunately in this wretched pitiful theatre, we have none on the dress circle, my connection would have at least filled six."

After delivering herself of this oration, the eminent tragedian presented Mr. Winterburn with a yellow play-bill, in which the entertainment of the evening was blazoned forth, in a

manner, that under any other circumstance would have produced a hearty laugh, and which eventually did create much merriment, as it came into the hands of James Smith and Barham, the former of whom introduced it in an article in Colburn's Magazine; all I recollected of this extraordinary document is, that the heading contained sundry masonic characters, Mr. Windermere being a member of that charitable and excellent craft; a poetical effusion followed, in which some rather exaggerated compliments were paid to the Gravesend audience, calling upon them not to absent themselves like Banquo from the feast; the bill went on to state how the parts of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, would be played, after the manner of the celebrated Mr. Macready and Mrs. West, the names of the two latter being in such large type, and the remark in the most diminutive, that the casual observer would be led to suppose that the London luminaries were about to brighten the theatrical hemisphere at Gravesend with their presence. The versatility

of the Windermeres was then made manifest for the lady was to show forth her abilities in the Terpsichorean line, by dancing the minuet de la cour with her husband; that worthy gentleman too, had agreed 'by particular desire,' to perform the part of 'Sylvester Daggerwood,' with imitations of the notabilities of the stage in past and present times, commencing with Garrick, and ending with John Reeve; Mrs. Stukeley Windermere, was, in the course of the evening to sing 'My pretty Jane,' and the loving couple were to wind up the entertainment, by performing a new nautical and domestic drama of thrilling interest, written conjointly by them, and acted upwards of a hundred nights throughout the provinces, entitled, 'Will Watch the Bold Smuggler, or the Doom of the Lawless.' Act 1st. A calm!—Susan's cottage—love in humble life—Will promises reformation, and departs for his last cruise in the 'Saucy Jade.' Act 2nd. A storm!! Will falls in with the revenue cutter 'Hawk,' chase of the 'Saucy Jade,' close quarters, gallant resistance,

death of the smuggler, his funeral, dead of the night — Susan's grief — tragic denouement!!!

The above production, of which I have only given a brief specimen, concluded by saying tickets were to be had of Mr. and Mrs. Stukely Windermere, at Acacia Cottage, and of Mr. Sims, hair-dresser, London Road. My former tutor, anxious to gain further information, which would be of a more satisfactory nature, lost no time in proceeding to the shop of the *coiffeur*, where, after purchasing a bottle of Macassar oil, he entered into conversation with the proprietor of the establishment, and soon heard a confirmation of the whole story, highly embroidered by this maker of wigs.

“Mr. Broke, though that's only the latter half of his name, behaved most unhandsomely,” said Sims.

“That he did,” continued his wife. “You must know, Sir, a certain lady from Drury Lane Theatre—I never mention names—engaged our drawing and bed-room floor for three nights for two gentlemen from London. Neither my

husband or myself have been in the habit of letting lodgings ; but to oblige any one connected with Mr. Granby's company, we made a sacrifice of our feelings, and agreed at the rate of two guineas a week. Well, Sir, one of the parties came to take possession, who Mr. Sims at once recognized as having met in London, under the false name of Mr. Arthur, a very dangerous character, indeed, one with whom no young person could be safe ; and people do say that he behaved scandalously to Miss—but I never mention names. My husband can tell you more upon that subject ; for this identical Arthur, alias Broke, alias Pembroke, actually gave a party to his intended, and, within a few days lured her from the friends her father had placed her with. What has occurred since I don't know, or rather won't say ; but this I do know—the lady for whose benefit he played, and who is as inferior to Mrs. Windermere, as Mr. Frisby's cutting is to my husband's, seemed to take an especial interest in the young amateur ; and people do hint that, ere long, the gentlemen of the long robe will be called in,

and certain disclosures made that won't be very creditable to either party. Then, Sir, to make matters worse, this young Giovanni is carrying on a pretty game with a young lady near Windsor. It is to be hoped the scapegrace's intentions are honourable; but really one cannot ever be sure with such an unprincipled youth."

Here Mrs. Sims paused to take breath, and in a few seconds renewed her vituperations against me.

"Well, as I said, Mr. Broke came here, saw my husband, and, instead of entrusting him with his frolic, which he would probably have done, had it been an innocent one, walks himself off, and persuades his friend, Mr. Whiston, to take other lodgings, forwarding us a paltry eighteen shillings for the rent."

"*Hinc illæ lacrymæ;*" for worthy Mrs. Sims, being a thrifty Scot, had speculated upon sundry perquisites in the shape of coals, candles, firewood, rushlights, tea, coffee, sugar, bread, meat, &c., &c., which those that let furnished apartments usually profit by.

"I must say," said the hair-dresser, "that I



expected very different treatment. Would you believe it, Sir, that these gentlemen, as they call themselves, actually sent to a third-rate shop for a penny barber to comb out their theatrical wigs, and had the meanness not even to offer Mrs. S. or myself a pit ticket, although Mrs. Stukely Windermere told me confidentially that each amateur gave away at least five-and-twenty tickets."

"A paltry eighteen shillings," proceeded the irate landlady, still harping on the rent. "Why it was not enough to pay the charwoman for preparing the rooms."

Having satisfied himself that the statement of my having appeared on the Gravesend stage was founded on fact, Winterburn took leave of his newly-formed gossiping acquaintances, and returned to London, with a heart borne down with grief; for he knew the misery his daughter would experience when she heard a recital of my adventures. Nor was he wrong in his surmise; for no sooner was Mary aware that one whose fate was joined to hers by ties which nought but death could sunder, had broke his faith, and cruelly deceived her, then she felt as if an icy

hand was placed around her heart, which chilled the very current of its life's blood. For minutes she remained in a state bordering upon insanity, when she became quite overcome, and gave way to a flood of tears, mingled with sighs and sobs. It was some time before Winterburn could calm the outbursting agony which overwhelmed Mary.

"My child," said he, taking her hand, "be comforted. Appearances are at present against Arthur; but let us not condemn him unheard. All may yet be explained."

"Would to Heaven it could be! but I dare not give way to hope. The world cannot be in league against my—husband. Remember, father, he is the only link save you and my boy that binds me to the world. To lose him would be a severe blow; yet how much more calmly could I watch him on his death-bed, resigning his spirit to the Disposer of all events, than bear the agonizing thought that the love he pledged me was lavished on another. But my grief has made me selfish. I forgot to say that there is a letter from abroad, marked immediate; and

the deep mourning edge makes me fear Sir Francis Halifax is dead."

"It is as you surmise," replied Winterburn, "the Protestant minister at Florence, the Reverend Mr. Garside, writes to say my kind friend departed this life on the twentieth of last month, and that it is the wish of his brother, I should forthwith proceed to Italy, to take charge of the boys, preparatory to their going to Cambridge, giving me a *carte-blanche* as to terms; under other circumstances than the painful ones which now absorb every feeling, I would have attended the summons, more in grateful recollection of the past, than from any more mercenary motive."

"Father, my child and I will accompany you—say not a word, it may be deemed rash, precipitate, unwise, but where can I now cling to for support, except from you, from whom I derived my existence. I will write to Arthur, offering him an opportunity of explaining his conduct; if he removes my doubts, I can rejoin him, if not let the seas divide those between whom there is so unpassable a gulph."

Winterburn found every attempt to turn his daughter from her purpose, perfectly futile, and making a virtue of necessity, commenced preparations for their departure, his first step was to get his passport viséed, and the next to procure sufficient funds to defray the expense of their journey; the latter was easily accomplished, as through the forethought of Mr. Garside, an order upon a London banker had been forwarded to him.

While the above arrangements were being made, Mary sat down and penned a letter to me, nothing could exceed the feeling manner in which she expressed herself; candidly stating the reports which had reached her, she proceeded to say that no event would tend more to her happiness, than to hear they were unfounded, she called upon me to reply to her letter in the spirit in which she addressed me, and concluded by praying that a merciful Father would grant her fortitude and resignation to support the heavy trial that beset her.

I must now for the present take leave of Mary and her father, and transport the reader

to Brampton Manor House on the evening of the long projected amateur performance; the dramatis personæ had enjoyed an early dinner, the company had arrived, the play had proceeded as far as the last scene amidst the plaudits of the numerous audience, when just as I was going on the stage to deliver the soliloquy, "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul! let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! It is the cause," my attention was attracted to my bătman, Hargreaves, who heated and splashed all over, rushed forward and thrust a letter into my hand, the writing of which I at once recognized as my wife's.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the soldier, saluting me in a military way, "but a messenger brought this down by the coach, and as he said it was of the greatest importance, and that it must be delivered immediately, I saddled the brown horse and brought it over."

"You were quite right," I responded. "Is the man waiting for an answer?"

"Yes, Sir, I left him at the barracks, and he will remain until I return."

Breaking the seal, I at a glance saw the mischief my want of candour had produced, and determined at once to remove the most unfavourable part, of which I was really innocent. I then ordered Hargreaves to give my hack a feed of corn, as my answer would be ready in less than half an hour.

“The stage is waiting,” shouted the call boy. I hurried on, and for a moment felt so confused at the thoughts which now engrossed my mind, that I was speechless; my agitated look, my phrenzied manner were not out of character, and a burst of applause greeted that which, at the moment, was considered a fine piece of acting; this recalled me to my senses, and I delivered the remaining lines with due effect, when just as I was about to plunge the dagger into my heart, the remembrance of a remark that Mary had once made me to the effect, that no power on earth would tempt her to forgive inconstancy, flashed across my mind, and in the paroxysm of contending feelings, I struck the weapon so forcibly, that it entered my breast; a rush of blood flowing from the wound pro-

duced a sickly pain, and I fell exhausted, amidst the shouts of the public, who were unaware of the accident I had met with. It was hours before I was brought to a state of consciousness, and when I recovered my senses, I found Low, the surgeon of the Blues, and Doctor Brereton, who had formed one of the audience, at my bed side.

“You have had a most narrow escape, my young friend,” exclaimed the latter, “had not the weapon glanced off by striking a steel ornament, it would have entered your heart; with care and quiet we shall soon set you up.”

“And my servant, Hargreaves, is he still here?” I faintly asked.

“I despatched him to the barracks,” replied Doctor Brereton, “to request the immediate attendance of Mr. Low, whose practice, during the Peninsular War, has made him much more conversant with wounds than I am.”

My regimental surgeon, who during the latter remark had been occupied with the village nurse, instructing her as to the treatment she

was to adopt during the night, now approached, and informed me that he had taken upon himself to tell the messenger he might return to London, as an answer would be sent the following morning. "I did not think it right," continued he, "that he should be made acquainted with the accident, for fear exaggerated reports should be spread about, and reach your family before I had time to communicate to your father, so I told Hargreaves not to allude to the subject."

"I should like to write a few lines," I said, "to send up to London by an early coach."

"And so you shall in the morning, but at present any exertion would be attended with mischief, the least movement of the arm would displace the bandages."

"Well, I see you are anxious to communicate with some friend," proceeded the kind-hearted medical man, "and if you like to make me your amanuensis, I will write whatever you dictate, perhaps you will sleep better when you have got rid of this care, and repose is everything in your case."



With this, the disciple of Esculapius procured pen, ink, and paper, and waited my instructions. They were soon given, and were to the effect that a few lines should be written to Mr. Winterburn to inform him an accident had befallen me, which prevented my replying to the letter I had received, but that in the course of a few hours' a complete and satisfactory answer would be sent, and that in the meantime, I trusted every unfavourable impression would be removed from the minds of his daughter and himself; a postscript was added that the moment I was sufficiently recovered, I should apply for leave, and proceed to London.

"And now, my young friend," said Doctor Low, as he sealed the packet, "knowing how anxious you are for the delivery of this letter, I will promise you that it shall reach its destination before ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Corporal Hatton is going up early to see his brother at the Portman Square Barracks, and will leave it on his way there."

A weight was taken off my mind, which the acute surgeon was not slow to observe, and

having arranged that Doctor Brereton should pay me an early visit, and that Low himself would call the moment he was released from his hospital duties, both the medical men took their leave; the nurse, Mrs. Gadsby, then proceeded to make herself comfortable for the night, by ensconcing herself in a snug arm-chair, but not before she had requested me to call her if I required any assistance; thanking her for the attention, I told her I felt drowsy, happy to be left to my own reflections, which, although of a painful nature, were considerably less so since I had dictated the letter to my father-in-law.

With the sanguine temperament of youth, I indulged in the fond hope that an appeal to Mary would restore me to her affection, and having made a fixed resolution to explain candidly all that had passed, and in future to withhold no confidence from her, I fell off into a light but refreshing slumber, for sleep is ever beneficial to the harrassed frame. I awoke greatly revived, so much so, that Mrs. Gadsby who was enjoying an early cup of tea and toast, was absolutely astounded; her attentions having

been principally devoted to older patients than myself, who had not a strong and youthful constitution to help them to fight against the ills of poor human nature.

Shortly before nine o'clock, Doctor Brereton, who (unknown to me) had been prevailed upon to sleep at the Manor House, made his appearance, and expressed his satisfaction at finding me so much improved; in due course of time he was joined by Mr. Low, and the bulletin that was issued to all enquiring friends was, that I was progressing as satisfactorily as possible.

"You must remain quiet during the day," said the surgeon, "and to-morrow we trust you will be able to leave your bed for the sofa, when I fear you will have more visitors than will be good for a patient recovering from so severe an accident—but I forgot to say Hatton left the barracks at six o'clock this morning, in time to meet the early coach at Slough, and promised me faithfully to leave the packet in the Edgware Road, the moment he reached London, he is one of the steadiest men in the regiment, and can be fully relied upon." Another weight was

taken off my mind, and I passed the day in comparative comfort, a kind message from the colonel, my brother officers, and the host ; with a few pencil lines from Ada, " alas ! the heavy day," written on the blank leaf of a volume of poems which I had sent to borrow, expressing her hopes that ere long, " Richard would be himself again," combined to console me for the inconvenience I suffered at being confined to bed.

How different would my feelings have been, had I known what was taking place in London. From the period Winterburn had despatched his daughter's letter to me ; with anxious expectation did he listen to every sound in the street, in the hopes that his messenger had returned with a satisfactory answer, but it was nearly six in the morning, before a loud ring at the bell was heard, when, upon going to the door, he found the man he had been expecting during the long and tedious night, and whose countenance bespoke that he had no favourable intelligence to communicate, for he was shrewd enough to suspect that, to use his own phrase

“a screw was loose somewhere.” This was confirmed by the message he had received, which again, to adopt his phraseology, was “to the tune of call again to-morrow,” a reply that from those in debt, or in love, gives a very indefinite period as to the time when the applicant is likely to be honoured with an interview.

Mary, who had scarcely closed her eyes, joined her father, and anxiously awaited the man’s communication.

“Please Sir,” said he, “I reached the barracks soon after nine o’clock, and found from Mr. Pembroke’s servant, that his master was at Brampton Manor House, some five or six miles off, so telling him the letter was of consequence, I urged him to mount one of the cornet’s hacks, and deliver it as soon as possible. I waited till past two o’clock, when I received a message to say the answer would be sent to-morrow, that is to-day. Mr. Pembroke was busy about some play-acting, and was not expected home until the morning.”

The apparent heartlessness of my conduct

in sending so cavalier a message, struck deep into the hearts of both father and daughter, and produced a feeling more of anger than sorrow.

“Thank Heaven! we know the worst,” said Winterburn, “and now we have nothing left us, but to bow with patient resignation to the will of a Divine Providence, who orders all things for the best, and trust to a beneficent Creator, who has sustained me through many a hard and severe trial, to support you in this hour of hopeless misery.”

“Father,” replied Mary in a firm tone, for wounded pride had taken ascendancy in her breast, “a few weeks ago, I would have willingly sacrificed my life for my husband, but his dastardly conduct in thus wounding a heart that loved him, his unfeeling neglects of his child, and his base ingratitude to you, who have ever screened his faults and follies have rendered him loathsome to me, and now I cast him from my thoughts for ever—let no mention be made of a name that I (humbly born as I

am) blush to bear." Winterburn was silent, when Mary proceeded.

"Let us offer up a prayer, that my darling infant may be brought up in that devout belief of the inspired volume which teaches us that 'the wicked are like the troubled sea,' that God's children must have God's qualities, for he will suffer none to bear his name, or be accounted his sons who bear not his image, who resemble not his attributes in their virtues, his simplicity in their sincerity, his immutability in their constancy, his purity in their chastity, his goodness in their charity, his justice in their integrity."

The time now approached for the departure of Winterburn and his daughter, who nestling her offspring in her arms, and accompanied by the servant-maid, with a firm step entered the hackney-coach which was to convey them to the Golden Cross, where they were to take their places to Dover. We shall now leave them to prosecute their journey in peace, while we return to Brampton Manor House.

My recovery was satisfactory, although tedious, and as I had written a long penitential letter to Mary, promising never again to wound her feelings, and assuring her that I only awaited the doctor's sanction to fly to her, I found my mind sufficiently relieved to enjoy the society of my friends, who flocked around me morning, noon, and night. It is true that I received no answer to my letter, but I consoled myself with the idea that my wife's silence was to be attributed to an expectation of seeing me every moment, and with that flattering hope I determined to remain quiescent until the moment arrived when I should again press her to my arms—a week had nearly elapsed before I was permitted to take carriage exercise, when accompanied by Hargreaves on the second morning of my emancipation from thralldom, I was driven by him to Cranford Bridge, where I left the buggy, and engaged a post chaise to convey me to London and back. In less than an hour and a quarter we rattled up to my lodging in the Edgeware Road, and to my great surprise I saw a bill in the window announcing that the



whole or part of the house was to be let furnished.

“What can this mean?” I exclaimed to myself, as I hastily opened the door of the chaise, and jumping out, rang violently at the bell, the landlady who I had seen once before, answered it quickly, trusting that the new arrival was one in search of lodgings, but when she recognized her visitor, she drew herself up and deliberately asked me my pleasure. Before I had time to recover my surprise, she proceeded.

“Some letters have arrived since the family took their departure last Thursday, there’s five pence to be paid upon one, and ten pence upon the other two, Sarah bring a packet you will find on the mantel-piece in the front parlour.”

The maid attended her mistress’s bidding, and soon returned with my two penitential epistles, and an ill-shaped one bearing the Gravesend post-mark, directed to Miss Mary Winterburn.

“I must say,” said the landlady, “that I think I have been most unhandsomely treated, for although Mr. Winterburn paid me a week’s

rent according to agreement, so sudden a notice was not exactly what I had a right to expect, it makes the neighbours talk, and both the butcher and baker have called to know Mr. Winterburn's present address, which, as he left none with me, has caused much disagreeable comment, the charwoman, too, who was not paid for the last cleaning, declares she will apply to the magistrate at the Mary-le-bone Police Court."

"I will save her that trouble," I responded, throwing a crown-piece upon the hall table, "this will defray her charge, and pay you for the postage you have advanced."

"And do you not require apartments for yourself?" enquired Mrs. Parlby, with an eye to business, "I can let you have the drawing-room-floor with a front bed-room, for five-and-twenty shillings a week, attendance included, during the dull season."

I could have annihilated the landlady for her unfeeling proposition, but I kept my temper, and tried, by a coaxing manner, to gain from

her some information as to the departure of her late lodgers, hinting that a present would reward her activity and intelligence.

“ Gladly would I serve you, Sir,” she replied, with a bland expression, “ for you have always treated me in a gentlemanly manner, but I really have no clue to go by ; for so careful was Mr. Winterburn that his movements should not be traced, that he called the hackney coach himself, and Sarah, who happened to be at the door of it as he got in, heard him say, ‘ make the best of your way, you know where to drive to,’ and off they trotted, leaving no trace whatever behind.”

Feeling that any further inquiry would be futile, I rewarded Mrs. Parlbey with a sovereign, and propitiated Sarah with half-a-crown, receiving a promise that any information respecting the absentees would be instantly forwarded to me. I then took my leave, and after waiting while the post horses were being baited, I returned to Cranford Bridge, where I found Hargreaves ready with the buggy, and in a

state of bewilderment, I made the best of my way to the Manor House, where the excitement again threw me on a bed of sickness, from which I was long recovering.

## CHAPTER V.

“ It was not kind  
To leave me, like a turtle, here alone,  
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.”

OTWAY.

WE must now direct the reader's attention to the travellers, who were progressing slowly towards Italy; for railroads were not even in prospective existence at the period of our story. Mary, although careworn and spirit-broken, exerted her best energies to appear cheerful and content, while the weight of anguish that had oppressed the mind of Winterburn was partly subdued under the influence of the beautiful scenery of the country through which they

passed ; upon reaching Florence, his first thought was to call at the post-office to ascertain whether any letters awaited his daughter's arrival ; for, with a kind consideration for her feelings, he had, previous to leaving London, instructed a literary friend to call in the Edgeware Road, and forward any communications that might be left there for her ; but the answer of the post-master in the negative, dissipated the hope that had cheered my former tutor throughout the journey ; and he then most unwillingly felt confirmed in the opinion that my conduct had been thoroughly base and heartless towards the mother of my child. Mary, although urged by her father's friends to enter into the gaieties of the place, gratefully declined their well-meant kindness ; and when Mr. Winterburn attempted to reason her out of her determination, he knew, from her decided and firm tone that they were not to be changed, so for the future forbore to press her upon the subject.

While affairs were thus going on, under the sunny sky of Italy, where all was bright and cheerful, save the heart of her whom my mis-

conduct had blighted, I must again return to foggy England, and record actions which I would willingly blot from my remembrance, but that the duty of a faithful chronicler of the story of his life, renders it imperative to lay before the reader. Endless were the inquiries I made after my wife; futile was the attempt to ascertain her movements. In order to leave no stone unturned that might lead to discovery, I employed a most zealous and efficient ex-member of the metropolitan police force, whose first step was to find the hackney coachman that had taken the fugitives from the Edgware Road; but as that extortionate driver had, as usual, made an overcharge to a party going abroad, the reward offered was not, in his opinion, a sufficient compensation for the chance of three weeks' hard labour in the House of Correction. An application, too, had been made at the respective passport offices; but there was no record of any one having been granted in the name of Winterburn, the fact having been, as it was afterwards proved, that his old one had been viséd at the French embassy and Tuscan Legation.

While pondering over the whole affair, and considering in what new channel I could direct my enquiries, an event occurred which gave me some clue to the object I had in view. Epsom races had commenced, and, as usual, the young officers had horsed and luncheoned a drag to the Downs, of which I formed one. No sooner was the great event of the day, the race for the Derby, over, than we set to work to discuss the next important affair—cold chickens and champagne.

“Ah! Captain, how do you find yourself?” asked an eccentric individual, decked out in a red coat, nankeen trowsers, with a huge spy-glass to his eyes, and no shoes to his feet. Not being aware that the remark was made to me, and being thoroughly taken up with a lobster-salad, I made no reply, when he resumed :

“Happy to drink a glass of wine with you—sweet, if you please. Pembroke, your health !”

At this piece of cool effrontery, I was beginning to feel wrathful, for it was my first appearance at a public race-course ; and I was not then aware that the speaker was a privileged



man, when Jerry (for it was that celebrated character) continued :

“ Well, I’m not over nice ; dry champagne will do as well, or even a glass of brandy-and-water. It’s not the first time I’ve drank that at your expense. Ah ! colonel, how d’ye do ? You forgot to send me the club buttons of the Pytchley hunt.”

“ So I did, Jerry,” responded a young and fast officer of the Guards ; “ but you shall have mine, and this coat with them, if you will only wait until to-morrow.”

“ The buttons, Colonel, if you please, not the coat ; for, perhaps in the multiplicity of business, you may have forgotten to pay for it, and your schneider might come down upon me with an execution, and seize the property from my person.”

As the man still fixed his wild, glaring eyes upon me, it came across my mind that I had met him before, but certainly not in the costume in which he now appeared ; and, as he still importuned me to buy a card, I threw down a handful of halfpence, the change at the

turnpikes, and requested him to hand me up one.

“Happy, Captain, for auld lang syne, to make you a present of half-a-dozen; but I never touch copper. Here, little boy, pick up those brownies. No gentleman can soil his glove with them.”

“Well, here’s a more refined coin,” I replied, handing him a new shilling.

“Portsdown fair—Captain, eh!—you remember—how’s our young friend, Ned Purchas? rather a scamp, a sort of fellow I could not notice at Epsom or Ascot, although I might bow to him at Hampton—as Lady Jemima said to a female friend, I have not character enough for both of us.”

Portsdown fair—Purchas—a light flashed across my mind, and I proceeded in rather a low voice, “I quite remember the fair, and fancied I had seen you before.”

“Keep your own counsel,” resumed Jerry in a natural tone of voice, free from his usual swagger. “You once served me, and if ever I can return it, you may depend upon my best

exertions, but I shall lose my reputation if I talk in such a rational manner. Ah Car!" addressing a celebrated aristocratic beauty, "how are you, I hope the family are flourishing," with this, Jerry took his leave, and was soon very busy at his old trade, levying contributions from those who saw in his eccentricities—a head capable of better things.

"Why, you seem very thick with Jerry," said a brother sub, "he's a capital fellow to carry a billet doux, although his appearance is certainly not quite what would be expected from one of love's messengers."

"There is not a more discreet person in the world," added another, "he knows exactly how far he can go, had he not, he would long since have paid the penalty of his 'temerity.'"

"Jackson, the leg," chimed in a third, "employed him to find out the hiding place of a levanter after last St. Leger, and although there was a cold scent, he ran the varmint to ground in no time."

A sudden thought struck me, and waiting my opportunity, I called Jerry aside, telling him

that I was about to claim his proffered assistance.

"I shall be happy, Captain, to wait upon you to-morrow morning, wherever you like to appoint, but here you must be careful what you say, for there is not a tramper that wouldn't knock you or me on the head for a five shilling piece, especially if they happened to fancy I was 'peaching;' name your time and place, and now your honour," continued he, in his exaggerated strain, "I hope you'll give me a lift back to town, I'm not particular, the best place on the box seat will satisfy me, take a return list Captain."

"Give me two," I responded placing a half crown piece in his hand, and adding in a subdued voice, "come to Windsor Cavalry barracks any hour between nine and eleven to-morrow morning, I will defray all expenses."

"Taa, taa, Captain," he replied, "I shall book it, the field for a pony against the favorite for the Oaks."

At an early hour the following day, Har-

greaves informed me that a gentleman from Epsom had called according to appointment.

“Show him up,” I responded, and to my great delight and surprise, Jerry made his appearance, quietly and respectably dressed.

“I told you Mr. Pembroke,” said he, “that you may reckon upon any service in my power. I have not forgotten, nor shall I ever forget your kindness to me at Portsdown fair, had I remained with my father, I should probably have fallen a victim to his ungovernable temper; but I will not utter a word against the dead, suffice it to say, through your kindness I emancipated myself, and have hitherto made my way through life without being guilty of a dishonest action; to live by one’s own brains is a trade that is followed by many of my betters, and I therefore need not blush at the adoption of it.”

I then at considerable length told him of the sudden departure of Winterburn and his daughter from the Edgeware Road, and without entering into any particulars, as to the relation in

which we stood, authorized him to offer a reward of twenty pounds for their discovery.

“As for any remuneration for myself, Mr. Pembroke,” he replied, “I should scorn to accept it, and a much less sum than what you mention will carry out my plans, happy most happy shall I be, if through my exertions you discover the missing parties; you must now give me a description of them, the date, and any other information you can, for the time that has elapsed makes the case somewhat difficult.”

I then mentioned every circumstance I was aware of, and drew forth two bank notes which I placed in Jerry’s hand.

“I thank you Mr. Pembroke, but we will settle after the event is over; in the mean time, I must claim from you a promise not to mention my name in this affair.”

“Unquestionably,” I replied, “you know there’s honour among—I need not add the rest; but seriously, I pledge my word never to compromise you in the slightest degree.”

“And now,” he responded, “as the officers

are beginning to assemble for parade, I will take my departure through the back way; by next Monday, when I shall be in Tattersall's yard at ten o'clock, I hope to have some satisfactory intelligence to communicate," before I had time to reply, or offer the eccentric card-seller any refreshment, he was half way across the barrack-yard, having gone round the stables to avoid being recognized. The first step that my intelligent scout took, was to make it right with the waterman of the hackney-coach stand, near my London lodging, but that "Jolly old water or rather brandy and waterman," had so fuddled his skull with liquor, that little could be extracted from it.

"Here's a gentleman," said he, addressing a levy of drivers, "wots asking about a job as took up a gentleman, a lady, a child, and some luggage on the tenth of last month, from number 90, Edgeware Road, the 'cove' himself, rayther of the seedy order, called the coach himself."

"I knows nothing," responded one. "Nor I," growled another, "I suppose it's an affair of lost luggage, or over-charge for it."

“It’s no such thing,” said Jerry, loud enough to be heard by all, “there’s a young lady in the case, an elopement, and a reward of five pounds offered, provided the information is given before Monday morning; on that day at seven o’clock, my female ‘pall’ will be here, she will conduct the driver to a neighbouring public-house where I shall be, and if all’s right, he shall be paid for his morning’s work in addition to the reward—remember, it’s all ‘on the square.’”

With this Jerry promised the waterman half-a-crown upon his next visit, and having stood a glass of gin all round, took his departure; in less than a couple of hours he was at the Spread Eagle, Epsom, taxing every new comer to purchase a card or a sheet list.

“Well, old fellow,” said a noble sportsman, “your card brought me luck yesterday, so let me have one for to-day, I have a regular ‘pot’ against the favourite.”

“Thank you, my lord,” replied the delighted vendor, as he pocketed a sovereign. At this moment our regimental drag drove up, and



Jerry hanging on the step distributed half a dozen cards, without waiting for payment, merely saying to me: "You will hear further on Monday morning—I'm on the trail."

Monday arrived, and my messenger, agreeable to appointment, was in Tattersall's yard.

"Ah, Captain," said he, in his bombastic manner, "I hope you won a fortune—that poor devil, Marsland, who bred the winner of the Oaks, only netted a paltry five hundred," then lowering his voice, added, "the man in the drab box coat, standing near the Fox, can tell you all you require, merely say one thousand one hundred and two, the number of the coach."

After waiting a few minutes, in order that Jerry might mix in the crowd, I approached the individual I had been referred to, and repeating the cabalistic figures, he touched his hat and followed me to the covered archway, where sundry carriages of every description were marked for sale; stopping at a lumbering old town coach, I pretended to inspect it, and

finding no one within distance of earshot, told my companion I was ready to listen to his statement.

“Please yer honour,” said he, “on Thursday morning, the second of last month, I was on the stand in Connaught Terrace, when at about six o'clock in the morning, a tall thin gentleman called me off it, to take up in the Edgeware Road, he told me that I should have to drive to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross; upon reaching the house, a young lady with an infant in her arms got in, and having placed two trunks on the roof we driv off, the initials were F. W. on the largest, and M. W. on the smaller one. I took 'em best pace to the booking-office, and the gentleman made me a handsome present of four shillings.”

“And did you ascertain,” I eagerly enquired, “where their destination was?”

“I s'pose, Sir, I can trust to your honour,” said the cautious whip, “but if I tells you more, perhaps I might be had up, for receiving more than my legal fare, although the gintleman guv

it me freely, without any extortion on my part. I'd scorn such an action."

"I am no informer," I responded, "and am perfectly willing to trust you, although you seem to doubt me."

"Quite the reverse," interrupted the man, "well as I was a saying, upon reaching the Golden Cross, the gentleman got out of the coach and went into the office, on coming out he told the young lady that he had booked one inside and one out to Dover, where they were to sleep, as the Bullone boat was to leave in the morning, upon which the governor called a porter, and I myself see'd the luggage put into the coach."

Truthful as the statement appeared, I was at a loss to understand how a man who had driven so many different parties since the day referred to, should have so retentive a memory upon this particular occasion, and pressing him upon that point, eventually received the following solution to my doubts.

"As I see's you are a gentleman, Captin, and no mistake, and as I knows that what I

says won't go no furder, I owns as I made a slight mistake in the fare, and charged the party five 'bob,' two of which I wishes to return; the governor was werry wrathy, took my number, and said that on his return from Italy, he'd have me up, the porter told me I had better mind my eye, for p'raps the parties were only going to cross over the water to Calis and return, so I looked at the gentleman's carpet-bag, and it was directed Florhence, or some such outlandish name, and that's the truth yer honor. S'help me, Bob."

"You have fairly earned the reward," I replied, placing a five pound note in his hand, "and here's a crown piece for your morning's work."

"I humbly thank you, Captin, but if you could oblige me with change for that ere fiver, I should be grateful, it's difficult sometimes for a man in my line of life to get rid of a 'fimsy.'"

"What still suspicious?" I replied. "Do you suppose that I have marked the note so as

to be able to identify you with the overcharge, but here are sovereigns in lieu of it."

"And here's the balance, yer honor, of the fare, which I hopes I shall never hear no more about."

"That belongs to the gentleman you drove," I replied, "and if ever I meet him, I will not fail to mention that you tendered the money."

"Quite the h'officer and gentleman," remarked the driver, as touching his hat, he took leave of me, and walked or rather waddled under the weight of his large caped great coat out of the yard.

"Florence," I inwardly exclaimed, "what can have taken Mary there?" and then my disordered brain pictured wild and visionary fancies as to the motive, a momentary feeling of jealousy flashed across my mind, but I would not harbour it; again it came in the form of a young medical student, who was a distant relative of Winterburn's, and made a more vivid impression, so much so that I ran after my informant, who as he had some difficulty

in wending his way through the assembled crowd, was easily overtaken before he reached Grosvenor Place.

“One word more,” I exclaimed, panting for breath, “did any body join the party at Charing Cross?”

“Well, I can’t speak partiklar upon that ’ere point,” replied the man, “but now I remember, there certainly was a young gentleman as seemed to belong to ’em, a dandyish sort of a chap, with rings and chains, who lent the elderly party a pencil case, and tore a page from a small memorandy book to write down my number.”

I paused for a minute, and then proceeded, “and did the person you allude to accompany them to Dover?”

“Oh, yes! he got into the coach and told the lady not to h’agitate herself, as he’d see her father righted, he then handed his cloak, a h’olive brown one to the governor, who had the box seat, when they driv off, and that’s all I know’s.”

"And enough too," I thought, for the olive brown cloak, which I remembered young Charles Turner was in the habit of wearing, produced as powerful an effect upon my mind, as the pocket handkerchief did on that of the Moor of Venice, "and where can I hear of you again," I continued, "should I require further information?" The coachman was silent, and had recourse to the usual expedient of those who are conscious of a guilty mind.

"Why really, I can't exactly say," he responded, "I now drives for Mr. Tamplin of the Horseferry Road, Westminster, and sleeps over his stable in Tothill Street, but I expects I shall leave in the course of a day or two, for my missus ain't altogether well, and she, for the sake of the children, wishes to remove to a more b'airy sitivation."

"You have already proved," said I, in a determined tone, "that I am willing to pay for intelligence, and all I ask is, that I should know to whom and where to send, in the event of my wishing to see you again." Awed a

little by my manner, and stimulated by the hope of a further reward, he gave me his name and address.

“You will see Captain,” said he, “it’s all right, here’s the last legal application I had for my week’s rent,” and handing out a very soiled piece of paper, I found it directed to Mr. Thomas Hunt, No. 5, Tothill Street, Westminster, “the stables is at the back of the house,” said he, “and the h’entrance under the archway of number five.”

Entering the Green Park, I sought an unfrequented spot, and there gave way to meditations of a not over agreeable nature. My first impulse was to ascertain if the object of my suspicion was in London, and was about to proceed to his lodging near Guy’s Hospital, when I bethought me, that if I were to engage Mr. Hunt to drive me there, he might be able to identify the individual, and failing so to do, a great relief would be taken off my mind.

Crossing St. James’s Park I soon found the stable I was in search of, and upon rapping at the door a female voice enquired my business.



"I wish to say a few words to Mr. Hunt," I responded "I left him not an hour ago at Tattersall's."

"Oh! then you are the gentleman he was to meet," replied the matron, "I expect my husband home every moment, he got a neighbour of ours, Jem Travers, to take out his coach this morning, won't you please to walk up, Sir."

"I ascended a narrow staircase, or rather ladder, that led to the loft, and there found Mrs. Hunt standing by a small fire, upon which a saucepan was bubbling, and emitting a most savoury odour.

"Please, to be seated, Sir, I beg pardon captain, its not much of a place to ask such a gentleman as you into, but it's quite large enough for my husband and myself."

"And your children," I added, remembering the deep interest the coachman professed to take in his youthful progeny.

"Oh, Sir," answered Mrs. Hunt, trying to look lachrymose, and heaving a sigh worthy of any hard working paviour, "I buried my only baby six years ago last Easter."

This conclusive proof of falsehood would have shaken my confidence as to my informant's veracity upon the subject at heart, had I not remembered that every hackney coachman and cab driver, from time immemorial, has been blessed with a wife and six children, for whom he could appeal in mitigation of punishment when brought before a magistrate for misconduct. All further conversation was put an end to, by the appearance of Mr. Hunt himself, who seemed not a little surprised at seeing me snugly seated by his fireside.

What a libel it is on the sex, to think that all females are curious, it is true that we have some strong cases upon record in support of such an opinion, but from a somewhat long experience in the world, we are inclined to think that the daughters of Eve are not more addicted to that failing than the Lords of the Creation, and if they are, Mrs. Hunt was a brilliant exception to the rule, for at the risk of spoiling the *pot-au-feu*, she left it to take its fate, and descended into the stable under the pretext of scouring out the corn bin.

"I beg you won't leave the room," said I, "for I have nothing particular to say to your husband; all I require is, that he should drive me to Duke Street, Southwark; as it might be a waiting job, I thought he might as well have it as any other."

Before I had concluded my speech, Mrs. Hunt had left the room, when her husband expressed his readiness to attend to my bidding, confirming what his "better half" had said respecting his coach.

"Travers was to be here at twelve o'clock," said he, "and it only wants ten minutes of it, so if you'll excuse me, Captain, I'll just have my dinner; here, missus, the pot's a-biling over."

And so I really found it was, to the detriment of my trousers, and well-polished boots. The good housewife soon made her re-appearance, when her husband exclaimed:

"Here, old girl, is a sovereign, just go and wipe off the score at the King's Head, and get a quartern of gin, and a pot of 'alf and 'alf,"

Mrs. Hunt cast a pleasant look first at the

coin, and then at me, and seizing her bonnet and shawl went forth on her errand.

“Ah! there’s Jem,” said my companion, as a coach stopped at the entrance of the yard, “he’s always punctual, h’especially when he thinks any prog is to be had—here, missus,” he shouted, leaning out of the open window, “bring an h’extra pot, and half a pint of the best gin, Travers will stay and take his dinner with us, and if you han’t enough in the larder, you can buy a pologne in Smith Street.”

Not wishing to mar the homely meal by my presence, I departed, under the pretext of visiting a friend in Dean’s Yard, but not before I had agreed to call Hunt off the stand in Bridge Street, when the hungry biped and quadruped had enjoyed their respective feeds.

In less than half-an-hour, I was upon my way to Duke Street, when upon ringing the second floor bell of a neat-looking lodging-house, I with trepidation enquired after Mr. Turner.

“He left us nearly a month ago,” replied the landlady, “and I have not heard of him

since, I think he must still be out of town, or he would probably have called to know if there were any letters for him."

As this statement tended to confirm my former suspicions, I hurried back into the coach, and desired the driver to make the best of his way to the White Horse Cellar, which I reached in time to proceed on my way home to the barracks at Windsor, by the Bath 'Regulator,' then about to start for Salt Hill.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ You are now  
In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow,  
At once is deaf and loud.”

SHELLEY.

“ Renown'd metropolis.”

MILTON.

SPRING and summer passed away without my receiving any tidings from Winterburn or Mary, and I had recklessly given myself up to gaiety and dissipation. The annual winter leave came out, and having received a windfall in the shape of a legacy from an old aunt, the identical lady whose heart I had won by petting her dog, and whose purse I had diminished by

her present of a sovereign, I determined to pass my holidays between London and Northamptonshire. This project was facilitated by the absence of my father and mother, who had left England on a visit to an estate he had lately come into possession of in the north of Scotland.

Having ordered a bed and sitting-room at a fashionable hotel in Jermyn Street, and engaged a Tilbury and tiger, (for John Hargreaves and the buggy would have had too rural an appearance for the metropolis) I proceeded to the British, and as I did not reach it until late, preferred dining there to going to a coffee-house. The bill, which I had the curiosity to call for, showed that I was living at the rate of nearly eight hundred a-year for hotel expenses alone.

Upon the day after my arrival, one of Tilbury's neatest vehicles, which take their name from the inventor, was to be at the door at eleven o'clock, and at that hour I stepped into it, dressed, as I then thought, in the highest degree of fashion.

As the costume of that day may not be uninteresting to a reader of the present, I beg to give it. Tight leather fawn-coloured pantaloons, Hessian boots, wrinkled and polished like an old maid's visage of sixty, white neckcloth, with a waterfall tie, and gold pin, buff waistcoat, and lightish brown frock coat, faced and collared with velvet.

No sooner had I taken my place at my groom's side, than I proceeded to Mat Milton's and Elmore's, at that period two of the leading dealers, but the "figures" for hunters were too high, so I contented myself with buying a charger from the former, for the small sum of one hundred guineas. I had now nearly two hundred and twenty guineas to expend in horseflesh, and I fondly flattered myself, that with that sum, I should procure two first rate hunters for a youth, only weighing nine stone ten pounds.

From the above mentioned yards, I wended my way to, at least, a dozen others, but could see nothing at all likely to suit. One horse was too low in form, too high in price; another,



although warranted good in dirt, was anything but "dirt cheap;" while a third was up to any weight, except that of my purse.

Disgusted with my day's adventure, and dissatisfied with my hotel dinner, I ordered a hackney coach, cabs were not in existence, and proceeded to a coffee-house under the Piazza. While my meal was preparing, which as I had given no specific order, I considered would consist of the Apician luxuries of the house—mock-turtle soup, as little like the real occidental amphibious luxury, as grey mullet is to red, or conger eel to lampreys—marrow-bones, not quite as marrowless as Hamlet's sainted sire, although generally supposed to be the joint produce of the ox and a more stubborn animal; tough beefsteaks, and *bees-wing* port, sweet, new, and clammy, as Hybla's *honey*, I took up a newspaper, and read the following advertisement:

"To be sold, the property of a gentleman going abroad, two superior hunters, well-known with the Warwickshire hounds—'Marmion,' brown gelding, six years old by Claymore, dam

by 'Wanderer'—Price one hundred and thirty guineas. 'Shamrock,' bay ditto, seven years old, by Irish Blacklock out of 'Kate Kearney,' nearly thorough bred. Price one hundred and twenty guineas. For particulars enquire of Ralph Dowdeswell, Hart Street, Covent Garden. No dealer need apply."

"Why," I inwardly exclaimed, "they seem the very horses for me. I'll see them the first thing in the morning; and perhaps if I purchase both, they will let me have them for two hundred and twenty guineas."

While soliloquising and musing upon this subject, I was interrupted by the approach of the landlord, head waiter, and a species of *waiterette*, bearing sundry large tin-covered dishes. As it was my first appearance at Covent Garden, (Piazza), I fancied there must be some mistake, there seemed enough for half-a-dozen people.

Before I could, however, say a word, the landlord, who acted as fogleman, gave the signal, and the covers were removed, disclosing to my eyes a huge tureen of soup, filled with

grease, and bilious-looking forced meat balls, a coarse beefsteak, some marrow bones, a stale, tasteless, (as it afterwards proved to be) cartilaginous sweetbread, three plates of vegetables, and one of chalot and onions chopped together.

“What wine, Captain Pembroke, would you like to have?” asked the waiter, in a soft winning tone.

“Captain,” I mentally said, “I must support my dignity. A pint of sherry, and *some* of your best port after dinner.”

Vainly did I flatter myself that my last order would be interpreted into a pint, for I was too diffident to order so small a quantity, and trusted to the chances. Had I even taken that precaution, it would have been unnecessary, as the result proved, for just as I was unfolding my napkin, who should make his appearance but my old Sussex acquaintance, Major Skit-towe.

“Why Arthur!” he exclaimed, extending his hand, “what are you up to this evening?”

"Nothing," I replied, "I may drop into Covent Garden half price."

"Let me see," he continued, "what's the hour? a quarter before six—I've a couple of orders for that theatre, and if you can be ready by seven; I shall be happy to pass you in."

I acknowledged his courtesy, and felt myself bound to invite him to partake of my fare.

"The fact is," he proceeded, "I had an appointment with Coxwell of ours—you remember Coxwell at the Abbey—to meet him here at six o'clock to go early to the play, but he has left a note for me at the bar, saying he was unexpectedly summoned to attend his uncle, who is ill at Hampstead, so having made an excellent dinner at luncheon on guard, I was about to stroll through the market, to buy a bouquet for a fair friend, and wait until the doors opened, but—since you are so pressing, I will take a morsel of your well-ordered dinner."

With this, he sat down, and certainly reminded me of "Tickler's appeeteet," so graphically described by the "Shepherd" in those delightful "Noctes Ambrosianæ," in which he

is represented to have devoured, "a bowl of molly-go-tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion, twa codlins, (wi' maist part o' a lobster in that saas) the first gash of the jigget, steaks, pullets and finally guse; no to count jeeles and coostord, and blue mange, and many million mites in that campsie Stilton, better than ony English, a pot o' draught, twa long shankers o' ale; noons and thans, a sip o' the auld port, a caulker o' Glenlivet."

Now, unquestionably, my "guest's maw," in the destruction of animal and vegetable matter, was like that "o' Death himself," and his stomach, "insatiable as the grave," for he partook of soup, fish, which the obsequious waiter had ordered on his own account, when I desired something extra; beefsteaks, sweetbread, veal cutlets, another extra; ducks, maccaroni, jelly, pastry, and a pint of sherry, more extras.

"Would you like any dessert, Captain?" asked the waiter, as he removed the cloth.

"Oh! yea," I replied; "some oranges and biscuits, and *the* pint of port."

In order that I may not be accused of want

of liberality towards my guest, I must here remark, that when he sat down to dinner, and drank his portion of the wine, he declared he would not taste another drop.

“Pint, Captain!” said the waiter, in a low voice, “I’ve just decanted a bottle of the old port, forty years in bottle—only one dozen and a half left. But, of course, if you wish it, I can take it back, and bring you a pint of another sort.”

“No, no,” I exclaimed; “let me have the old wine.”

Upon hearing this, my companion made a move, and excusing himself for a few minutes, left the room. During his absence, the dessert, with some olives, plain and devilled biscuits, and the beeswing, was placed on the table; and, as the Major returned, I looked up at the clock, which told me we had only a few minutes to spare before the hour at which my friend’s orders were available.

“Oh! there’s no hurry,” said Skittowe, quietly seating himself down. “The free list closes at seven; but thinking you would like to enjoy your wine, I went round, exchanged the

paper for checks; and now we can take our time."

I pass over the remainder of the evening, during which my thoughts were upon the hunters I hoped to possess myself of in the morning, and was awoke from my reverie by the Major suggesting a glass of liqueur before going to the play. To this I readily assented, and, ordering the brandy and the bill, found, in perusing the latter, that in leaving my hotel to dine under the Piazza, I had run from Scylla to Charybdis, the amount being two pounds sixteen shillings, exclusive of waiters. Rather the reverse of a free admission to Covent Garden, thought I, as I paid the bill, called for my hat, and overtook Skittowe, whose universal practice was to walk leisurely on, during the settlement of accounts. Before parting for the night, my guest had made himself tolerably well acquainted with my dinner arrangements for the following ten days as will be seen by the sequel.

I have dwelt upon details of my fare at the hotel and coffee-houses, with the view of giving

an insight into the "living about town" one-and-thirty years ago, before dining clubs were established, which, in our days, give a member the advantages of an establishment of ten thousand a year, independent of a library, cards, billiards, and excellent society.

At an early hour next morning, I proceeded to Hart Street, where, upon enquiry, I found that the two wonderful hunters had been disposed of.

"I'm sorry you did not call yesterday, Sir," said an ill-dressed fellow—a sort of cross between a cad to a Mile-end 'bus,' and a touter to a gambling booth; "for I'm sure the 'osses would have suited you. Marmyun was an out-and-outer, and Shamrock most undeniable—two hundred and fifty guineas for two as nice 'unters as ever was seen. We've got a young un in the stable, quite a baby, but up to your weight, if you'd take the trouble to look at her—only four year old, by—I forgets the pedigree; but I've got it in the office, all direct from the breeder."

As I descended from my tilbury, the touter,



anxious to know whether I was a 'nob' or a 'gent,' approached my groom, and soon extracted my name and profession. In the meantime, I had groped my way into a low dark stable, where shortly afterwards he joined me.

"Upon second thoughts, Captin, that 'ere filly won't suit you, she 'ant as yet been rid to 'ounds, and she has a little cough upon her, master wouldn't like to sell her to any h'officer until she quite recovers."

"How honest!" thought I, in the innocence of my heart, as I went up to the stall and found a waspish looking thorough-bred grey filly. "Her cough does seem bad," I exclaimed.

"Only a Londun vun," responded the touter, "cotch'd on the road from Newmarket. She's as thorough-bred as Eclipse, got by Phantom out of a Valebone mare, there's a deal of running in her—she'd vin any Garrison stakes, gentleman riders, veight for age."

"Running," I replied, *sotto voce*, "especially about the nose."

"But touching them 'ere hunters, Captain,

perhaps Mr. Dowdeswell could 'commodate you ; now I think on it, he has two as he was just going to send down to Melton, on a job, if they ain't gone, they'd suit you to a nicety."

"Where are Mr. Dowdeswell's stables?" I hastily enquired, "I was led to suppose they were here."

"These is h'extra's, he's so full, he's obligated to hire where he can, his regular stables are near the 'Cobug Theatur,' here's one of his cards, Captin."

"Ralph Dowdeswell, dealer in horses, 4, Prospect Place, Waterloo Road. Hunters, carriage horses, and hacks on job, by the day, week, month, or year." Thanking the man, and presenting him with half-a-crown, I proceeded to Prospect Place, where, to my great surprise, I found my friend the touter of Hart Street already arrived ; it is true, that I had some difficulty in finding the *locale*, while he had run straight as an arrow threading all the alleys and bye streets that led to it. The worthy dealer now made his appearance, attended by his Fidus Achates, Jem Morecraft, the ostler. Mr.

Dowdeswell was a short, thick-set man, with bandy legs, high cheek bones, and a mouth as large as the charity-box of the Westminster Hospital, filled with saffron coloured teeth, that looked as if he had never been on good terms with the brush or dentist. His costume consisted of a dark brown coat, drab waistcoat, continuations of the same, made to fit tight, with an Indian pattern shawl neckcloth, tied round his neck.

Jem was the very *beau ideal* of ostlers, when equipped, as he was, in a long dark fustian jacket and sleeves, hair well oiled over the forehead, drab unmentionables, buttoned very low down to the calf of the leg, high-low shoes, and a catskin cap. Despite of his ugliness, there was something prepossessing in Mr. Dowdeswell's manner, and he was civil to obsequiousness; doffing his hat, he at once opened the case by informing me, that he was happy to say "Marmion" and "Shamrock" were still in the market.

"The fact is, Sir," said the dealer, "I sold them both to a nobleman, whose name I won't

mention; he admired them prodigiously, but when I talked of payment, he offered me bills at nine and twelve months; now as I never do "a bit of stiff," I declined his lordship's offer, and have got my horses back."

In those days, I was perfectly ignorant as to what "doing a bit of stiff" meant, happy should I be, if I had always remained in that "blissful state of ignorance," mentioned by the poet; so I merely replied, "that I should like to see the hunters out, although I feared the prices were too high." Upon this, the "touter," who I ascertained went by the name of "Ben," caught hold of a side curl, bobbed his head like a Chinese Mandarin, entered the stable, and shortly reappeared mounted on the hero of Flodden Field, followed by a young lad on "Shamrock."

"Gently does it!" exclaimed Mr. Dowdeswell, "there, that's right!" before I had time to look over the hunters, the dealer continued, "but here comes Harry Sharpe, the groom, he'll tell you all about the horses."

A man now approached with a lugubrious

countenance and a suit of rather seedy sable, who had it not been for his jockey whip and a certain indescribable slang look, would have passed off very well for an open air preacher.

"I hear your honour," he said, addressing me, "is looking out for two good hunters, all I can say is, that two better never followed hounds."

"I was telling the gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Dowdeswell, "how Marmion carried your master last November in Warwickshire."

"Ah! that was a day; were you ever in Warwickshire, Sir?"

"Never," I replied.

"Well, Sir, I was riding Shamrock, master's second horse, and a brilliant day we had. We found in Smithem Gorse, ran from there to Thornton Heath, skirted Hazlewood Thorns, and Waverly Wood, then away to Duppa's Hill, crossed the Snowford Brook, where master and I set the whole field, including two of the hardest riders in Leicestershire, and ran into our fox on Houksted Common—an hour all but

five minutes—and straight as the crow flies. That was a fine day's sport."

Being a perfect stranger to Warwickshire, I could not enter into the merits of this far-famed, and far-fetched run as I afterwards found it to be, every place mentioned having been the invention of Mr. Sharpe's fertile brain, so I contented myself with saying, in the words of the great magician of the north, "Prodigious!"

The hunters were then walked and trotted before me, the leaping bar was put up, and in every respect they certainly both acquitted themselves admirably. I now began to talk about the price, when the dealer requested I would walk into his office, where he would lay the owner's letter before me.

"Nothing like regularity in such affairs," said Mr. Dowdeswell, as we entered a small room, about six feet square, and begged I would take a chair. There was an air of neatness in this 'den' that raised the owner in my estimation; a fox's brush ornamented the mantel-piece of a small brightly polished stove, while

sundry pairs of antlers, fixed to a stand, covered with deerskin, formed pegs for hats, whips, coats, and umbrellas. A desk, a high stool, and a chair completed the furniture of this *sanctum*, the walls being hung with sporting prints, and the places of meeting of all the hounds in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Mr. Dowdeswell now opened his desk, and taking from it a small packet of letters, neatly docketed, and tied together with red tape, proceeded to select one of the documents which he begged I would peruse, the contents ran as follows :

Regent Hotel,  
Leamington, November 1.

“ Sir,

“ As the accident I unfortunately met with last January has entirely incapacitated me from again taking the field, I have ordered my groom to proceed to town immediately with the only two hunters left me; the remaining seven fetched good prices here; two which will reach your stables Wednesday next at noon, were

bought in, and from their well-known characters, will, I think, realize their value in London.

'Marmion' is one of the best hunters that ever entered a field. In the famous run from Winnick Warren last year, he went so splendidly, that I was offered two hundred guineas for him. Price—as I must dispose of my horses before I go abroad—one hundred and thirty guineas. 'Shamrock,' nearly thorough bred, full of power and blood, the finest fencer in Europe, witness my having set the whole field on him last February, at a park gate with a strong oaken slab nailed above the top bar, in the run from Upton to Witchford Wood. Price one hundred and twenty guineas. I should have sent the horses to Tattersall's, but after your handsome conduct to me last year respecting 'Pioneer' and 'Heart of Oak,' I wish to give you a good turn, and two such hunters must attract all the sportsmen now in London to your stables. You can place the money, less the usual commission, to my account at the Bank of England. I have sent you four brace



of pheasants, two brace of partridges, and three hares by last night's mail.

"I am,

"HARRY BEAUFORT."

*P.S.*—I enclose the pedigrees direct from the breeders.

"To Mr. Dowdeswell,

"Livery Stables,

"4, Prospect Place,

"Waterloo Road,

"London."

The letter being franked by one of the members for the neighbouring borough, gave an additional weight to the contents of it, and I felt more than ever disposed to purchase the Warwickshire 'flyers.'

"I hope I didn't say too much, Sir, upon the merits of the horses," said Mr. Dowdeswell, "I'd scorn to do sitch a thing."

At this moment, the ostler tapped at the door, and said he wished to have a word with his master.

"The young nobleman!" exclaimed the

former, in a rather high voice, "that see'd the hunters last evening, is come back again, and wishes to know whether you'll let him have a trial."

"Impossible, at present," responded the dealer, "say there's a 'party' in the office who has the refusal of them; if he declines, I shall be happy to wait upon his lordship to-morrow morning at the Clarendon."

Jem Morecraft bowed acquiescence, and I was again alone with Mr. Dowdeswell; there was a silence for a few seconds, which I summoned up resolution to break, by saying that I admired the horses extremely—that the character given of them by Mr. Beaufort was excellent, and if two hundred and twenty guineas would buy them, and they were warranted sound, I would give him a check for the money.

Mr. Dowdeswell appeared to be highly perplexed at my offer.

"Mr. Beaufort was sich a gentleman, that he hardly dare propose a less sum than he had put upon 'the horses, and yet to sell the two together would save the expense of keeping his

groom in London," arguing to himself in the above manner, he finally concluded by saying, "Well, Sir, my orders are to sell, and as Mr. Beaufort cannot go abroad until he has got rid of his stud groom, and his entire hunting establishment, I must accept your offer; and should he be hard upon me, I must give up my commission; that will go towards squaring the account, and I likes to act conscientiously on such occasions—a man in my business has nothing but character to support him."

"How very liberal!" I exclaimed, and taking up a pen, wrote him an order upon Messrs. Cox and Greenwood for the amount.

"I will send early to-morrow morning for the horses," I exclaimed, in a voice that I imagined would surprise two "cockneys" who had been attracted to the spot, "I shall ride 'Marmion' with the royal stag-hounds. Good afternoon."

"Good arternoon, Captin," said Jem, "hope you'll remember the ostler."

A crown piece rewarded his labours, Harry Sharpe also put in his claim, which was acknow-

ledged, and I drove off, thoroughly satisfied with myself. No Lord Mayor that ever entered Guildhall in the pomp and circumstance of civic dignity—no parish beadle that ever swaggered through a crowd of gaping young urchins, felt so proud as I did, when I told my groom, who was waiting for me at the door of the hotel, that he was to call at daylight for the horses, and take the two wonders of the hunting world to Botham's at Salt Hill, to be ready for me at eleven o'clock; adding that I should ride 'Marmion' myself, and that he was to mount 'Shamrock' as my second horse.

After dressing for the evening, for in those days, loose paletots and tweed trowsers were not considered a proper toilet even for the theatre, I strolled to Limmer's in the hopes of finding some friend or acquaintance to whom I could converse on my new purchase.

Limmer's! what a history might be written of your walls! It was here that the "elegant extracts" congregated after the celebrated court-martial, which was the cause of removing them from a regiment they had done honour to, and

which gave rise to the following squib, that appeared in the organ of bon-ton.

#### FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Yesterday, at the Prince of Wales' Hotel, Conduit Street, four-and-twenty officers, late of the 10th Royal Hussars.

It was in the coffee-room at Limmer's, that the quarrel took place between Lord Camelford and Mr. Best, which ended so fatally to the former. It was here that every man of note in the fashionable, sporting, military, naval, or country gentleman world was to be found from early morn to the small hours after midnight.

How many challenges have been penned, how many love epistles have been written, how many civil excuses to creditors have been indited, how many importunate appeals to money-lenders have been made, how many books for the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger have been cast up in the small snuggerly called the writing-room! How many men have gone from Lim-

mer's, in the hopes of winning thousands, and have returned beggars! Were half the "sayings and doings" of this far-famed house made known to the public, they would eclipse in interest all the memoirs, diaries, reminiscences, anecdotes, lives and adventures that have emanated from the press during the last half century. "Limmer's as it was, with anecdotes of its past patrons and frequenters," would take the light reading world by storm, and make the fame as well as the fortune of the author.

I have digressed upon my way to this well-known spot, where I found the one-legged messenger, already mentioned, at the door, and the trusty John Collin waddling to the bar to get a view of the new-comer.

"What say you, Sir, to a glass of the Prince of Wales's mixture?" inquired the latter.

"By all means," I responded.

"Ah! these are the very best I ever had," said the insinuating Monsieur Renaud, as he unfolded a paper parcel, containing a new importation of French kid gloves of the most

exquisite colours. "Only fifty-seven shillings the dozen. I have only eighteen pair left."

As a matter of course, the beverage was produced and drunk, the gloves purchased, and dinner ordered. Just as I was about to sit down to attack a splendid cod's head, whom should I see but my friend Skittowe at the next table, victimising a young Guardsman, who had unwittingly (as I had done the previous day) fallen into the trap.

"Ah, Arthur!" said the Major, extending his hand, "I came here to ask you what you had done with the dealer, and was going home to take a solitary chop, when Prendergast pressed me to stay and dine with him."

How far he came under the denomination of a "pressed" man, I cannot determine; but from all I now know of his character, I consider he "volunteered" his services to the Guards, when he found, upon enquiry, that I had not ordered dinner. Determined to make up for his disappointment in not having fixed me, who was about to leave town, instead of Prendergast, who was doing duty at Portman Street Barracks,

Skittowe set his wits to work, and, before we parted, booked me for an oyster supper after the Adelphi, a mount on "Shamrock," and a breakfast and dinner at Salt Hill, on the following day.

Before I had finished my morning's ablutions, the Major was announced ; and, having drunk two bottles of soda-water and brandy, waited patiently until a coach was at the door to convey us to the "White Horse Cellar."

"Please to have your trunk inside?" asked the porter, as he pointed to the Major's luggage, which my old military acquaintance, John Sims, had, with the assistance of a boy, brought to the hotel.

"Plenty of room," responded Skittowe. "White Horse Cellar," "All right!" and off we started at a snail's pace to that busy spot, where we found the York House Bath coach just drawn up.

How unlike was the appearance of the "Cellar" to what it now is ! In those days, the Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Salisbury, Oxford, and other first-rate coaches assembled there,



splendidly horsed, ready for a start; and no sooner had the guard given the word, than away they bowled merrily along Piccadilly. Now nothing is to be seen there but some half-dozen cruelty vans, styled omnibuses, with bad cattle, ill-conditioned drivers, and wrangling conductors; and the Hounslow mail reduced from a four-horse conveyance to a small red cart, with a wretched, half-starved animal, the coachman and guard united in the same person, like the two elderly gentlemen mentioned in George Colman's "Broad Grins," "rolled into one."

After an agreeable drive of two hours, we reached the spot famed in Etonian history, as the scene of the now forgotten Montem, and were shortly at the door of Botham's excellent inn. There the first object that attracted my view was my groom, looking the picture of grief and despair.

"How are the horses?" I exclaimed; but he answered nothing. The pang of suspense I bore while getting off the coach, paying the driver and guard, and answering a bothering slipshod waiter, who wished to know whether I

would like to have breakfast, was awful ; at last I got rid of my tormentors, and silently followed my master of the horse to the stables.

“ Oh ! Sir,” exclaimed that worthy and trusty servant, “ you’ve been robbed, plundered, by a gang of ‘ chaunters.’ ”

“ Chaunters ! ” I replied, ignorant in those days of the meaning of the term.

“ Yes, Sir, the ostler here knows all about them—Dowdeswell, Morecraft and Sharpe. It’s only last week they did a young Oxford gentleman out of one hundred guineas for a thoroughbred filly with the glanders. He returned her a few days ago ; but can’t recover his money.” I remembered the filly with the running nose in Hart Street. My groom continued, “ The brown horse is a regular roarer ; and as for the bay, he’s dead lame, and not worth a five pound note.”

I can describe my feelings at that moment to nothing but those of Macduff, when he first heard of the desolation brought to his home by the fiend of Scotland. My hopes of hunting—all my money—gone “ at one fell swoop ! ”

"But what's to be done?" I asked, when, in some degree, I had recovered my self-possession, "you had better, Sir, return the horses at once, and get a solicitor to write them a lawyer's letter."

While approving of this excellent advice, Skittowe joined me, accompanied by a young Irishman, a brother officer of mine, who was quartered at Slough, and to whom I had written the previous evening, telling him of my wonderful purchase.

"So Pembroke, you're going to cut us all down to-day, but I must see the flyers."

Before I had time to reply; the Major, with an eye to dinner business, whispered, "present me to your friend."

"Let me introduce Lieutenant Doyly," I responded, "Major Skittowe—Lieutenant Doyly."

"That's a remarkable clever horse of yours, Mr. Doyly, and the neatest dennet I ever saw," remarked the former, commencing the first meshes of a net, which he trusted would eventually snare the fledgeling.

Apologizing to the speaker for interrupting

him in the midst of his discourse, I at once, as briefly as possible, laid before my friends the whole state of the case.

“How could you think of paying for them?” said Doyly, “until you had shewn them to a vet?”

“With a warranty, I thought I was safe,” I replied.

A sudden thought seemed to flash across the mind of my brother ‘sub,’ as he hastily enquired the hour.

“Just a quarter past eight, London time,” responded my groom.

“Jump into my dennet, lose not a moment,” continued Doyly, “there’s room for you, Major, I’ll tell you all on the way.” Skittowe, who was thinking more of his breakfast than my misfortune, and who was not desirous of having another drive before that meal, exclaimed :

“As you have paid the money, all you have to do, is to place the case before your lawyer, if the firm is solvent, you will recover; it is ten to one in favour of a gentleman against a horse dealer.”

During this remark, Doyly and myself had seated ourselves in the dennet, and were shortly joined by the Major, who thought it better to stick to the ship, than abandon it without chart, compass, or provisions.

In our gallop to Slough, Doyly explained the brilliant idea that had entered his ready imagination, which was, that we were both to ride up to London, and to try and reach the army-agents before the cheque was presented.

"If we can only run into that cunning old fox, Dowdeswell," he continued, "it will be worth a dozen hunts with the calf-hounds."

"Capital," I responded.

"And perhaps, Major," he proceeded, "you will do me the favour of partaking of the fare my landlord has provided for my breakfast, and riding or driving to see the deer uncarted, as the dennet and horse are entirely at your service."

"And on our return," I added "I will have a chaise ready to take us over to the barracks."

To alight at the White Hart, to snatch

a hasty cut at the cold joint, drink a cup of hot coffee, while Doyly's first and second chargers were being saddled and bridled, and to give orders for the Major's mount, was the work of a few seconds; the horses were then brought round, when my gallant friend vaulted upon one, I on the other.

"Let Siddall see the screws, and make a written report of their state, have a chaise and pair ready at four o'clock, and wait here for further orders," said I to my panting groom, who had just arrived from Salt Hill, evidently not in running condition, and who with the waiter, ostler, boots, and Doyly's bătman, looked not a little surprised at my companion and myself scampering off like two modern Mazepa's "upon the pinions of the wind." There was not an inch of ground between Slough and Hyde Park Corner unknown to my dashing lieutenant, who was in the habit of riding, or driving to London three or four times a week; so avoiding grips and stones, he piloted me over the best part of the road, now skirting over the grass by the way side, now cutting off an angle,

by flying across the field, now galloping over the heath, until we reached Hounslow.

The ostler at the George Inn, ever on the look out, guessed our intentions, and lustily shouted out.

“Two post horses, or a chaise and pair to London.”

Scarcely had we dismounted from our reeking steeds, and ordered them to be well looked after, than we mounted the new relay, and making the best of our way to town, reached the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner as the hand of the clock was on the fifty-fifth minute after nine.

Not a second was to be lost ; so throwing down a shilling, we turned into the Green Park, galloped down Constitution Hill, and made for the entrance opposite New Street, Spring Gardens ; there, after creating no little sensation among some old women, nurses, children and cows, we jumped off our horses, threw the reins to the gaping owner of a perambulating tea and coffee establishment, who evidently looked upon us as two highwaymen, just off

the road, and having desired him to walk the hacks about, threaded our way through the narrow passage, passed the celebrated Cross of Charing, and found ourselves in Craig's Court, just as the deep bell of the Horse Guards had sounded ten o'clock.

With that punctuality, which (to adopt a military saying) is the very life and soul of the army, and of its agents too; the doors of Messrs. Cox and Greenwood were opened before the clock had finished striking; and, as I entered a side-door, where the business of the household brigade was carried on, I observed a man whose face I could not distinguish from being muffled up in a worsted comforter, but whose figure seemed familiar to me, waiting at the principal entrance. Fearful that a moment's delay might prove fatal, I requested Doyly to proceed to the cashier's department, while I informed the senior clerk that a cheque of the previous day's date had been obtained from me in a fraudulent manner. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, than a man entered the office, whom I at once re-



cognized as the one I had seen waiting at the door, and now proved to be Mr. Dowdeswell himself—I turned myself toward the fire, while he presented the order.

“I have had personal directions from Cornet Pembroke,” said the clerk, “not to honour this cheque.”

“Personal directions,” echoed the dealer, “that’s impossible, there’s some mistake, the Captin guv’ it me after office hours last evening, and I was here half an hour before the house opened this morning.”

“Not impossible, Mr. Dowdeswell, nor is there any mistake at least on my part,” said I, “and if you doubt my word, perhaps you will not dispute that of this gentleman, Mr. Doyly, whom I believe you have heard of before.”

The dealer foamed with rage, for in the person of my friend, who had just entered, he saw one who had previously beat him in a court of law upon the question of warranty.

Vowing vengeance, Mr. Dowdeswell hastily left the office, and my brother officer gave me a

a slight insight into the tricks of this celebrated 'chaunter,' the Mario of the fraternity. The firm consisted of Ralph Dowdeswell, who for many years had kept a roulette table, with which he attended all the race-courses and fairs near London, but not following the old axiom of 'honour among thieves,' decamped one night with his partner's ill-gotten wealth. Scouted from the thimble rig and roulette circles, he took to 'chaunting,' and soon became one of its greatest adepts; his associate, Harry Sharpe, had formerly driven a Brighton van from London to Hawley, but having been implicated in a bank note coach robbery, was tried at the Old Bailey. Fortunately for him, his counsel proved an *alibi*, and Sharpe escaped the disagreeable sentence of going to the Colonies at the expence of government, with a letter of recommendation from the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The last of the trio, Jem Morecraft, had for many years been a *staller* to a swell mob'sman; *i. e.* an accomplice in picking pockets by holding up the arms of the victims; but finding the trade rather a dangerous one, had

left it for a safer and not less lucrative occupation — ‘Ben,’ the touter of Hart Street, was a Jew prize fighter, who had been expelled the ring for a cross and robbery.

“Sharpe,” added my friend, “is the cleverest of the whole gang, he can assume as many forms as Proteus—one day a groom, as in your case, another a gentleman jockey, a third a hunting clergyman, next a coachman in mourning for his late lamented master, now a thriving yeoman, then a broken down farmer. His first care is to ascertain whether his customer has ever been in the county in which he lays his venue, if not, he gives a jumble of names that he has picked up on the Brighton road, intermixing them, with those well known to every sportsman, always having a real brook to describe. In Warwickshire he talks of the Leam river, and the Snowford brook; in Leicestershire of the Whissendine; in Northamptonshire of the Loatland.”

“How strange,” I remarked, “I now remember that in his description of a wonderful run in Warwickshire, he mentioned places familiar to

my ears as 'household words,' 'Smithem Gorse,' 'Thornton Heath,' 'Duppa's Hill,' but then he came to the Snowford brook, which I recollect hearing always proved a damper to the Leamington men, so I was fairly gulled by the sharper."

We then returned to the park, and found the two posters being still led about; rewarding the man for his trouble, we again mounted, and after 'baiting' our steeds at Bryant's in the Haymarket, and refreshing ourselves at a neighbouring coffee-house, started and rode leisurely to Hounslow. Near Longford, we fell in with the stag-hounds, who had run into the deer in a nursery-garden near Sion, and were now returning to the kennel; a host of 'ours' soon flocked around us, anxious to hear the result of our journey to London, and upon recounting the adventure, highly lauded us for the acuteness and activity we had evinced.

"But who on earth," enquired one, "is your friend, Doyly, whom you mounted on 'Tom Thumb?' he's the best man along the road I ever saw."

“And he is now telling Davis,” said another, “how splendidly he went, and how he took the gate—off the hinges he ought to have added—out of the turnip field.”

“He’s a friend of Pembroke’s, and you will meet him at mess to-day.”

“Any friend of Pembroke’s will be most welcome,” responded the two, anxious to make me the *amende honorable* for their remarks upon my guest.

The Major now joined us, and was introduced to my brother officers, who good-humouredly congratulated him on his prowess in the field; one or two of the youngsters, who had heard of Skittowe’s devotion to the fair sex, led him on to enumerate some of his adventures and successes.

Upon reaching Slough, we found the post-chaise waiting, and soon reached the barracks; there a certificate from the veterinary surgeon was placed in my hands, confirming the statement of my groom, that both horses were, and had for some time been, incurably unsound.

It was then arranged that my groom was to

start early in the morning with the "screws," and that Doyly and myself were to follow him in the course of the day.

I pass over the dinner, and the evening, during which Skittowe made himself so agreeable, that he was invited to prolong his stay. Having taken possession of a spare room, and possessing an extensive wardrobe, he was nothing loath to avail himself of the kindness, especially as he proposed making dreadful havoc among the Windsor belles, who, in the days I write of, congregated daily on the Frying-pan Walk, so the fashionable lounge under the wall of the Park was called.

Upon the following afternoon, Doyly and myself reached town, and proceeded at once to Prospect Place, where my groom, who was in waiting, informed me, that the dealers had peremptorily refused to take back the horses; and that he had, therefore, put them up at an adjoining livery stable. We then entered the yard, where we perceived Messrs. Dowdeswell, Sharpe, Mortcraft, and a cunning-looking man of the Jewish persuasion, who, my companion

informed me, was one Isaac Levi, attorney-at-law. As we neared the office, we heard Mr. Dowdeswell, in a stentorian voice, give directions to his man of business, to issue a writ, retain counsel, and proceed forthwith in an action in the King's Bench.

Without further preface, my friend, who was to be spokesman upon the occasion, addressed the dealer, informing him that the horses were at the White Hart livery stables, near the Marsh Gate, that they were returned as unsound, and that if they were not removed by the following Friday, they would be sold by auction to defray the expenses of their keep, adding, that if the cheque upon Messrs. Cox and Greenwood was not returned, an advertisement would be sent to the newspapers exposing the whole transaction.

To this Mr. Levi put in a rejoinder, in which he talked very loudly of legal proceedings, courts of law, of arrest, trial, and judgment; of immaculate jurymen, and justice to the oppressed, of the poor man's cause, and the proud oligarchy, and wound up by a violent attack against the

higher classes, in which he indulged in sundry personalities against my father, myself, and the officers of my regiment.

The Jew attorney was, as the Yankees say, "piling it too high," and I was about, in a fit of anger, to apply my riding whip to the shoulders of the impertinent Israelite, when Doyly checked me.

"I see your game, Mr. Levi, you wish to provoke a breach of the peace, or lay us open to an action for slander or defamation—but we won't fall into the trap—you are, however—"

"What, Sir?" angrily inquired the limb of the law, raising his fist in a menacing manner, in the hopes of drawing forth some unguarded reply.

"You are, Mr. Levi."

"Well, Sir?"

"You are everything that's not actionable."

The attorney looked crest-fallen, and we turned to leave the yard.

"A word, gentlemen," said Mr. Sharpe, with that *suaviter in modo*, for which he was famed. "There's some little mistake, perhaps



I could rectify it; to save any unpleasantness, Dowdeswell might be induced to take back the hunters for a small consideration, and stop all proceedings, on Mr. Levi receiving his costs, which at this stage of the business must be trifling. It's a most disagreeable affair, and as you are both officers and gentlemen, you will, I am sure, act as such, and not allow the case to proceed further."

My friend's reply was to the point, that no power on earth could induce him, on my part, to make the slightest compromise, and that if the cheque was not destroyed in his presence, he would consult the magistrate at Union Hall, when the whole case would appear before the public, and prevent further attempts of a similar nature.

The latter remark seemed to produce some little effect, and after a variety of attempts, now wheedling, now threatening, upon the part of the swindling gang, to get me to alter my determination, Mr. Dowdeswell agreed to give up the cheque, if I would deliver the horses back to him free of expense. This I consented to do, being most anxious to get rid of the

affair, and despatching my groom to bring "Marmion," and "Shamrock" to their stables, I received my cheque—was asked to "*remember* the ostler," which I promised to do till the latest day of my life, and took leave of the "chaunting" trio.

The very next day, I saw the two hunters advertized, as late the property of a nobleman, well known in the Pytchley country. What their fate was I never heard. I was too happy in my own escape to think of others.

## CHAPTER VII.

“ One of these men is genius to the other ;  
And so of these, which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ? ”

\* \* \*

“ And thereupon these errors are arose.”

SHAKSPEARE.

As Skittowe showed no sign of wishing to vacate his snug quarters, and as I had been disappointed in procuring a stud for Northampshire, I made up my mind to have a week's hunting with the Royal hounds, and it was during this period that an adventure occurred which created a great laugh at the time, and may still excite the risible faculties of the reader.

The meet was Salt Hill, and upon the morning of the hunt, a large party had assembled at Botham's, when among others, I was one of the number. While we were discussing an excellent repast of hot rolls, devilled kidneys, broiled bones, fried sausages, with a jumping draught or two, in the shape of Curaçoa, we were joined by a larking young Irishman, then as popular and as agreeable an officer of the Guards, as he is now in the more arduous, and, we trust, more profitable duty of a foreign consul.

"Ah! my boys," exclaimed the new comer, "there's nothing like eating and drinking to bring out the humanities. Here, gossoon, breakfast for two, for I have the appetite for myself and another, and a glass of the 'creature,' none of your Scotch stuff; the genuine Potsheen is the only whiskey worth drinking."

After welcoming our friend, who, during the waiter's absence, had made an attack upon a substantial cold beef steak pie, we commenced, what was then considered a "keen encounter

of our wits" under the denomination of "selling bargains."

"What a horrid shame!" exclaimed one, "there's poor Mrs. Sparkes been lying for the last ten days at Slough, and they won't bury her."

"What a shame," responded a dozen voices, "the authorities ought to be informed of it."

"And what can be the reason?" asked a quiet, modest looking youth, who had lately come up from Cambridge, "that they don't bury her."

"Why should they?" responded the other, "although the good old woman has been *lying* there for more than a week, it would be rather hard to bury her alive."

A shout followed this futile attempt, which led to others of a similar nature.

"Holloa, Tom," said our young Emerald, to a middle-aged friend, who instead of turning out in tops and cords (for in those days leathers were deemed rural) sported a pair of what had once been white-duck trowsers.

"I hope we may cross the Thames to-day."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," responded the Milesian, "I think your *ducks* would be better for a swim."

Whilst laughing at this really ready sally, one of the most sporting noblemen of that day, who held a place about court, entered the room; and after inviting a chosen few to dine at the equerries' table, at Windsor Castle, told us we must all ride our best, as "Nimrod" was to be out with the hounds. I had heard of the "mighty" Nimrod, the founder of the sporting race of writers of the present century, and longed to be named in the pages of the old 'Sporting Magazine,' as a promising young rider. To accomplish this, I not only determined to do my best, but to attach myself to this literary lion.

"How is Nimrod mounted?" I enquired.

"On a flea-bitten grey," responded the young Guardsman, "a snaffle, bridle, and a martingale."

"Martingale!" thought I, "this must be

some new fancy; we shall read his reasons in the next number."

The hour of meeting had now arrived; after paying our bill, we mounted our horses, and proceeded to a field near the road side, where Davis and his hounds had already arrived. A large concourse of sportsmen had collected, consisting of officers from Windsor and Hounslow, country squires, a sprinkling of fashion from London, some metropolitan dealers, and a few cockney riders. Before the deer was uncarted, which Davis said would give us a capital run, I looked in vain for the far-famed chronicler.

"Have you seen a gentleman on a flea-bitten grey?" I enquired of all my friends, but no one had seen the animal in question.

At length one of my brother officers told me that there was a horse that answered the description standing at the 'Red Lion,' Slough, and that the groom had said, his master was coming from London; upon hearing this intelligence I rode up to the huntsman, and telling him how important a gentleman was moment-

tarily expected, he kindly gave five minutes' law.

In those good old days, as they are called, the master of the buck-hounds contented himself with staying at home, and receiving the "rints," seldom or ever attending the hunt, and then merely on 'silver collar days' to see the deer uncartered; happily, within the last twenty years, the post is no longer considered a sinecure one, and the Earls of Erroll, Chesterfield, Rosslyn, and Besborough, have taken the field, and acquitted themselves as masters of hounds should do.

No sooner had I gained Davis's sanction, than I made the best of my way across the fields to Slough, and as I reached it, a very gaudy-looking dog-cart was driven up to the door of the 'Red Lion,' out of which a gentleman descended equipped for the chase. His dress was peculiar, a light green cutaway coat, with gilt basket buttons, his 'leathers' not white as the driven snow—were what the canary fanciers term 'mealy,' and were of the Blue-coat school cut. At the knees, where the



buttons had evidently fallen out with the button holes, for they could not be prevailed to meet upon any terms—there was a display of white ribands, which would have done credit to the cap of any recruiting serjeant in the service. The boots were of the Wellington make, with a pair of highly glazed tops drawn over them, displaying a large hiatus, in which the calf of the wearer protruded considerably. A waist-coat of striped marcella, a hat of the Joliffe form, tied to the button hole by a black cord, a pair of spurs and a hunting whip, completed the costume.

The horse was a raw-boned animal, one of those who came under the denomination of “rum ones to look at, but devils to go,” while the saddle, the cloth of white, bordered with light blue, surcingle of the same, with a dirty snaffle and worn out bridle, faced with pink satin, gave the whole the appearance of a costermonger’s horse at Epping Forest on Easter Monday, or at Tothill Fields during Gooseberry fair, two sporting entertainments now no longer in existence.

For some moments I could scarcely believe my senses, but recollecting that "great wits to madness nearly are allied," I attributed the strangeness of the turn out to the eccentricity of the owner. To make myself certain as to the party, no sooner had the new comer mounted his "Rosinante," and got him into a trot, amidst the grins of the gaping crowd that idled about the door, than I rode up to the groom, and said, in an off-hand sort of manner, "That's Nimrod is it not?"

"Yes, I believe you my boy," answered the man, "I should like to drink your honour's health, and success to Nimrod, eh, eh, eh!"

For the life of me, I could neither see the joke nor understand the reason for the cockney's laughter; I, however, threw him a shilling, and lost no time in gaining upon this mighty hunter, which I accomplished just as he reached the field from which the deer had been some ten minutes uncartered. To account for this, I must remark that although I have given a brief and hurried sketch of my proceedings, in order that I may the more quickly arrive at the

*denouement* of my tale, a considerable deal of time had been lost at Slough, after the arrival of the "observed of all observers," as I took him to be, some portion having been devoted to his giving instructions to his groom, taking care of himself at the bar of the Red Lion, mounting, altering, and arranging his stirrups, and, as he said, getting into his seat. Proceed we to the run. The gate that opened to the field was at the furthest extremity of the road, and finding that just as I got up to my friend, the hounds were laid on, I put my horse at a small fence, and called upon him to follow me. "There's no ditch on this side," I exclaimed, as upon looking round, I discovered the hero of the flea-bitten grey "craning" most awfully. What could be the cause? thought I. At last, an idea flashed across my mind; the field, as I have already said, was numerous, and as the hounds were running parallel to the road, and seemed disposed to cross it, I fancied my friend was waiting until they had done so, that he might get a clear start, and take a line of his own, instead of following at the tail of the

tailoring crowd. My anticipations, although I afterwards found out they were not his, were realized, the deer had taken towards Eton playing fields; and the hounds crossed the road within a few yards of Slough. I jumped back into the road, and then found that Nimrod had galloped off in earnest; clapping his spurs into the flanks of his highly couraged, although low conditioned steed, he went away at a pace that would have almost eclipsed that of the wild huntsman Herne; still he kept to the road that led to Eton. Albeit no McAdamizer myself, so anxious was I to keep well up with this celebrated sporting writer, that I hammered my horse along the road in a way that called down the risible remarks of my brother officers and friends. Just as we reached the playing fields, the hounds again crossed to the right, and I then saw that we could "take the road" no longer. During a temporary check, I doffed my hat to the new comer, a compliment which he immediately returned.

"As you do not know this country, Sir, as well as I do," said I, politely addressing him,

"perhaps I can prove of some slight service, your horse seems a little out of condition, by nursing him at first, I have no doubt but that you will get him through the run, which, from the line the deer has taken, will I think be a brilliant one."

My lately formed ally was all attention and civility.

"Why as you say, Sir," he replied, "my horse is a little out of condition, he's been in rather sharp work lately, ten miles with a drag last Friday, is no child's play."

"Ten miles after a drag," I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, for none but the hero himself would have convinced me that Nimrod was addicted to hunting a drag, by patronizing the aniseed and red-herring pack.

"Yes, Sir, last week at Croydon, then at Romford, also at Epping, all in the way of business."

"Oh, I understand," I answered, "you publish your proceedings in the newspapers and magazines."

"Right again," replied my affable friend

“ I could not carry on the war without the press and periodicals. Why, Sir, a man might make his fortune by selling brick dust, charcoal, old bottles, tooth powder, cosmetics, articles of dress, or any other commodity, if he only advertised enough; puffing is the order of the day, and without it even my article would be a drug in the market.”

“ Impossible !” I responded, “ while there’s a particle of taste or intelligence left in the world, your articles must always command attention.”

“ You are very kind, Sir,” replied my friend, “ and although I say it, as should not, they are certainly very much sought after by the public.”

I had now thoroughly broken the ice, and having hinted at, and complimented the popular writer upon his avocations, I was about to point out the line, I thought the deer likely to take, when he again referred to his works.

“ So you admire my poetry,” he continued, “ certainly that last ode was rather Peter Pindaric.”

Ode. Pindaric! I was “ at fault,” for

I never remembered any flight of poetry emanating from Nimrod's pen.

"A hunting song?" I inquired.

"No," answered he, "lines on —" at this moment, a holloa was heard, the hounds were running breast high, so I returned to the subject of the day.

"We shall have to cross Charvey ditch; then skirting Eton, he will probably take to the river, whether at Surly-hall or Maidenhead I know not, as he has already been headed many times; if he crosses the water he will then lead us a merry dance to Ascot Heath and Bagshot."

"Charvey ditch, cross the Thames, Ascot, and Bagshot," echoed my brother sportsman; "wonderful!"

This enumeration of places, made me think he was treasuring them in his mind for an article in a London newspaper, or the next number of the magazine. I was now, therefore, particularly anxious that my companion should be made acquainted with my patronymic, as without that, it would be impossible for him,

however willing, to record my prowess in the field. To accomplish this, required some little tact, and I immediately set my brain to work; and as none of my friends happened to be near, I, by way of a beginning, tried to lead to a conversation that would point out my profession and residence.

“Charming country this, Sir,” said I, “in winter hunting, in summer boating and cricketing; all the year round a most hospitable neighbourhood; only two hours ride from town. Windsor is one of the best cavalry quarters we have.”

My friend seemed a little awe struck.

“Oh! you are quartered at Windsor,” replied he, recovering his usual manner; “but you forgot to enumerate one of the delights of country quarters—standing on a bridge, throwing a piece of wood into the water, and crossing the opposite side to watch its progress down the stream.”

“Nimrod’s breaking out,” said I to myself, and then proceeded aloud, “Yes, I am quartered at the cavalry barracks at Spital.”



“Spital,” echoed my friend, “that’s very well of you. It was ‘spittle’ that makes the sport at the bridge, not a piece of wood. I see, Sir, you are up to a thing or two.”

My acquaintance was getting familiar, and as I thought extremely vulgar; still, as a genius I felt some allowance ought to be made, and I continued,

“Yes, we are at the cavalry barracks, where, at any time, I shall be delighted to see you, I can show you something in your line, as you are fond of horses.”

“Oh yes,” responded my attentive companion, “and if my services ever should be required, you may command me; any thing in my line shall meet the most prompt attention.”

Before I could prepare a suitable answer, I was greeted by the then Mayor of Windsor.

“Ah, Mr. Pembroke,” said that universally respected man, “I hope Sir William is quite well.”

“I am happy to say he was never better,” I responded.

“ You have a nice horse there,” he continued, “ more than up to your weight.”

“ I am proud of the compliment, Mr. Mayor, for as the man says in the play, approbation from (Mr. John Bannister) is praise indeed.”

“ Your mare, too, is quite of the right sort, and I warrant she’s a good one.”

“ Why, I have seen worse,” replied the chief magistrate, “ by the way, I almost forgot to tell you that Lord Maryborough was anxious to know whether you were on leave, or at the barracks.”

During this conversation, especially when mention was made of Sir William, and the above noble lord, the mighty Ni nrod looked a little surprised, and not a little pleased.

“ I beg your pardon, Sir,” said he, “ I was not aware of the honour—”

“ Oh !” I interrupted him, “ look upon me as a brother sportsman, that’s a tie that is acknowledged all over the world. But we must not lose our start, old Merryman is on the scent.

I was right ; away went the pack, followed by a troop of equestrians and a company of pede

trians, holloaing, and shouting, and making a noise that would well have suited the modern performances of the Ojibbeway Indians, and the skeleton hunt in the popular opera of *Der Freyschütz*.

“Follow me,” I exclaimed; “we must not take too much out of our horses. I’ll take you to a spot where the ditch is scarcely broader than a gutter.”

Away I went, followed by my friend, who kept rather too close to be pleasant. Tis true, I was well mounted; but as accidents will happen in the best regulated establishments, I could not help feeling that if Comus (so my hunter was named, as having been bought from Milton, he of the Mews, not muse) should happen to make a mistake, I should be ridden over by Nimrod. He would have to write my epitaph; and the event would furnish an excellent, “true” article for the dreadful catastrophe writers of the morning press. In order to avert this sad calamity, I “got up the steam,” as I approached the ditch, and charged it gallantly a few yards in advance of my shadow, at rather a broad part.

“Keep to the right,” I exclaimed, “near the hedge; you’ll find it nothing.”

“Where? where?” shouted my friend, who was now pulling and hauling at his horse’s mouth, as if, in nautical language, he was “bousing the helm up with a griping ship.” But, to carry the metaphor still farther, the fiery steed would “not answer;” and, goaded by the spurs by which my hero stuck on, following my track, he plunged right into the middle of as dirty a ditch as that of Datchet Mead, immortalized by Shakspeare as the spot close by the Thames side, where the amorous “Falstaff varlet vile,” had his courage cooled through the machinations of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Looking round, upon hearing the heavy splash, I saw the accident that had befallen my friend, and in the most un-hunting like fashion, I pulled up to offer him my assistance. Jumping off my horse, which I gave to a labourer who had perched himself up in a willow tree to see the sport, I caught firm hold of the tree, and leaning forward, held out my whip, which I begged the affrighted Nimrod to seize hold of, and which

he had no sooner done, than I succeeded in pulling him to the bank. In the mean time, the "grey" had been rescued from the ditch by the clod I have alluded to ; and there stood horse and rider, the quadruped looking for all the world, like one of Cook's black and white piebald steeds, and the biped the very fac-simile of one of those young mud-larks, who devote their time to picking up 'coppers' out of the Greenwich shore.

A butcher's boy, whose "bit of metal" would not face the ditch, proffered his assistance, and with his apron and some wet rushes, we rubbed down both man and horse ; and, again mounting our hunters, we trotted towards Windsor bridge, to ascertain, if possible, which way the deer had taken. As a matter of course, we were not a little jeered at, as we rode through Eton.

"Holloa ! Snowball !" cried one in his shirt-sleeves. "Why, you're as black as the white of my eye."

"You've been shooting your rubbish in Charvey ditch !" screamed another. "That's 'gainst an act of parliament."

“No dirt to be taken off these roads without leave of the surveyor,” shouted a third. “You’ll be had up before the authorities.”

“Hurrah!” roared a fourth, while a dozen voices exclaimed, “The deer has taken the water at Surly-Hall; and you can’t do better than follow arter him.”

“Surly-Hall,” I repeated; “then Clewer’s our line.” So trotting over the bridge, we took the first street to our right, and soon gained the meadows near the royal town and Clewer church. A few fences stood in our way; but looking out for gaps, I took a quiet lead, telling my friend to follow, but not without first alluding to the fact, that many horses who would take timber, would not face a brook. Whether the immersion into the stagnant water had put some mettle into the rider and his steed, I know not; but they certainly followed me as straight as a dart; and we reached the village without any adventure. Here we found that the deer, hounds, huntsman, and a few daring spirits, had crossed the river; and away we went towards St. Leonard’s hill. Skirting that beautifully

wooded spot, we crossed Wingfield Plain, then unenclosed, and soon reached Ascot Heath, from thence to Bagshot, where the deer took to the water, and was captured. During the latter part of the run, there was scarcely any fencing; and what we met with, was very easy. My friend paid me the compliment of requesting me to lead, as some of the fences were, to his idea 'rather blind.' No sooner, however, did we reach the open, than he passed me; and wonderful was it to see him gallop with a slack rein, over mounds, across ridge and furrow, through rabbit burrows, thorns and fern; and still more wonderful was it that his steed should keep his legs, upon such ground, with, as I considered, so loose a horseman on his back.

No sooner had our chase ended, than I congratulated Nimrod at being one out of nine that had seen the end of the run. He seemed delighted at the compliment, and assured me it was one of the best day's sport he had ever seen; adding, that to the last day of his life he should remember my kindness and attention. To have Nimrod a friend for ever! said I to my-

self, then indeed shall I have my deeds in the hunting field chronicled, and gain that sporting notoriety, which in those days, I own, I coveted not a little.

I now turned again to my self-satisfied companion, and proposed that he should accompany me to the barracks, to partake of luncheon. This he politely declined, stating that his 'light-chay-cart' (as he called it) had been sent home ; and finding he was so near Bagshot, where he had some business, he should proceed there, for the night, and early in the morning ride his gallant grey quietly to town.

"Never unmindful of business, Captain," said my new ally. "My name's well known in Bagshot, and the vicinity, and I have no doubt my day's sport will turn to profit."

"Unquestionably," I replied, still imagining he was alluding to the works of his graphic pen. I then took my leave, but not without first giving him my name, (which proved to be superfluous, as he had already ascertained it from the huntsman), and assuring him that at all times my brother officers and myself would be happy



to see so distinguished a guest at the barracks.

“I thank you for the flattering compliment,” responded my friend, “there’s nothing like combining business with pleasure. Unfortunately, my cards were left in the chay cart, but my address is well known to the world at large; and if ever professionally or privately, I can be of any service to you or your friends, pray command me.”

I took off my hat, extended my hand, which my acquaintance grasped, and turning my horse’s head towards Windsor, pictured to myself the flaming paragraph that would probably appear in the sporting papers, headed, “Wonderful run with His Majesty’s stag-hounds,” with a full, true, and particular account of the ‘nine’ who were up at the end of the day. In the mean time, having some slight personal acquaintance with a neighbouring provincial editor, I concocted an article in my head on the road home, which I reduced to writing the moment I reached my barrack room. Not wishing to vaunt my prowess too

much, I merely named myself as one, who, with the celebrated sporting writer Nimrod, the huntsman, whippers in, and a few others had kept with the hounds during the run of the season. The paragraph appeared; it was on a Friday morning; I purchased at least a dozen papers; for the editor, thinking that my modesty, like that of Tom Thumb, (I mean the original, of 'that ilk') 'was a flambeau to my understanding,' had given us more credit than we deserved, describing the heroes alluded to, as having led the field the whole day, and gallantly swimming the Thames across a rapid current. The Sunday papers published in time for Saturday's afternoon coach, were to reach me by dinner time that day, and having given orders for two copies of 'Bell's Life' to be sent, I awaited with no little impatience the arrival of my servant, who I had despatched to look out for Moody's coach.

"A parcel from London," said my trusty groom. I opened it, and rapidly glanced at the hunting news, but no mention was made of the run; disappointed at not finding the long

looked for account, I was about to put down the paper, when my attention was attracted to the following pithy paragraph: "We stop the press to say that we have just received a communication from Nimrod (C. J. Apperley, Esq.) begging us to contradict a statement that appeared in a provincial newspaper of yesterday's date, to the effect that he had formed one of the field with His Majesty's hounds last week."

This talented author adding, "that unless, like Sir Simon Roche's bird, he could be in two places at once, the thing was impossible, he having been out on the very morning mentioned with the Warwickshire hounds." To this was added the following note by the editor.

"We rather suspect the original article in question, was a regular paid for puff of the Day and Martin school, inserted by one of the 'hard riders' so flatteringly mentioned in it."

To adopt a sporting phrase, I was regularly "at fault," nor was the mystery dissolved until the following morning, when a letter reached me by the post; it contained a few printed

cards, with ten pence to pay, for in those days Rowland Hill's "penny wise," and certainly not "pound foolish" plan, had not been introduced. I was about to throw the card into the fire, when a small note fell from the letter; picking it up, I found it ran as follows:

"Mr. Bugsby's compliments to Mr. Pembroke, and in thanking him for his kindness last Monday with the stag hounds, begs to enclose a few cards."

"Bugsby," I exclaimed to a brother officer "what does this mean?"

"See here," he replied, reading the card in a solemn and theatrical tone—

"Killing no murder!

Robert Bugsby!!

Puce, bug, and black beetle extirpator!!!

One trial will suffice! Copy the address!!!!

*Fleece* *avaunt!* Sleep unalloyed;

Here Bugs, by Bugsby are destroyed."

No. 2, John Street, Clerkenwell.

I cannot attempt to picture to my readers

my shame and annoyance, at having made myself the dupe of a puce extirpator, a bug destroyer, a black beetle exterminator! I could have *flea*-bottomized the wretch. One consolation alone remained, and I congratulated myself upon it, namely, the narrow escape I had of implicating others, for had Mr. Bugsby accepted my invitation to Windsor, I should not alone have presented him to my brother officers, but have probably, under the title I had ignorantly given him, have introduced him to the equerries' table at the castle.

For some months I studied Lavater, and should not have now thus written myself "down an ass," had I not the excuse of youth and inexperience to bring forward in my favour, I had, too, the example of one of Shakspeare's finest drawn characters; for as the fat knight says—"I was three or four times in the thought that the vulgar cit could not be the highly talented (Nimrod); and yet the sudden surprise of my powers drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of

all rhyme and reason. See, now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment."

It was not for a year afterwards, that I found out the author of the cruel hoax, which had been practised upon me. One of the party assembled at the breakfast I have alluded to, in the commencement of this anecdote, had "by way of a lark" spread about a report that Nimrod was expected to join the hunt; and having seen, upon his way through Colnbrook a chay-cart, with the words. "Robert Bugsby, Puce Extirpator, John Street, Clerkenwell, London, draw up at the White Hart Inn, with a veritable cockney seated in it, and hearing him pompously enquire of the ostler, whether he had seen a flea bitten grey (not an inappropriate colour!) on his way to Slough, thought it would be capital fun, to identify this benefactor of humanity, with the celebrated and talented Nimrod. When I discovered how I had been duped, all that was left for me, was to exclaim :

"Nimis unciis  
Naribus indulges."

or as Dryden gives it,

"You drive the jest too far."

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
Th' exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way.”

BYRON.

“Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea.”

LONGFELLOW.

BEFORE the winter was over, I found from certain pressing applications and threatened arrests that my extravagant habits had nearly ruined me, and as through the mediation of a friend, I had agreed to allow my wife three hundred a year for the support of herself and my child, I was reduced to the lowest extremity,



no alternative was left, except the sale of my commission, which, with the sanction of my father, I shortly accomplished; with the ready money I thus came into possession of, I soon broke out again into expensive pleasures, and nothing would satisfy me except the purchase of a yacht. The London season, as it was called, *par excellence*, was about to be brought to a close—the fashionable arrangements of the week, as chronicled in the ‘Morning Post,’ had dwindled down to a few dinner parties, and balls; the foreign nightingales were preparing to take their flight from the foggy and misty atmosphere of the Haymarket, to seek a more sunny clime; the last farewell notes of that queen of song, Pasta, were about to be heard, when a mania for change of air and scene came over me. I pored over the advertising columns of the ‘Times’ to make myself acquainted with the departure of the different steamers, from the excursion one to Gravesend, to those which ply to the Mediterranean. At one time I made up my mind to visit the Lakes and beautiful Trollhatta Canal, between Gottenburg and

Stockholm, at another I thought of transporting myself to Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Leipsic, Dresden, or St. Petersburg; Lisbon, Oporto, Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and Varna, then took possession of my mind, and I determined to shape my course to the East. The Channel Islands, Cherbourg, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne and Calais, next presented themselves to me, and I saw their beauties in my mind's eye. Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, held out inducements for an excursion through the Highlands; as did the Lakes, the Wye, the Devonshire Coast, the Vale of Avoca, Killarney, Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Llangollen, Swansea, for a tour in England, Ireland, or Wales; in short, the handbooks for travellers pointed out so many delightful trips, that I found myself surrounded by an *embarras de richesses*. While ruminating over the subject, Skittowe dropped in, and suggested a yachting expedition, pointing out the delights of the sea, and quoting Byron's beautiful lines upon the subject, which head this chapter. Carried away by the idea, I lost no time in inserting an

advertisement in the morning papers to the following effect :

“Wanted a Yacht, cutter rigged, from 25 to 30 tons, O. M. Apply to Y. Z. Limmer’s Hotel, Conduit Street.”

No sooner had the above appeared, than I was inundated with applications from almost every small yacht holder and ship-builder. Many of the documents would furnish interesting matter for the curiosities of literature ; one letter ran as follows :

“Sir,

“I have a cutter of 40 tons for sale, price £400, she has no sails, rigging, or ballast.”

The writer might have added, “nor is she coppered.” Upon a hasty calculation, I found I could turn out a new vessel for about the same sum the above would cost me. Another wrote to recommend a yawl of 30 tons, which merely required a new deck, upper works, and spars. In order to expedite the business, I got a printed form of questions struck off, and

by that means ascertained the particulars of some half dozen vessels, out of which I determined to make a selection. After due consideration, I made choice of a cutter of six-and-twenty tons, which was described not alone as a clipper, but as one of the finest sea boats afloat. The inventory of stores included everything a man who studied comfort could require; the price asked was £375. As the name was rather an old fashioned one, the Rover, I took the liberty of altering it to one that hit my fancy, the Sandfly, a small stinging specimen of the insect tribe, well known in the Tropics. Having laid in sea stock, and provided myself with nautical habiliments, consisting of sailor's jacket and trowsers, a pea jacket, glazed hat, and waterproof clothing, I left town, accompanied by Major Skittowe, who having assisted me in the purchase of the yacht, I felt bound to invite to take a cruise with me.

Never was there a more perfect specimen of a fresh water nautical Major Sturgeon than Skittowe, who dressed out in a checked shirt, duck trowsers, glazed hat, and rough pea-jacket,

*à la* T. P. Cooke, as William in 'Black Eyed Susan,' boasted of sailings, tackings, beatings, and scuddings, from Greenwich to Blackwall, from Blackwall to Woolwich, from Woolwich to Erith, from Erith to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Southend, from Southend to the Nore, from the Nore to Margate, and who talked,

"Of caulking,

And quarter-deck walking,

'Fore and aft'

And 'abaft'

'Hookers' 'barkey's' and 'crafts',

Of 'binnacles', bilboes', the boom called the spanker,  
The best bower cable, the jib, and sheet anchor ;  
Of lower deck guns, and of broadsides and chases,  
Of taffrails and topsails, and 'splicing mainbraces.' "

Such was my companion who accompanied me to Portsmouth, where the 'Sandfly' lay.

I had previously written to my Captain—how grand that sounded!—to have my boat off the Point at four o'clock on the day of my arrival, and to look out for me at the "George." Upon reaching the hotel, I found, to my utter con-

sternation, that no one was in waiting for me; so I desired the flyman to drive me to the Point.

“Want a boat, your honour?” shouted a dozen watermen. “Please to want a wherry to take you off to any ship or yacht?”

I curbed my rising passion, wishing my tormentors at the bottom of the Red Sea, and proceeded to the look-out station; but no yacht was within sight, nor (as I understood from the numerous boatmen), had any lately arrived in the harbour. I was, therefore, compelled to return to the “George,” where I made up my mind to remain, until the craft made her appearance. To describe my annoyance would be impossible; for I had provided myself with a hamper containing cold fowls, ham, beef, lobsters, and salad, which I saw stowed away with every prospect of the contents participating in my mortification.

“Please to order dinner, gentlemen?” said the waiter, addressing me.

“Yes,” I faintly responded; “for two at seven o’clock.”

No sooner was the meal finished, than I called for pen, ink, and paper, and was about to indulge in a most violent epistolary anathema against the Captain of my vessel, when a waterman, who had witnessed my anxiety of mind at the non-arrival of the "craft," announced (through the waiter), that the 'Sandfly' was anchored off Gosport. Paying the bill, and ordering a hamper of pale ale, I embarked my friend and baggage, and was soon alongside the lost vessel.

No sooner on board, than I ordered the moorings to be slipped, boiling over with anxiety to top the briny wave in my own—my own yacht. The blank, perturbed countenance of the Captain who, instead of proceeding, as I expected, with alacrity, to execute my first order, staggered without alarming me. I saw something had gone wrong.

"Please, Sir," said he, "the upper pintle of the rudder is gone; and the lower one, I fear, struck the hawser of that 'ere man-of-war just come in—caught her heel, and forced her rudder on one side."

“ Well,” said I, “ what then, eh ?”

“ Why, Sir, the necessity of the thing obligates us for to put the ship on the gridiron.”

“ Ship on the gridiron !” I mentally exclaimed. “ Are they going to broil her ?” for I remembered having seen sundry burnings of the bottoms of fishing smacks.

He continued : “ And the tide won’t turn for four hours, for to lay her there ; and then a whole ebb must fall afore the heel of the rudder can be got ; and, if so be the damage ain’t much, and the smith is sharp, we might possibly get it all to rights that ’ere tide ; but then we must wait again for high water afore she will float ; because if so be as you puts a ship on shore at a particular time on one tide, she can’t come off till the tide comes back to what it was when she was gridironed, or otherwise grounded, or about twelve hours a’ter.”

“ Tide !” I exclaimed in an under tone, “ ‘ there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;’ but mine seems at the very lowest ebb.”



"Why?" inquired the Major, who, having inspected the pantry and larder, now made his appearance on deck. "Who are you quoting?"

"Shakspeare," I replied.

"Pooh! pooh!" said he; "the late Mr. Shakspeare knew nothing of tides or yachting; deer-stealing was more in his line."

There was something so indescribably ludicrous in the manner in which Skittowe emphasized the word *Mr.* when alluding to the bard of Avon, that I burst out laughing; then turning to the Captain, said:

"Well, then, before the time comes for putting her ashore, we may as well try her about the harbour, and look at all the lions."

"About the harbour!" replied he, "among the shipping, where a vessel requires to answer her helm, and spin about in and out, here and there like a duck, with that 'ere rudder, fixed and jammed, as it is, hard a-starboard! Why, it's a non impossibility, setting aside safety. Besides," he proceeded, "that 'ere windlass bean't safe for us to heave the anchor up with.

Two of the pawls is broke, and the other not trustworthy; and my belief is, the bitts is rotten."

"Well," said I, making up my mind to appear independent about trifles; "let it be put to rights at the same time as the rudder."

"Lord love'ee! put to rights! why mayhap the bitts have to be removed after the barrel is unshipped, which must go ashore for repair; and when the bitts is out, I think more than one plank of a side in the deck must be taken up, judging from the quantity of water as comes through the seams below all about the windlass; and if it don't turn out so bad as I fear, it will take two or three days before the iron work alone can be finished, and the windlass stepped."

"And now," I continued, "if anything else requires repairing, you had better have it done at once."

"There an't very much," responded the skipper, "one of the cross-trees is in rather a bad state; the mainstay is stranded in two places; foresail a good deal wore—not likely to stand a breeze; the blocks are somewhat too small for

the ropes, which makes the difference of a man in the work; the bowsprit is sprung; the shrouds in very indifferent order."

"What next?" I muttered between my teeth.

"There an't no lamp to the binnacle, nor no charts on board."

"Well!" I exclaimed, in a fit of desperation, "see that every thing that is necessary be immediately procured." Upon sending for a shipwright and sail-maker, I ascertained that the Captain's fears about the state of the above defects were correct. The body of the windlass was rotten, two of the pawls gone, and the other going; the hoops deficient, ends falling off, and the teeth broken in three places; independent of the canvas, standing, and running rigging, being considerably the worse for wear and tear.

On the third day after joining, and after paying some dozen bills for repairs (the amount of which I care not to mention), my vessel was pronounced ready, my mainsail hoisted, and only waiting for my august presence for a start.

It was the first day of the Southampton regatta ; and the wind and tide suiting, I sailed ; leaving Portsmouth, so as to arrive in time for the Club cup, for which, previous to my unfortunate mishap, I had entered, and paid the entrance money for my cutter. Many, however, are the slips between cups and lips.

I had promised the Major to take a party of ladies, acquaintances of his, to Southampton, and greatly did I feel exalted at the idea of showing them my accommodations—ladies well accustomed to nauticals, who knew the names of almost all the yachts of the Royal Squadron, and who were anxious to sail in my cutter—my very own cutter. We were in a shore boat, my own “dingy” not being equal to so large a party ; I was pointing out the beauties of my craft, as I had learned to prate about them—her clean run, sharp entrance, raking counter, slender rigging, light pointed spars, beautiful lines, white canvas, and well-dressed crew. We lay on our oars for them to admire, and I to extol, about three boats’ lengths from her, when

one of the party, on seeing 'Sandfly' emblazoned in gold letters on the men's hats, exclaimed :

"Why that's the old 'Rover,' don't you remember, Selina, sailing in her five years ago at Dartmouth?"

My pride was hurt, but I had little time for reflection, before I heard the loud voice of my Captain roaring out,

"Schooner a-hoy! look under your lee! Where be ye a coming to? Hard a-starboard! Mind your eye! Fend off there! Let go the anchor!"

Alas! alas! it was all too late; for before we were alongside, crash! smash! tear and grind! —a row, a stop—a dead silence—and over our heads; before we could get out of the boat, a jib-boom, a bowsprit, and all the head gear of a large yacht-schooner, came right through the belly of my beautiful mainsail; and at the same time a crash of breaking of timber, and her stem not only through my bulwark on the starboard side, but through the waterway, and two planks of the deck, before the horrid

schooner's way was lost, with us adrift right athwart her hawse. It turned out that the owner of the schooner, a member of one of the clubs, chose to steer himself past the battery, and his Majesty's ships, and was told to put the helm hard a-starboard.

"Hard a-how?" said he, and put it hard a-port—the right-wrong way—and in the confusion of lowering the sails, with too much way, ran right into my precious pearl of price, without having seen her until too late.

The ladies in the confusion, all got on board I know not how; and I, concealing as much as possible my annoyance and disgust, philosophically tried to calm their fears—called it a mere trifle, explained how accidents of this kind would happen in spite of the best arrangements, and how impossible it was to prosecute our intentions of sailing to Southampton.

"Pump, pump, pump! quick, the pump!" cried my servant, who acted as steward, rushing up the companion, "the water's up to the cabin floor—"

"She'll sink!" said the Captain.

“Hand up the hamper of provisions, and the pale ale,” ejaculated Skittowe.

“The boat,” screamed the ladies, pushing one another over into her.

“Run her ashore,” said I.

“Ashore !” responded the Captain, “ben’t she locked hard and fast, and hung up by the schooner, like a h’otter at the end of a spear.”

“Up with the helm !” cried the Captain of the schooner, “slip out cable ; let it run out. Hard a-starboard ! Aft fore-sheet !” and so, with a fine stiff breeze, he managed to shove my vessel and his own ashore, just clear of Portsea-head, before she filled enough to sink.

Then turning my attention to the schooner and her owner,

“I presume,” said I, “there is no kind of doubt you are responsible for all the damage ?”

“If it is so decided,” replied he, “of course ; but I have my doubts.”

“Doubts, what doubts,” I continued, “I was at anchor, I could not run into you. You ran into me.”

"True," responded he, "but you had no business to anchor in the fair way."

"Time and the hour wears out the longest day." My yacht was repaired, the expenses divided, and with my friend Skittowe, who seemed to cling to me like limpet to rock, I was once more afloat, and again doomed to experience the dangers of the sea.

It happened on the third trial of my cutter, that I was caught with a squall, half a dozen miles outside the Needles. It had been blowing, and there was some sea up. Reefing and shifting jibs was the order of the day, and with the fourth jib set, the foresail reefed, and three of the reefs of the mainsail down, we at last filled, and began to do our best to regain our port; for the sea was too high to venture further on our course to Weymouth, whither we were originally bound. For my own part, I was for proceeding; but my captain advised her being kept to the wind, as her scudding qualifications had not been tried, representing that if she were overtaken by a sea when in the hollow,



while running before it, it might prove fatal. I needed no other reasoning for tacitly yielding to his opinion. So at it we went, with a weather tide; Needles bearing about East, and a strong wind two points to the southward of East; *nauticè*, a dead beat.

The little vessel stood only tolerably well up in her canvass, throwing the water, however, in such masses for and aft, and into the body of the mainsail, that it was positively unsafe to keep her clean full. She was pronounced a tender vessel, carried lee helm, and whenever we tried to tack, frequently refused; once, when tolerably near the shore, we were obliged to down mainsail and wear her short round, and in so doing shipped a sea that stove in the companion, washed the Captain from the helm, and half filled the cabin. It was considered better to keep her under the mainsail and jib, and the foresail down, and so let her jog with her head off shore for a couple of hours, until the flood tide took her to windward of our port. I, of course, exercised no voice upon the subject,

but steeped in the 'briny,' assisted as far as I was able to bail out the cabin, and to save from destruction, such of my kit and household goods that I most valued, and which by this time had taken possession of the cabin, with every plunge, toss, and roll, battering my own and my servant's shins; and every now and then, as we ourselves fetched way, and fell among them, damaging our bodies.

In the meantime, the Major was busily employed in the pantry, trying to save some condiments from the lower lockers. While thus engaged, I heard the words, "Stand by! lower the main! dip the peak! higher up with the tack! ease off the main sheet! run the foresail up! hard a-weather the helm! stand by! hold on!"

The vessel was wearing. Crash—bang went the mainsail over, without shipping a sea, as the Captain had judiciously watched a smooth; but oh, that crash! that great gunlike sound can never be forgotten by me, who had previously, quite exhausted, thrown myself on the sofa, then to leeward; in an instant or two it

became upright, and then all at once, with a lurch, that I am certain must have all but upset my little craft settled on the weather, or upper side. I was shot like an arrow from a bow, carrying the lashed table with me right over to the opposite sofa, where, but for the break caused by the table in the way, I probably should have fractured my skull.

As it was, I recollected nothing until the Captain came down, and shook me, all bleeding at the nose and head, to say we were safe within the Needles. Nothing daunted by the adventure in the late squall, and anxious to redeem the character of, and still believing in, the sea worthiness of my vessel, I determined to cross the Channel, and 'fixed,' as the Yankees say, for Cherbourg.

Hearing, however, that the French royal family were expected at Dieppe, preparatory to proceeding to Boulogne, where they were to visit the camp and attend a regatta, I altered my mind, and made sail for that port, with a fine breeze from the north west, which took us in twelve hours from port to port, the vessel

never having gone less than eight and a half knots all the way. It was, in point of fact, in every sense of the word a pleasure trip; for I had freed myself of Skittowe; the water was smooth, the moon at the full, the breeze steady, and neither rain, fog, nor mists, to interfere with vision, or to cause anxiety.

We arrived at high water, and taking a pilot on board, shot between the piers, which were crowded with well dressed company. No sooner were we well between them, than the wind left us—we were, in fact, under the lee of piers and high houses. The pilot's boat ran a line on shore, which was laid hold of by two or three dozen old women, in high Norman caps, who tramped away with us in their wooden shoes, and safely hauled us alongside the wall of the outer or tidal basin, and deposited us immediately in front of the Hotel Royale, since called the Victoria. I declined going into either of the floating basins; not merely because of the dues, but on the plea of being ready for a start at any moment.

The pilot thinking none of us understood

French, talked about "great big vave rompaying de bottom."

"Nonsense," said I, "bottom too strong for wave to hurt: fine vessel!"

"Bon," replied he "you vil see, perhaps."

Finding all the hotels full, I determined to sleep on board, where every thing appeared so comfortable—so encouraging for that object; but, 'alas! how deceitful did the appearance prove! a gale had sprung up, and the clouds were flitting fast overhead from the westward. No wind, however, could reach anything, but now and then the upper third of the topmast, which had not been struck. The yacht was, as the tide fell, not only snug under the quay wall, but above that, at about twenty yards distant, towered houses of five or six storeys.

Near us lay, what I soon learnt was called a dredging machine of enormous size and powerful dimensions, with a squadron of barges as long and wide as herself, all built of iron, waiting in rotation to be filled with the stones from the beach; which I afterwards heard were washed in from the sea during the heavy

winter gales, right up the half mile of the entrance into the tidal basin in which we were moored.

Every thing about the dredge was iron; the vessel was iron, the engines were iron, the barges were iron, the shoots were iron, the buckets were iron, and the rakes were iron; the hearts, too, of the captain, engineers, and crew must have been iron, for they had no kind of feeling for the unhappy individuals, who wished to sleep along the whole frontage, or on the vessels in the basin, of which we were ten, at about twenty yards off.

Oh! the noise of those stones, regularly tumbling into the iron shoots, one on each side, and thence avalanching into the barges every four seconds, with much admired regularity, no doubt, by those who worked the infernal machine, but with a grating quite indescribable on the nerves of myself and crew, who had been on the *qui vive* the whole night before.

About 2 o'clock, A.M., we took the ground, or rather our legs (for sea vessels have harbour legs, be it known to the uninitiated) and shortly

afterwards the machine, to our great relief, grounded also, and stopped work for want of water. We now began to settle ourselves for a snooze, exhausted in body, and worn out in mind; but as though the nervous system had not had shaking enough, before balmy sleep had visited (I think I may say, answering for my crew) any of our eyelids half an hour, crash! crash! began two new thundering noises, not quite so hollow or thrilling in sound as the former noises, but quite as loud as the roll of a dozen drums in one's very cabin. Before turning in, I had noticed on the quay two piles of sea pebbles, one on our quarter, the other on our bow, and had observed carts before sunset adding to the heap. Little did I dream what was in store for me, when, as a geologist, I contemplated the formations and ascertained they were flint.

Two *chasse marées* or fishing luggers, bound on a herring voyage, had moored themselves close to the quay, the one a-head, the other a-stern of us, and by means of a wooden trough or shoot, were all these stones to be shot into

the holds of each. The fall was probably twenty feet, the stones were shot from baskets, and the angle of the shoot was about seventy-five degrees. No one, whose fate it has not been to hear the sound, can form an adequate idea of the noise. These basket loads were, also, like the former ones, thrown at pretty regular intervals; and great, so great, was the trial to the nerves, that after listening for an hour in hope of a change, I got out of my berth and began to dress, when all at once I felt myself and vessel lifted in the air, and dropped on the ground with a shock that set my very bones aching, the yacht's timbers groaning, and her planks and bulkheads creaking. A second lift, a thump, and a lurch, and down I fell on the lee sofa, fairly pitched there with my head against the side. The poor "Sandfly" was on her beam ends. I heard a great scuffle on deck. Righting and rolling went the vessel, at intervals of half a minute; and at every third kick or so, down again as low as she could lie; and, when lowest, down came water by the companion. I made an



effort, and reached it in a sort of shower-bath (for it rained heavily) and there I saw my crew getting ropes on shore; the harbour-master and his men, with lots of volunteers, male and female, all at work to catch her when upright, and to steady her to the quay. Tyro, as I felt myself to be, I easily comprehended what had happened. As the gale rose, so rose the swells and sea outside; as the tide rose outside and over the bar, so rose the before placid water in the tidal basin; with the rise of the tide came the rise of sea, and at last the body of water was enough to lift my vessel off the ground and her legs. Once afloat, she started on end, broke the after stops of the legs, and, as the swell receded, fell on her beam ends (and being remarkably sharp) with several planks of her deck in the water; and this game went on for full half an hour, until, in fact, the tide was high enough to keep her from striking; and well it was she struck no more, for the rollers were then several feet in height. At high water we made our escape from the tidal basin, and were soon safely moored in a fine floating dock,

and ere the fall of the tide, shut in with gates. To what extent the damage was, remained to be proved. At low water, I cast my eye over the area of the tidal basin, in which I had passed so horrible a night, and the results of which I was thinking of as one of the greatest misfortunes that had befallen me. I had soon, however, reason to be angry with myself, for what were mine compared to the misfortunes of others from similar causes? These reflections came home to me with tenfold force when I calmly contemplated the effect of the gale. Here was I, able of course to afford it, seeking mere amusement in an almost selfish way, groaning over the probable cost and trouble arising from an extraordinary outbreak of the elements, believing myself to be the mere butt of fortune; while on the harder parts of the bottom of the basin, lay from forty to fifty *chasse marées*, or fishing boats of other rigs, each having a crew from eighteen to twenty persons dependent upon their success in their calling for their daily bread, and on these

twenty, perhaps of old and young, other twenty in the back ground. Every one of these vessels had received more or less damage ; false keels knocked off, main-keels shaken, garboards started, stem posts split, stems twisted, rudders unshipped, pintles broken, and masts and hulls, in many instances, injured.

None of them, however, like me, had been on their beam ends, being all flattish floored ; but all had cause to remember the gale, and Dieppe, essentially a large fishing place, supplying Paris with the choicest produce, was quite, for the time, *hors de combat*. Fortunately for their peace of mind, the gale still continued, and the surf on the bar was too high for any vessel to venture out, so they were relieved of one great anxiety ; but the tears, the wailings of the women surrounding the quay walls, the despondency and groans of the crew, as the damage was pronounced by the shipwrights, who were at work by dozens on the Hards, were dreadful to witness. My misfortunes seemed light as air in comparison ; and I was not, neither were

my crew, among the last to aid the general subscription for the thousands who, for a time, were thrown out of bread.

I went to the pier to watch the weather, got drenched as the sea broke over the light-house with the flowing tide; and believing there was no chance of a present change, took the diligence to Boulogne, where it was ascertained the royal family had proceeded the day before, without waiting, as expected, at Dieppe. I made one memorandum before leaving, as a general yachting rule—never lay aground when you can lay afloat; and, henceforth, if there be an inner floating dock, no craft of mine shall lay in a tidal basin.

In the mean time, I had left orders with my Captain to get out as soon as the weather moderated, and to join me at Boulogne; fortunately this was the case in a few hours; and the morning after my arrival, I watched two floods from the pier, and on the rise of the second, was gratified by seeing the 'Sandfly' at anchor off the bar, waiting for water. Louis Philippe, the late lamented Duke of Orleans,

and the Prince de Joinville, had reviewed the troops, and were to be present at the regatta. The royal yachts were moored to the quay, where thousands had flocked to witness the proceedings. All Boulogne was on the alert. The streets were filled with soldiers, the quays were crowded, a military band played in front of the baths. It happened that high water was at sunset, and it also happened that more than an ordinary supply of fish being required, a more than ordinary number of fishing-boats from all the adjacent ports and places had resorted to Boulogne. It was an amusing sight to witness the inset of these vessels, which being light, commenced early on the flood, and for hours I had watched the arrivals, and landing of their cargoes of fish. About the time I thought the pilot would bring my craft in, I was observing the outlets of the then numerous vessels, nervously hoping my own might keep out until they were all clear; for there was a numerous fleet of them.

The Captain, to do honour to the occasion, had crossed his spread yard, and hoisted all the

bunting he had on board—a complete set of signals, and numerous burgees and ensigns; among the rest, parallel with our own British colours, floated a new French flag I had bought at Dieppe. There she sat, like a swan on the water, graceful and elegant, the cynosure of sundry glasses, and the admiration of thousands, principally English. She weighed; and under mainsail, with tack well up, and jib, began to thread her way through the fishing craft over the bar.

For a time, all went well; but many were the shaves I witnessed. As she approached the pier, close to which, in avoiding two vessels, one on each side, she took too broad a sheer—smash went the bowsprit against the pier, into which the end made a hole.

“Monsieur will pay de dommage,” said the harbour-master, to whom I had been talking.

Losing her jib, which was fast to the pier with the end of the bowsprit, and the gear of both of which were hastily let go, or cut away, the vessel flew up in the wind, and across hawse of two luggers, one on each side. Away went

the spread yard in three pieces, the yard-arm foul of either lugger ; and the last I saw of all my beautiful flags, was their being towed by the luggers clean away to sea. Boats went to the assistance of my craft. The mainsail down, and the foresail up, she again paid off, and in she came, looking more like a vessel just out of action, than one prepared to take a part in the regatta. To add to my disappointment, I had mounted four brass swivel guns, intending to have fired a royal salute, had engaged a veteran of the artillery for the sole purpose of loading my ordnance, and had procured an additional number of flags and pendants, ready to dress out my craft, when the accident I have recorded took place ; and so crest-fallen was I, that I had scarcely the heart to enter into the gaieties of the scene.

The result of this untoward affair, was to make up my mind to sell my yacht, and buy a larger one. I immediately turned my attention to Gester, a celebrated builder, from whom I had purchased the 'Rover,' carefully abstaining from finding fault with her qualifications, and

simply saying, I wanted a vessel with greater accommodation. He, of course, knew exactly what I required, and was sure he could suit me exactly.

He showed me over three cutters and two schooners, named the price of each, had the sails spread out of the one I most liked, the 'Billow,' which my captain pronounced to be all in good condition, and everything was settled except the single monetary question as to taking back in part payment, the sweet little vessel he had previously so highly lauded on selling her to me—not alone as possessing all the finest sea-going qualities, but as being just the size that would find the readiest purchaser whenever I determined to dispose of her.

"Take her back," said he, "what can I do with her? She will be on my hands for ever! It's not a saleable size—too small. People don't like, you see, to be half drowned in a breeze; indeed, I can't think of it—unless, indeed, you are prepared to make a great sacrifice. Besides, Sir," he continued, "I have heard, that she did not steer well in the squall



you were caught in, and that she was not stiff. Now, Sir, after that, I shall have somewhat to do to get rid of reports that will spread to her prejudice. I must alter the place of her mast, restore her ballast, and go to considerable expense to make a saleable cutter of her."

I looked amazed, he proceeded :

" Besides, she is too small for the market, and people will have longer vessels, and faster ones ; and she is slow as well as short for the times."

I will not dwell upon Mr. Gester's specious argument ; to make a short story of it, I succeeded in getting rid of the ' Sandfly' to him, for exactly half the sum on account that I had paid him a month before, and a good riddance I thought it. Well satisfied did I feel, until the following Saturday, when, in a conspicuous place in my " Bell's Life," I read a notice, which I copy verbatim.

" **YATCH FOR SALE.**—The fast sailing cutter ' Rover '—26 tons. This unequalled vessel for speed and the highest sea-going qualities, as

lately proved in a heavy gale in the Channel, when she worked herself off a lee-shore, rarely shipped a drop of water, proved herself an admirable sea-boat, never missed stays, steered wonderfully, and scudded as dry and as like a bird before a heavy sea, has again come into possession of Mr. Gester, who built her after the lines of the celebrated 'Alarm.' She is nearly new, and was only parted with, because her owner requires larger accommodation for his increasing family, and having in prospect a voyage to the Mediterranean, or India. N.B. She is admirably adapted for either the Thames or Channel sailing, being extremely handy, and drawing little water for her tonnage. Five tons of lead ballast to be disposed of, recently replaced by iron in the 'Rover' yacht."

"So," said I, "I am done in every way, and the lead which I forgot was in her, is worth almost all the money allowed me on account."

I tried to philosophise, but felt disgusted and mortified. My annoyance, however, was not

complete until the evening, when I met my friend Arundel in Gester's yard.

"What are you doing here?" said I.

"Come to buy a yacht! Mrs. Arundel saw an advertisement, and having been advised by Halford and Tierney to try sea air afloat, I have just bought the very nicest little cutter I ever saw—the 'Rover.'"

My recent purchase, and Arundel a first rate sailor, the greatest authority on all questions of yachts.

"Pray," said I, "if it is not a secret, what may you have given?"

"Three hundred and eighty pounds," he responded—exactly half I had taken on account. "Gester says for that sum, he means to restore the ballast, put some lead in, and shift the mast one foot farther aft—all of which he assures me, can be done for about ten pounds expended on labour only. She will be quite ready for us tomorrow; and I have already been offered fifty pounds for my bargain. How very elegantly and luxuriously she has been fitted out."

“Elegantly indeed,” groaning over the sum I had expended upon her. The adventures in my new yacht, must be reserved for another work, but before I take leave of my old “craft,” I would venture to offer some advice to those who may be about to become yacht owners. Let me recommend them to be extremely wary in their proceedings; many vessels are advertised for sale, that are in so unworthy a state, and so badly found in stores, that they would cost more than they are worth to make complete—a coat of paint to hide weepings—a few yards of chintz at sixpence a yard—a showy carpet—often cover defects, which are not found out until the bargain is complete. I would, therefore, suggest to any one about to purchase, to have tons of water thrown upon the decks, and over the skylights, (unless he chooses a rainy day for inspection) if he is not permitted, or circumstances do not allow of a fair trial in a sea way, in a stiff breeze—a thing that rarely can happen with yachts on sale, because of their being usually unrigged when laid up, and of the time and expense of

attaining that end, to say nothing of the counteracting inclinations of the seller. If, however, the buyer insists, and agrees to pay for the trial, and the seller refuses, it may fairly be suspected that there is something wrong—just the same as if he declined to let her be proved by a shipwright, or her bottom examined when dry.

To the seller let me add one word. Many a yacht remains "on hand," from the fact of the enormous prices that are asked; but that I will pass over, as every one (on the Newcastle principle) has a right to do what he likes with his own; but what I find fault with, is, that in too many cases, a sum is named to the secretaries of clubs and shipbuilders, far above the price the vendor intends to take, and far above what he has previously stated to be his terms; the result is, the agent is blamed, a long correspondence ensues, generally ending in smoke, and an opportunity is thus lost. A written instruction, mentioning the lowest sum, would not prevent a higher being asked and given, and would

save an infinity of trouble, by bringing about a sale in a business like manner. Sincerely do I trust that the above remarks may prove of some service to those wanting a yacht.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Vido meliora proboque  
Detiora sequor.”

OVID, *Met.*

“But love, resistless love, my soul invades ;  
Discretion this, affection that persuades :  
I see the right, and I approve it too,  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

I MUST hurry over a long space, for this autobiography is growing into unexpected length, although I have endeavoured to curtail as much as possible all detail not absolutely necessary for the development of the story ; there is, however, one fatal remembrance, to which I cannot abstain from referring, for the thought still

haunts me day and night, like a frightful dream, and brings forth more hideous spectres than those which scared the sleep of the crooked back Richard.

No sooner had I become an idle man about town, without a single object to interest or wean my frail nature from an uninterrupted course of folly and dissipation, than I felt careless of public opinion, and having exclaimed with the above mentioned scourge, "Conscience avaunt," gave myself up to reckless vice; for, however venial such vice may be looked upon, by the young and thoughtless, not even the excuse that "it was none of my own seeking," could remove it from the category of crime of the darkest hue. I had sated myself with the pleasures of the metropolis, in high and low life, for I was equally "used up" in St. James's, as in St. Giles's, having "treaded a measure" at the Palace, dined at the Sovereign's table, subscribed to Almacks, attended the fêtes at Chiswick, breakfasted at Hertford Villa, occupied a seat in the omnibus box at the royal Haymarket opera, promenaded at the Zoological



Gardens, whiled away an hour at Vauxhall, lounged in the parks, ridden up and down Rotten Row, indulged in the luxuries of a Greenwich white bait feast, patronized Rubini's concert, idled my time in White's bay-window, supped at Crockford's, played a game with the marker at the Tennis Court, rattled the dice box at a fashionable pandemonium, cut in for a five pound point rubber at Graham's, practised sparring with Jem Ward, made one of a four oared gig on the Thames, shot pigeon matches with Osbaldiston at the Red House, belonged to the Richmond four in hand club, been a member of Lord's Cricket-ground, yawned over the ancient Musical re-unions at Hanover Square Rooms, supported Duvernay in a new ballet, taken a part in a glee at the Catch Club, sat in Tom Cribb's bar parlour, devoured poached eggs at the Cider Cellar, seen the dog Billy destroy a hundred rats in an incredible brief period, smoked a short pipe at "stunning Joe's" in the Rookery, drank brandy and water at the thieves 'Ken,' Field Lane, honoured a penny "gaff" with my presence, danced at a

sailor's 'hop,' near Ratcliffe Highway, been chairman of a free and easy in Clare Market, fought a main of cocks in the Horseferry Road, Westminster, held the watch at a pugilistic encounter on Moulsey Hurst, backed the Paddington 'flyer' to give two yards in a hundred to the Doncaster 'stag,' been umpire at a badger bait, Blackfriars Road, "sported a fiver" on the American trotter 'Hickory,' and gone through the Tom and Jerry London life of a scamp of the highest order.

I now bethought me, that a summer trip to the provinces would be productive of amusement, and create a new excitement in a frame of mind and body considerably enervated and debilitated by unrestrained excess. Bath, Leamington, Tunbridge Wells, Buxton, Harrogate, Malvern, Cheltenham, passed in rapid succession before my mind, but the scene of Beau Nash's glories was hot and dull, the Warwickshire Spa full of Birmingham folks, the Kentish Wells (once graced by Charles and his merry court) like some banquet hall deserted, the Derbyshire springs bubbling no longer forth to crowded

drinkers, the Yorkshire waters stagnant for want of company, the Worcestershire hills free from the visitors track, Cheltenham alone remained, and albeit, the season had not commenced, I decided upon a visit to the Queen of the Salines.

Upon reaching the Plough, which I did late in the afternoon, I "got up the steam" after the manner of Sir Charles Coldstream, by finding fault with every body and every thing; the bed-room I was shewn into, was too small, and looked upon the stable-yard, and there was an insufficiency of lavatory apparatus; the best tables in the coffee-room were engaged, and I was placed in that abomination of all abominations, a thorough draft; when my dinner was served, the napkins were damp, the bread stale, the soup cold, the fish over-boiled, the beefsteak tough, the vegetables hard, the sherry sweet, the port new, at least, so bored was I with the place, that I saw them all through a false medium.

While my meal was preparing, I had walked through the High Street, and finding no one of

my acquaintance, denounced the town as deady stupid, so much so that at one moment I enquired the hour the mail left, that I might transport myself elsewhere.

“Is the theatre open?” I asked, at a library, into which I dropped to purchase a book.

“Not until the week after next, Sir,” replied the man.

“And the rooms?”

“There was a concert last night, most brilliantly attended, Malibran, Braham, Miss Travers, Henry Phillips, Vaughan, and Knyvett sang, with Puzzi, Mori, Harper, and Lindley, as instrumentalists.”

“How unfortunate,” I exclaimed, “and not even a circus to pass an hour at?”

“No, Sir, Ryan’s troop left this morning after a prosperous season. I know of nothing going on to-night except Mr. Hedsors lectures on phrenology.”

“Well, you may put my name down as a subscriber to your reading-room and circulating library for a week, although I doubt very much whether I can drag out more than a couple of

days at this awfully dull place." The bookseller looked perfectly astounded at what he considered a libel upon so charming a spot, but having an eye to business, checked his rising wrath.

"Shall I send you these views of the town and neighbourhood?" he continued, "they are considered very correct, should you not wish to retain the set, you can return them in the morning."

"That seems a pretty villa," I carelessly remarked, taking up a sketch near Lansdown Place.

"Yes, Sir, and a charming family have just taken it for a year."

"Really!" responded I, in a most listless manner, little imagining at the moment, the interest I should take in it hereafter; "but you need not send that water-colour drawing until, at least, I have formed the acquaintance of its charming occupants."

With this I took my leave, and wending my way to the hotel, availed myself of the privilege of an Englishman, and grumbled over as good

a dinner as ever was served. The next day everything was as highly commended by me as it had on the previous one been censured.

"There's something up," remarked the waiter, to the pretty barmaid, "the gentleman must have come into an unexpected fortune."

"The very remark Master made ; for my part," continued the shrewd observer, "I think a lady's in the case, a match in the wind, for there's a pink three cornered note just come from Avon Villa, and Mr. Pembroke has sent to order a beautiful bouquet, and a fly to take him to a tea party."

"No doubt you are right, Miss Stopfort," responded her companion, with a deep drawn sigh, at the subject of matrimony being mentioned ; for James, as he was familiarly called, was a victim to the charms of the lively, but rather coquettish Sibella Stopfort, who in this case had proved herself a true prophetess ; "and what," will the curious reader ask, "was the cause of this sudden change in my temper ? what brought about this speedy revulsion of

feeling?" nothing more than a visit to the Spa. After tossing about in bed, trying in vain to get rid of an indigestion, and fevered brain, caused by the solidity and caloric qualities of the beef-steak and port wine I had indulged in, I awoke at an early hour, and proceeded before breakfast, to the building where the salubrious springs are dispensed to the dyspeptic; a few Bath chairs and a fly or two were already at the doors, and a tribe of rather bilious looking people had assembled in this Hygeian temple. While philosophising upon the ills of life, and the antidotes a merciful Providence has so bountifully bestowed, a well-known voice attracted my attention, and looking up, I recognized two female forms familiar to my eyes.

"Can it be possible," I exclaimed, "Mrs. and Miss Castleton."

"Mr. Pembroke," responded my equally surprised acquaintances, "what has brought you here at this unfashionable season?"

Mutual explanations took place, during which I ascertained that Mr. Castleton, with whom I was not personally acquainted, had been ordered

to drink the Cheltenham waters, and that he and his family were to pass some months at this salubrious spot.

“In consequence of the state of my husband’s health, we dine early every day,” said the mother, “but we shall be delighted to see you at tea, whenever you will favour us with your company, neither myself nor my daughters are unmindful of your great kindness to us at the Manor House.”

No mention had yet been made of Ada, and I was dying to know whether she formed one of the family party, for I had often heard her say that a great portion of her time was passed with an aunt in Buckinghamshire; after a pause, I summoned up sufficient courage to enquire about the fair Desdemona.

“She is quite well,” replied Mrs. Castleton, “and often talks of you.”

“And,” proceeded Emmeline, “she will be enchanted to hear you are here, for at this present moment she is studying Juliet, for Lady Chatworth’s private play, which is to take place during the early part of the winter.”



“And I think, Mr. Pembroke, you will be laid under requisition, not alone as an instructor, but to take a part in the performance.”

“And who is the happy Romeo?” I eagerly enquired, with a slight pang of jealousy and envy at the idea of a theatrical rival.

“Young Mr. Chatsworth, a youth of sixteen, who has just left Westminster, by all accounts he will be a sorry representative of ‘the gentle Montague.’

“Quite a school-boy,” continued Mrs. Castleton, “who acted Young Norval last year, during the Easter holidays with the Bosanquet children, where he certainly proved himself a degenerate scion of the ‘blood of Douglas;’ I fear his tameness will entirely mar the effect of the play, but as it is at his mother’s house, we must of course make the best of it.” Satisfied that the histrionic laurels I had won, were not likely to be torn from my brow by the new aspirant for fame, I recovered my self possession, and took my leave.

“We generally take a stroll after luncheon,” said Emmeline, as she shook me by the hand,

“and if you like to join us, perhaps you will call between half past one and two; Ada has named our villa, ‘Avon,’ after the idol of her admiration.”

From this moment all was life and light, for independent of the passion I entertained for the drama, my feelings towards the youthful Desdemona were those of a pent up fire, ready to burst forth at the slightest rekindling; it will not then be a matter of surprise to the reader to hear, that at two o'clock I found myself at Avon Villa, where I was introduced to Mr. Castleton, and most kindly welcomed by his youngest daughter.

I was now again the constant attendant upon Ada, and her sister, I walked with them, rode with them, passed my mornings and evenings with them, and what proved more fatal than all the rest, read Juliet with the impassioned girl. I had now given up dining at the Plough, much to the disgust of the waiter, who perseveringly continued to ask me whether I would be pleased to order my dinner, and managed to “rough it” at Avon Villa, on a joint of meat

for luncheon, and a light supper, which Mrs. Castleton's consideration for my creature comforts, had made more palatable by substituting a bottle of champagne or claret, for the usual bohea. Affairs went on for some time in this same delightful manner, when conscience which had long remained dormant stung me to the quick; I felt that every hour increased the interest Ada took in my society, and that as a man of honour I ought to disclose to her the situation I was placed in, that of being a married man. It required, however, no little resolution and tact to make this explanation, for nothing had passed to warrant Ada in looking upon my attentions as serious, from the fact of my having constantly declared to her family and herself my resolution to live a bachelor's life; still with a desire to make, what is called a clean breast, I one day led the confiding creature to the subject of private marriages, and without giving her the slightest idea that I was telling my own story, laid before her all that had occurred in my own case with Mary Winterburn.

“Your friend,” she responded “was noble in the highest sense of the word, the sacrifice he made in giving his hand to one of humble birth proved that his heart was in the right place; of his wife I offer no opinion, except to say, that the whole of his bearing towards her, making allowances for the follies attendant upon youth, ought to have been better requited. His conduct in unburthening his soul to one he thought interested in him, was high minded and honourable, and the object of that interest must indeed have been made of marble, if she did not fully appreciate the confidence he placed in her.”

A pause ensued, during which Ada's expression of countenance would have been a study for an artist; love, enthusiasm, anxiety, were depicted in it.

“And could you?” I eagerly asked, “forgive a man who had thus acted towards you,” Ada's brow contracted, and fearing I had gone too far, I added, “assuming it possible you could be placed in such a situation.”

“Not only would I have forgiven him, but I

would have taken him to my heart of hearts as a friend; he practised no deceit, he vowed no false protestations, and atoned the error, if fault there was, by entrusting her with a secret he had kept from his family and friends; those who have never had their feelings put to a test, may censure her for encouraging such a passion, hopeless as it proved to be, but remember the words of your favourite poet,

“Why did she love him? curious fool,—be still—  
Is human love, the growth of human will?”

“What a generous nature is yours,” I responded, “so merciful to your sex, so forgiving—”

“And selfish, too,” she replied, “for I should have felt that I had nought to do with an attachment formed before I had known him, and it would have been a satisfaction—an unjustifiable one—to think that he could not, after that acquaintance, have given his hand to another.”

“Let me no longer act a false part to one who merits openness and candour,” I passion-

ately exclaimed, "I am the hero of my own romance, I am a wifeless husband."

For some moments, Ada preserved a profound silence, during which the convulsive heaving of her breast proved too well that her feelings were deeply touched, but recovering her self-possession, she with a forced smile, remarked :

"I am not your confessor, Mr. Pembroke : if I were, I should only make you undergo a slight penance for a fault you have done all in your power to expiate ; and now we must find Emmeline, or she will think us lost."

Fortunately, at this instant we were joined by Miss Castleton, and the conversation took another turn.

Would that I could throw a veil over my conduct for the three months that followed this explanation ; suffice it to say, I gave myself up to an unhallowed passion, and although Ada preserved her purity, she felt the deepest remorse, the most poignant grief at the labyrinth love had unconsciously led her into. Upon one occasion, as will presently appear, she had been called from Cheltenham to visit an aunt in

Buckinghamshire, when I, unknown to her, waylaid the carriage on the road, and having bribed the servant, urged Ada to elope. Happily for both, a sudden illness attacked the wavering girl, and she was saved from the public disgrace attendant upon such a step.

The unremitting kindness of the landlady, who accompanied the sufferer back to Cheltenham, and the watchful solicitude of a mother and sister, tended greatly to restore the health of the invalid, but it was weeks before she was sufficiently recovered to leave her room. But I must not linger over this sad portion of my story,

An interval of nearly two years had elapsed, when I received the following :

“ You will be surprised, Arthur, to hear from one whose very name has most likely escaped your memory. I write not with the intention of asking anything from your love, it would be folly to expect that that which burns vividly, though sorrowfully, in my bosom, still animates yours. It is not in the nature of man to love on without hope ; neither is it his nature to love

the absent, when the present spreads its allurements before him. It is not, therefore, with a view to rekindle that which is dead that I write, but simply to satisfy the cravings of a heart, that in spite of time, distance, and hopelessness, is wholly yours.

“I have a request to make of you, Arthur. Unless your kind nature is strangely altered, you will not refuse it. Write to my mother. It is the only medium through which I can hear of your welfare. By the love you once vowed to me, I conjure you to do this. If you knew the restless desire, the feverish anxiety I feel to hear of you, you would not hesitate.

“Arthur, my own and only love; memory is busy within me as I write. The past year, with its suffering and apathy, is blotted out of the book of life, and I am still with thee, still thine own.

“Alas! the delirium is but momentary. The tide of time has swept away the treasure, and left only a wreck. I shall return home in the summer, probably in July. I confide in your caution to afford no clue to my having



written to you, let your heart plead an excuse for my weakness in writing."

When next I heard of her, she was at the sea-side with her father, and it was feared in a rapid decline; my anxiety overpowered my prudence, and I wrote to her mother, which brought the following answer from Ada herself:

"Do I deceive myself, Arthur, when, judging from the feelings with which I bailed your last letter to my mother, I imagine it will give you pleasure to hear from me. If my vanity misleads me, do not read another line. It is now three years since the commencement of that delicious dream, from which I was so cruelly awakened. I do not say *we*, for you have often loved, and therefore our positions were not the same. Even now, when I dwell in thought upon the different stages of that brief, rapturous period, my heart throbs with emotion. Of course, time has done its work, and the agony I felt for months after our separation, has long since subsided, yet never, oh! never

can the recollection of that dear dream of my existence become a subject of indifference to me. They told me, Arthur, that you were heartless and designing; but I never believed them, even for a moment. I wonder if we shall ever meet again. You would not love me now, for I am dreadfully altered in appearance. I have been very ill, and have suffered much, but, thank God, I am better. My sister is staying with me; her married life is a dreary one. She is the same innocent creature as when you knew her, only ten times handsomer."

## CHAPTER X.

My pen is at the bottom of a page,  
Which being finished, here my duty ends.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ I DON'T wish to use no compulsion, but you must come along with me,” says a policeman, who, “ from information he has received,” has caught firm hold of a delinquent by the collar. Now, armed with the authority of an author, who can make all the personages he has to deal with “ move on” at his bidding, I must adopt the above saying, and ask the reader (who, be it

understood, I compare not to a delinquent) to accompany me home to Pembroke Abbey, where the happiness of the party assembled was only marred by the remembrance of the death of the late owner, for my father had fallen a victim to the pestilence that then raged for the first time in this land. My mother who still retained her looks, which were not at all disfigured by the widow's sombre cap, was occupied in teaching her grandson the spelling of certain monosyllabic words, while a young and blooming wife was devoting herself to a baby in arms.

"And what name, Arthur, shall we give the little beauty?" she inquired, as I kissed the object of her solicitude.

"Mary," I replied, "after yourself, dearest, and Elizabeth after my mother.

"I think it ought to be Elizabeth Mary," responded my wife, "since Lady Pembroke has been kind enough to say she will act as one of the sponsors."

I have now brought my autobiography nearly to an end, but ere I conclude, it will be necessary

to give the reader an insight into what took place after my correspondence with Ada had terminated; the serious illness of my father caused me to return to the Abbey, where I took the earliest opportunity of unburthening my heart to the most indulgent of parents.

“Arthur,” said he, “listen to the words of a dying man—the sunshine of youth, the glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination, represent to us the budding May of life, as the morning of day, when all is fresh, cheerful, and replete with pleasure; the world appears charming as the season of early spring, inspiring us with the wildest rapture and heart-felt joy—but alas! every sublunary transport is of a transitory nature, and those who seek no higher enjoyment than from their passions, will sooner or later experience satiety in their indulgences. Happiness, peace of mind, are not to be procured by idle fancies, sensual gratification, or luxurious habits, as has been exemplified in more cases than your own; redeem then the past, and let

the first proof of your conversion be a reconciliation with your wife.”

Suffering as I had for years, the most bitter pangs of remorse at the neglect of Mary, I at once determined upon addressing her a letter of penitence, in which, while I explained much that had been misrepresented, I did not attempt to deny, much less to palliate, my career of vice and folly. To this effusion, which sprang from my heart, my mother added a few kind lines, to allay the troubled spirit, backed with a message from Sir William, to request Mary and his grandchild would lose no time in proceeding to the Abbey with her father, as he had a communication to make to the latter of some importance. Need I dwell upon the result, which brought my wife to a possession she was shortly destined to preside over. Nothing could exceed my happiness at being restored to the affection of the fond and loving partner of my life, and that joy was fully participated by Winterburn and his daughter. Months passed away in a delirium of heart-felt pleasure,

unalloyed by self-reproach, when Sir William's death caused a blank in the family circle, never to be replaced; his end, however, was peace, and time the assuager of all grief, reconciled us to the sad bereavement. Of the other characters that have appeared in this imperfect drama, some slight mention must be made, Ada Castleton faithfully kept her determination of never giving her hand where she could not bestow her heart; Skittowe, albeit rather an elderly Strephon, may still be seen eyeing the "delishos creatures" from his club window in Pall Mall, and woe to the unfortunate wight whose button hole is caught hold of by the Major, for he is doomed to listen to the conquests of his youth, a prowess worthy of his great compeer, Don Giovanni.

Winterburn during the life of my father, was appointed manager of his estates, and superintendent of the numerous charity schools established by my mother. He lives to enjoy the fruits of a life spent in usefulness, and fully realizes the lines of the Kentucky poet, a coun-

try more famed for the bowie knife, than "sweet poesy."

"Devout, yet cheerful; pious, not austere;  
To others lenient, to himself severe;  
Though honour'd modest; diffident though praised;  
The proud he humbled, and the humbled raised;  
Studious yet social; though polite, yet plain,  
No man more learned, yet no man less vain."

Mrs. Swacliffe lived to repent the fatal step she had taken, and having inherited a small property, from her former admirer Gallois, (who had been freed from his once beloved Josephine, by her elopement with an Italian courier, for her supposed fortune), opened a small fancy work repository in Knightsbridge. Her heartless seducer fell a victim to the cholera during the late war in the Crimea, but not before he had bequeathed a sufficient competency to the offspring of their illicit passion.

It was not for many years afterwards that I heard from my mother's former lady's-maid, the true cause of the conflagration at the Chichester



barrack fancy ball, it appeared that during Skit-towe's visits to the Abbey, he had vowed eternal devotion to the handsome Matilda, but upon the occasion referred to, the Major had carried on a most violent flirtation with Mrs. Simmons a rival abigail; this so exasperated the rejected one, that fired with anger, (we mean no pun) she ignited the hateful portrait, which the Lothario had pointed out to Simmons as the likeness of himself.

Levi Abrahams did not thrive in his roguery, and finding Portsea too hot to hold him, came to London, where after a variety of attempts to gain a livelihood, he gave himself up to dog stealing, and was cut off in his career through the exertions of the Bishop of Bond Street.

A few words anent the said Bishop, who, independent of his claims upon the public as a most admirable "master-general of the ordnance," merits much for his exertions in putting down the increasing trade of dog-stealing. The traffic in canine, at the present moment, almost equals that of horse-flesh in London;

and many a desponding dowager who has lost her King Charles's beauty "Roué," many a mournful bride who has had her Blenheim "Rosamond" stolen, many a dandy whose French poodle "Garin" has been trepanned, and many a sporting character who has found himself *minus* his Scotch terrier "Thistle," bull-dog "Crib," or Newfoundland puppy "Velox," has had cause to laud the name of Bishop, and shower thanks upon that worthy character, for his uncompromising efforts in attempting to put an end to the nefarious system that has been so long carried on with impunity.

A suggestion has been made, which I trust will shortly be carried into effect—that of erecting a trophy to Mr. Bishop, for his successful exertions in bringing about "a legal protection of dogs from the increasing evil of dog-stealers and receivers;" and it has been jocosely added that the Isle of *Dogs, Barking*, or *Barkshire*, would be the most appropriate spot for this canine trophy; as a matter of

course, some *dog*rel rhymes, with a *dog*ma in *dog*-Latin, expressing the *dog*-lienza of some Duchess, who, “*dog*-gi in *domani*,” mourns over the loss of her lap-dog, would be necessary to celebrate the praises of one, who, true as the Egyptian *Dog*star, has proved himself a friend to that race which Byron describes as “possessing beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices.” The inscription might run as follows. We give it *cursorily* :—

“*Canis habebat suum diem.*”

“*Hoc testimonium est datus ad Episcopum de via Bonda, ut nota gratitudinis pro suis enixibus in vice canini cursus.*”

Which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, we take the liberty of translating :

“The dog will have his day.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“This token is given to the Bishop of Bond Street, as a mark of gratitude for his exertions in behalf of the canine race.”

Seriously speaking, we think a “Bishop Testimonial” ought to be presented to the public-spirited individual who has done “the state so much service,” and we would suggest a handsome silver candelabra, with the following lines :—

“Hoc grate animi testimonium Henrico Bishop offertur, pro ejus prosperâ solitudine inferendâ lege, quâ in eos, qui canes furantur æque accelant animadvertitur.”

The candelabra to be supported by dogs, with a fine specimen of the English bull breed on its summit. Upon one panel a representation of the scene so beautifully described by Walter Scott, as having taken place in the Helvellyn mountains, when a youth lost his life by falling down a precipice, and whose remains

were discovered some months afterwards, with his faithful dog, almost reduced to a skeleton, still guarding them :

“ Dark green was the spot, 'mid the brown mountain-heather,  
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay;  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.”

Upon another panel, the canine mausoleum at Newstead, and the epitaph to Byron's "Boat-swain,"

“ But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth.”

On a third panel might be Argus, the

favourite of Ulysses, and the return of that monarch, disguised as a beggar, after twenty years' absence, with the lines from Pope,

“Near to the gates, conferring as they drew,  
Argus the dog his ancient master knew ;  
And not unconscious of the voice and tread,  
Lifts to the sounds his ears, and rears his head ;  
He knows his lord, he knew and strove to meet ;  
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet :  
Yet, all he could, his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
Salute his master, and confess his joys.”

On the fourth panel the faithful animal recorded by Plutarch, who, when the Athenians, in the time of Themistocles, were obliged to abandon their native city, followed his master across the sea of Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dogs Grave to that part of the Island, in which he was buried.

Doctor Burls has given up his school at Kennington, and having in his seventy-fourth year, married his former housekeeper, Mrs. Redpath, lives in a snug little villa near the

Regent's Park, and is "as well as can be expected." My old combatant, young Edkins the bully, entered the army, and still maintains a dastardly spirit; having showed the white feather in an engagement with the enemy in India, he was allowed to sell out, much to the delight of his brother officers, and the men under his command.

Le Chevalier Edkins and Miladi, (as they called themselves in France), died at Boulogne some years ago, after sojourning for a considerable time in that refuge for the destitute. Mesdames Le Roy et Dupont, despite of the patronage of Lady Anne Graystork, figured in the Bankruptcy Court, and among the list of debtors to the firm, appeared the name of that aristocratic dame, for a sum that would have reduced her income to more than half its amount; to escape any unpleasant proceedings on the part of the assignees, her ladyship retired to Brussels, where she did a great deal of inexpensive hospitality in the shape of tea parties. Edward Purchas having sown his

“wild oats,” gave up his entire attention to the profession he had so unworthily entered, and is now a distinguished Admiral, and K.C.B. Poor James Smith and Barham died amidst the regrets of their friends, having bequeathed to their country works that will immortalize their names.

Messieurs Ryves and Hunter still carry on their honourable vocation, and no members of the literary profession enjoy a higher reputation than the above firm. Mr. and Mrs. Hodson's business is daily upon the increase, and there are few of their customers who appear so largely upon their books as Lady Pembroke and myself. Mr. Sims, in a fit of ill-humour quarrelled and separated from his wife, who to revenge herself, joined the Thespian company of Mrs. Mortimer Granby, and with them proceeded to Australia; our last advices notice the successful *débüt* of the Scotch vocalist Annot M'Leod, the lady having fallen back upon her maiden name. The same letters announce the arrival of the celebrated tra-



gedians, Mr. and Mrs. Stukely Windermere, from every metropolitan and provincial theatre in England. Sims in a George the Fourth's peruque, still resides in the London Road, Gravesend, but from the high sounding title of *Coiffeur des Dames*, he has been reduced to tonsorial employments, as the following card in his window will prove :

HAIR CUT AND CURLED, SIXPENCE.

SHAVING ONE PENNY.

Jerry, the incomparable Jerry, met with an accident at Chichester, previous to a meeting at Goodwood, which proved fatal. A circumstance occurred respecting him, which ought to be mentioned, some years ago I was present at Doncaster races, and just after the St. Leger was run, a letter arrived informing me of the serious illness of a most valued friend, who expressed a wish, from his dying bed, to take leave of me ; I lost no time in leaving the course, and proceeding to the town ; but railroads not being in existence, I found it utterly

impossible to procure a conveyance of any sort to take me the first stage of my journey towards Lancashire. While wandering through the High Street, the picture of grief, I met the hero of the cocked-hat.

“Won your money, or rather other people’s money, Captain?” he enquired in his usual eccentric manner.

“No,” I replied, in rather a sharp tone, “but I’m busy and worried,” and certainly my look bore out the assertion.

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Pembroke,” continued he, in a most respectful tone, “perhaps you have met with losses, and wish for time to arrange them; I think I can get you a conveyance, and if—I trust you will not be offended—ten or fifteen pounds can be of any use, they are at your service.”

Most gratefully did I thank him for the first offer, which I gladly availed myself of, and was soon on my journey, an errand of death, not however before I had satisfied the worthy fellow of the real cause of my distress, which was far

different from what he had supposed it to be—a regular smash—on the turf.

In conclusion, let me add that nothing can exceed the happiness of the party now domiciled at the Abbey. I have lived to repent the follies of my early days, and surrounded by an affectionate mother, a devoted wife, a kind-hearted father-in-law, and some blooming children, not a wish is left ungratified, except that of hoping my readers will act a charitable part towards me, and find allowances for many defects in this the **STORY OF MY LIFE.**

**THE END.**

**LONDON :**

**Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.**





