

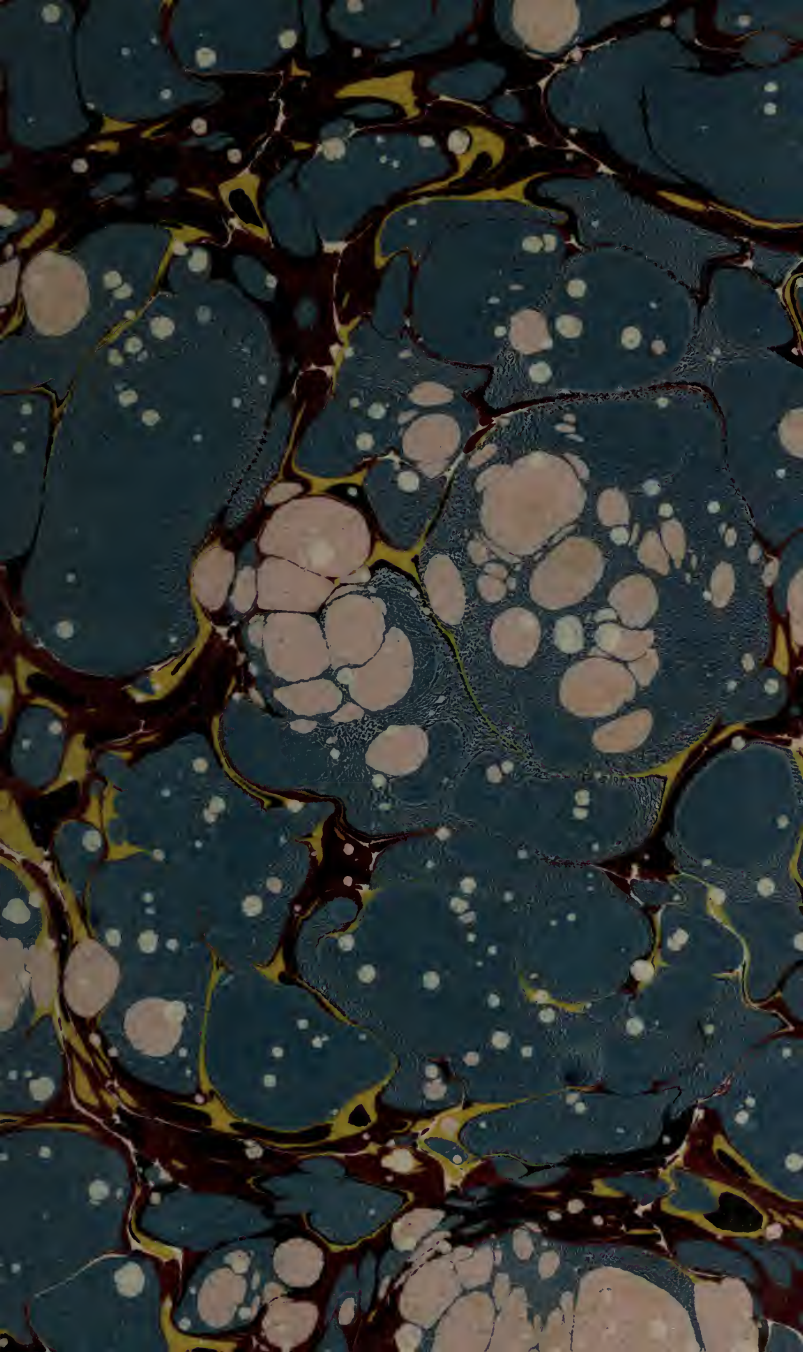


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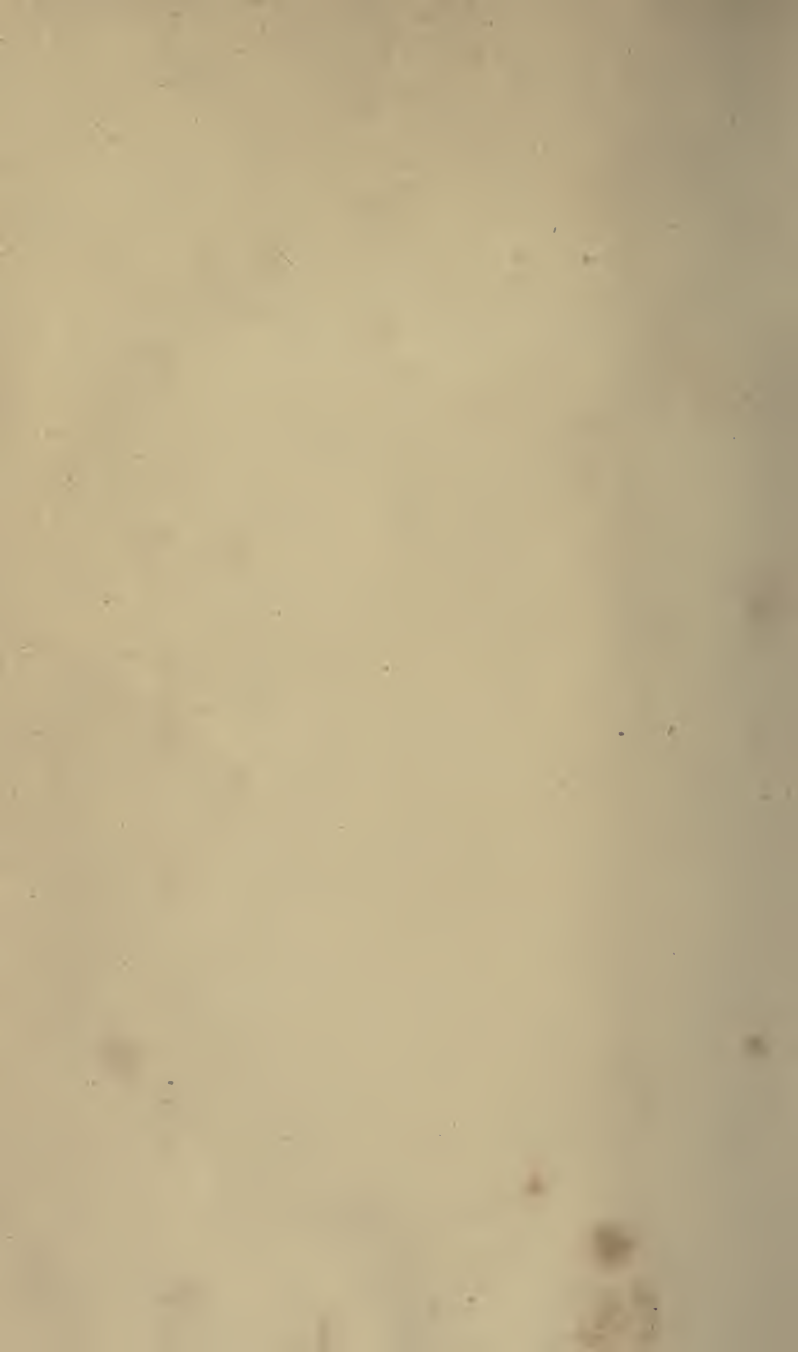
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THE
ADVENTURES OF PHILIP

ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD;

SHEWING

WHO ROBBED HIM, WHO HELPED HIM, AND WHO PASSED HIM BY.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "ESMOND," "VANITY FAIR," "VIRGINIANS," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS TO VOL. II.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. BREVIS ESSE LABORO	1
II. DRUM IST'S SO WOHL MIR IN DER WELT	18
III. QU'ON EST BIEN À VINGT ANS	48
IV. COURSE OF TRUE LOVE	69
V. TREATS OF DANCING, DINING, DYING	95
VI. PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS	126
VII. IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS	141
VIII. NEC DULCES AMORES SPERNE, PUER, NEQUE TU CHOREAS	170
IX. INFANDI DOLORES	188
X. CONTAINS A TUG OF WAR	215
XI. I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS!	234
XII. IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET	257
XIII. IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE, AND STYX (INFÉRIEUR)	281

Journal of the

Year

1861

Jan 1st

Feb 1st

Mar 1st

Apr 1st

May 1st

June 1st

July 1st

Aug 1st

Sept 1st

Oct 1st

Nov 1st

Dec 1st

P H I L I P .

CHAPTER I.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

NEVER, General Baynes afterwards declared, did fever come and go so pleasantly as that attack to which we have seen Mrs. General advert in her letter to her sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter. The cold fit was merely a lively, pleasant chatter and rattle of the teeth; the hot fit an agreeable warmth; and though the ensuing sleep, with which I believe such aguish attacks are usually concluded, was enlivened by several dreams of death, demons, and torture, how felicitous it was to wake and find that dreadful thought of ruin removed which had always, for the last few months, ever since Dr. Firmin's flight and the knowledge of his own imprudence, pursued the good-natured gentleman! What, this boy might go to college, and that get his commission; and their meals need be embittered by no more dreadful thoughts of the morrow, and their walks no longer were dogged by imaginary baliffs, or presented a gaol in the vista? It was too much bliss; and

again and again the old soldier said his thankful prayers, and blessed his benefactor.

Philip thought no more of his act of kindness, except to be very grateful, and very happy that he had rendered other people so. He could no more have taken the old man's all, and plunged that innocent family into poverty, than he could have stolen the forks off my table. But other folks were disposed to rate his virtue much more highly; and amongst these was my wife, who chose positively to worship this young gentleman, and I believe would have let him smoke in her drawing-room if he had been so minded, and though her genteel acquaintances were in the room. Goodness knows what a noise and what piteous looks are produced if ever the master of the house chooses to indulge in a cigar after dinner; but then, you understand, *I* have never declined to claim mine and my children's right because an old gentleman would be inconvenienced: and this is what I tell Mrs. Pen. If I order a coat from my tailor, must I refuse to pay him because a rogue steals it, and ought I to expect to be let off? Women won't see matters of fact in a matter-of-fact point of view; and justice, unless it is tinged with a little romance, gets no respect from them.

So, forsooth, because Philip has performed this certainly most generous, most dashing, most reckless piece of extravagance, he is to be held up as a perfect *preux chevalier*. The most riotous dinners are ordered for him. We are to wait until he comes to breakfast, and he is pretty nearly always late. The children are to

be sent round to kiss uncle Philip, as he is now called. The children? I wonder the mother did not jump up and kiss him too. *Elle en était capable.* As for the osculations which took place between Mrs. Pendennis and her new-found young friend, Miss Charlotte Baynes, they were perfectly ridiculous; two school children could not have behaved more absurdly; and I don't know which seemed to be the younger of these two. There were colloquies, assignations, meetings on the ramparts, on the pier, where know I?—and the servants and little children of the two establishments were perpetually trotting to and fro with letters from dearest Laura to dearest Charlotte, and dearest Charlotte to her dearest Mrs. Pendennis. Why, my wife absolutely went the length of saying that dearest Charlotte's mother, Mrs. Baynes, was a worthy, clever woman, and a good mother—a woman whose tongue never ceased clacking about the regiment, and all the officers and all the officers' wives, of whom, by the way, she had very little good to tell.

“A worthy mother, is she, my dear?” I say. “But, oh, mercy! Mrs. Baynes would be an awful mother-in-law!”

I shuddered at the thought of having such a commonplace, hard, ill-bred woman in a state of quasi authority over me.

On this Mrs. Laura must break out in quite a petulant tone—“Oh, how *stale* this kind of thing is Arthur, from a man *qui veut passer pour un homme d'esprit!* You are always attacking mothers-in-law!”

“Witness Mrs. Mackenzie, my love—Clive Newcome’s mother-in-law. That’s a nice creature; not selfish, not wicked, not——”

“Not nonsense, Arthur!”

“Mrs. Baynes knew Mrs. Mackenzie in the West Indies, as she knew all the female army. She considers Mrs. Mackenzie was a most elegant, handsome, dashing woman—only a little too fond of the admiration of our sex. There was, I own, a fascination about Captain Goby. Do you remember, my love, that man with the stays and dyed hair, who——”

“Oh, Arthur! When our girls marry, I suppose you will teach their husbands to abuse, and scorn, and mistrust *their* mother-in-law. Will he, my darlings? will he, my blessings?” (This apart to the children, if you please.) “Go! I have no patience with such talk!”

“Well, my love, Mrs. Baynes is a most agreeable woman; and when I have heard that story about the Highlanders at the Cape of [Good Hope a few times more” (I do not tell it here, for it has nothing to do with the present history), “I [daresay I shall begin to be amused by it.”

“Ah! here comes Charlotte, I’m glad to say. How pretty she is! What a colour! What a dear creature!”

To all which, of course, I could not say a contradictory word, for a prettier, fresher lass than Miss Baynes, with a sweeter voice, face, laughter, it was difficult to see.

“Why does mamma like Charlotte better than she likes us?” says our dear and justly indignant eldest girl.

“ I could not love her better if I were her *mother-in-law*,” says Laura, running to her young friend, casting a glance at me over her shoulder ; and that kissing nonsense begins between the two young ladies. To be sure, the girl looks uncommonly bright and pretty with her pink cheeks, her bright eyes, her slim form, and that charming white India shawl which her father brought home for her.

To this osculatory party enters presently Mr. Philip Firmin, who has been dawdling about the ramparts ever since breakfast. He says he has been reading law there. He has found a jolly quiet place to read. Law, has he ? And much good may it do him ! Why has he not gone back to his law, and his reviewing ?

“ You must—you *must* stay on a little longer. You have only been here five days. Do, Charlotte, ask Philip to stay a little.”

All the children sing in a chorus, “ Oh, do, uncle Philip, stay a little longer ! ” Miss Baynes says, “ I hope you will stay, Mr. Firmin,” and looks at him.

“ Five days has he been here ? Five years. Five lives. Five hundred years. What do you mean ? In that little time of—let me see, a hundred and twenty hours, and at least a half of them for sleep and dinner (for Philip’s appetite was very fine)—do you mean that in that little time his heart, cruelly stabbed by a previous monster in female shape, has healed, got quite well, and actually begun to be wounded again ? Have two walks on the pier, as many visits to the Tintelleries

(where he hears the story of the Highlanders at the Cape of Good Hope with respectful interest), a word or two about [the weather, a look or two, a squeezekin, perhaps, of a little handykin—I say, do you mean that this absurd young idiot, and that little round-faced girl, pretty, certainly, but only just out of the school-room—do you mean to say that they have—— Upon my word, Laura, this is too bad. Why, Philip has not a penny-piece in the world.”

“Yes, he has two hundred pounds, and expects to sell his mare for ninety at least. He has excellent talents. He can easily write three articles a week in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am sure no one writes so well, and it is much better done and more amusing than it used to be. That is three hundred a year. Lord Ringwood must be applied to, and must and shall get him something. Don’t you know that Captain Baynes stood by Colonel Ringwood’s side at Busaco, and that they were the closest friends? And pray, how did *we* get on, I should like to know? How did *we* get on, baby?”

“How did we det on?” says the baby.

“Oh, woman! woman!” yells the father of the family. “Why, Philip Firmin has all the habits of a rich man with the pay of a mechanic. Do you suppose he ever sate in a second-class carriage in his life, or denied himself any pleasure to which he had a mind? He gave five francs to a beggar girl yesterday.”

“He had always a noble heart,” says my wife. “He gave a fortune to a whole family a week ago; and” (out comes the pocket-handkerchief—oh, of course, the

pocket-handkerchief)—“and —‘God loves a cheerful giver!’”

“He is careless; he is extravagant; he is lazy;—I do not know that he is remarkably clever——”

“Oh, yes! he is your friend, of course. Now, abuse him—*do*, Arthur!”

“And, pray, when did you become acquainted with this astounding piece of news?” I inquire.

“When? From the very first moment when I saw Charlotte looking at him, to be sure. The poor child said to me only yesterday, ‘Oh, Laura! he is our preserver!’ And their preserver he has been, under heaven.”

“Yes. But he has not got a five-pound note!” I cry.

“Arthur, I am surprised at you. Oh, men, men are awfully worldly! Do you suppose heaven will not send him help at its good time, and be kind to him who has rescued so many from ruin? Do you suppose the prayers, the blessings of that father, of those little ones, of that dear child, will not avail him? Suppose he has to wait a year, ten years, have they not time, and will not the good day come?”

Yes. This was actually the talk of a woman of sense and discernment when her prejudices and romance were not in the way, and she looked forward to the marriage of these folks, some ten years hence, as confidently as if they were both rich, and going to St. George’s to-morrow.

As for making a romantic story of it, or spinning out love conversation between Jenny and Jessamy, or de-

scribing moonlight raptures and passionate outpourings of two young hearts and so forth—excuse me, *s'il vous plait*. I am a man of the world, and of a certain age. Let the young people fill in this outline, and colour it as they please. Let the old folks who read, lay down the book a minute, and remember. It is well remembered, isn't it, that time? Yes, good John Anderson, and Mrs. John. Yes, good Darby and Joan. The lips won't tell now what they did once. To-day is for the happy, and to-morrow for the young, and yesterday, is not that dear and here too?

I was in the company of an elderly gentleman, not very long since, who was perfectly sober, who is not particularly handsome, or healthy, or wealthy, or witty; and who, speaking of his past life, volunteered to declare that he would gladly live every minute of it over again. Is a man, who can say that, a hardened sinner, not aware how miserable he ought to be by rights, and therefore really in a most desperate and deplorable condition; or is he *fortunatus nimium*, and ought his statue to be put up in the most splendid and crowded thoroughfare of the town? Would you, who are reading this, for example, like to live *your* life over again? What has been its chief joy? What are to-day's pleasures? Are they so exquisite that you would prolong them for ever? Would you like to have the roast beef on which you have dined brought back again to table, and have more beef, and more, and more? Would you like to hear yesterday's sermon over and over again — eternally voluble? Would you like to get on the Edinburgh

mail, and travel outside for fifty hours as you did in your youth? You might as well say you would like to go into the flogging-room, and take a turn under the rods: you would like to be thrashed over again by your bully at school: you would like to go to the dentist's, where your dear parents were in the habit of taking you: you would like to be taking hot Epsom salts, with a piece of dry bread to take away the taste: you would like to be jilted by your first love: you would like to be going in to your father to tell him you had contracted debts to the amount of $x + y + z$, whilst you were at the university. As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, the weariness and sameness of shaving, the agony of corns, and the thousand other ills to which flesh is heir, I cheerfully say for one, I am not anxious to wear it for ever. No. I do not want to go to school again. I do not want to hear Trotman's sermon over again. Take me out and finish me. Give me the cup of hemlock at once. Here's a health to you, my lads. Don't weep, my Simmias. Be cheerful, my Phædon. Ha! I feel the co-o-ld stealing, stealing upwards. Now it is in my ancles—no more gout in my foot: now my knees are numb. What, is—is that poor executioner crying too? Good-by. Sacrifice a cock to *Æscu*—to *Æscula*— Have you ever read the chapter in Grote's *History*? Ah? When the Sacred Ship returns from Delos, and is telegraphed as entering into port, may we be at peace and ready!

What is this funeral chant, when the pipes should be playing gaily, as Love, and Youth, and Spring, and

Joy are dancing under the windows? Look you. Men not so wise as Socrates have their demons, who will be heard and whisper in the queerest times and places. Perhaps I shall have to tell of a funeral presently, and shall be outrageously cheerful; or of an execution, and shall split my sides with laughing. Arrived at my time of life, when I see a penniless young friend falling in love and thinking of course of committing matrimony, what can I do but be melancholy? How is a man to marry who has not enough to keep ever so miniature a brougham—ever so small a house—not enough to keep himself, let alone a wife and family? Gracious powers! is it not blasphemy to marry without fifteen hundred a year? Poverty, debt, protested bills, duns, crime, fall assuredly on the wretch who has not fifteen—say at once two thousand a year; for you can't live decently in London for less. And a wife whom you have met a score of times at balls or breakfasts, and with her best dresses and behaviour at a country house;—how do you know how she will turn out; what her temper is; what her relations are likely to be? Suppose she has poor relations, or loud coarse brothers who are always dropping in to dinner? What is her mother like; and can you bear to have that woman meddling and domineering over your establishment? Old General Baynes was very well; a weak, quiet, and presentable old man: but Mrs. General Baynes, and that awful Mrs. Major MacWhirter,—and those hobbledehoes of boys in creaking shoes, hectoring about the premises? As a man of the world I saw all these dreadful liabilities

impending over the husband of Miss Charlotte Baynes, and could not view them without horror. Gracefully and slightly, but wittily and in my sarcastic way, I thought it my duty to show up the oddities of the Baynes family to Philip. I mimicked the boys, and their clumping blucher-boots. I touched off the dreadful military ladies, very smartly and cleverly as I thought, and as if I never supposed that Philip had any idea of Miss Baynes. To do him justice, he laughed once or twice; then he grew very red. His sense of humour is very limited; that even Laura allows. Then he came out with strong expressions, and said it was a confounded shame, and strode off with his cigar. And when I remarked to my wife how susceptible he was in some things, and how little in the matter of joking, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Philip not only understood perfectly well what I said, but would tell it all to Mrs. General and Mrs. Major on the first opportunity." And this was the fact, as Mrs. Baynes took care to tell me *afterwards*. She was aware who was her *enemy*. She was aware who spoke ill of her, and her blessed darling *behind our backs*. And "do you think it was to see *you* or any one belonging to your *stuck-up house*, sir, that we came to you so often, which we certainly did, day and night, breakfast and supper, and no thanks to you? No, sir! ha, ha!" I can see her flaunting out of my sitting-room as she speaks, with a strident laugh, and snapping her dingily-gloved fingers at the door. Oh, Philip, Philip! To think that you were such a coward as to go and tell her!

But I pardon him. From my heart I pity and pardon him.

For the step which he is meditating, you may be sure that the young man himself does not feel the smallest need of pardon or pity. He is in a state of happiness so crazy that it is useless to reason with him. Not being at all of a poetical turn originally, the wretch is actually perpetrating verse in secret, and my servants found fragments of his manuscript on the dressing-table in his bedroom. *Heart and art, sever and for ever*, and so on; what stale rhymes are these? I do not feel at liberty to give in entire the poem which our maid found in Mr. Philip's room, and brought sniggering to my wife, who only said, "Poor thing!" The fact is, it was too pitiable. Such maundering rubbish! Such stale rhymes, and such old thoughts! But then, says Laura, "I daresay all people's love-making is not amusing to their neighbours; and I know who wrote not very wise love-verses when he was young." No, I won't publish Philip's verses, until some day he shall mortally offend me. I can recal some of my own written under similar circumstances with twinges of shame; and shall drop a veil of decent friendship over my friend's folly.

Under that veil, meanwhile, the young man is perfectly contented, nay, uproariously happy. All earth and nature smile round about him. "When Jove meets his Juno, in Homer, sir," says Philip, in his hectoring way, "don't immortal flowers of beauty spring up around them, and rainbows of celestial hues bend over

their heads? Love, sir, flings a halo round the loved one. Where she moves, rise roses, hyacinths, and ambrosial odours. Don't talk to me about poverty, sir! He either fears his fate too much or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch and win or lose it all! Haven't I endured poverty? Am I not as poor now as a man can be—and what is there in it? Do I want for anything? Haven't I got a guinea in my pocket? Do I owe any man anything? Isn't there manna in the wilderness for those who have faith to walk in it? That's where you fail, Pen. By all that is sacred, you have no faith; your heart is cowardly, sir; and if you are to escape, as perhaps you may, I suspect it is by your wife that you will be saved. Laura has a trust in heaven, but Arthur's morals are a genteel atheism. Just reach me that claret—the wine's not bad. I say your morals are a genteel atheism, and I shudder when I think of your condition. Talk to *me* about a brougham being necessary for the comfort of a woman! A broomstick to ride to the moon! And I don't say that a brougham is not a comfort, mind you; but that, when it is a necessity, mark you, heaven will provide it! Why, sir, hang it, look at me! Ain't I suffering in the most abject poverty? I ask you is there a man in London so poor as I am? And since my father's ruin do I want for anything? I want for shelter for a day or two. Good. There's my dear Little Sister ready to give it to me. I want for money. Does not that sainted widow's cruse pour its oil out for me? Heaven bless and reward her. Boo!" (Here,

for reasons which need not be named, the orator squeezes his fists into his eyes.) “I want shelter; ain’t I in good quarters? I want work; haven’t I got work, and did you not get it for me? You should just see, sir, how I polished off that book of travels this morning. I read some of the article to Char——, to Miss ——, to some friends, in fact. I don’t mean to say that they are very intellectual people, but your common humdrum average audience is the public to try. Recollect Molière and his housekeeper, you know.”

“By the housekeeper, do you mean Mrs. Baynes?” I ask, in my *amontillado* manner. (By the way, who ever heard of *amontillado* in the early days of which I write?) “In manner she would do, and I daresay in accomplishments; but I doubt about her temper.”

“You’re almost as worldly as the Twysdens, by George, you are! Unless persons are of a certain *monde*, you don’t value them. A little adversity would do you good, Pen; and I heartily wish you might get it, except for the dear wife and children. You measure your morality by May Fair standards; and if an angel unawares came to you in pattens and a cotton umbrella, you would turn away from her. *You* would never have found out the Little Sister. A duchess—God bless her! A creature of an imperial generosity, and delicacy, and intrepidity, and the finest sense of humour, but she drops her *h*’s often, and how could you pardon such a crime? Sir, you are my better in wit and a dexterous application of your powers; but I think, sir,” says Phil, curling the flaming mustachios, “I am your superior in

a certain magnanimity; though, by Jove! old fellow, man and boy, you have always been one of the best fellows in the world to P. F.; one of the best fellows, and the most generous, and the most cordial,—that you have: only you *do* rile me when you sing in that confounded May Fair twang.”

Here one of the children summoned us to tea—and “Papa was laughing, and uncle Philip was flinging his hands about and pulling his beard off,” said the little messenger.

“I shall keep a fine lock of it for you, Nelly, my dear,” says uncle Philip. On which the child said, “Oh, no! I know to whom you’ll give it, don’t I, mamma?” and she goes up to her mamma, and whispers.

Miss Nelly knows? At what age do those little match-makers begin to know, and how soon do they practise the use of their young eyes, their little smiles, wiles, and ogles? This young woman, I believe, coquetted whilst she was yet a baby in arms, over her nurse’s shoulder. Before she could speak, she could be proud of her new vermilion shoes, and would point out the charms of her blue sash. She was jealous in the nursery, and her little heart had beat for years and years before she left off pinafores.

For whom will Philip keep a lock of that red, red gold which curls round his face? Can you guess? Of what colour is the hair in that little locket which the gentleman himself occultly wears? A few months ago, I believe, a pale, straw-coloured wisp of hair occupied

that place of honour; now it is a chestnut-brown, as far as I can see, of precisely the same colour as that which waves round Charlotte Baynes' pretty face, and tumbles in clusters on her neck, very nearly the colour of Mrs. Paynter's this last season. So, you see, we chop and we change: straw gives place to chestnut, and chestnut is succeeded by ebony; and, for our own parts, we defy time; and if you want a lock of my hair, Belinda, take this pair of scissors, and look in that cupboard, in the bandbox marked No. 3, and cut off a thick glossy piece, darling, and wear it, dear, and my blessings go with thee! What is this? Am I sneering because Corydon and Phyllis are wooing and happy? You see I pledged myself not to have any sentimental nonsense. To describe love-making is immoral and immodest; you know it is. To describe it as it really is, or would appear to you and me as lookers-on, would be to describe the most dreary farce, to chronicle the most tautological twaddle. To take a note of sighs, hand-squeezes, looks at the moon, and so forth—does this business become our dignity as historians? Come away from those foolish young people—they don't want us; and dreary as their farce is, and tautological as their twaddle, you may be sure it amuses them, and that they are happy enough without us. Happy? Is there any happiness like it, pray? Was it not rapture to watch the messenger, to seize the note, and fee the bearer?—to retire out of sight of all prying eyes and read:—"Dearest! Mamma's cold is better this morning. The Joneses came to tea, and Julia

sang. I did not enjoy it, as my dear was at his *horrid dinner*, where I hope he amused himself. Send me a word by Buttles, who brings this, if only to say you are your Louisa's own, own," &c. &c. &c. That used to be the kind of thing. In such coy lines artless Innocence used to whisper its little vows. So she used to smile; so she used to warble; so she used to prattle. Young people, at present engaged in the pretty sport, be assured your middle-aged parents have played the game, and remember the rules of it. Yes, under papa's bow-window of a waistcoat is a heart which took very violent exercise when that waist was slim. Now he sits tranquilly in his tent, and watches the lads going in for their innings. Why, look at grandmamma in her spectacles reading that sermon. In *her* old heart there is a corner as romantic still as when she used to read the *Wild Irish Girl* or the *Scottish Chiefs* in the days of her misshood. And as for your grandfather, my dears, to see him now you would little suppose that that calm, polished, dear old gentleman was once as wild—as wild as Orson. . . . Under my windows, as I write, there passes an itinerant flower-merchant. He has his roses and geraniums on a cart drawn by a quadruped—a little long-eared quadruped, which lifts up its voice, and sings after its manner. When I was young, donkeys used to bray precisely in the same way; and others will heehaw so, when we are silent and our ears hear no more.

CHAPTER II.

DRUM IST'S SO WOHL MIR IN DER WELT.

OUR new friends lived for awhile contentedly enough at Boulogne, where they found comrades and acquaintances gathered together from those many regions which they had visited in the course of their military career. Mrs. Baynes, out of the field, was the commanding officer over the general. She ordered his clothes for him, tied his neckcloth into a neat bow, and, on tea-party evenings, pinned his brooch into his shirt-frill. She gave him to understand when he had had enough to eat or drink at dinner, and explained, with great frankness, how this or that dish did not agree with him. If he was disposed to exceed, she would call out, in a loud voice: "Remember, general, what you took this morning!" Knowing his constitution, as she said, she knew the remedies which were necessary for her husband, and administered them to him with great liberality. Resistance was impossible, as the veteran officer acknowledged. "The boys have fought about the medicine since we came home," he confessed, "but she has me under her thumb, by George. She really is a magnificent physician, now. She has got some

invaluable prescriptions, and in India she used to doctor the whole station." She would have taken the present writer's little household under her care, and proposed several remedies for my children, until their alarmed mother was obliged to keep them out of her sight. I am not saying this was an agreeable woman. Her voice was loud and harsh. The anecdotes which she was for ever narrating related to military personages in foreign countries with whom I was unacquainted, and whose history failed to interest me. She took her wine with much spirit, whilst engaged in this prattle. I have heard talk not less foolish in much finer company, and known people delighted to listen to anecdotes of the duchess and the marchioness who would yawn over the history of Captain Jones's quarrels with his lady, or Mrs. Major Wolfe's monstrous flirtations with young Ensign Kyd. My wife, with the mischievousness of her sex, would mimic the Baynes' conversation very drolly, but always insisted that she was not more really vulgar than many much greater persons.

For all this, Mrs. General Baynes did not hesitate to declare that we were "stuck-up" people; and from the very first setting eyes on us, she declared, that she viewed us with a constant darkling suspicion. Mrs. P. was a harmless, washed-out creature with nothing in her. As for that high and mighty Mr. P. and *his* airs, she would be glad to know whether the wife of a British general officer who had seen service in *every part of the globe*, and met the *most distinguished* governors, generals, and their ladies, several of whom *were noble-*

men—she would be glad to know whether such people were not good enough for, &c. &c. Who has not met with these difficulties in life, and who can escape them? “Hang it, sir,” Phil would say, twirling the red mustachios, “I like to be hated by some fellows;” and it must be owned that Mr. Philip got what he liked. I suppose Mr. Philip’s friend and biographer had something of the same feeling. At any rate, in regard of this lady the hypocrisy of politeness was very hard to keep up; wanting us for reasons of her own, she covered the dagger with which she would have stabbed us: but we knew it was there clenched in her skinny hand in her meagre pocket. She would pay us the most fulsome compliments with anger raging out of her eyes—a little hate-bearing woman, envious, malicious, but loving her cubs, and nursing them, and clutching them in her lean arms with a jealous strain. It was “Good-by, darling! I shall leave you here with your friends. Oh, how kind you are to her, Mrs. Pendennis! How can I ever thank you and Mr. P., I am sure?” and she looked as if she could poison both of us, as she went away, curtseying and darting dreary parting smiles.

This lady had an intimate friend and companion in arms,—Mrs. Colonel Bunch, in fact, of the—the Bengal Cavalry,—who was now in Europe with Bunch and their children, who were residing at Paris for the young folks’ education. At first, as we have heard, Mrs. Baynes’ predilections had been all for Tours, where her sister was living, and where lodgings were cheap and food reasonable in proportion. But Bunch happen-

ing to pass through Boulogne on his way to his wife at Paris, and meeting his old comrade, gave General Baynes such an account of the cheapness and pleasures of the French capital, as to induce the general to think of bending his steps thither. Mrs. Baynes would not hear of such a plan. She was all for her dear sister and Tours; but when, in the course of conversation, Colonel Bunch described a ball at the Tuileries, where he and Mrs. B. had been received with the most flattering politeness by the royal family, it was remarked that Mrs. Baynes' mind underwent a change. When Bunch went on to aver that the balls at Government House at Calcutta were nothing compared to those at the Tuileries or the Prefecture of the Seine; that the English were invited and respected everywhere; that the ambassador was most hospitable; that the clergymen were admirable; and that at their boarding-house, kept by Madame la Générale Baronne de Smolensk, at the Petit Château d'Espagne, Avenue de Valmy, Champs Elysées, they had balls twice a month, the most comfortable apartments, the most choice society, and every comfort and luxury at so many francs per month, with an allowance for children—I say Mrs. Baynes was very greatly moved. “It is not,” she said, “in consequence of the balls at the ambassador's or the Tuileries, for I am an old woman; and in spite of what you say, colonel, I can't fancy, after Government House, anything more magnificent in any French palace. It is not for *me*, goodness knows, I speak: but the children should have education, and my Charlotte an entrée into

the world ; and what you say of the invaluable clergyman, Mr. X——, I have been thinking of it all night : but above all, above all, of the chances of education for my darlings. Nothing should give way to that—nothing !” On this a long and delightful conversation and calculation took place. Bunch produced his bills at the Baroness de Smolensk’s. The two gentlemen jotted up accounts, and made calculations all through the evening. It was hard even for Mrs. Baynes to force the figures into such a shape as to make them accord with the general’s income ; but, driven away by one calculation after another, she returned again and again to the charge, until she overcame the stubborn arithmetical difficulties, and the pounds, shillings, and pence lay prostrate before her. They could save upon this point ; they could screw upon that ; they *must* make a sacrifice to educate the children. “ Sarah Bunch and her girls go to Court, indeed ! Why shouldn’t mine go ?” she asked. On which her general said, “ By George, Eliza, that’s the point you are thinking of.” On which Eliza said, “ No,” and repeated “ No ” a score of times, growing more angry as she uttered each denial. And she declared before heaven she did *not* want to go to any Court. Had she not refused to be presented at home, though Mrs. Colonel Flack went, because she did not choose to go to the wicked expense of a train ? And it was base of the general, *base* and *mean* of him to say so. And there was a fine scene, as I am given to understand ; not that I was present at this family fight : but my informant was Mr. Firmin ; and Mr. Firmin

had his information from a little person who, about this time, had got to prattle out all the secrets of her young heart to him; who would have jumped off the pier-head with her hand in his if he had said "Come;" without his hand if he had said "Go:" a little person whose whole life had been changed—changed for a month past—changed in one minute, that minute when she saw Philip's fiery whiskers and heard his great big voice saluting her father amongst the commissioners on the *quai* before the custom-house.

Tours was, at any rate, a hundred and fifty miles farther off than Paris from—from a city where a young gentleman lived in whom Miss Charlotte Baynes felt an interest; hence, I suppose, arose her delight that her parents had determined upon taking up their residence in the larger and nearer city. Besides, she owned, in the course of her artless confidences to my wife, that, when together, mamma and aunt MacWhirter quarrelled unceasingly; and had once caused the old boys, the major and the general, to call each other out. She preferred, then, to live away from aunt Mac. She had never had such a friend as Laura, never. She had never been so happy as at Boulogne, never. She should always love everybody in our house, that she should, for ever and ever—and so forth, and so forth. The ladies meet; cling together; osculations are carried round the whole family circle, from our wondering eldest boy, who cries, "I say, hullo! what are you kissing me so about?" to darling baby, crowing and sputtering unconscious in the rapturous young girl's embraces. I tell you, these

two women were making fools of themselves, and they were burning with enthusiasm for the "preserver" of the Baynes family, as they called that big fellow yonder, whose biographer I have aspired to be. The lazy rogue lay basking in the glorious warmth and sunshine of early love. He would stretch his big limbs out in our garden; pour out his feelings with endless volubility; call upon *hominum divumque voluptas, alma Venus*; vow that he had never lived or been happy until now; declare that he laughed poverty to scorn and all her ills; and fume against his masters of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because they declined to insert certain love verses which Mr. Philip now composed almost every day. Poor little Charlotte! And didst thou receive those treasures of song; and wonder over them, not perhaps comprehending them altogether; and lock them up in thy heart's inmost casket as well as in thy little desk; and take them out in quiet hours, and kiss them, and bless heaven for giving thee such jewels? I daresay. I can fancy all this without seeing it. I can read the little letters in the little desk, without picking lock or breaking seal. Poor little letters! Sometimes they are not spelt right, quite; but I don't know that the style is worse for that. Poor little letters! You are flung to the winds sometimes and forgotten with all your sweet secrets and loving artless confessions; but not always—no, not always. As for Philip, who was the most careless creature alive, and left all his clothes and haberdashery sprawling on his bed-room floor, he had at this time a breast-pocket stuffed out with papers which

crackled in the most ridiculous way. He was always looking down at this precious pocket, and putting one of his great hands over it as though he would guard it. The pocket did not contain bank-notes, you may be sure of that. It contained documents stating that mamma's cold is better; the Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang, &c. Ah, friend, however old you are now, however cold you are now, however tough, I hope you, too, remember how Julia sang, and the Joneses came to tea.

Mr. Philip stayed on week after week, declaring to my wife that she was a perfect angel for keeping him so long. Bunch wrote from his boarding-house more and more enthusiastic reports about the comforts of the establishment. For his sake, Madame la Baronne de Smolensk would make unheard-of sacrifices, in order to accommodate the general and his distinguished party. The balls were going to be perfectly splendid that winter. There were several old Indians living near; in fact, they could form a regular little club. It was agreed that Baynes should go and reconnoitre the ground. He did go. Madame de Smolensk, a most elegant woman, had a magnificent dinner for him—quite splendid, I give you my word, but only what they have every day. Soup, of course, my love; fish, capital wine, and, I should say, some five or six and thirty made dishes. The general was quite enraptured. Bunch had put his boys to a famous school, where they might “whop” the French boys, and learn all the modern languages. The little ones would dine early; the baroness would take the whole family at an astonish-

ingly cheap rate. In a word, the Baynes' column got the route for Paris shortly before our family-party was crossing the seas to return to London fogs and duty.

You have, no doubt, remarked how, under certain tender circumstances, women will help one another. They help where they ought not to help. When Mr. Darby ought to be separated from Miss Joan, and the best thing that could happen for both would be a *lettre de cachet* to whip off Mons. Darby to the Bastille for five years, and an order from her parents to lock up Mademoiselle Jeanne in a convent, some aunt, some relative, some pitying female friend is sure to be found, who will give the pair a chance of meeting, and turn her head away whilst those unhappy lovers are warbling endless good-byes close up to each other's ears. My wife, I have said, chose to feel this absurd sympathy for the young people about whom we have been just talking. As the days for Charlotte's departure drew near, this wretched, misguiding matron would take the girl out walking into I know not what unfrequented bye-lanes, quiet streets, rampart-nooks, and the like; and la! by the most singular coincidence, Mr. Philip's hulking boots would assuredly come tramping after the women's little feet. What will you say, when I tell you, that I myself, the father of the family, the renter of the old-fashioned house, Rue Roucoule, Haute Ville, Boulogne-sur-Mer—as I am going into my own study—am met at the threshold by Helen, my eldest daughter, who puts her little arms before the glass-door at which I was about to enter, and says, "You must not go in there,

papa! Mamma says we none of us are to go in there."

"And why, pray?" I ask.

"Because uncle Philip and Charlotte are talking secrets there; and nobody is to disturb them—*nobody!*"

Upon my word, wasn't this too monstrous? Am I Sir Pandarus of Troy become? Am I going to allow a penniless young man to steal away the heart of a young girl who has not twopence half-penny to her fortune? Shall I, I say, lend myself to this most unjustifiable intrigue?

"Sir," says my wife (we happened to have been bred up from childhood together, and I own to have had one or two foolish initiatory flirtations before I settled down to matrimonial fidelity)—"Sir," says she, "when you were so wild—so spoony, I think is your elegant word—about Blanche, and used to put letters into a hollow tree for her at home, I used to see the letters, and I never disturbed them. These two people have much warmer hearts, and are a great deal fonder of each other, than you and Blanche used to be. I should not like to separate Charlotte from Philip now. It is too late, sir. She can never like anybody else as she likes him. If she lives to be a hundred, she will never forget him. Why should not the poor thing be happy a little, while she may?"

An old house, with a green old courtyard and an ancient mossy wall, through breaks of which I can see the roofs and gables of the quaint old town, the city below, the shining sea, and the white English cliffs

beyond; a green old courtyard, and a tall old stone house rising up in it, grown over with many a creeper on which the sun casts flickering shadows; and under the shadows, and through the glass of a tall grey window, I can just peep into a brown twilight parlour, and there I see two hazy figures by a table. One slim figure has brown hair, and one has flame-coloured whiskers. Look! a ray of sunshine has just peered into the room, and is lighting the whiskers up!

“Poor little thing,” whispers my wife, very gently. “They are going away to-morrow. Let them have their talk out. She is crying her little eyes out, I am sure. Poor little Charlotte!”

Whilst my wife was pitying Miss Charlotte in this pathetic way, and was going, I daresay, to have recourse to her own pocket-handkerchief, as I live, there came a burst of laughter from the darkling chamber where the two lovers were billing and cooing. First came Mr. Philip’s great boom (such a roar—such a haw-haw, or hee-haw, I never heard any other *two-legged* animal perform). Then follows Miss Charlotte’s tinkling peal; and presently that young person comes out into the garden, with her round face not bedewed with tears at all, but perfectly rosy, fresh, dimpled, and good-humoured. Charlotte gives me a little curtsy, and my wife a hand and a kind glance. They retreat through the open casement, twining round each other, as the vine does round the window; though which is the vine and which is the window in this simile, I pretend not to say—I can’t see through either of them,

that is the truth. They pass through the parlour, and into the street beyond, doubtless: and as for Mr. Philip, I presently see *his* head popped out of his window in the upper floor with his great pipe in his mouth. He can't "work" without his pipe, he says; and my wife believes him. Work, indeed!

Miss Charlotte paid us another little visit that evening, when we happened to be alone. The children were gone to bed. The darlings! Charlotte must go up and kiss them. Mr. Philip Firmin was out. She did not seem to miss him in the least, nor did she make a single inquiry for him. We had been so good to her—so kind. How should she ever forget our great kindness? She had been so happy—oh! so happy! She had never been so happy before. She would write often and often, and Laura would write constantly—wouldn't she? "Yes, dear child!" says my wife. And now a little more kissing, and it is time to go home to the Tintelleries. What a lovely night! Indeed, the moon was blazing in full round in the purple heavens, and the stars were twinkling by myriads.

"Good-by, dear Charlotte; happiness go with you!" I seize her hand. I feel a paternal desire to kiss her fair, round face. Her sweetness, her happiness, her artless good-humour, and gentleness have endeared her to us all. As for me, I love her with a fatherly affection. "Stay, my dear!" I cry, with a happy gallantry. "I'll go home with you to the Tintelleries."

You should have seen the fair round face *then!* Such a piteous expression came over it! She looked

at my wife; and as for that Mrs. Laura she pulled the tail of my coat.

“What do you mean, my dear?” I ask.

“Don’t go out on such a dreadful night. You’ll catch cold!” says Laura.

“Cold, my love!” I say. “Why, it’s as fine a night as ever——”

“Oh! you—you *stupid!*” says Laura, and begins to laugh. And there goes Miss Charlotte tripping away from us without a word more!

Philip came in about half an hour afterwards. And do you know, I very strongly suspect that he had been waiting round the corner. Few things escape *me*, you see, when I have a mind to be observant. And, certainly, if I had thought of that possibility and that I might be spoiling sport, I should not have proposed to Miss Charlotte to walk home with her.

At a very early hour on the next morning my wife arose, and spent, in my opinion, a great deal of unprofitable time, bread, butter, cold beef, mustard and salt, in compiling a heap of sandwiches, which were tied up in a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That persistence in making sandwiches, in providing cakes and other refreshments for a journey, is a strange infatuation in women; as if there was not always enough to eat to be had at road inns and railway stations! What a good dinner we used to have at Montreuil in the old days, before railways were, and when the diligence spent four or six and twenty cheerful hours on its way to Paris! I think the finest dishes are not to be com-

pared to that well-remembered fricandeau of youth, nor do wines of the most dainty vintage surpass the rough, honest, blue ordinaire which was served at the plenteous inn-table. I took our bale of sandwiches down to the office of the Messageries, whence our friends were to start. We saw six of the Baynes family packed into the interior of the diligence; and the boys climb cheerily into the rotonde. Charlotte's pretty lips and hands wafted kisses to us from her corner. Mrs. General Baynes commanded the column, pushed the little ones into their places in the ark; ordered the general and young ones hither and thither with her parasol, declined to give the grumbling porters any but the smallest gratuity, and talked a shrieking jargon of French and Hindustanee to the people assembled round the carriage. My wife has that command over me that she actually made me demean myself so far as to deliver the sandwich parcel to one of the Baynes boys. I said, "Take this," and the poor wretch held out his hand eagerly, evidently expecting that I was about to tip him with a five-franc piece or some such coin. *Fouette, cocher!* The horses squeal. The huge machine jingles over the road, and rattles down the street. Farewell, pretty Charlotte, with your sweet face, and sweet voice, and kind eyes! But why, pray, is Mr. Philip Firmin not here to say farewell too?

Before the diligence got under way, the Baynes boys had fought, and quarrelled, and wanted to mount on the imperial or cabriolet of the carriage, where there was only one passenger as yet. But the conductor

called the lads off, saying that the remaining place was engaged by a gentleman, whom they were to take up on the road. And who should this turn out to be? Just outside the town a man springs up to the imperial; his light luggage, it appears, was on the coach already, and that luggage belonged to Philip Firmin. Ah, monsieur! and that was the reason, was it, why they were so merry yesterday—the parting day? Because they were not going to part just then. Because, when the time of execution drew near, they had managed to smuggle a little reprieve! Upon my conscience, I never heard of such imprudence in the whole course of my life! Why, it is starvation—certain misery to one and the other. “I don’t like to meddle in other people’s affairs,” I say to my wife; “but I have no patience with such folly, or with myself for not speaking to General Baynes on the subject. I shall write to the general.”

“My dear, the general knows all about it,” says Charlotte’s, Philip’s (in my opinion) most injudicious friend. “We have talked about it, and, like a man of sense, the general makes light of it. ‘Young folks will be young folks,’ he says; ‘and, by George! ma’am, when I married—I should say, when Mrs. B. ordered me to marry her—she had nothing, and I but my captain’s pay. People get on, somehow. Better for a young man to marry, and keep out of idleness and mischief; and, I promise you, the chap who marries my girl gets a treasure. I like the boy for the sake of my old friend Phil Ringwood. I don’t see that

the fellows with the rich wives are much the happier, or that men should wait to marry until they are gouty old rakes.' And, it appears, the general instanced several officers of his own acquaintance; some of whom had married when they were young and poor; some who had married when they were old and sulky; some who had never married at all. And he mentioned his comrade, my own uncle, the late Major Pendennis, whom he called a selfish old creature, and hinted that the major had jilted some lady in early life, whom he would have done much better to marry."

And so Philip is actually gone after his charmer, and is pursuing her *summâ diligentia*? The Baynes family has allowed this penniless young law student to make love to their daughter, to accompany them to Paris, to appear as the almost recognized son of the house. "Other people, when they were young, wanted to make imprudent marriages," says my wife (as if that wretched *tu quoque* were any answer to my remark!) "This penniless law student might have a good sum of money if he choose to press the Baynes family to pay him what, after all, they owe him." And so poor little Charlotte was to be her father's ransom! To be sure, little Charlotte did not object to offer herself up in payment of her papa's debt! And though I objected as a moral man and a prudent man, and a father of a family, I could not be very seriously angry. I am secretly of the disposition of the time-honoured *père de famille* in the comedies, the irascible old gentleman in the crop wig and George-the-Second coat, who is always

menacing "Tom the young dog" with his cane. When the deed is done, and Miranda (the little slyboots!) falls before my squaretoes and shoe-buckles, and Tom the young dog kneels before me in his white ducks, and they cry out in a pretty chorus, "Forgive us, grandpapa!" I say, "Well, you rogue, boys will be boys. Take her, sirrah! Be happy with her; and, hark ye! in this pocket-book you will find ten thousand," &c. &c. You all know the story: I cannot help liking it, however old it may be. In love, somehow, one is pleased that young people should dare a little. Was not Bessy Eldon famous as an economist, and Lord Eldon celebrated for wisdom and caution? and did not John Scott marry Elizabeth Surtees when they had scarcely twopence a year between them? "Of course, my dear," I say to the partner of my existence, "now this madcap fellow is utterly ruined, now is the very time he ought to marry. The accepted doctrine is that a man should spend his own fortune, then his wife's fortune, and then he may begin to get on at the bar. Philip has a hundred pounds, let us say; Charlotte has nothing; so that in about six weeks we may look to hear of Philip being in successful practice ——"

"Successful nonsense!" cries the lady. "Don't go on like a cold-blooded calculating machine! You don't believe a word of what you say, and a more imprudent person never lived than you yourself were as a young man." This was departing from the question, which women will do. "Nonsense!" again says my romantic

being of a partner-of-existence. "Don't tell ME, sir. They WILL be provided for! Are we to be for ever taking care of the morrow, and not trusting that we shall be cared for? You may call your way of thinking prudence. I call it *sinful worldliness*, sir." When my life-partner speaks in a certain strain, I know that remonstrance is useless, and argument unavailing; and I generally resort to cowardly subterfuges, and sneak out of the conversation by a pun, a side joke, or some other flippancy. Besides, in this case, though I argue against my wife, my sympathy is on her side. I know Mr. Philip is imprudent and headstrong, but I should like him to succeed, and be happy. I own he is a scapegrace, but I wish him well.

So, just as the diligence of Laffitte and Caillard is clearing out of Boulogne town, the conductor causes the carriage to stop, and a young fellow has mounted up on the roof in a twinkling; and the postilion says, "Hi!" to his horses, and away those squealing greys go clattering. And a young lady, happening to look out of one of the windows of the intérieur, has perfectly recognized the young gentleman who leaped up to the roof so nimbly; and the two boys who were in the rotonde would have recognized the gentleman, but that they were already eating the sandwiches which my wife had provided. And so the diligence goes on, until it reaches that hill, where the girls used to come and offer to sell you apples; and some of the passengers descend and walk, and the tall young man on the roof jumps down, and approaches the party in the interior,

and a young lady cries out, "La!" and her mamma looks impenetrably grave, and not in the least surprised; and her father gives a wink of one eye, and says, "It's him, is it, by George!" and the two boys coming out of the rotonde, their mouths full of sandwich, cry out, "Hullo! It's Mr. Firmin."

"How do you do, ladies?" he says, blushing as red as an apple, and his heart thumping—but that may be from walking up hill. And he puts a hand towards the carriage-window, and a little hand comes out and lights on his. And Mrs. General Baynes, who is reading a religious work, looks up and says, "Oh! how do you do, Mr. Firmin?" And this is the remarkable dialogue that takes place. It is not very witty; but Philip's tones send a rapture into one young heart: and when he is absent, and has climbed up to his place in the cabriolet, the kick of his boots on the roof gives the said young heart inexpressible comfort and consolation. Shine stars and moon! Shriek grey horses through the calm night! Snore sweetly, papa and mamma, in your corners, with your pocket-handkerchiefs tied round your old fronts! I suppose, under all the stars of heaven, there is nobody more happy than that child in that carriage—that wakeful girl, in sweet maiden meditation—who has given her heart to the keeping of the champion who is so near her. Has he not been always their champion and preserver? Don't they owe to his generosity everything in life? One of the little sisters wakes wildly, and cries in the night, and Charlotte takes the child into her arms and soothes her. "Hush, dear!

He's there—he's there," she whispers, as she bends over the child. Nothing wrong can happen with *him* there, she feels. If the robbers were to spring out from yonder dark pines, why, he would jump down, and they would all fly before him! The carriage rolls on through sleeping villages, and as the old team retires all in a halo of smoke, and the fresh horses come clattering up to their pole, Charlotte sees a well-known white face in the gleam of the carriage lanterns. Through the long avenues, the great vehicle rolls on its course. The dawn peers over the poplars: the stars quiver out of sight: the sun is up in the sky, and the heaven is all in a flame. The night is over—the night of nights. In all the round world, whether lighted by stars or sunshine, there were not two people more happy than these had been.

A very short time afterwards, at the end of October, our own little sea-side sojourn came to an end. That astounding bill for broken glass, chairs, crockery, was paid. The London steamer takes us all on board on a beautiful, sunny autumn evening, and lands us at the Custom-house Quay in the midst of a deep, dun fog, through which our cabs have to work their way over greasy pavements, and bearing two loads of silent and terrified children. Ah, that return, if but after a fortnight's absence and holiday! Oh, that heap of letters lying in a ghastly pile, and yet so clearly visible in the dim twilight of master's study! We cheerfully breakfast by candlelight for the first two days after my arrival at home, and I have the pleasure of cutting a

part of my chin off because it is too dark to shave at nine o'clock in the morning.

My wife can't be so unfeeling as to laugh and be merry because I have met with an accident which temporarily disfigures me? If the dun fog makes her jocular, she has a very queer sense of humour. She has a letter before her, over which she is perfectly radiant. When she is especially pleased I can see by her face and a particular animation and affectionateness towards the rest of the family. On this present morning her face beams out of the fog-clouds. The room is illuminated by it, and perhaps by the two candles which are placed one on either side of the urn. The fire crackles, and flames, and spits most cheerfully; and the sky without, which is of the hue of brown paper, seems to set off the brightness of the little interior scene.

"A letter from Charlotte, papa," cries one little girl, with an air of consequence. "And a letter from uncle Philip, papa!" cries another; "and they like Paris so much," continues the little reporter.

"And there, sir, didn't I tell you?" cries the lady, handing me over a letter.

"Mamma always told you so," echoes the child, with an important nod of the head; "and I shouldn't be surprised if he were to be *very rich*, should you, mamma?" continues this arithmetician.

I would not put Miss Charlotte's letter into print if I could, for do you know that little person's grammar was frequently incorrect; there were three or four words spelt wrongly; and the letter was so *scored* and

*marked with dashes under every other word,*¹ that it is clear to me her education had been neglected ; and as I am very fond of her, I do not wish to make fun of her. And I can't print Mr. Philip's letter, for I haven't kept it. Of what use keeping letters? I say, Burn, burn, burn. No heart-pangs. No reproaches. No yesterday. Was it happy, or miserable? To think of it is always melancholy. Go to! I daresay it is the thought of that fog, which is making this sentence so dismal. Meanwhile there is Madam Laura's face smiling out of the darkness, as pleased as may be ; and no wonder, she is always happy when her friends are so.

Charlotte's letter contained a full account of the settlement of the Baynes family at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house, where they appear to have been really very comfortable, and to have lived at a very cheap rate. As for Mr. Philip, he made his way to a crib, to which his artist friends had recommended him, on the Faubourg St. Germain side of the water—the Hôtel Poussin, in the street of that name, which lies, you know, between the Mazarin Library and the Musée des Beaux Arts. In former days, my gentleman had lived in state and bounty in the English hotels and quarter. Now he found himself very handsomely lodged for thirty francs per month, and with five or six pounds, he has repeatedly said since, he could carry through the month very comfortably. I don't say, my young traveller, that *you* can be so lucky now-a-days. Are we not telling a story of twenty years ago? Aye marry. Ere steam-

coaches had begun to scream on French rails ; and when Louis Philippe was king.

As soon as Mr. Philip Firmin is ruined he must needs fall in love. In order to be near the beloved object, he must needs follow her to Paris, and give up his promised studies for the bar at home ; where, to do him justice, I believe the fellow would never have done any good. And he has not been in Paris a fortnight when that fantastic jade Fortune, who had seemed to fly away from him, gives him a smiling look of recognition, as if to say, " Young gentleman, I have not quite done with you."

The good fortune was not much. Do not suppose that Philip suddenly drew a twenty-thousand pound prize in a lottery. But, being in much want of money, he suddenly found himself enabled to earn some in a way pretty easy to himself.

In the first place, Philip found his friends Mr. and Mrs. Mugford in a bewildered state in the midst of Paris, in which city Mugford would never consent to have a *laquais de place*, being firmly convinced to the day of his death that he knew the French language quite sufficiently for all purposes of conversation. Philip, who had often visited Paris before, came to the aid of his friends in a two-franc dining-house, which he frequented for economy's sake : and they, because they thought the banquet there provided not only cheap, but most magnificent and satisfactory. He interpreted for them, and rescued them from their perplexity, whatever it was. He treated them handsomely to caddy on the bully-

ward, as Mugford said on returning home and in recounting the adventure to me. "He can't forget that he had been a swell: and he does do things like a gentleman, that Firmin does. He came back with us to our hotel—Meurice's," said Mr. Mugford, "and who should drive into the yard and step out of his carriage but Lord Ringwood—you know Lord Ringwood; everybody knows him. As he gets out of his carriage—'What! is that you, Philip?' says his lordship, giving the young fellow his hand. 'Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning.' And away he goes most friendly."

How came it to pass that Lord Ringwood, whose instinct of self-preservation was strong—who, I fear, was rather a selfish nobleman—and who, of late, as we have heard, had given orders to refuse Mr. Philip entrance at his door—should all of a sudden turn round and greet the young man with cordiality? In the first place, Philip had never troubled his lordship's knocker at all; and second, as luck would have it, on this very day of their meeting his lordship had been to dine with that well-known Parisian resident and *bon vivant*, my Lord Viscount Trim, who had been governor of the Sago Islands when Colonel Baynes was there with his regiment, the gallant 100th. And the general and his old West India governor meeting at church, my lord Trim straightway asked General Baynes to dinner, where Lord Ringwood was present, along with other distinguished company, whom at present we need not particularize. Now it has been said that Philip Ring-

wood, my lord's brother, and Captain Baynes in early youth had been close friends, and that the colonel had died in the captain's arms. Lord Ringwood, who had an excellent memory when chose to use it, was pleased on this occasion to remember General Baynes and his intimacy with his brother in old days. And of those old times they talked; the general waxing more eloquent, I suppose, than his wont over Lord Trim's excellent wine. And in the course of conversation Philip was named, and the general, warm with drink, poured out a most enthusiastic eulogium on his young friend, and mentioned how noble and self-denying Philip's conduct had been in his own case. And perhaps Lord Ringwood was pleased at hearing these praises of his brother's grandson; and perhaps he thought of old times, when he had a heart, and he and his brother loved each other. And though he might think Philip Firmin an absurd young blockhead for giving up any claims which he might have on General Baynes, at any rate I have no doubt his lordship thought, "This boy is not likely to come begging money from me!" Hence, when he drove back to his hotel on the very night after this dinner, and in the court-yard saw that Philip Firmin, his brother's grandson, the heart of the old nobleman was smitten with a kindly sentiment, and he bade Philip to come and see him.

I have described some of Philip's oddities, and amongst these was a very remarkable change in his appearance, which ensued very speedily after his ruin.

I know that the greater number of story readers are young, and those who are ever so old remember that their own young days occurred but a very, very short while ago. Don't you remember, most potent, grave, and reverend senior, when you were a junior, and actually rather pleased with new clothes? Does a new coat or a waistcoat cause you any pleasure now? To a well-constituted middle-aged gentleman, I rather trust a smart new suit causes a sensation of uneasiness—not from the tightness of the fit, which may be a reason—but from the gloss and splendour. When my late kind friend, Mrs. —, gave me the emerald tabinet waistcoat, with the gold shamrocks, I wore it once to go to Richmond to dine with her; but I buttoned myself so closely in an upper coat, that I am sure nobody in the omnibus saw what a painted vest I had on. Gold sprigs and emerald tabinet, what a gorgeous raiment! It has formed for ten years the chief ornament of my wardrobe; and though I have never dared to wear it since, I always think with a secret pleasure of possessing that treasure. Do women, when they are sixty, like handsome and fashionable attire, and a youthful appearance? Look at Lady Jezebel's blushing cheek, her raven hair, her splendid garments! But this disquisition may be carried to too great a length. I want to note a fact which has occurred not seldom in my experience—that men who have been great dandies will often and suddenly give up their long-accustomed splendour of dress, and walk about, most happy and contented, with the shabbiest of coats and hats. No. The majority of men

are not vain about their dress. For instance, within a very few years, men used to have pretty feet. See in what a resolute way they have kicked their pretty boots off almost to a man, and wear great, thick, formless, comfortable walking boots, of shape scarcely more graceful than a tub!

When Philip Firmin first came on the town there were dandies still; there were dazzling waistcoats of velvet and brocade, and tall stocks with cataracts of satin; there were pins, studs, neck-chains, I know not what fantastic splendours of youth. His varnished boots grew upon forests of trees. He had a most resplendent silver-gilt dressing-case, presented to him by his father (for which, it is true, the doctor neglected to pay, leaving that duty to his son). "It is a mere ceremony," said the worthy doctor, "a cumbrous thing you may fancy at first; but take it about with you. It looks well on a man's dressing-table at a country house. It *poses* a man, you understand. I have known women come in and peep at it. A trifle you may say, my boy; but what is the use of flinging any chance in life away?" Now, when misfortune came, young Philip flung away all these magnificent follies. He wrapped himself *virtute sua*; and I am bound to say a more queer-looking fellow than friend Philip seldom walked the pavement of London or Paris. He could not wear the nap off all his coats, or rub his elbows into rags in six months; but, as he would say of himself with much simplicity, "I do think I run to seed more quickly than any fellow I ever knew. All my socks in

holes, Mrs. Pendennis ; all my shirt-buttons gone, I give you my word. I don't know how the things hold together, and why they don't tumble to pieces. I suspect I must have a bad laundress." Suspect! My children used to laugh and crow as they sowed buttons on to him. As for the Little Sister, she broke into his apartments in his absence, and said that it turned her hair grey to see the state of his poor wardrobe. I believe that Mrs. Brandon put surreptitious linen into his drawers. He did not know. He wore the shirts in a contented spirit. The glossy boots began to crack and then to burst, and Philip wore them with perfect equanimity. Where were the beautiful lavender and lemon gloves of last year? His great naked hands (with which he gesticulates so grandly) were as brown as an Indian's now. We had liked him heartily in his days of splendour ; we loved him now in his thread-bare suit.

I can fancy the young man striding into the room where his lordship's guests were assembled. In the presence of great or small, Philip has always been entirely unconcerned, and he is one of the half-dozen men I have seen in my life upon whom rank made no impression. It appears that, on occasion of this breakfast, there were one or two dandies present who were aghast at Philip's freedom of behaviour. He engaged in conversation with a famous French statesman ; contradicted him with much energy in his own language ; and when the statesman asked whether monsieur was membre du Parlement ? Philip burst into

one of his roars of laughter, which almost breaks the glasses on a table, and said, "Je suis journaliste, monsieur, à vos ordres!" Young Timbury, of the Embassy, was aghast at Philip's insolence; and Dr. Botts, his lordship's travelling physician, looked at him with a terrified face. A bottle of claret was brought, which almost all the gentlemen present began to swallow, until Philip, tasting his glass, called out, "Faugh. It's corked!" "So it is, and very badly corked," growls my lord, with one of his usual oaths. "Why didn't some of you fellows speak? Do you like corked wine?" There were gallant fellows round that table who would have drunk corked black dose, had his lordship professed to like senna. The old host was tickled and amused. "Your mother was a quiet soul, and your father used to bow like a dancing-master. You ain't much like him. I dine at home most days. Leave word in the morning with my people, and come when you like, Philip," he growled. A part of this news Philip narrated to us in his letter, and other part was given verbally by Mr. and Mrs. Mugford on their return to London. "I tell you, sir," says Mugford, "he has been taken by the hand by some of the tiptop people, and I have booked him at three guineas a week for a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

And this was the cause of my wife's exultation and triumphant "Didn't I tell you?" Philip's foot was on the ladder; and who so capable of mounting to the top? When happiness and a fond and lovely girl were waiting for him there, would he lose heart, spare exertion,

or be afraid to climb? He had no truer well-wisher than myself, and no friend who liked him better, though, I daresay, many admired him much more than I did. But these were women for the most part; and women become so absurdly unjust and partial to persons whom they love, when these latter are in misfortune, that I am surprised Mr. Philip did not quite lose his head in his poverty, with such fond flatterers and sycophants round about him. Would you grudge him the consolation to be had from these sweet uses of adversity? Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of past griefs; when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands, now cold, were eager to soothe and succour.

CHAPTER III.

QU'ON EST BIEN A VINGT ANS.

IN an old album, which we have at home, a friend has made various sketches of Philip, Charlotte, and all our family circle. To us oldsters the days we are describing seem but as yesterday; yet as I look at the drawings and recal my friend, and ourselves, and the habits in which we were dressed some twenty years since, I can't but think what a commotion we should create were we to enter our own or our neighbour's drawing-room in those garments which appeared perfectly becoming in the year 1840. What would be a woman without a crinoline petticoat, for example? an object ridiculous, hateful, I suppose hardly proper. What would you think of a hero who wore a large high black-satin stock cascading over a figured silk waistcoat; and a blue dress-coat, with brass buttons, mayhap? If a person so attired came up to ask you to dance, could you refrain from laughing? Time was, when young men so decorated found favour in the eyes of damsels who had never beheld hooped petticoats, except in their grandmothers' portraits. Persons who flourished in the first part of the century never thought to see the hoops of our ancestors' age rolled downwards to our contemporaries

and children. Did we ever imagine that a period would arrive when our young men would part their hair down the middle, and wear a piece of tape for a neckcloth? As soon should we have thought of their dyeing their bodies with woad, and arraying themselves like ancient Britons. So the ages have their dress and undress; and the gentlemen and ladies of Victoria's time are satisfied with their manner of raiment; as no doubt in Boadicea's court they looked charming tattooed and painted blue.

The times of which we write, the times of Louis Philippe the king, are so altered from the present, that when Philip Firmin went to Paris it was absolutely a cheap place to live in; and he has often bragged in subsequent days of having lived well during a month for five pounds, and bought a neat waistcoat with a part of the money. "A capital bed-room, *au premier*, for a franc a day, sir," he would call all persons to remark, "a bedroom as good as yours, my lord, at Meurice's. Very good tea or coffee breakfast, twenty francs a month, with lots of bread and butter. Twenty francs a month for washing, and fifty for dinner and pocket-money—that's about the figure. The dinner, I own, is shy, unless I come and dine with my friends; and then I make up for banyan days." And so saying Philip would call out for more truffled partridges, or affably filled his goblet with my Lord Ringwood's best Sillery. "At those shops," he would observe, "where I dine, I have beer: I can't stand the wine. And you see, I can't go to the cheap English ordinaries, of which

there are many, because English gentlemen's servants are there, you know, and it's not pleasant to sit with a fellow who waits on you the day after."

"Oh! the English servants go to the cheap ordinaries, do they?" asks my lord, greatly amused, "and you drink *bière de Mars* at the shop where you dine?"

"And dine very badly, too, I can tell you. Always come away hungry. Give me some champagne—the dry, if you please. They mix very well together—sweet and dry. Did you ever dine at Flicoteau's, Mr. Pecker?"

"I dine at one of your horrible two-franc houses?" cries Mr. Pecker, with a look of terror. "Do you know, my lord, there are actually houses where people dine for two francs?"

"Two francs! Seventeen sous!" bawls out Mr. Firmin. "The soup, the beef, the rôti, the salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. It's not a good dinner, certainly—in fact, it is a dreadful bad one. But to dine so would do some fellows a great deal of good."

"What do you say, Pecker? Flicoteau's; seventeen sous. We'll make a little party and try, and Firmin shall do the honours of his restaurant," says my lord, with a grin.

"Mercy!" gasps Mr. Pecker.

"I had rather dine here, if you please, my lord," says the young man. "This is cheaper, and certainly better."

My lord's doctor, and many of the guests at his table,

my lord's henchmen, flatterers, and led captains, looked aghast at the freedom of the young fellow in the shabby coat. If *they* dared to be familiar with their host, there came a scowl over that noble countenance which was awful to face. They drank his corked wine in meekness of spirit. They laughed at his jokes trembling. One after another, they were the objects of his satire; and each grinned piteously, as he took his turn of punishment. Some dinners are dear, though they cost nothing. At some great tables are not toads served along with the entrées? Yes, and many amateurs are exceedingly fond of the dish.

How do Parisians live at all? is a question which has often set me wondering. How do men, in public offices, with fifteen thousand francs, let us say, for a salary—and this, for a French official, is a high salary—live in handsome apartments; give genteel entertainments; clothe themselves and their families with much more sumptuous raiment than English people of the same station can afford; take their country holiday, a six weeks' sojourn *aux eaux*; and appear cheerful and to want for nothing? Paterfamilias, with six hundred a year in London, knows what a straitened life his is, with rent high, and beef at a shilling a pound. Well, in Paris, rent is higher, and meat is dearer; and yet madame is richly dressed when you see her; monsieur has always a little money in his pocket for his club or his café; and something is pretty surely put away every year for the marriage portion of the young folks. "Sir," Philip used to say, describing this period of his

life, on which and on most subjects regarding himself, by the way, he was wont to be very eloquent, “when my income was raised to five thousand francs a year, I give you my word I was considered to be rich by my French acquaintance. I gave four sous to the waiter at our dining-place:—in that respect I was always ostentatious:—and I believe they called me Milor. I should have been poor in the Rue de la Paix: but I was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. Don’t tell me about poverty, sir! Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her, or truckle to her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man. You saw how my poor old father was afraid of her, and thought the world would come to an end if Dr. Firmin did not keep his butler, and his footman, and his fine house, and fine chariot and horses? He was a poor man, if you please. He must have suffered agonies in his struggle to make both ends meet. Everything he bought must have cost him twice the honest price; and when I think of nights that must have been passed without sleep—of that proud man having to smirk and cringe before creditors—to coax butchers, by George, and wheedle tailors—I pity him: I can’t be angry any more. That man has suffered enough. As for me, haven’t you remarked that since I have not a guinea in the world, I swagger, and am a much greater swell than before?” And the truth is, that a Prince Royal could not have called for his *gens* with a more magnificent air than Mr. Philip when he summoned the waiter, and paid for his *petit verre*.

Talk of poverty, indeed! That period, Philip vows, was the happiest of his life. He liked to tell in after days of the choice acquaintance of Bohemians which he had formed. Their jug, he said, though it contained but small beer, was always full. Their tobacco, though it bore no higher rank than that of caporal, was plentiful and fragrant. He knew some admirable medical students; some artists who only wanted talent and industry to be at the height of their profession; and one or two of the magnates of his own calling, the newspaper correspondents, whose houses and tables were open to him. It was wonderful what secrets of politics he learned and transmitted to his own paper. He pursued French statesmen of those days with prodigious eloquence and vigour. At the expense of that old king he was wonderfully witty and sarcastical. He reviewed the affairs of Europe, settled the destinies of Russia, denounced the Spanish marriages, disposed of the Pope, and advocated the liberal cause in France, with an untiring eloquence. "Absinthe used to be my drink, sir," so he was good enough to tell his friends. "It makes the ink run, and imparts a fine eloquence to the style. Mercy upon us, how I would belabour that poor King of the French under the influence of absinthe, in that café opposite the Bourse where I used to make my letter! Who knows, sir, perhaps the influence of those letters precipitated the fall of the Bourbon dynasty! Before I had an office, Gilligan, of the *Century*, and I used to do our letters at that café; we compared notes and pitched into each other amicably.

Gilligan of the *Century*, and Firmin of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, were, however, very minor personages amongst the London newspaper correspondents. Their seniors of the daily press had handsome apartments, gave sumptuous dinners, were closeted with ministers' secretaries, and entertained members of the Chamber of Deputies. Philip, on perfectly easy terms with himself and the world, swaggering about the embassy balls—Philip, the friend and relative of Lord Ringwood—was viewed by his professional seniors and superiors with an eye of favour, which was not certainly turned on all gentlemen following his calling. Certainly poor Gilligan was never asked to those dinners, which some of the newspaper ambassadors gave, whereas Philip was received not inhospitably. Gilligan received but a cold shoulder at Mrs. Morning Messenger's Thursdays; and as for being asked to dinner, "Bedad, that fellow Firmin has an air with him which will carry him through anywhere!" Phil's brother correspondent owned. "He seems to patronize an ambassador when he goes up and speaks to him; and he says to a secretary, 'My good fellow, tell your master that Mr. Firmin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wants to see him, and will thank him to step over to the Café de la Bourse.'" I don't think Philip for his part would have seen much matter of surprise in a minister stepping over to speak to him. To him all folk were alike, great and small: and it is recorded of him that when, on one occasion, Lord Ringwood paid him a visit at his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, Philip affably offered his lord-

ship a *cornet* of fried potatoes, with which, and plentiful tobacco of course, Philip and one or two of his friends were regaling themselves when Lord Ringwood chanced to call on his kinsman.

A crust and a carafon of small beer, a correspondence with a weekly paper, and a remuneration such as that we have mentioned—was Philip Firmin to look for no more than this pittance, and not to seek for more permanent and lucrative employment? Some of his friends at home were rather vexed at what Philip chose to consider his good fortune; namely, his connection with the newspaper and the small stipend it gave him. He might quarrel with his employer any day. Indeed no man was more likely to fling his bread and butter out of window than Mr. Philip. He was losing precious time at the bar; where he, as hundreds of other poor gentlemen had done before him, might make a career for himself. For what are colonies made? Why do bankruptcies occur? Why do people break the peace and quarrel with policemen, but that barristers may be employed as judges, commissioners, magistrates? A reporter to a newspaper remains all his life a newspaper reporter. Philip, if he would but help himself, had friends in the world who might aid effectually to advance him. So it was we pleaded with him, in the language of moderation, urging the dictates of common sense. As if moderation and common sense could be got to move that mule of a Philip Firmin; as if any persuasion of ours could induce him to do anything but what he liked to do best himself!

“That *you* should be worldly, my poor fellow” (so Philip wrote to his present biographer)—“that you should be thinking of money and the main chance, is no matter of surprise to me. You have suffered under that curse of manhood, that destroyer of generosity in the mind, that parent of selfishness—a little fortune. You have your wretched hundreds” (my candid correspondent stated the sum correctly enough; and I wish it were double or treble; but that is not here the point:) “paid quarterly. The miserable pittance numbs your whole existence. It prevents freedom of thought and action. It makes a screw of a man who is certainly not without generous impulses, as I know, my poor old Harpagon: for hast thou not offered to open thy purse to me? I tell you I am sick of the way in which people in London, especially good people, think about money. You live up to your income’s edge. You are miserably poor. You brag and flatter yourselves that you owe no man anything; but your estate has creditors upon it as insatiable as any usurer, and as hard as any bailiff. You call me reckless, and prodigal, and idle, and all sorts of names, because I live in a single room, do as little work as I can, and go about with holes in my boots: and you flatter yourself you are prudent, because you have a genteel house, a grave flunkey out of livery, and two greengrocers to wait when you give your half-dozen dreary dinner parties. Wretched man! You are a slave: not a man. You are a pauper, with a good house and good clothes. You are so miserably prudent, that all your money is

spent for you, except the few wretched shillings which you allow yourself for pocket-money. You tremble at the expense of a cab. I believe you actually look at half-a-crown before you spend it. The landlord is your master. The livery-stablekeeper is your master. A train of ruthless, useless servants are your pitiless creditors, to whom you have to pay exorbitant dividends every day. I, with a hole in my elbow, who live upon a shilling dinner, and walk on cracked boot soles, am called extravagant, idle, reckless, I don't know what; while you, forsooth, consider yourself prudent. Miserable delusion! You are flinging away heaps of money on useless flunkeys, on useless maid-servants, on useless lodgings, on useless finery—and you say, 'Poor Phil! what a sad idler he is! how he flings himself away! in what a wretched, disreputable manner he lives!' Poor Phil is as rich as you are, for he has enough, and is content. Poor Phil can afford to be idle, and you can't. You must work in order to keep that great hulking footman, that great rawboned cook, that army of babbling nursery-maids, and I don't know what more. And if you choose to submit to the slavery and degradation inseparable from your condition;—the wretched inspection of candle-ends, which you call order;—the mean self-denials, which you must daily practise—I pity you, and don't quarrel with you. But I wish you would not be so insufferably virtuous, and ready with your blame and pity for *me*. If I am happy, pray need you be disquieted? Suppose I prefer independence, and shabby boots? Are not these better

than to be pinched by your abominable varnished conventionalism, and to be denied the liberty of free action? My poor fellow, I pity you from my heart; and it grieves me to think how those fine honest children—honest, and hearty, and frank, and open as yet—are to lose their natural good qualities, and to be swathed and swaddled, and stifled out of health and honesty by that obstinate worldling their father. Don't tell *me* about the world, I know it. People sacrifice the next world to it, and are all the while proud of their prudence. Look at my miserable relations, steeped in respectability. Look at my father. There is a chance for him, now he is down and in poverty. I have had a letter from him, containing more of that dreadful worldly advice which you Pharisees give. If it weren't for Laura and the children, sir, I heartily wish you were ruined like your affectionate—P. F.

“N.B., P.S.—Oh, Pen! I am so happy! She is such a little darling! I bathe in her innocence, sir! I strengthen myself in her purity. I kneel before her sweet goodness and unconsciousness of guile. I walk from my room, and see her every morning before seven o'clock. I see her every afternoon. She loves you and Laura. And you love her, don't you? And to think that six months ago I was going to marry a woman without a heart! Why, sir, blessings be on the poor old father for spending our money, and rescuing me from that horrible fate! I might have been like that fellow in the *Arabian Nights*, who married Amina—the respectable woman, who dined upon grains of rice,

but supped upon cold dead body. Was it not worth all the money I ever was heir to, to have escaped from that ghoul? Lord Ringwood says he thinks I was well out of that. He calls people by Anglo-Saxon names, and uses very expressive monosyllables; and of aunt Twysden, of uncle Twysden, of the girls, and their brother, he speaks in a way which makes me see he has come to just conclusions about them.

“P.S. No. 2.—Ah Pen! She is such a darling. I think I am the happiest man in the world.”

And this was what came of being ruined! A scapegrace, who, when he had plenty of money in his pocket, was ill-tempered, imperious, and discontented; now that he is not worth twopence, declares himself the happiest fellow in the world! Do you remember, my dear, how he used to grumble at our claret, and what wry faces he made, when there was only cold meat for dinner? The wretch is absolutely contented with bread and cheese and small-beer—even that bad beer which they have in Paris!

Now and again, at this time, and as our mutual avocations permitted, I saw Philip's friend, the Little Sister. He wrote to her dutifully from time to time. He told her of his love affair with Miss Charlotte; and my wife and I could console Caroline, by assuring her that this time the young man's heart was given to a worthy mistress. I say console, for the news, after all, was sad for her. In the little chamber which she always kept ready for him, he would lie awake, and think of some one dearer to him than a hundred poor Carolines. She would devise something that should be agreeable to the

young lady. At Christmas time there came to Miss Baynes a wonderfully worked cambric pocket-handkerchief, with "Charlotte" most beautifully embroidered in the corner. It was this poor widow's mite of love and tenderness which she meekly laid down in the place where she worshipped. "And I have six for him, too, ma'am," Mrs. Brandon told my wife. "Poor fellow! His shirts was in a dreadful way when he went away from here, and that you know, ma'am." So you see this wayfarer, having fallen among undoubted thieves, yet found many kind souls to relieve him, and many a good Samaritan ready with his twopence, if need were.

The reason why Philip was the happiest man in the world of course you understand. French people are very early risers; and, at the little hotel where Mr. Philip lived, the whole crew of the house were up hours before lazy English masters and servants think of stirring. At ever so early an hour Phil had a fine bowl of coffee and milk and bread for his breakfast; and he was striding down to the Invalides, and across the bridge to the Champs Elysées, and the fumes of his pipe preceded him with a pleasant odour. And a short time after passing the Rond Point in the Elysian fields, where an active fountain was flinging up showers of diamonds to the sky,—after, I say, leaving the Rond Point on his right, and passing under umbrageous groves in the direction of the present Castle of Flowers, Mr. Philip would see a little person. Sometimes a young sister or brother came with the little person. Sometimes only a blush fluttered on her cheek, and a sweet smile beamed

in her face as she came forward to greet him. For the angels were scarce purer than this young maid; and Una was no more afraid of the lion, than Charlotte of her companion with the loud voice and the tawny mane. I would not have envied that reprobate's lot who should have dared to say a doubtful word to this Una: but the truth is, she never thought of danger, or met with any. The workmen were going to their labour; the dandies were asleep; and considering their age, and the relationship in which they stood to one another, I am not surprised at Philip for announcing that this was the happiest time of his life. In later days, when two gentlemen of mature age happened to be in Paris together, what must Mr. Philip Firmin do but insist upon walking me sentimentally to the Champs Elysées, and looking at an old house there, a rather shabby old house in a garden. "That was the place," sighs he. "That was Madame de Smolensk's. That was the window, the third one, with the green jalousie. By Jove, sir, how happy and how miserable I have been behind that green blind!" And my friend shakes his large fist at the somewhat dilapidated mansion, whence Madame de Smolensk and her boarders have long since departed.

I fear that baroness had engaged in her enterprise with insufficient capital, or conducted it with such liberality that her profits were eaten up by her boarders. I could tell dreadful stories impugning the baroness's moral character. People said she had no right to the title of baroness at all, or to the noble foreign name of Smolensk. People are still alive who knew her under a different

name. The baroness herself was what some amateurs call a fine woman, especially at dinner-time, when she appeared in black satin and with cheeks that blushed up as far as the eyelids. In her peignoir in the morning, she was perhaps the reverse of fine. Contours which were round at night, in the forenoon appeared lean and angular. Her roses only bloomed half-an-hour before dinner-time on a cheek which was quite yellow until five o'clock. I am sure it is very kind of elderly and ill-complexioned people to supply the ravages of time or jaundice, and present to our view a figure blooming and agreeable, in place of an object faded and withered. Do you quarrel with your opposite neighbour for painting his house front or putting roses in his balcony? You are rather thankful for the adornment. Madame de Smolensk's front was so decorated of afternoons. Geraniums were set pleasantly under those first-floor windows, her eyes. Carcel lamps beamed from those windows: lamps which she had trimmed with her own scissors, and into which that poor widow poured the oil which she got somehow and anyhow. When the dingy breakfast papillotes were cast of an afternoon, what beautiful black curls appeared round her brow! The dingy papillotes were put away in the drawer: the peignoir retired to its hook behind the door: the satin raiment came forth, the shining, the ancient, the well-kept, the well-wadded: and at the same moment the worthy woman took that smile out of some cunning box on her scanty toilet-table—that smile which she wore all the evening along with the rest of her toilette, and took out

of her mouth when she went to bed, and to think—to think how both ends were to be made to meet.

Philip said he respected and admired that woman: and worthy of respect she was in her way. She painted her face and grinned at poverty. She laughed and rattled with care gnawing at her side. She had to coax the milkman out of his human kindness: to pour oil—his own oil—upon the stormy *épiciers*'s soul: to melt the butterman: to tap the wine-merchant: to mollify the butcher: to invent new pretexts for the landlord: to reconcile the lady boarders, Mrs. General Baynes, let us say, and the honourable Mrs. Boldero, who were always quarrelling: to see that the dinner, when procured, was cooked properly; that *Françoise*, to whom she owed ever so many months' wages, was not too rebellious or intoxicated; that *Auguste*, also her creditor, had his glass clean and his lamps in order. And this work done and the hour of six o'clock arriving, she had to carve and be agreeable to her table; not to hear the growls of the discontented (and at what *table-d'hôte* are there not grumblers?); to have a word for everybody present; a smile and a laugh for Mrs. Bunch (with whom there had been very likely a dreadful row in the morning); a remark for the colonel; a polite phrase for the general's lady; and even a good word and compliment for sulky *Auguste*, who just before dinner-time had unfolded the napkin of mutiny about his wages.

Was not this enough work for a woman to do? To conduct a great house without sufficient money, and

make soup, fish, roasts, and half a dozen entrées out of wind as it were? to conjure up wine in piece and by the dozen? to laugh and joke without the least gaiety? to receive scorn, abuse, rebuffs, insolence, with gay good-humour? and then to go to bed wearied at night, and have to think about figures, and that dreadful, dreadful sum in arithmetic—given, 5*l.* to pay 6*l.*? Lady Macbeth is supposed to have been a resolute woman: and great, tall, loud, hectoring females are set to represent the character. I say No. She was a weak woman. She began to walk in her sleep, and blab after one disagreeable little incident had occurred in her house. She broke down, and got all the people away from her own table in the most abrupt and clumsy manner, because that drivelling, epileptic husband of hers fancied he saw a ghost. In Lady Smolensk's place Madame de Macbeth would have broken down in a week: and Smolensk lasted for years. If twenty gibbering ghosts had come to the boarding-house dinner, madame would have gone on carving her dishes, and smiling and helping the live guests, the paying guests; leaving the dead guests to gibber away and help themselves. "My poor father had to keep up appearances," Phil would say, recounting these things in after days: "but how? You know he always looked as if he was going to be hung." Smolensk was the gayest of the gay always. That widow would have tripped up to her funeral pile and kissed her hands to her friends with a smiling 'Bon jour!'"

"Pray, who was Monsieur de Smolensk?" asks a simple lady who may be listening to our friend's narrative.

“Ah, my dear lady! there was a pretty disturbance in the house when *that* question came to be mooted, I promise you,” says our friend, laughing, as he recounts his adventures. And, after all, what does it matter to you and me and this story who Smolensk was? I am sure this poor lady had hardships enough in her life campaign, and that Ney himself could not have faced fortune with a constancy more heroical.

Well, when the Bayneses first came to her house, I tell you Smolensk and all round her smiled, and our friends thought they were landed in a real rosy Elysium in the Champs of that name. Madame had a *Carrick à l'Indienne* prepared in compliment to her guests. She had had many Indians in her establishment. She adored Indians. *N'était ce la polygamie*—they were most estimable people the Hindus. Surtout, she adored Indian shawls. That of Madame la Générale was ravishing. The company at Madame's was pleasant. The Honourable Mrs. Boldero was a dashing woman of fashion and respectability, who had lived in the best world—it was easy to see that. The young ladies' duets were very striking. The Honourable Mr. Boldero was away shooting in Scotland at his brother, Lord Strongitharm's, and would take Gaberlunzie Castle and the duke's on his way south. Mrs. Baynes did not know Lady Estridge, the ambassadress? When the Estridges returned from Chantilly, the Honourable Mrs. B. would be delighted to introduce her. “Your pretty girl's name is Charlotte? So is Lady Estridge's—and very nearly as tall;—fine girls the Estridges;

fine long necks—large feet—but your girl—lady Baynes' has beautiful feet. Lady Baynes, I said? Well, you must be Lady Baynes soon. The general *must* be a K.C.B. after his services. What, you know Lord Trim? He will, and must, do it for you. If not, my brother Strongitharm shall." I have no doubt Mrs. Baynes was greatly elated by the attentions of Lord Strongitharm's sister; and looked him out in the *Peerage*, where his lordship's arms, pedigree, and residence of Gaberlunzie Castle are duly recorded. The Honourable Mrs. Boldero's daughters, the Misses Minna and Brenda Boldero, played some rattling sonatas on a piano which was a good deal fatigued by their exertions, for the young ladies' hands were very powerful. And madame said, "Thank you," with her sweetest smile; and Auguste handed about on a silver tray—I say silver, so that the conveniences may not be wounded—well, say silver that was blushing to find itself copper—handed up on a tray a white drink which made the Baynes boys cry out, "I say, mother, what's this beastly thing?" On which madame, with the sweetest smile, appealed to the company, and said, "They love orgeat, these dear infants!" and resumed her picquet with old M. Bidois—that odd old gentleman in the long brown coat, with the red ribbon, who took so much snuff and blew his nose so often and so loudly. One, two, three rattling sonatas Minna and Brenda played; Mr. Clancy, of Trinity College, Dublin (M. de Clanci, madame called him), turning over the leaves, and presently being persuaded to sing some Irish melodies for the

ladies. I don't think Miss Charlotte Baynes listened to the music much. She was listening to another music, which she and Mr. Firmin were performing together. Oh, how pleasant that music used to be! There was a sameness in it, I dare say, but still it was pleasant to hear the air over again. The pretty little duet *à quatre mains*, where the hands cross over, and hop up and down the keys, and the heads get so close, so close. Oh, duets, oh, regrets! Psha! no more of this. Go downstairs, old dotard. Take your hat and umbrella and go walk by the sea-shore, and whistle a toothless old solo. "These are our quiet nights," whispers M. de Clanci, to the Baynes ladies, when the evening draws to an end. "Madame's Thursdays are, I promise ye, much more fully attended." Good night, good night. A squeeze of a little hand, a hearty hand-shake from papa and mamma, and Philip is striding through the dark Elysian fields and over the Place of Concord to his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain. Or, stay! what is that glowworm beaming by the wall opposite Madame de Smolensk's house?—a glowworm that wafts an aromatic incense and odour? I do believe it is Mr. Philip's cigar. And he is watching, watching at a window by which a slim figure flits now and again. Then darkness falls on the little window. The sweet eyes are closed. Oh, blessings, blessings be upon them! The stars shine overhead. And homeward stalks Mr. Firmin, talking to himself, and brandishing a great stick.

I wish that poor Madame Smolensk could sleep as

well as the people in her house. But care, with the cold feet, gets under the coverlid, and says, "Here I am; you know that bill is coming due to-morrow." Ah, *atra cura!* can't you leave the poor thing a little quiet? Hasn't she had work enough all day?

CHAPTER IV.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

WE beg the gracious reader to remember that Mr. Philip's business at Paris was only with a weekly London paper as yet; and hence that he had on his hands a great deal of leisure. He could glance over the state of Europe; give the latest news from the salons, imparted to him, I do believe, for the most part, by some brother hireling scribes; be present at all the theatres by deputy; and smash Louis Philippe or Messieurs Guizot and Thiers in a few easily turned paragraphs, which cost but a very few hours' labour to that bold and rapid pen. A wholesome though humiliating thought it must be to great and learned public writers, that their eloquent sermons are but for the day; and that, having read what the philosophers say on Tuesday or Wednesday, we think about their yesterday's sermons or essays no more. A score of years hence, men will read the papers of 1861 for the occurrences narrated—births, marriages, bankruptcies, elections, murders, deaths, and so forth; and not for the leading articles. "Though there were some of my letters," Mr. Philip would say, in after times, "that I fondly fancied the world would not willingly let die.

I wanted to have them or see them reprinted in a volume, but I could find no publisher willing to undertake the risk. A fond being, who fancies there is genius in everything I say or write, would have had me reprint my letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but I was too timid, or she, perhaps, was too confident. The letters never were republished. Let them pass." They *have* passed. And he sighs, in mentioning this circumstance; and I think tries to persuade himself, rather than others, that he is an unrecognized genius.

"And then, you know," he pleads, "I was in love, sir, and spending all my days at Omphale's knees. I didn't do justice to my powers. If I had had a daily paper, I still think I might have made a good public writer; and that I had the stuff in me—the stuff in me, sir!"

The truth is that, if he had had a daily paper, and ten times as much work as fell to his lot, Mr. Philip would have found means of pursuing his inclination, as he ever through life has done. The being, whom a young man wishes to see, he sees. What business is superior to that of seeing her? Does a little Hellespontine matter keep Leander from his Hero? He would die rather than not see her. Had he swum out of that difficulty on that stormy night, and carried on a few months later, it might have been, "Beloved! my cold and rheumatism are so severe that the doctor says I must not *think* of cold bathing at night;" or, "Dearest! we have a party at tea, and you mustn't expect your ever fond Lambda to-night," and so forth, and so forth.

But in the heat of his passion water could not stay him; tempests could not frighten him; and in one of them he went down, while poor Hero's lamp was twinkling and spending its best flame in vain. So Philip came from Sestos to Abydos daily—across one of the bridges, and paying a halfpenny toll very likely—and, late or early, poor little Charlotte's virgin lamps were lighted in her eyes, and watching for him.

Philip made many sacrifices, mind you: sacrifices which all men are not in the habit of making. When Lord Ringwood was in Paris, twice, thrice he refused to dine with his lordship, until that nobleman smelt a rat, as the saying is—and said, “Well, youngster, I suppose you are going where there is metal more attractive. When you come to twelve lustres, my boy, you'll find vanity and vexation in that sort of thing, and a good dinner better, and cheaper, too, than the best of them.” And when some of Philip's rich college friends met him in his exile, and asked him to the Rocher or the Trois Frères, he would break away from those banquets; and as for meeting at those feasts doubtful companions, whom young men will sometimes invite to their entertainments, Philip turned from such with scorn and anger. His virtue was loud, and he proclaimed it loudly. He expected little Charlotte to give him credit for it, and told her of his self-denial. And she believed anything he said; and delighted in everything he wrote; and copied out his articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and treasured his poems in her desk of desks: and there never was in all Sestos, in all Abydos, in all

Europe, in all Asia Minor or Asia Major, such a noble creature as Leander, Hero thought; never, never! I hope, young ladies, you may all have a Leander on his way to the tower where the light of your love is burning steadfastly. I hope, young gentlemen, you have each of you a beacon in sight, and may meet with no mishap in swimming to it.

From my previous remarks regarding Mrs. Baynes, the reader has been made aware that the general's wife was no more faultless than the rest of her fellow-creatures; and having already candidly informed the public that the writer and his family were no favourites of this lady, I have now the pleasing duty of recording my own opinions regarding *her*. Mrs. General B. was an early riser. She was a frugal woman; fond of her young, or, let us say, anxious to provide for their maintenance; and here, with my best compliments, I think the catalogue of her good qualities is ended. She had a bad, violent temper; a disagreeable person, attired in very bad taste; a shrieking voice; and two manners, the respectful and the patronizing, which were both alike odious. When she ordered Baynes to marry her, gracious powers! why did he not run away? Who dared first to say that marriages are made in heaven? We know that there are not only blunders, but roguery in the marriage office. Do not mistakes occur every day, and are not the wrong people coupled? Had heaven anything to do with the bargain by which young Miss Blushrose was sold to old Mr. Hoarfrost? Did heaven order young Miss Tripper to

throw over poor Tom Spooner, and marry the wealthy Mr. Bung? You may as well say that horses are sold in heaven, which, as you know, are groomed, are doctored, are chanted on to the market, and warranted by dexterous horse-vendors, as possessing every quality of blood, pace, temper, age. Against these Mr. Greenhorn has his remedy sometimes; but against a mother who sells you a warranted daughter, what remedy is there? You have been jockeyed by false representations into bidding for the Cecilia, and the animal is yours for life. She shies, kicks, stumbles, has an infernal temper, is a crib-biter—and she was warranted to you by her mother as the most perfect, good-tempered creature, whom the most timid might manage! You have bought her. She is yours. Heaven bless you! Take her home, and be miserable for the rest of your days. You have no redress. You have done the deed. Marriages were made in heaven, you know; and in yours you were as much sold as Moses Primrose was when he bought the gross of green spectacles.

I don't think poor General Baynes ever had a proper sense of his situation, or knew how miserable he ought by rights to have been. He was not uncheerful at times: a silent man, liking his rubber and his glass of wine; a very weak person in the common affairs of life, as his best friends must own; but, as I have heard, a very tiger in action. "I know your opinion of the general," Philip used to say to me, in his grandiloquent way. "You despise men who don't bully their wives;

you do, sir! You think the general weak, I know, I know. Other brave men were so about women, as I daresay you have heard. This man, so weak at home, was mighty on the war-path; and in his wigwam are the scalps of countless warriors."

"In his wig *what?*" say I. The truth is, on his meek head the general wore a little curling chestnut top-knot, which looked very queer and out of place over that wrinkled and war-worn face.

"If you choose to laugh at your joke, pray do," says Phil, majestically. "I make a noble image of a warrior. You prefer a barber's pole. *Bon!* Pass me the wine. The veteran whom I hope to salute as father ere long—the soldier of twenty battles;—who saw my own brave grandfather die at his side—die at Busaco, by George; you laugh at an account of his wig. It's a capital joke." And here Phil scowled and slapped the table, and passed his hand across his eyes, as though the death of his grandfather, which occurred long before Philip was born, caused him a very serious pang of grief. Philip's newspaper business brought him to London on occasions. I think it was on one of these visits, that we had our talk about General Baynes. And it was at the same time Philip described the boarding-house to us, and its inmates, and the landlady, and the doings there.

For that struggling landlady, as for all women in distress, our friend had a great sympathy and liking; and she returned Philip's kindness by being very good to Mademoiselle Charlotte, and very forbearing with

the general's wife and his other children. The appetites of those little ones were frightful, the temper of Madame la Générale was almost intolerable, but Charlotte was an angel, and the general was a mutton—a true mutton. Her own father had been so. The brave are often muttons at home. I suspect that, though madame could have made but little profit by the general's family, his monthly payments were very welcome to her meagre little exchequer. "Ah! if all my locataires were like him!" sighed the poor lady. "That Madame Boldero, whom the generaless treats always as Honourable, I wish I was as sure of her! And others again!"

I never kept a boarding-house, but I am sure there must be many painful duties attendant on that profession. What can you do if a lady or gentleman doesn't pay his bill? Turn him or her out? Perhaps the very thing that lady or gentleman would desire. They go. Those trunks which you have insanely detained, and about which you have made a fight and a scandal, do not contain a hundred francs' worth of goods, and your creditors never come back again. You do not like to have a row in a boarding-house any more than you would like to have a party with scarlet-fever in your best bedroom. The scarlet-fever party stays, and the other boarders go away. What, you ask, do I mean by this mystery? I am sorry to have to give up names, and titled names. I am sorry to say the Honourable Mrs. Boldero did not pay her bills. She was waiting for remittances, which the Honourable Boldero was dreadfully remiss in sending. A dreadful

man! He was still at his lordship's at Gaberlunzie Castle, shooting the wild deer and hunting the roe. And though the Honourable Mrs. B.'s heart was in the Highlands, of course, how could she join her Highland chief without the money to pay madame? The Highlands, indeed! One dull day it came out that the Honourable Boldero was amusing himself in the Highlands of Hesse Homburg; and engaged in the dangerous sport which is to be had in the green plains about Loch Badenbadenoch!

“Did you ever hear of such depravity? The woman is a desperate and unprincipled adventuress! I wonder madame dares to put me and my children and my general down at table with such people as those, Philip!” cries madame la générale. “I mean those opposite—that woman and her two daughters who haven't paid madame a shilling for three months—who owes me five hundred francs, which she borrowed until next Tuesday, expecting a remittance—a pretty remittance indeed—from Lord Strongitharm. Lord Strongitharm, I daresay! And she pretends to be most intimate at the embassy; and that she would introduce us there, and at the Tuileries: and she told me Lady Estridge had the small-pox in the house; and when I said all ours had been vaccinated, and I didn't mind, she fobbed me off with some other excuse; and it's my belief the woman's a *humbug*. Overhear me! I don't care if she *does* overhear me. No. You may look as much as you like, my *Honourable* Mrs. Boldero; and I don't care if you do overhear me. Ogoost! Pomdytare pour le

général! How tough madame's boof is, and it's boof, boof, boof every day, till I'm sick of boof. Ogoost! why don't you attend to my children?" And so forth.

By this report of the worthy woman's conversation, you will see that the friendship which had sprung up between the two ladies had come to an end, in consequence of painful pecuniary disputes between them; that to keep a boarding-house can't be a very pleasant occupation; and that even to dine in a boarding-house must be very bad fun when the company is frightened and dull, and when there are two old women at table ready to fling the dishes at each other's fronts. At the period of which I now write, I promise you, there was very little of the piano-duet business going on after dinner. In the first place, everybody knew the girls' pieces; and when they began, Mrs. General Baynes would lift up a voice louder than the jingling old instrument, thumped Minna and Brenda ever so loudly. "Perfect strangers to me, Mr. Clancy, I assure you. Had I known her, you don't suppose I would have lent her the money. Honourable Mrs. Boldero, indeed! Five weeks she has owed me five hundred frongs. Bong swor, Monsieur Bidois! Sang song frong pas payy encor! Prommy, pas payy!" Fancy, I say, what a dreary life that must have been at the select boarding-house, where these two parties were doing battle daily after dinner! Fancy, at the select soirées, the general's lady seizing upon one guest after another, and calling out her wrongs, and pointing to the wrong-doer; and poor Madame Smolensk,

smirking, and smiling, and flying from one end of the salon to the other, and thanking M. Pivoine for his charming romance, and M. Brumm for his admirable performance on the violoncello, and even asking those poor Miss Bolderos to perform their duet—for her heart melted towards them. Not ignorant of evil, she had learned to succour the miserable. She knew what poverty was, and had to coax scowling duns, and wheedle vulgar creditors. “Tenez, Monsieur Philippe,” she said, “the générale is too cruel. There are others here who might complain, and are silent.” Philip felt all this; the conduct of his future mother-in-law filled him with dismay and horror. And some time after these remarkable circumstances, he told me, blushing as he spoke, a humiliating secret. “Do you know, sir,” says he, “that that autumn I made a pretty good thing of it with one thing or another. I did my work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*: and Smith of the *Daily Intelligencer*, wanting a month’s holiday, gave me his letter and ten francs a day. And at that very time I met Redman, who had owed me twenty pounds ever since we were at college, and who was just coming back flush from Homburg, and paid me. Well, now. Swear you won’t tell. Swear on your faith as a Christian man! With this money I went, sir, privily to Mrs. Boldero. I said if she would pay the dragon—I mean Mrs. Baynes—I would lend her the money. And I *did* lend her the money, and the Boldero never paid back Mrs. Baynes. Don’t mention it. Promise me you won’t tell Mrs. Baynes. I never expected to

get Redman's money you know, and am no worse off than before. One day of the Grandes Eaux we went to Versailles I think, and the Honourable Mrs. Boldero gave us the slip. She left the poor girls behind her in pledge, who, to do them justice, cried and were in a dreadful way; and when Mrs. Baynes, on our return, began shrieking about her 'sang song frong,' Madame Smolensk fairly lost patience for once, and said, 'Mais, madame, vous nous fatiguez avec vos cinq cents francs;' on which the other muttered something about 'Ansolong,' but was briskly taken up by her husband, who said, 'By George, Eliza, madame is quite right. And I wish the five hundred francs were in the sea.'"

Thus, you understand, if Mrs. General Baynes thought some people were "stuck-up people," some people can—and hereby do by these presents—pay off Mrs. Baynes, by furnishing the public with a candid opinion of that lady's morals, manners, and character. How could such a shrewd woman be dazzled so repeatedly by ranks and titles? There used to dine at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house a certain German baron, with a large finger-ring, upon a dingy finger, towards whom the lady was pleased to cast the eye of favour, and who chose to fall in love with her pretty daughter; young Mr. Clancy, the Irish poet, was also smitten with the charms of the fair young lady; and this intrepid mother encouraged both suitors, to the unspeakable agonies of Philip Firmin, who felt often that whilst he was away at his work these inmates of Madame Smolensk's house were near his charmer—at

her side at lunch, ever handing her the cup at breakfast, on the watch for her when she walked forth in the garden; and I take the pangs of jealousy to have formed a part of those unspeakable sufferings which Philip said he endured in the house whither he came courting.

Little Charlotte, in one or two of her letters to her friends in Queen Square, London, meekly complained of Philip's tendency to jealousy. "Does he think, after knowing him, I can think of these horrid men?" she asked. "I don't understand what Mr. Clancy is talking about, when he comes to me with his 'pomes and potry;' and who can read poetry like Philip himself? Then the German baron—who does not even call himself a baron: it is mamma who will insist upon calling him so—has such very dirty things, and smells so of cigars, that I don't like to come near him. Philip smokes too, but his cigars are quite pleasant. Ah, dear friend, how *could* he ever think such men as these were to be put in comparison with him! And he scolds so; and scowls at the poor men in the evening when he comes! and his temper is so high! Do say a *word* to him—quite cautiously and gently, you know—in behalf of your fondly attached and most happy—only he will make me unhappy sometimes; but you'll prevent him, won't you?—CHARLOTTE B."

I could fancy Philip hectoring through the part of Othello, and his poor young Desdemona not a little frightened at his black humours. Such sentiments as Mr. Philip felt strongly, he expressed with an uproar. Charlotte's correspondent, as usual, made light of these

little domestic confidences and grievances. "Women don't dislike a jealous scolding," she said. "It may be rather tiresome, but it is always a compliment. Some husbands think so well of themselves, that they can't condescend to be jealous." Yes, I say, women prefer to have tyrants over them. A scolding you think is a mark of attention. Hadn't you better adopt the Russian system at once, and go out and buy me a whip, and present it to me with a curtsy, and your compliments; and a meek prayer that I should use it. "Present you a whip! present you a goose!" says the lady, who encourages scolding in other husbands, it seems, but won't suffer a word from her own.

Both disputants had set their sentimental hearts on the marriage of this young man and this young woman. Little Charlotte's heart was so bent on the match, that it would break, we fancied, if she were disappointed; and in her mother's behaviour we felt, from the knowledge we had of the woman's disposition, there was a serious cause for alarm. Should a better offer present itself, Mrs. Baynes, we feared, would fling over poor Philip: or, it was in reason and nature, that he would come to a quarrel with her, and in the course of the pitched battle which must ensue between them, he would fire off expressions mortally injurious. Are there not many people, in every one's acquaintance, who, as soon as they have made a bargain, repent of it? Philip, as "preserver" of General Baynes, in the first fervour of family gratitude for that act of self-sacrifice on the young man's part, was very well. But gratitude wears out; or suppose a woman says,

“It is my duty to my child to recal my word; and not allow her to fling herself away on a beggar.” Suppose that you and I, strongly inclined to do a mean action, get a good, available, and moral motive for it? I trembled for poor Philip’s course of true love, and little Charlotte’s chances, when these surmises crossed my mind. There was a hope still in the honour and gratitude of General Baynes. *He* would not desert his young friend and benefactor. Now General Baynes was a brave man of war, and so was John of Marlborough a brave man of war; but it is certain that both were afraid of their wives.

We have said by whose invitation and encouragement General Baynes was induced to bring his family to the boarding-house at Paris; the instigation, namely, of his friend and companion in arms, the gallant Colonel Bunch. When the Baynes family arrived, the Bunches were on the steps of madame’s house, waving a welcome to the new-comers. It was, “Here we are, Bunch, my boy.”

“Glad to see you, Baynes. Right well you’re looking, and so’s Mrs. B.”

And the general replies, “And so are you, Bunch; and so do *you*, Mrs. B.”

“How do, boys? Hoy d’you do, Miss Charlotte? Come to show the Paris fellows what a pretty girl is, hey? Blooming like a rose, Baynes!”

“I’m telling the general,” cries the colonel to the general’s lady, “the girl’s the very image of her mother.”

In this case poor Charlotte must have looked like a yellow rose, for Mrs. Baynes was of a bilious temperament and complexion, whereas Miss Charlotte was as fresh pink and white as—what shall we say?—as the very freshest strawberries mingled with the very nicest cream.

The two old soldiers were of very great comfort to one another. They toddled down to Galignani's together daily, and read the papers there. They went and looked at the reviews in the Carrousel, and once or twice to the Champ de Mars;—recognizing here and there the numbers of the regiments against which they had been engaged in the famous ancient wars. They did not brag in the least about their achievements, they winked and understood each other. They got their old uniforms out of their old boxes, and took a *voiture de remise*, by Jove! and went to be presented to Louis Philippe. They bought a catalogue; and went to the Louvre, and wagged their honest old heads before the pictures; and, I daresay, winked and nudged each other's brave old sides at some of the nymphs in the statue gallery. They went out to Versailles with their families; loyally stood treat to the ladies at the restaurateur's. (Bunch had taken down a memorandum in his pocket-book from Benyon, who had been the duke's aide-de-camp in the last campaign, to "go to Beauvillier's," only Beauvillier's had been shut up for twenty years.) They took their families and Charlotte to the Théâtre Français, to a tragedy; and they had books: and they said it was the most confounded nonsense they ever saw

in their lives; and I am bound to say that Bunch, in the back of the box, snored so, that, though in retirement, he created quite a sensation. "Corneal," he owns, was too much for him: give him Shakspeare: give him John Kemble: give him Mrs. Siddons: give him Mrs. Jordan. But as for this sort of thing? "I think our play days are over, Baynes—hey?" And I also believe that Miss Charlotte Baynes, whose knowledge of the language was slight as yet, was very much bewildered during the tragedy, and could give but an imperfect account of it. But then Philip Firmin was in the orchestra stalls; and had he not sent three bouquets for the three ladies, regretting that he could not come to see somebody in the Champs Elysées, because it was his post day, and he must write his letter for the *Pall Mall Gazette*? There he was, *her* Cid; her peerless champion: and to give up father and mother for *him*? our little Chimène thought such a sacrifice not too difficult. After that dismal attempt at the theatre, the experiment was not repeated. The old gentlemen preferred their whist, to those pompous Alexandrines sung through the nose, which Colonel Bunch, a facetious little colonel, used to imitate, and, I am given to understand, very badly.

The worthy officers compared madame's to an East Indian ship, quarrels and all. Selina went on just in that way on board the *Burrumpooter*. Always rows about precedence, and the services, and the deuce knows what. Women always will. Selina Bunch went on in that way: and Eliza Baynes also went on in that way:

but I should think, from the most trustworthy information, that Eliza was worse than Selina.

“About any person with a title, that woman will make a fool of herself to the end of the chapter,” remarked Selina of her friend. “You remember how she used to go on at Barrackpore about that little shrimp Stoney Battersby, because he was an Irish viscount’s son? See how she flings herself at the head of this Mrs. Boldero—with her airs, and her paint, and her black front! I can’t bear the woman! I know she has not paid madame. I know she is no better than she should be; and to see Eliza Baynes coaxing her, and sidling up to her, and flattering her:—it’s too bad, that it is! A woman who owes ever so much to madame! a woman who doesn’t pay her washer-woman!”

“Just like the *Burrumpooter* over again, my dear,” cries Colonel Bunch. “You and Eliza Baynes were always quarrelling; that’s the fact. Why did you ask her to come here? I knew you would begin again, as soon as you met.” And the truth was that these ladies were always fighting and making up again.

“So you and Mrs. Bunch were old acquaintances?” asked Mrs. Boldero of her new friend. “My dear Mrs. Baynes! I should hardly have thought it: your manners are so different! Your friend, if I may be so free as to speak, has the camp manner. You have not the camp manner at all. I should have thought you—excuse me the phrase, but I’m so open, and always speak my mind out—you haven’t the camp manner at

all. You seem as if you were one of us. Minna! doesn't Mrs. Baynes put you in mind of Lady Hm——?" (The name is inaudible, in consequence of Mrs. Boldero's exceeding shyness in mentioning names; but the girls see the likeness to dear Lady Hm—— at once.) "And when you bring your dear girl to London, you'll know the lady I mean, and judge for yourself. I assure you I am not disparaging you, my dear Mrs. Baynes, in comparing you to her!"

And so the conversation goes on. If Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours chose to betray secrets, she could give extracts from her sister's letters to show how profound was the impression created in Mrs. General Baynes' mind by the professions and conversation of the Scotch lady.

"Didn't the general shoot and love deer-stalking? The dear general must come to Gaberlunzie Castle, where she would promise him a Highland welcome. Her brother Strongitharm was the most amiable of men; *adored* her and her girls: there was talk even of marrying Minna to the captain, but she for her part could not *endure* the marriage of first-cousins. There was a tradition against such marriages in their family. Of three Bolderos and Strongitharms who married their first-cousins, one was drowned in Gaberlunzie lake three weeks after the marriage; one lost his wife by a galloping consumption, and died a monk at Rome; and the third married a fortnight before the battle of Culloden, where he was slain at the head of the Strongitharms. Mrs. Baynes had *no idea* of the splendour of

Gaberlunzie Castle; seventy bedrooms and thirteen company rooms, besides the picture gallery! In Edinburgh, the Strongitharm had the right to wear his bonnet in the presence of his sovereign." A bonnet! how very odd, my dear! But with ostrich plumes, I daresay it may look well, especially as the Highlanders wear frocks too. "Lord Strongitharm had no house in London, having almost ruined himself in building his princely castle in the north. Mrs. Baynes *must* come there and meet their noble relatives and all the Scottish nobility." Nor do *I* care about these vanities, my dear, but to bring my sweet Charlotte into the world: is it not a mother's duty?

Not only to her sister, but likewise to Charlotte's friends of Queen Square, did Mrs. Baynes impart these delightful news. But this is in the first ardour of the friendship which arises between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero, and before those unpleasant money disputes of which we have spoken.

Afterwards, when the two ladies have quarrelled regarding the memorable "sang song frong," I think Mrs. Bunch came round to Mrs. Boldero's side. "Eliza Baynes is too hard on her. It is too cruel to insult her before those two unhappy daughters. The woman is an odious woman, and a vulgar woman, and a schemer, and I always said so. But to box her ears before her daughters—her honourable friend of last week! it's a shame of Eliza!"

"My dear, you'd better tell her so!" says Bunch drily. "But if you do, tell her when I'm out of the

way, please!" And accordingly, one day when the two old officers return from their stroll, Mrs. Bunch informs the colonel that she has had it out with Eliza; and Mrs. Baynes, with a heated face, tells the general that she and Mrs. Colonel Bunch have quarrelled; and she is determined it shall be for the last time. So that poor Madame de Smolensk has to interpose between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero; between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Bunch; and to sit surrounded by glaring eyes, and hissing inuendoes, and in the midst of feuds unhealable. Of course, from the women the quarrelling will spread to the gentlemen. That always happens. Poor Madame trembles. Again Bunch gives his neighbour his word that it is like the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman—the *Burrumpooter* in very bad weather, too.

"At any rate, *we* won't be lugged into it, Baynes, my boy!" says the colonel, who is of a sanguine temperament, to his friend.

"Hey, hey! don't be too sure, Bunch; don't be too sure!" sighs the other veteran, who, it may be, is of a more desponding turn, as, after a battle at luncheon, in which the Amazons were fiercely engaged, the two old warriors take their walk to Galignani's.

Towards his Charlotte's relatives poor Philip was respectful by duty and a sense of interest, perhaps. Before marriage, especially, men are very kind to the relatives of the beloved object. They pay compliments to mamma; they listen to papa's old stories, and laugh appositely; they bring presents for the innocent young

ones, and let the little brothers kick their shins. Philip endured the juvenile Bayneses very kindly: he took the boys to Franconi's, and made his conversation as suitable as he could to the old people. He was fond of the old general, a simple and worthy old man; and had, as we have said, a hearty sympathy and respect for Madame Smolensk, admiring her constancy and good-humour under her many trials. But those who have perused his memoirs are aware that Mr. Firmin could make himself, on occasions, not a little disagreeable. When sprawling on a sofa, engaged in conversation with his charmer, he would not budge when other ladies entered the room. He scowled at them, if he did not like them. He was not at the least trouble to conceal his likes or dislikes. He had a manner of fixing his glass in his eye, putting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and talking and laughing very loudly at his own jokes or conceits, which was not pleasant or respectful to ladies.

“Your loud young friend, with the cracked boots, is very *mauvais ton*, my dear Mrs. Baynes,” Mrs. Boldero remarked to her new friend, in the first ardour of their friendship. “A relative of Lord Ringwood's, is he? Lord Ringwood is a very queer person. A son of that dreadful Dr. Firmin, who ran away after cheating everybody? Poor young man! He can't help having such a father, as you say, and most good, and kind, and generous of you to say so. And the general and the Honourable Philip Ringwood were early companions together, I daresay. But, having

such an unfortunate father as Dr. Firmin, I think Mr. Firmin might be a little less *prononcé*; don't you? And to see him in cracked boots, sprawling over the sofas, and hear him, when my loves are playing their duets, laughing and talking so very loud,—I confess isn't pleasant to me. I am not used to that kind of *monde*, nor are my dear loves. You are under great obligations to him, and he has behaved nobly, you say? Of course. To get into your society an unfortunate young man will be on his best behaviour, though he certainly does not condescend to be civil to us. But What! That young man engaged to that lovely, innocent, charming child, your daughter? My dear creature, you frighten me! A man, with such a father; and, excuse me, with such a manner; and without a penny in the world, engaged to Miss Baynes! Goodness, powers! It must never be. It shall not be, my dear Mrs. Baynes. Why, I have written to my nephew Hector to come over, Strongitharm's favourite son and my favourite nephew. I have told him that there is a sweet young creature here, whom he must and ought to see. How well that dear child would look presiding at Strongitharm Castle? And you are going to give her to that dreadful young man with the loud voice and the cracked boots—that smoky young man—oh, impossible!”

Madame had, no doubt, given a very favourable report of her new lodgers to the other inmates of her house; and she and Mrs. Boldero had concluded

that all general officers returning from India were immensely rich. To think that her daughter might be the Honourable Mrs. Strongitharm, Baroness Strongitharm, and walk in a coronation in robes, with a coronet in her hand! Mrs. Baynes yielded in loyalty to no woman, but I fear her wicked desires compassed a speedy royal demise, as this thought passed through her mind of the Honourable Lenox Strongitharm. She looked him out in the *Peerage*, and found that young nobleman designated as the Captain of Strongitharm. Charlotte might be the Honourable Mrs. Captain of Strongitharm! When poor Phil stalked in after dinner that evening in his shabby boots and smoky paletot, Mrs. Baynes gave him but a grim welcome. He went and prattled unconsciously by the side of his little Charlotte, whose tender eyes dwelt upon his, and whose fair cheeks flung out their blushes of welcome. He prattled away. He laughed out loud whilst Minna and Brenda were thumping their duet. "*Taisez-vous donc, Monsieur Philippe,*" cries madame, putting her finger to her lip. The Honourable Mrs. Boldero looked at dear Mrs. Baynes, and shrugged her shoulders. Poor Philip! would he have laughed so loudly (and so rudely, too, as I own) had he known what was passing in the minds of those women? Treason was passing there: and before that glance of knowing scorn, shot from the Honourable Mrs. Boldero's eyes, dear Mrs. General Baynes faltered. How very curt and dry she was with Philip! how testy with Charlotte! Poor Philip, knowing that his

charmer was in the power of her mother, was pretty humble to this dragon; and attempted, by uncouth flatteries, to soothe and propitiate her. She had a queer, dry humour, and loved a joke; but Phil's fell very flat this night. Mrs. Baynes received his pleasantries with an "Oh, indeed!" She was sure she heard one of the children crying in their nursery. "Do, pray, go and see, Charlotte, what that child is crying about." And away goes poor Charlotte, having but dim presentiment of misfortune as yet. Was not mamma often in an ill humour; and were they not all used to her scoldings?

As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, I am sorry to say that, up to this time, Philip was not only no favourite with her, but was heartily disliked by that lady. I have told you our friend's faults. He was loud: he was abrupt: he was rude often: and often gave just cause of annoyance by his laughter, his disrespect, and his swaggering manner. To those whom he liked he was as gentle as a woman; and treated them with an extreme tenderness and touching rough respect. But those persons about whom he was indifferent, he never took the least trouble to conciliate or please. If they told long stories, for example, he would turn on his heel, or interrupt them by observations of his own on some quite different subject. Mrs. Colonel Bunch, then, positively disliked that young man, and I think had very good reasons for her dislike. As for Bunch, Bunch said to Baynes, "Cool hand, that young fellow!" and winked. And Baynes said to Bunch, "Queer chap. Fine fellow, as

I have reason to know pretty well. I play a club. No club? I mark honours and two tricks." And the game went on. Clancy hated Philip: a meek man, whom Firmin had yet managed to offend. "That man," the pote Clancy remarked, "has a manner of treading on me corrans which is intolerable to me!"

The truth is, Philip was always putting his foot on some other foot, and trampling it. And as for the Boldero clan, Mr. Firmin treated them with the most amusing insolence, and ignored them as if they were out of existence altogether. So you see the poor fellow had not with his poverty learned the least lesson of humility, or acquired the very earliest rudiments of the art of making friends. I think his best friend in the house was its mistress, Madame Smolensk. Mr. Philip treated her as an equal: which mark of affability he was not in the habit of bestowing on all persons. Some great people, some rich people, some would-be-fine people, he would patronize with an insufferable audacity. Rank or wealth do not seem somehow to influence this man, as they do common mortals. He would tap a bishop on the waistcoat, and contradict a duke at their first meeting. I have seen him walk out of church during a stupid sermon, with an audible remark perhaps to that effect, and as if it were a matter of course that he should go. If the company bored him at dinner, he would go to sleep in the most unaffected manner. At home we were always kept in a pleasant state of anxiety, not only by what he did and

said, but by the idea of what he might do or say next. He did not go to sleep at madame's boarding-house, preferring to keep his eyes open to look at pretty Charlotte's. And were there ever such sapphires as his? she thought. And hers? Ah! if they have tears to shed, I hope a kind fate will dry them quickly!

CHAPTER V.

TREATS OF DANCING, DINING, DYING.

OLD schoolboys remember how, when pious Æneas was compelled by painful circumstances to quit his country, he and his select band of Trojans founded a new Troy, where they landed; raising temples to the Trojan gods; building streets with Trojan names; and endeavouring, to the utmost of their power, to recal their beloved native place. In like manner, British Trojans and French Trojans take their Troy everywhere. Algiers I have only seen from the sea; but New Orleans and Leicester Square I have visited; and have seen a quaint old France still lingering on the banks of the Mississippi; a dingy modern France round that great Globe of Mr. Wyld's, which they say is coming to an end. There are French cafés, billiards, estaminets, waiters, markers, poor Frenchmen, and rich Frenchmen, in a new Paris—shabby and dirty, it is true—but offering the emigrant the dominoes, the chopine, the petit verre of the patrie. And do not British Trojans, who emigrate to the continent of Europe, take their Troy with them? You all know the quarters of Paris which swarm with us Trojans. From Peace Street to the Arch of the Star are collected thousands of refugees from our Ilium.

Under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli you meet, at certain hours, as many of our Trojans as of the natives. In the Trojan inns of Meurice, the Louvre, &c., we swarm. We have numerous Anglo-Trojan doctors and apothecaries, who give us the dear pills and doses of Pergamus. We go to Mrs. Guerre or kind Mrs. Colombin, and can purchase the sandwiches of Troy, the pale ale and sherry of Troy, and the dear, dear muffins of home. We live for years, never speaking any language but our native Trojan; except to our servants, whom we instruct in the Trojan way of preparing toast for breakfast; Trojan bread-sauce for fowls and partridges; Trojan corned beef, &c. We have temples where we worship according to the Trojan rites. A kindly sight is that which one beholds of a Sunday in the Elysian fields and the St. Honoré quarter, of processions of English grown people and children, stalwart, red-cheeked, marching to their churches, their gilded prayer-books in hand, to sing in a stranger's land the sacred songs of their Zion. I am sure there are many English in Paris, who never speak to any native above the rank of a waiter or shopman. Not long since I was listening to a Frenchman at Folkestone, speaking English to the waiters and acting as interpreter for his party. He spoke pretty well and very quickly. He was irresistibly comical. I wonder how we maintained our gravity. And you and I, my dear friend, when *we* speak French? I daresay we are just as absurd. As absurd? And why not? Don't you be discouraged, young fellow. *Courage, mon jeune ami!* Remember,

Trojans have a conquering way with them. When Æneas landed at Carthage, I daresay he spoke Carthaginian with a ridiculous Trojan accent; but, for all that, poor Dido fell desperately in love with him. Take example by the son of Anchises, my boy. Never mind the grammar or the pronunciation, but tackle the lady, and speak your mind to her as best you can.

This is the plan which the Vicomte de Loisy used to adopt. He was following a *cours* of English according to the celebrated *méthode Jobson*. The *cours* assembled twice a week: and the vicomte, with laudable assiduity, went to all English parties to which he could gain an introduction, for the purpose of acquiring the English language, and marrying *une Anglaise*. This industrious young man even went *au Temple* on Sundays for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the English language; and as he sat under Doctor Murrough Macmanus of T. C. D., a very eloquent preacher at Paris in those days, the vicomte acquired a very fine pronunciation. Attached to the cause of unfortunate monarchy all over the world, the vicomte had fought in the Spanish Carlist armies. He waltzed well: and madame thought his cross looked nice at her parties. Will it be believed that Mrs. General Baynes took this gentleman into special favour; talked with him at *soirée* after *soirée*; never laughed at his English; encouraged her girl to waltz with him (which he did to perfection, whereas poor Philip was but a hulking and clumsy performer); and showed him the very greatest favour, until one day, on going into Mr. Bonus's, the house agent (who lets

lodgings, and sells British pickles, tea, sherry, and the like), she found the vicomte occupying a stool as clerk in Mr. Bonus's establishment, where for twelve hundred francs a year he gave his invaluable services during the day! Mrs. Baynes took poor Madame severely to task for admitting such a man to her assemblies. Madame was astonished. Monsieur was a gentleman of ancient family who had met with misfortunes. He was earning his maintenance. To sit in a bureau was not a dishonour. Knowing that *boutique* meant shop and *garçon* meant boy, Mrs. Baynes made use of the words *boutique garçon* the next time she saw the vicomte. The little man wept tears of rage and mortification. There was a very painful scene, at which, thank Mercy, poor Charlotte thought, Philip was not present. Were it not for the general's *cheveux blancs* (by which phrase the vicomte very kindly designated General Baynes's chestnut top-knot) the vicomte would have had reason from him. "Charming miss," he said to Charlotte, "your respectable papa is safe from my sword! Madame your mamma has addressed me words which I qualify not. But you—you are too 'andsome, too good, to despise a poor soldier, a poor gentleman!" I have heard the vicomte still dances at boarding-houses and is still in pursuit of an *Anglaise*. He must be a wooer now almost as elderly as the good general whose scalp he respected.

Mrs. Baynes was, to be sure, a heavy weight to bear for poor Madame, but her lean shoulders were accustomed to many a burden; and if the general's wife was quarrelsome and odious, he, as Madame said, was as soft

as a mutton; and Charlotte's pretty face and manners were the admiration of all. The yellow Miss Bolderos, those hapless elderly orphans left in pawn, might bite their lips with envy, but they never could make them as red as Miss Charlotte's smiling mouth. To the honour of Madame Smolensk be it said that never by word or hint did she cause those unhappy young ladies any needless pain. She never stinted them of any meal. No full-priced pensioner of Madame's could have breakfast, luncheon, dinners served more regularly. The day after their mother's flight, that good Madame Smolensk took early cups of tea to the girls' rooms, with her own hands; and I believe helped to do the hair of one of them, and otherwise to soothe them in their misfortune. They could not keep their secret. It must be owned that Mrs. Baynes never lost an opportunity of deploring their situation and acquainting all new-comers with their mother's flight and transgression. But she was good-natured to the captives in her grim way: and admired Madame's forbearance regarding them. The two old officers were now especially polite to the poor things: and the general rapped one of his boys over the knuckles for saying to Miss Brenda, "If your uncle is a lord, why doesn't he give you any money?" "And these girls used to hold their heads above mine, and their mother used to give herself such airs!" cried Mrs. Baynes. "And Eliza Baynes used to flatter those poor girls and their mother, and fancy they were going to make a woman of fashion of her!" said Mrs. Bunch. "We all have our weaknesses. Lords are not yours,

my dear. Faith, I don't think you know one," says stout little Colonel Bunch. "I wouldn't pay a duchess such court as Eliza paid that woman!" cried Emma; and she made sarcastic inquiries of the general, whether Eliza had heard from her friend the Honourable Mrs. Boldero? But for all this Mrs. Bunch pitied the young ladies, and I believe gave them a little supply of coin from her private purse. A word as to their subsequent history. Their mamma became the terror of boarding-housekeepers: and the poor girls practised their duets all over Europe. Mrs. Boldero's noble nephew, the present Strongitharm (as a friend who knows the fashionable world informs me), was victimized by his own uncle, and a most painful affair occurred between them at a game at "blind hockey." The Honourable Mrs. Boldero is living in the precincts of Holyrood; one of her daughters is happily married to a minister; and the other to an apothecary who was called in to attend her in quinsy. So I am inclined to think that phrase about "select" boarding-houses is a mere complimentary term, and as for the strictest references being given and required, I certainly should not lay out extra money for printing *that* expression in my advertisement, were I going to set up an establishment myself.

Old college friends of Philip's visited Paris from time to time; and rejoiced in carrying him off to Borel's or the Trois Frères, and hospitably treating him who had been so hospitable in his time. Yes, thanks be to Heaven, there are good Samaritans in pretty large numbers in this world, and hands ready enough to

succour a man in misfortune. I could name two or three gentlemen who drive about in chariots and look at people's tongues and write queer figures and queer Latin on note-paper, who occultly made a purse containing some seven or ten score fees, and sent them out to Dr. Firmin in his banishment. The poor wretch had behaved as ill as might be, but he was without a penny or a friend. I daresay Dr. Goodenough, amongst other philanthropists, put his hands into his pocket. Having heartily disliked and mistrusted Firmin in prosperity, in adversity he melted towards the poor fugitive wretch: he even could believe that Firmin had some skill in his profession, and in his practice was not quite a quack.

Philip's old college and school cronies laughed at hearing that, now his ruin was complete, he was thinking about marriage. Such a plan was of a piece with Mr. Firmin's known prudence and foresight. But they made an objection to his proposed union, which had struck us at home previously. Papa-in-law was well enough, or at least inoffensive: but, ah, ye powers! what a mother-in-law was poor Phil laying up for his future days! Two or three of our mutual companions made this remark on returning to work and chambers after their autumn holiday. We never had too much charity for Mrs. Baynes; and what Philip told us about her did not serve to increase our regard.

About Christmas Mr. Firmin's own affairs brought him on a brief visit to London. We were not jealous that he took up his quarters with his little friend, of

Thornhaugh Street, who was contented that he should dine with us, provided she could have the pleasure of housing him under her kind shelter. High and mighty people as we were—for under what humble roofs does not Vanity hold her sway?—we, who knew Mrs. Brandon's virtues, and were aware of her early story, would have condescended to receive her into our society; but it was the little lady herself who had her pride, and held aloof. "My parents did not give me the education you have had, ma'am," Caroline said to my wife. "My place is not here, I know very well; unless you should be took ill, and *then*, ma'am, you'll see that I will be glad enough to come. Philip can come and see *me*; and a blessing it is to me to set eyes on him. But I shouldn't be happy in your drawing-room, nor you in having me. The dear children look surprised at my way of talking; and no wonder: and they laugh sometimes to one another, God bless 'em! I don't mind. My education was not cared for. I scarce had any schooling but what I taught myself. My Pa hadn't the means of learning me much: and it is too late to go to school at forty odd. I've got all his stockings and things darned; and his linen, poor fellow!—beautiful: I wish they kep it as nice in France, where he is! You'll give my love to the young lady, won't you, ma'am: and, oh! it's a blessing to me to hear how good and gentle she is! He has a high temper, Philip have: but them he likes can easy manage him. You have been his best kind friends; and so will she be, I trust; and they may be happy

though they're poor. But they've time to get rich, haven't they. And it's not the richest that's the happiest, that I can see in many a fine house where Nurse Brandon goes and has her eyes open, though she don't say much, you know." In this way Nurse Brandon would prattle on to us when she came to see us. She would share our meal, always thanking by name the servant who helped her. She insisted on calling our children "Miss" and "Master," and I think those young satirists did not laugh often or unkindly at her peculiarities. I know they were told that Nurse Brandon was very good; and that she took care of her father in his old age; and that she had passed through very great griefs and trials; and that she had nursed uncle Philip when he had been very ill indeed, and when many people would have been afraid to come near him; and that her life was spent in tending the sick, and in doing good to her neighbour.

One day during Philip's stay with us we happen to read in the paper Lord Ringwood's arrival in London. My lord had a grand town house of his own which he did not always inhabit. He liked the cheerfulness of a hotel better. Ringwood House was too large and too dismal. He did not care to eat a solitary mutton chop in a great dining-room surrounded by ghostly images of dead Ringwoods—his dead son, who had died in his boyhood; his dead brother attired in the uniform of his day (in which picture there was no little resemblance to Philip Firmin, the colonel's grandson); Lord Ringwood's dead self, finally, as he appeared still a young

man, when Lawrence painted him, and when he was the companion of the Regent and his friends. "Ah! that's the fellow I least like to look at," the old man would say, scowling at the picture, and breaking out into the old-fashioned oaths which garnished many conversations in his young days. "That fellow could ride all day; and sleep all night, or go without sleep as he chose; and drink his four bottles, and never have a headache; and break his collar bone, and see the fox killed three hours after. That was once a man, as old Marlborough said, looking at his own picture. Now my doctor's my master; my doctor and the infernal gout over him. I live upon pap and puddens, like a baby; only I've shed all my teeth, hang 'em. If I drink three glasses of sherry, my butler threatens me. You young fellow, who haven't twopence in your pocket, by George, I would like to change with you. Only you wouldn't, hang you, you wouldn't. Why, I don't believe Todhunter would change with me: would you, Todhunter?—and you're about as fond of a great man as any fellow I ever knew. Don't tell me. You *are*, sir. Why, when I walked with you on Ryde sands one day, I said to that fellow, 'Todhunter, don't you think I could order the sea to stand still?' I did. And you had never heard of King Canute, hanged if you had—and never read any book except the Stud-book and Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, hanged if you did." Such remarks and conversations of his relative has Philip reported to me. Two or three men about town had very good imitations of this toothless, growling, blas-

phemous old cynic. He was splendid and penurious ; violent and easily led ; surrounded by flatterers and utterly lonely. He had old-world notions, which I believe have passed out of the manners of great folks now. He thought it beneath him to travel by railway, and his postchaise was one of the last on the road. The tide rolled on in spite of this old Canute, and has long since rolled over him and his postchaise. Why, almost all his imitators are actually dead ; and only this year, when old Jack Mummers gave an imitation of him at Bays's (where Jack's mimicry used to be received with shouts of laughter but a few years since), there was a dismal silence in the coffee-room, except from two or three young men at a near table, who said, "What is the old fool mumbling and swearing at now ? An imitation of Lord Ringwood, and who was he ?" So our names pass away, and are forgotten : and the tallest statues, do not the sands of time accumulate and overwhelm *them* ? I have not forgotten my lord ; any more than I have forgotten the cock of my school, about whom, perhaps, you don't care to hear. I see my lord's bald head, and hooked beak, and bushy eyebrows, and tall velvet collar, and brass buttons, and great black mouth, and trembling hand, and trembling parasites round him, and I can hear his voice, and great oaths, and laughter. You parasites of to-day are bowing to other great people ; and this great one, who was alive only yesterday, is as dead as George IV. or Nebuchadnezzar.

Well, we happen to read that Philip's noble relative,

Lord Ringwood, has arrived at — hotel, whilst Philip is staying with us: and I own that I counsel my friend to go and wait upon his lordship. He had been very kind at Paris: he had evidently taken a liking to Philip. Firmin ought to go and see him. Who knows? Lord Ringwood might be inclined to do something for his brother's grandson.

This was just the point, which any one who knew Philip should have hesitated to urge upon him. To try and make him bow and smile on a great man with a view to future favours, was to demand the impossible from Firmin. The king's men may lead the king's horses to the water, but the king himself can't make them drink. I own that I came back to the subject, and urged it repeatedly on my friend. "I have been," said Philip, sulkily. "I have left a card upon him. If he wants me, he can send to No. 120, Queen Square, Westminster, my present hotel. But if you think he will give me anything beyond a dinner, I tell you you are mistaken."

We dined that day with Philip's employer, worthy Mr. Mugford, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was profuse in his hospitalities, and especially gracious to Philip. Mugford was pleased with Firmin's letters; and you may be sure that severer critics did not contradict their friend's good-natured patron. We drove to the suburban villa at Hampstead, and steaming odours of soup, mutton, onions, rushed out into the hall to give us welcome, and to warn us of the good cheer in store for the party. *This* was not one of Mugford's days for

countermanding side dishes, I promise you. Men in black, with noble white cotton gloves, were in waiting to receive us, and Mrs. Mugford, in a rich blue satin and feathers, a profusion of flounces, laces, marabouts, jewels, and eau-de-Cologne, rose to welcome us from a stately sofa, where she sat surrounded by her children. These, too, were in brilliant dresses, with shining new-combed hair. The ladies, of course, instantly began to talk about their children, and my wife's unfeigned admiration for Mrs. Mugford's last baby I think won that worthy lady's goodwill at once. I made some remark regarding one of the boys as being the picture of his father, which was not lucky. I don't know why, but I have it from her husband's own admission, that Mrs. Mugford always thinks I am "chaffing" her. One of the boys frankly informed me there was goose for dinner; and when a cheerful cloop was heard from a neighbouring room, told me that was Pa drawing the corks. Why should Mrs. Mugford reprove the outspoken child and say, "James, hold your tongue, do now?" Better wine than was poured forth when those corks were drawn, never flowed from bottle.—I say, I never saw better wine nor more bottles. If ever a table may be said to have groaned, that expression might with justice be applied to Mugford's mahogany. Talbot Twysden would have feasted forty people with the meal here provided for eight by our most hospitable entertainer. Though Mugford's editor was present, all the honours of the entertainment were for the *Paris Correspondent*, who was specially requested to take Mrs. M.

to dinner. As an earl's grand-nephew, and a lord's great-grandson, of course we felt that this place of honour was Firmin's right. How Mrs. Mugford pressed him to eat! She carved—I am very glad she would not let Philip carve for her, for he might have sent the goose into her lap—she carved, I say, and I really think she gave him more stuffing than to any of us, but that may have been mere envy on my part. Allusions to Lord Ringwood were repeatedly made during dinner. “Lord R. has come to town, Mr. F., I perceive,” says Mugford, winking. “You've been to see him, of course?” Mr. Firmin glared at me very fiercely, he had to own he *had* been to call on Lord Ringwood. Mugford led the conversation to the noble lord so frequently that Philip madly kicked my shins under the table. I don't know how many times I had to suffer from that foot which in its time has trampled on so many persons: a kick for each time Lord Ringwood's name, houses, parks, properties, were mentioned, was a frightful allowance. Mrs. Mugford would say, “May I assist you to a little pheasant, Mr. Firmin? I daresay they are not as good as Lord Ringwood's” (a kick from Philip), or Mugford would exclaim, “Mr. F., try that 'ock! Lord Ringwood hasn't better wine than that.” (Dreadful 'punishment upon' my tibia under the table.) “John! Two 'ocks, me and Mr. Firmin! Join us, Mr. P.,” and so forth. And after dinner, to the ladies—as my wife, who betrayed their mysteries, informed me—Mrs. Mugford's conversation was incessant regarding the Ringwood family and Firmin's rela-

tionship to that noble house. The meeting of the old lord and Firmin in Paris was discussed with immense interest. His lordship called him Philip most affable! he was very fond of Mr. Firmin. A little bird had told Mrs. Mugford that somebody else was very fond of Mr. Firmin. She hoped it would be a match, and that his lordship would do the handsome thing by his *nephew*. What? My wife wondered that Mrs. Mugford should know about Philip's affairs? (and wonder indeed she did.) A little bird had told Mrs. M—, a friend of both ladies, that dear, good little nurse Brandon, who was engaged—and here the conversation went off into mysteries which I certainly shall not reveal. Suffice it that Mrs. Mugford was one of Mrs. Brandon's best, kindest, and most constant patrons—or might I be permitted to say matrons?—and had received a most favourable report of us from the little nurse. And here Mrs. Pendennis gave a verbatim report not only of our hostess's speech, but of her manner and accent. "Yes, ma'am," says Mrs. Mugford to Mrs. Pendennis, "our friend Mrs. B. has told me of *a certain gentleman* whose name shall be nameless. His manner is cold, not to say 'aughty. He seems to be laughing at people sometimes—don't say No; I saw him once or twice at dinner, both him and Mr. Firmin. But he is a true friend, Mrs. Brandon says he is. And when you know him, his heart is good." Is it? Amen. A distinguished writer has composed, in not very late days, a comedy of which the cheerful moral is, that we are "not so bad as we seem." Aren't we? Amen, again. Give us thy

hearty hand, Iago! Tartuffe, how the world has been mistaken in you! Macbeth! put that little affair of the murder out of your mind. It was a momentary weakness; and who is not weak at times? Blifil, a more maligned man than you does not exist! O humanity! how we have been mistaken in you! Let us expunge the vulgar expression "miserable sinners" out of all prayer-books; open the portholes of all hulks; break the chains of all convicts; and unlock the boxes of all spoons.

As we discussed Mr. Mugford's entertainment on our return home, I improved the occasion with Philip, I pointed out the reasonableness of the hopes which he might entertain of help from his wealthy kinsman, and actually forced him to promise to wait upon my lord the next day. Now when Philip Firmin did a thing against his will, he did it with a bad grace. When he is not pleased, he does not pretend to be happy: and when he is sulky, Mr. Firmin is a very disagreeable companion. Though he never once reproached me afterwards with what happened, I own that I have had cruel twinges of conscience since. If I had not sent him on that dutiful visit to his grand uncle, what occurred might never, perhaps, have occurred at all. I acted for the best, and that I aver; however I may grieve for the consequences which ensued when the poor fellow followed my advice.

If Philip held aloof from Lord Ringwood in London, you may be sure Philip's dear cousins were in waiting on his lordship, and never lost an opportunity of showing

their respectful sympathy. Was Lord Ringwood ailing? Mr. Twysden, or Mrs. Twysden, or the dear girls, or Ringwood their brother, were daily in his lordship's antechamber, asking for news of his health. They bent down respectfully before Lord Ringwood's major-domo. They would have given him money, as they always averred, only what sum could they give to such a man as Rudge? They actually offered to bribe Mr. Rudge with their wine, over which he made horrible faces. They fawned and smiled before him always. I should like to have seen that calm Mrs. Twysden, that serene, high-bred woman, who would cut her dearest friend if misfortune befel her, or the world turned its back;—I should like to have seen, and *can* see her in my mind's eye, simpering and coaxing, and wheedling this footman. She made cheap presents to Mr. Rudge: she smiled on him and asked after his health. And of course Talbot Twysden flattered him too in Talbot's jolly way. It was a wink, and nod, and a hearty how do you do—and (after due inquiries made and answered about his lordship) it would be, "Rudge! I think my housekeeper has a good glass of port wine in her room, if you happen to be passing that way, and my lord don't want you!" And with a grave courtesy, I can fancy Mr. Rudge bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Twysden, and thanking them, and descending to Mrs. Blenkinsop's skinny room where the port wine is ready—and if Mr. Rudge and Mrs. Blenkinsop are confidential, I can fancy their talking over the characters and peculiarities of the folks upstairs. Servants sometimes

actually do ; and if master and mistress are humbugs these wretched menials sometimes find them out.

Now, no duke could be more lordly and condescending in his bearing than Mr. Philip Firmin towards the menial throng. In those days, when he had money in his pockets, he gave Mr. Rudge out of his plenty ; and the man remembered his generosity when he was poor : and declared—in a select society, and in the company of the relative of a person from whom I have the information—declared in the presence of Captain Gann at the Admiral B—ng Club in fact, that Mr. Heff was always a swell ; but since he was done, he, Rudge, “ was blest if that young chap warn’t a greater swell than hever.” And Rudge actually liked this poor young fellow better than the family in Walpole Street, whom Mr. R. pronounced to be “ a shabby lot.” And in fact it was Rudge as well as myself, who advised that Philip should see his lordship.

When at length Philip paid his second visit, Mr. Rudge said, “ My lord will see you, sir, I think. He has been speaking of you. He’s very unwell. He’s going to have a fit of the gout, I think. I’ll tell him you are here.” And coming back to Philip, after a brief disappearance, and with rather a scared face, he repeated the permission to enter, and again cautioned him, saying, that “ my lord was very queer.”

In fact, as we learned afterwards, through the channel previously indicated, my lord, when he heard that Philip had called, cried, “ He *has*, has he. Hang him, send him in ; ” using, I am constrained to say, in place

of the monsyllable "hang," a much stronger expression.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" says my lord. "You have been in London ever so long. Twysden told me of you yesterday."

"I have called before, sir," said Philip, very quietly.

"I wonder you have the face to call at all, sir!" cries the old man, glaring at Philip. His lordship's countenance was of a gamboge colour: his noble eyes were blood-shot and starting; his voice, always very harsh and strident, was now specially unpleasant; and from the crater of his mouth, shot loud exploding oaths.

"Face! my lord?" says Philip, still very meek.

"Yes, if you call that a face which is covered over with hair like a baboon!" growled my lord, showing his tusks. "Twysden was here last night, and tells me some pretty news about you."

Philip blushed; he knew what the news most likely would be.

"Twysden says that now you are a pauper, by George, and living by breaking stones in the street,—you have been such an infernal, drivelling, hanged fool, as to engage yourself to another pauper!"

Poor Philip turned white from red; and spoke slowly: "I beg your pardon, my lord, you said——"

"I said you were a hanged fool, sir!" roared the old man; "can't you hear?"

"I believe I am a member of your family, my lord," says Philip, rising up. In a quarrel, he would some times lose his temper, and speak out his mind; or

sometimes, and then he was most dangerous, he would be especially calm and Grandisonian.

“Some hanged adventurer, thinking you were to get money from me, has hooked you for his daughter, has he?”

“I have engaged myself to a young lady, and I am the poorer of the two,” says Philip.

“She thinks you will get money from me,” continues his lordship.

“Does she? I never did!” replied Philip.

“By heaven, you shan’t, unless you give up this rubbish.”

“I shan’t give her up, sir, and I shall do without the money,” said Mr. Firmin very boldly.

“Go to Tartarus!” screamed the old man.

On which Philip told us, “I said, ‘Seniores priores, my lord,’ and turned on my heel. So you see if he was going to leave me something, and he nearly said he was, that chance is passed now, and I have made a pretty morning’s work.” And a pretty morning’s work it was: and it was I who had set him upon it! My brave Philip not only did not rebuke me for having sent him on this errand, but took the blame of the business on himself. “Since I have been engaged,” he said, “I am growing dreadfully avaricious, and am almost as sordid about money as those Twysdens. I cringed to that old man: I crawled before his gouty feet. Well, I could crawl from here to Saint James’s Palace to get some money for my little Charlotte.” Philip cringe and crawl! If there were no posture-masters more

supple than Philip Firmin, kotooing would be a lost art, like the *Menuet de la Cour*. But fear not, ye great! Men's backs were made to bend, and the race of parasites is still in good repute.

When our friend told us how his brief interview with Lord Ringwood had begun and ended, I think those who counselled Philip to wait upon his grand-uncle felt rather ashamed of their worldly wisdom and the advice which they had given. We ought to have known our Huron sufficiently to be aware that it was a dangerous experiment to set him bowing in lords' antechambers. Were not his elbows sure to break some courtly china, his feet to trample and tear some lace train? So all the good we had done was to occasion a quarrel between him and his patron. Lord Ringwood avowed that he had intended to leave Philip money; and by thrusting the poor fellow into the old nobleman's sick chamber, we had occasioned a quarrel between the relatives, who parted with mutual threats and anger. "Oh, dear me!" I groaned in connubial colloquies. "Let us get him away. He will be boxing Mugford's ears next, and telling Mrs. Mugford that she is vulgar, and a bore." He was eager to get back to his work, or rather to his lady-love at Paris. We did not try to detain him. For fear of further accidents we were rather anxious that he should be gone. Crestfallen and sad, I accompanied him to the Boulogne boat. He paid for his place in the second cabin, and stoutly bade us adieu. A rough night: a wet, slippery deck: a crowd of frowzy fellow-passengers: and poor Philip in the midst

of them in a thin cloak, his yellow hair and beard blowing about: I see the steamer now, and left her with I know not what feelings of contrition and shame. Why had I sent Philip to call upon that savage, overbearing old patron of his? Why compelled him to that bootless act of submission? Lord Ringwood's brutalities were matters of common notoriety. A wicked, dissolute, cynical old man: and we must try to make friends with this mammon of unrighteousness, and set poor Philip to bow before him and flatter him! Ah, *mea culpa, mea culpa!* The wind blew hard that winter night, and many tiles and chimney-pots blew down: and as I thought of poor Philip tossing in the frowzy second-cabin, I rolled about my own bed very uneasily.

I looked into Bays's club the day after, and there fell on both the Twysdens. The parasite of a father was clinging to the button of a great man when I entered: the little reptile of a son came to the club in Captain Woolcomb's brougham, and in that distinguished mulatto officer's company. They looked at me in a peculiar way. I was sure they did. Talbot Twysden, pouring his loud, braggart talk in the ear of poor Lord Lepel, eyed me with a glance of triumph, and talked and swaggered so that I should hear. Ringwood Twysden and Woolcomb, drinking absinthe to whet their noble appetites, exchanged glances and grins. Woolcomb's eyes were of the colour of the absinthe he swallowed. I did not see that Twysden tore off one of Lord Lepel's buttons, but that nobleman, with a

scared countenance moved away rapidly from his little persecutor. "Hang him, throw him over and come to me!" I heard the generous Twysden say. "I expect Ringwood and one or two more." At this proposition, Lord Lepel, in a tremulous way, muttered that he could not break his engagement, and fled out of the club.

Twysden's dinners, the polite reader has been previously informed, were notorious; and he constantly bragged of having the company of Lord Ringwood. Now it so happened that on this very evening, Lord Ringwood, with three of his followers, henchmen, or led captains, dined at Bays's club, being determined to see a pantomime in which a very pretty young Columbine figured: and some one in the house joked with his lordship, and said, "Why, you are going to dine with Talbot Twysden. He said, just now, that he expected you."

"Did he?" said his lordship. "Then Talbot Twysden told a hanged lie!" And little Tom Eaves, my informant, remembered these remarkable words, because of a circumstance which now almost immediately followed.

A very few days after Philip's departure, our friend, the Little Sister, came to us at our breakfast-table, wearing an expression of much trouble and sadness on her kind little face; the causes of which sorrow she explained to us, as soon as our children had gone away to their school-room. We have mentioned, amongst Mrs. Brandon's friends, and as one of her father's constant companions, the worthy Mr. Ridley, father of the

celebrated painter of that name, who was himself of much too honourable and noble a nature to be ashamed of his humble paternal origin. Companionship between father and son could not be very close or intimate; especially as in the younger Ridley's boyhood his father, who knew nothing of the fine arts, had looked upon the child as a sickly, half-witted creature, who would be to his parents but a grief and a burden. But when J. J. Ridley, Esq., began to attain eminence in his profession, his father's eyes were opened; in place of neglect and contempt, he looked up to his boy with a sincere, naïve admiration, and often, with tears, has narrated the pride and pleasure which he felt on the day when he waited on John James at his master's, Lord Todmorden's table. Ridley senior now felt that he had been unkind and unjust to his boy in the latter's early days, and with a very touching humility the old man acknowledged his previous injustice, and tried to atone for it by present respect and affection.

Though fondness for his son, and delight in the company of Captain Gann, often drew Mr. Ridley to Thornhaugh Street, and to the Admiral Byng Club, of which both were leading members, Ridley senior belonged to other clubs at the West End, where Lord Todmorden's butler consorted with the confidential butlers of others of the nobility; and I am informed that in those clubs Ridley continued to be called "Todmorden" long after his connexion with that venerable nobleman had ceased. He continued to be called Lord Todmorden, in fact, just as Lord Popinjoy is still called

by his old friends Popinjoy, though his father is dead, and Popinjoy, as everybody knows, is at present Earl of Pintado.

At one of these clubs of their order, Lord Todmorden's man was in the constant habit of meeting Lord Ringwood's man, when their lordships (master and man) were in town. These gentlemen had a regard for each other; and, when they met, communicated to each other their views of society, and their opinions of the characters of the various noble lords and influential commoners whom they served. Mr. Rudge knew everything about Philip Firmin's affairs, about the doctor's flight, about Philip's generous behaviour. "Generous! *I* call it admiral!" old Ridley remarked, while relating this trait of our friend's, and his present position. And Rudge contrasted Philip's manly behaviour with the conduct of some *sneaks* which he would not name then, but which they were always speaking ill of the poor young fellow behind his back, and sneaking up to my lord, and greater skinflints and meaner humbugs never were: and there was no accounting for tastes, but he, Rudge, would not marry *his* daughter to a black man,

Now, that day when Mr. Firmin went to see my Lord Ringwood was one of my lord's very worst days, when it was almost as dangerous to go near him as to approach a Bengal tiger. "When he is going to have a fit of gout, his lordship," Mr. Rudge remarked, "was hawful. He curse and swear, he do, at everybody; even the clergy or the ladies—all's one. On that very day when Mr. Firmin called he had said to Mr. Twysden, 'Get

out, and don't come slandering, and backbiting, and bullying that poor devil of a boy any more. Its blackguardly, by George, sir—it's blackguardly.' And Twysden came out with his tail between his legs, and he says to me—' Rudge,' says he, ' my lord's uncommon bad to-day.' Well. He hadn't been gone an hour when pore Philip comes, bad luck to him, and my lord, who had just heard from Twysden all about that young woman—that party at Paris, Mr. Ridley—and it is about as great a piece of folly as ever I heard tell of—my lord turns upon the pore young fellar and call him names worse than Twysden. But Mr. Firmin ain't that sort of man, he isn't. He won't suffer any man to call *him* names; and I suppose he gave my lord his own back again, for I heard my lord swear at him tremendous, I did, with my own ears. When my lord has the gout flying about, I told you he is awful. When he takes his colchicum he's worse. Now, we have got a party at Whipham at Christmas, and at Whipham we must be. And he took his colchicum night before last, and to-day he was in such a tremendous rage of swearing, cursing, and blowing up everybody, that it was as if he was *red hot*. And when Twysden and Mrs. Twysden called that day—(if you kick that fellar out at the hall door, I'm blest if he won't come smirkin' down the chimney)—and he wouldn't see any of them. And he bawled out after me, ' If Firmin comes, kick him downstairs—do you hear?' with ever so many oaths and curses against the poor fellow, while he vowed he would never see his hanged impudent face again. But

this wasn't all, Ridley. He sent for Bradgate, his lawyer, that very day. He had back his will, which I signed myself as one of the witnesses—me and Wilcox, the master of the hotel—and I know he had left Firmin something in it. Take my word for it. To that poor young fellow he means mischief." A full report of this conversation Mr. Ridley gave to his little friend Mrs. Brandon, knowing the interest which Mrs. Brandon took in the young gentleman; and with these unpleasant news Mrs. Brandon came off to advise with those, who—the good nurse was pleased to say—were Philip's best friends in the world. We wished we could give the Little Sister comfort: but all the world knew what a man Lord Ringwood was—how arbitrary, how revengeful, how cruel.

I knew Mr. Bradgate the lawyer, with whom I had business, and called upon him, more anxious to speak about Philip's affairs than my own. I suppose I was too eager in coming to my point, for Bradgate saw the meaning of my questions, and declined to answer them. "My client and I are not the dearest friends in the world," Bradgate said, "but I must keep his counsel, and must not tell you whether Mr. Firmin's name is down in his lordship's will or not. How should I know? He may have altered his will. He may have left Firmin money; he may have left him none. I hope young Firmin does not count on a legacy. That's all. He may be disappointed if he does. Why, *you* may hope for a legacy from Lord Ringwood, and you may be disappointed. I know scores of people who do hope for

something, and who won't get a penny." And this was all the reply I could get at that time from the oracular little lawyer.

I told my wife, as of course every dutiful man tells everything to every dutiful wife: but though Bradgate discouraged us, there was somehow a lurking hope still that the old nobleman would provide for our friend. Then Philip would marry Charlotte. Then he would earn ever so much more money by his newspaper. Then he would be happy ever after. My wife counts eggs not only before they are hatched, but before they are laid. Never was such an obstinate hopefulness of character. I, on the other hand, take a rational and despondent view of things; and if they turn out better than I expect, as sometimes they will, I affably own that I have been mistaken.

But an early day came when Mr. Bradgate was no longer needful, or when he thought himself released from the obligations of silence with regard to his noble client. It was two days before Christmas, and I took my accustomed afternoon saunter to Bays's, where other *habitués* of the club were assembled. There was no little buzzing, and excitement among the frequenters of the place. Talbot Twysden always arrived at Bays's at ten minutes past four, and scuffled for the evening paper, as if its contents were matter of great importance to Talbot. He would hold men's buttons, and discourse to them the leading article out of that paper with an astounding emphasis and gravity. On this day, some ten minutes after his accustomed

hour, he reached the club. Other gentlemen were engaged in perusing the evening journal. The lamps on the tables lighted up the bald heads, the grey heads, dyed heads, and the wigs of many assembled fogies—murmurs went about the room. “Very sudden.” “Gout in the stomach.” “Dined here only four days ago.” “Looked very well.” “Very well? No! Never saw a fellow look worse in my life.” “Yellow as a guinea.” “Couldn’t eat.” “Swore dreadfully at the waiters, and at Tom Eaves who dined with him.” “Seventy-six, I see.—Born in the same year with the Duke of York.” “Forty thousand a-year.” “Forty? fifty-eight thousand three hundred, I tell you. Always been a saving man.” “Estate goes to his cousin, Sir John Ringwood; not a member here—member of Boodle’s.” “Hated each other furiously. Very violent temper, the old fellow was. Never got over the Reform Bill, they used to say.” “Wonder whether he’ll leave anything to old bow-wow Twys—” Here enters Talbot Twysden, Esq.—“Ha, Colonel! How are you? What’s the news to-night? Kept late at my office, making up accounts. Going down to Whipham to-morrow to pass Christmas with my wife’s uncle—Ringwood, you know. Always go down to Whipham at Christmas. Keeps the pheasants for us—no longer a hunting man myself. Lost my nerve, by George.”

Whilst the braggart little creature indulged in this pompous talk, he did not see the significant looks which were fixed upon him, or if he remarked them,

was perhaps pleased by the attention which he excited. Bays's had long echoed with Twysden's account of Ringwood, the pheasants, his own loss of nerve in hunting, and the sum which their family would inherit at the death of their noble relative.

"I think I have heard you say Sir John Ringwood inherits after your relative?" asked Mr. Hookham.

"Yes; the estate, not the title. The earldom goes to my lord and his heirs—Hookham. Why shouldn't he marry again? I often say to him, 'Ringwood, why don't you marry, if it's only to disappoint that Whig fellow Sir John. You are fresh and hale, Ringwood. You may live twenty years, five and twenty years. If you leave your niece and my children anything, we're not in a hurry to inherit,' I say; 'why don't you marry?'"

"Ah! Twysden, he's past marrying," groans Mr. Hookham.

"Not at all. Sober man, now. Stout man. Immense powerful man. Healthy man, but for gout. I often say to him, 'Ringwood!' I say——"

"Oh, for mercy's sake! stop this," groans old Mr. Tremlett, who always begins to shudder at the sound of poor Twysden's voice. "Tell him somebody."

"Haven't you heard, Twysden? Haven't you seen? Don't you know?" asks Mr. Hookham solemnly.

"Heard, seen, known—what?" cries the other.

"An accident has happened to Lord Ringwood. Look at the paper. Here it is." And Twysden pulls out his great gold eye-glasses, holds the paper as far as

his little arm will reach, and —— and merciful Powers! —— but I will not venture to depict the agony on that noble face. Like Timanthes, the painter, I hide this Agamemnon with a veil. I cast the *Globe* newspaper over him. Illabatur orbis: and let imagination depict our Twysden under the ruins.

What Twysden read in the *Globe* was a mere curt paragraph; but in next morning's *Times* there was one of those obituary notices to which noblemen of eminence must submit from the mysterious necrographer engaged by that paper.

CHAPTER VI.

PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

THE first and only Earl of Ringwood has submitted to the fate which peers and commoners are alike destined to undergo. Hastening to his magnificent seat of Whipham Market, where he proposed to entertain an illustrious Christmas party, his lordship left London scarcely recovered from an attack of gout to which he has been for many years a martyr. The disease must have flown to his stomach, and suddenly mastered him. At Turreys Regum, thirty miles from his own princely habitation, where he had been accustomed to dine on his almost royal progresses to his home, he was already in a state of dreadful suffering, to which his attendants did not pay the attention which his condition ought to have excited; for when labouring under this most painful malady his outcries were loud, and his language and demeanour exceedingly violent. He angrily refused to send for medical aid at Turreys, and insisted on continuing his journey homewards. He was one of the old school, who never would enter a railway (though his fortune was greatly increased by the passage of the railway through his property); and his own horses always met him at Popper's Tavern, an obscure hamlet, seventeen miles from his princely

seat. He made no sign on arriving at Popper's, and spoke no word, to the now serious alarm of his servants. When they came to light his carriage-lamps, and look into his postchaise, the lord of many thousand acres, and, according to report, of immense wealth, was dead. The journey from Turreys had been the last stage of a long, a prosperous, and, if not a famous, at least a notorious and magnificent career.

“The late John George Earl and Baron Ringwood and Viscount Cinquars entered into public life at the dangerous period before the French Revolution; and commenced his career as the friend and companion of the Prince of Wales. When his Royal Highness seceded from the Whig party, Lord Ringwood also joined the Tory side of politicians, and an earldom was the price of his fidelity. But on the elevation of Lord Steyne to a marquissate, Lord Ringwood quarrelled for awhile with his royal patron and friend, deeming his own services unjustly slighted as a like dignity was not conferred on himself. On several occasions he gave his vote against Government, and caused his nominees in the House of Commons to vote with the Whigs. He never was reconciled to his late Majesty George IV., of whom he was in the habit of speaking with characteristic bluntness. The approach of the Reform Bill, however, threw this nobleman definitively on the Tory side, of which he has ever since remained, if not an eloquent, at least a violent supporter. He was said to be a liberal landlord, so long as his tenants did not thwart him in his views. His only son died early; and

his lordship, according to report, has long been on ill terms with his kinsman and successor, Sir John Ringwood, of Appleshaw, Baronet. The Barony has been in this ancient family since the reign of George I., when Sir John Ringwood was ennobled, and Sir Francis, his brother, a Baron of the Exchequer, was advanced to the dignity of a Baronet by the first of our Hanoverian sovereigns."

This was the article which my wife and I read on the morning of Christmas eve, as our children were decking lamps and looking-glasses with holly and red berries for the approaching festival. I had despatched a hurried note, containing the news, to Philip on the night previous. We were painfully anxious about his fate now, when a few days would decide it. Again my business or curiosity took me to see Mr. Bradgate the lawyer. He was in possession of the news, of course. He was not averse to talk about it. The death of his client unsealed the lawyer's lips partially: and I must say Bradgate spoke in a manner not flattering to his noble deceased client. The brutalities of the late nobleman had been very hard to bear. On occasion of their last meeting his oaths and disrespectful behaviour had been specially odious. He had abused almost every one of his relatives. His heir, he said, was a prating Republican humbug. He had a relative (whom Bradgate said he would not name) who was a scheming, swaggering, swindling lickspittle parasite, always cringing at his heels, and longing for his death. And he had another relative, the impudent son of a swindling

doctor, who had insulted him two hours before in his own room;—a fellow who was a pauper, and going to propagate a breed for the workhouse; for, after his behaviour of that day, he would be condemned to the lowest pit of Acheron, before he (Lord Ringwood) would give that scoundrel a penny of his money. “And his lordship desired me to send him back his will,” said Mr. Bradgate. “And he destroyed that will before he went away: it was not the first he had burned. And I may tell you, now all is over, that he had left his brother’s grandson a handsome legacy in that will, which your poor friend might have had, but that he went to see my lord in his unlucky fit of gout.” Ah, mea culpa! mea culpa! And who sent Philip to see his relative in that unlucky fit of gout? Who was so worldly-wise—so Twysden-like, as to counsel Philip to flattery and submission? But for that advice he might be wealthy now; he might be happy; he might be ready to marry his young sweetheart. Our Christmas turkey choked me as I ate of it. The lights burned dimly, and the kisses and laughter under the mistletoe were but melancholy sport. But for my advice, how happy might my friend have been! I looked askance at the honest faces of my children. What would they say if they knew their father had advised a friend to cringe, and bow, and humble himself before a rich, wicked old man? I sate as mute at the pantomime as at a burial; the laughter of the little ones smote me as with a reproof. A burial? With plumes and lights, and upholsterers’ pageantry, and mourning by the yard

measure, they were burying my Lord Ringwood, who might have made Philip Firmin rich but for me.

All lingering hopes regarding our friend were quickly put to an end. A will was found at Whipham, dated a year back, in which no mention was made of poor Philip Firmin. Small legacies—disgracefully shabby and small, Twysden said—were left to the Twysden family, with the full-length portrait of the late earl in his coronation robes, which, I should think, must have given but small satisfaction to his surviving relatives; for his lordship was but an ill-favoured nobleman, and the price of the carriage of the large picture from Whipham was a tax which poor Talbot made very wry faces at paying. Had the picture been accompanied by thirty or forty thousand pounds, or fifty thousand—why should he not have left them fifty thousand?—how different Talbot's grief would have been! Whereas when Talbot counted up the dinners he had given to Lord Ringwood, all of which he could easily calculate by his cunning ledgers and journals in which was noted down every feast at which his lordship attended, every guest assembled, and every bottle of wine drunk, Twysden found that he had absolutely spent more money upon my lord than the old man had paid back in his will. But all the family went into mourning, and the Twysden coachman and footman turned out in black worsted epaulettes in honour of the illustrious deceased. It is not every day that a man gets a chance of publicly bewailing the loss of an earl his relative. I suppose Twysden took many hundred people into his

confidence on this matter, and bewailed his uncle's death and his own wrongs whilst clinging to many scores of button-holes.

And how did poor Philip bear the disappointment? He must have felt it, for I fear we ourselves had encouraged him in the hope that his grand-uncle would do something to relieve his necessity. Philip put a bit of crape round his hat, wrapped himself in his shabby old mantle, and declined any outward show of grief at all. If the old man had left him money, it had been well. As he did not,—a puff of cigar, perhaps, ends the sentence, and our philosopher gives no further thought to his disappointment. Was not Philip the poor as lordly and independent as Philip the rich? A struggle with poverty is a wholesome wrestling match at three or five and twenty. The sinews are young, and are braced by the contest. It is upon the aged that the battle falls hardly, who are weakened by failing health, and perhaps enervated by long years of prosperity.

Firmin's broad back could carry a heavy burden, and he was glad to take all the work which fell in his way. Phipps, of the *Daily Intelligencer*, wanting an assistant, Philip gladly sold four hours of his day to Mr. Phipps: translated page after page of newspapers, French and German; took an occasional turn at the Chamber of Deputies, and gave an account of a sitting of importance, and made himself quite an active lieutenant. He began positively to save money. He wore dreadfully shabby clothes, to be sure: for Charlotte could not go to his chamber and mend his rags as the Little Sister

had done: but when Mrs. Baynes abused him for his shabby appearance—and indeed it must have been mortifying sometimes to see the fellow in his old clothes swaggering about in Madame Smolensk's apartments, talking loud, contradicting and laying down the law—Charlotte defended her maligned Philip. “Do you know why Monsieur Philip has those shabby clothes?” she asked of Madame de Smolensk. “Because he has been sending money to his father in America.” And Smolensk said that Monsieur Philip was a brave young man, and that he might come dressed like an Iroquois to her *soirée*, and he should be welcome. And Mrs. Baynes was rude to Philip when he was present, and scornful in her remarks when he was absent. And Philip trembled before Mrs. Baynes; and he took her boxes on the ear with much meekness; for was not his Charlotte a hostage in her mother's hands, and might not Mrs. General B. make that poor little creature suffer?

One or two Indian ladies of Mrs. Baynes' acquaintance happened to pass this winter in Paris, and these persons, who had furnished lodgings in the Faubourg St. Honoré, or the Champs Elysées, and rode in their carriages with, very likely, a footman on the box, rather looked down upon Mrs. Baynes for living in a boarding-house, and keeping no equipage. No woman likes to be looked down upon by any other woman, especially by such a creature as Mrs. Batters, the lawyer's wife, from Calcutta, who was not in society, and did not go to Government House, and here was driving about in the

Champs Elysées, and giving herself such airs, indeed! So was Mrs. Doctor Maccoon, with her *lady's-maid*, and her *man-cook*, and her *open carriage*, and her *close carriage*. (Pray read these words with the most withering emphasis which you can lay upon them.) And who was Mrs. Maccoon, pray? Madame Béret, the French milliner's daughter, neither more nor less. And this creature must scatter her mud over her betters who went on foot. "I am telling my poor girls, madame," she would say to Madame Smolensk, "that if I had been a milliner's girl, or their father had been a pettifogging attorney, and not a soldier, who has served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, they would be *better dressed* than they are now, poor chicks!—we might have a fine apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré—we need not live at a boarding-house."

"And if *I* had been a milliner, Madame la Générale," cried Smolensk, with spirit, "perhaps I should not have had need to keep a boarding-house. My father was a general officer, and served his emperor too. But what will you? We have all to do disagreeable things, and to live with disagreeable people, madame!" And with this Smolensk makes Mrs. General Baynes a fine curtsy, and goes off to other affairs or guests. She was of the opinion of many of Philip's friends. "Ah, Monsieur Philip," she said to him, "when you are married, you will live far from that woman; is it not?"

Hearing that Mrs. Batters was going to the Tuileries, I am sorry to say a violent emulation inspired Mrs. Baynes, and she never was easy until she persuaded her

general to take her to the ambassador's, and to the entertainments of the citizen king who governed France in those days. It would cost little or nothing. Charlotte must be brought out. Her aunt, McWhirter, from Tours, had sent Charlotte a present of money for a dress. To do Mrs. Baynes justice, she spent very little money upon her own raiment, and extracted from one of her trunks a costume which had done duty at Barrackpore and Calcutta. "After hearing that Mrs. Batters went, I knew she never would be easy," General Baynes said, with a sigh. His wife denied the accusation as an outrage, said that men always imputed the worst motives to women, whereas her wish, heaven knows, was only to see her darling child properly presented, and her husband in his proper rank in the world. And Charlotte looked lovely, upon the evening of the ball; and Madame Smolensk dressed Charlotte's hair very prettily, and offered to lend Auguste to accompany the general's carriage; but Ogoost revolted, and said, "Non, merci! he would do anything for the general and Miss Charlotte—but for the générale, no, no, no!" and he made signs of violent abnegation. And though Charlotte looked as sweet as a rosebud, she had little pleasure in her ball, Philip not being present. And how could he be present, who had but one old coat, and holes in his boots?

So, you see, after a sunny autumn, a cold winter comes, when the wind is bad for delicate chests, and muddy for little shoes. How could Charlotte come out at eight o'clock through mud or snow of a winter's

morning, if she had been out at an evening party late over night? Mrs. General Baynes began to go out a good deal to the Paris evening parties—I mean to the parties of us Trojans—parties where there are forty English people, three Frenchmen, and a German who plays the piano. Charlotte was very much admired. The fame of her good looks spread abroad. I promise you that there were persons of much more importance than the poor Vicomte de *Garçon-boutique*, who were charmed by her bright eyes, her bright smiles, her artless, rosy beauty. Why, little Hely of the Embassy actually invited himself to Mrs. Doctor Macoon's, in order to see this young beauty, and danced with her without ceasing. Mr. Hely, who was the pink of fashion, you know; who danced with the royal princesses; and was at all the grand parties of the Faubourg St. Germain. He saw her to her carriage, a very shabby fly, it must be confessed; but Mrs. Baynes told him they had been accustomed to a very different kind of equipage in India. He actually called at the boarding-house, and left his card, *M. Walsingham Hely, attaché à l'Ambassade de S. M. Britannique*, for General Baynes and his lady. To what balls would Mrs. Baynes like to go? to the Tuileries? to the Embassy? to the Faubourg St. Germain? to the Faubourg St. Honoré? I could name many more persons of distinction who were fascinated by pretty Miss Charlotte. Her mother felt more and more ashamed of the shabby fly, in which our young lady was conveyed to and from her parties;—of the shabby fly, and of that shabby cavalier

who was in waiting sometimes to put Miss Charlotte into her carriage. Charlotte's mother's ears were only too acute when disparaging remarks were made about that cavalier. What? engaged to that queer red-bearded fellow, with the ragged shirt-collars, who trod upon everybody in the polka? A newspaper writer, was he? The son of that doctor who ran away after cheating everybody? What a very odd thing of General Baynes to think of engaging his daughter to such a person!

So Mr. Firmin was not asked to many distinguished houses, where his Charlotte was made welcome; where there was dancing in the saloon, very mild negus and cakes in the *salle-à-manger*, and cards in the lady's bed-room. And he did not care to be asked; and he made himself very arrogant and disagreeable when he was asked; and he would upset tea-trays, and burst out into roars of laughter at all times, and swagger about the drawing-room as if he was a man of importance—he indeed—giving himself such airs, because his grandfather's brother was an earl! And what had the earl done for him, pray? And what right had he to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley sang a little out of tune? What could General Baynes mean by selecting such a husband for that nice, modest young girl?

The old general sitting in the best bed-room, placidly playing at whist with the other British fogies, does not hear these remarks, perhaps, but little Mrs. Baynes with her eager eyes and ears sees and knows everything. Many people have told *her* that Philip is a bad

match for his daughter. She has heard him contradict calmly quite wealthy people. Mr. Hobday, who has a house in Carlton Terrace, London, and goes to the first houses in Paris, Philip has contradicted him point blank, until Mr. Hobday turned quite red, and Mrs. Hobday didn't know where to look. Mr. Peplow, a clergyman and a baronet's eldest son, who will be one day the Rev. Sir Charles Peplow of Peplow Manor, was praising Tomlinson's poems, and offered to read out at Mr. Badger's—and he reads very finely, though a little perhaps through his nose—and when he was going to begin, Mr. Firmin said, “My dear Peplow, for heaven's sake don't give us any of that rot. I would as soon hear one of your own prize poems.” Rot, indeed! What an expression! Of course Mr. Peplow was very much annoyed. And this from a mere newspaper writer. Never heard of such rudeness! Mrs. Tuffin said she took her line at once after seeing this Mr. Firmin. “He may be an earl's grand-nephew, for what I care. He may have been at college, he has not learned good manners there. He may be clever, I don't profess to be a judge. But he is most overbearing, clumsy and disagreeable. I shall not ask him to my Tuesdays; and Emma, if he asks you to dance, I beg you will do no such thing!” A bull, you understand, in a meadow, or on a prairie with a herd of other buffalos, is a noble animal: but a bull in a china-shop is out of place; and even so was Philip amongst the crockery of those little simple tea-parties, where his mane, and hoofs, and roar, caused endless disturbance.

These remarks concerning the accepted son-in-law Mrs. Baynes heard and, at proper moments, repeated. She ruled Baynes ; but was very cautious, and secretly afraid of him. Once or twice she had gone too far in her dealings with the quiet old man, and he had revolted, put her down and never forgiven her. Beyond a certain point, she dared not provoke her husband. She would say, " Well, Baynes, marriage is a lottery : and I am afraid our poor Charlotte has not pulled a prize : " on which the general would reply, " No more have others, my dear ! " and so drop the subject for the time being. On another occasion it would be, " You heard how rude Philip Firmin was to Mr. Hobday ? " And the general would answer, " I was at cards, my dear. " Again she might say, " Mrs. Tuffin says she will not have Philip Firmin to her Tuesdays, my dear : " and the general's rejoinder would be, " Begad, so much the better for him ! " " Ah ! " she groans, " he's always offending some one ! " " I don't think he seems to please *you* much, Eliza ! " responds the general : and she answers, " No, he don't, and that I confess ; and I don't like to think, Baynes, of my sweet child given up to certain poverty, and such a man ! " At which the general with some of his garrison phrases would break out with a " Hang, it, Eliza, do you suppose I think it is a very good match ? " and turn to the wall, and, I hope, to sleep.

As for poor little Charlotte, her mother is not afraid of little Charlotte : and when the two are alone the poor child knows she is to be made wretched by her mother's

assaults upon Philip. Was there ever anything so bad as his behaviour, to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley was singing? Was he called upon to contradict Sir Charles Peplow in that abrupt way, and as good as tell him he was a fool? It was very wrong certainly, and poor Charlotte thinks, with a blush, perhaps, how she was just at the point of admiring Sir Charles Peplow's reading very much, and had been prepared to think Tomlinson's poems delightful, until Philip ordered her to adopt a contemptuous opinion of the poet. And did you see how he was dressed? a button wanting on his waistcoat, and a hole in his boot?

"Mamma!" cries Charlotte, turning very red. "He might have been better dressed—if—if——"

"That is, you would like your own father to be in prison, your mother to beg her bread, your sisters to go in rags, and your brothers to starve, Charlotte, in order that we should pay Philip Firmin back the money of which his father robbed him! Yes. That's your meaning. You needn't explain yourself. I can understand quite well, thank you. Good-night. I hope *you'll* sleep well. *I* shan't, after this conversation. Good-night, Charlotte!" Ah, me! O course of true love, didst thou ever run smooth? As we peep into that boarding-house; whereof I have already described the mistress as wakeful with racking care regarding the morrow; wherein lie the Miss Bolderos, who must naturally be very uncomfortable, being on sufferance, and as it were in pain, as they lie on their beds;—what sorrows do we not perceive brooding over the nightcaps?

There is poor Charlotte who has said her prayer for her Philip; and as she lays her young eyes on the pillow, they wet it with their tears. Why does her mother for ever and for ever speak against him? Why is her father so cold when Philip's name is mentioned? Could Charlotte ever think of any but him? Oh, never, never! And so the wet eyes are veiled at last; and close in doubt and fear and care. And in the next room to Charlotte's, a little yellow old woman lies stark awake; and in the bed by her side an old gentleman can't close his eyes for thinking—my poor girl is promised to a beggar. All the fine hopes which we had of his getting a legacy from that lord are over. Poor child, poor child, what will become of her?

Now, Two Sticks, let us fly over the river Seine to Mr. Philip Firmin's quarters: to Philip's house, who has not got a penny; to Philip's bed, who has made himself so rude and disagreeable at that tea-party. He has no idea that he has offended anybody. He has gone home perfectly well pleased. He has kicked off the tattered boot. He has found a little fire lingering in his stove, by which he has smoked the pipe of thought. Ere he has jumped into his bed he has knelt a moment beside it; and with all his heart—oh! with all his heart and soul—has committed the dearest one to heaven's loving protection! And now he sleeps like a child.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN
FIELDS.

THE describer and biographer of my friend Mr. Philip Firmin has tried to extenuate nothing; and, I hope, has set down naught in malice. If Philip's boots had holes in them, I have written that he had holes in his boots. If he had a red beard, there it is red in this story. I might have oiled it with a tinge of brown, and painted it a rich auburn. Towards modest people he was very gentle and tender; but I must own that in general society he was not always an agreeable companion. He was often haughty and arrogant: he was impatient of old stories: he was intolerant of commonplaces. Mrs. Baynes' anecdotes of her garrison experiences in India and Europe got a very impatient hearing from Mr. Philip; and though little Charlotte gently remonstrated with him, saying, "Do, do let mamma tell her story out; and don't turn away and talk about something else in the midst of it; and don't tell her you have heard the story before, you rude man! If she is not pleased with you, she is angry with me, and I have to suffer when you are gone away,"—Miss Charlotte did not say how much

she had to suffer when Philip was absent ; how constantly her mother found fault with him ; what a sad life, in consequence of her attachment to him, the young maiden had to lead ; and I fear that clumsy Philip, in his selfish thoughtlessness, did not take enough count of the sufferings which his behaviour brought on the girl. You see I am acknowledging that there were many faults on his side, which, perhaps, may in some degree excuse or account for those which Mrs. General Baynes certainly committed towards him. She did not love Philip naturally ; and do you suppose she loved him because she was under great obligations to him ? Do you love your creditor because you owe him more than you can ever pay ? If I never paid my tailor, should I be on good terms with him ? I might go on ordering suits of clothes from now to the year nineteen hundred ; but I should hate him worse year after year. I should find fault with his cut and his cloth : I daresay I should end by thinking his bills extortionate, though I never paid them. Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. I wonder was that traveller who fell among the thieves grateful afterwards to the Samaritan who rescued him ? He gave money certainly ; but he didn't miss it. The religious opinions of Samaritans are lamentably heterodox. O brother ! may we help the fallen still though they never pay us, and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude !

Of this I am determined, that whenever I go courting again, I will not pay my addresses to my dear creature—day after day, and from year's end to year's end,

very likely, with the dear girl's mother, father, and half a dozen young brothers and sisters in the room. I shall begin by being civil to the old lady, of course. She is flattered at first by having a young fellow coming courting to her daughter. She calls me "dear Edward;" works me a pair of braces; writes to mamma and sisters, and so forth. Old gentleman says, "Brown, my boy" (I am here fondly imagining myself to be a young fellow named Edward Brown, attached, let us say, to Miss Kate Thompson)—Thompson, I say, says, "Brown, my boy, come to dinner at seven. Cover laid for you always;" and of course, delicious thought! that cover is by dearest Kate's side. But the dinner is bad sometimes. Sometimes I come late. Sometimes things are going badly in the city. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson is out of humour;—she always thought Kate might have done better. And in the midst of these doubts and delays, suppose JONES appears, who is older, but of a better temper, a better family, and—plague on him!—twice as rich? What are engagements? What are promises? It is sometimes an affectionate mother's DUTY to break her promise, and that duty the resolute matron will do.

Then Edward is Edward no more, but Mr. Brown; or, worse still, nameless in the house. Then the knife and fork are removed from poor Kate's side, and she swallows her own sad meal in tears. Then if one of the little Thompsons says, artlessly, "Papa, I met Teddy Brown in Regent Street; he looked so——" "Hold your tongue, unfeeling wretch!" cries mamma. "Look

at that dear child!" Kate is swooning. She has sal-volatile. The medical man is sent for. And presently—Charles Jones is taking Kate Thompson to dinner. Long voyages are dangerous; so are long courtships. In long voyages passengers perpetually quarrel (for that Mrs. General could vouch); in long courtships the same danger exists; and how much the more when in that latter ship you have a mother who is for ever putting in her oar! And then to think of the annoyance of that love voyage, when you and the beloved and beloved's papa, mamma, half a dozen brothers and sisters, are all in one cabin! For economy's sake the Bayneses had no sitting-room at madame's—for you could not call that room on the second floor a sitting-room which had two beds in it, and in which the young ones practised the piano, with poor Charlotte as their mistress. Philip's courting had to take place for the most part before the whole family; and to make love under such difficulties would have been horrible and maddening and impossible almost, only we have admitted that our young friends had little walks in the Champs Elysées; and then you must own that it must have been delightful for them to write each other perpetual little notes, which were delivered occultly under the very nose of papa and mamma, and in the actual presence of the other boarders at madame's, who, of course, never saw anything that was going on. Yes, those sly monkeys actually made little post-offices about the room. There was, for instance, the clock on the mantelpiece in the salon on which was carved the old

French allegory, "*Le temps fait passer l'amour.*" One of those artful young people would pop a note into Time's boat, where you may be sure no one saw it. The trictrac board was another post-office. So was the drawer of the music-stand. So was the Sèvres China flower-pot, &c. &c. ; to each of which repositories in its turn the lovers confided the delicious secrets of their wooing.

Have you ever looked at your love-letters to Darby, when you were courting, dear Joan? They are sacred pages to read. You have his tied up somewhere in a faded ribbon. You scarce need spectacles as you look at them. The hair grows black; the eyes moisten and brighten; the cheeks fill and blush again. I protest there is nothing so beautiful as Darby and Joan in the world. I hope Philip and his wife will be Darby and Joan to the end. I tell you they are married; and don't want to make any mysteries about the business. I disdain that sort of artifice. In the days of the old three-volume novels, didn't you always look at the end, to see that Louisa and the earl (or young clergyman, as the case might be) were happy? If they died, or met with other grief, for my part I put the book away. This pair, then, are well; are married; are, I trust, happy: but before they married, and afterwards, they had great griefs and troubles; as no doubt you have had, dear sir, or madam, since you underwent that ceremony. Married? Of course they are. Do you suppose I would have allowed little Charlotte to meet Philip in the Champs Elysées with only a giddy little

boy of a brother for a companion, who would turn away to see Punch, Guignol, the soldiers marching by, the old woman's gingerbread and toffy stall and so forth? Do you, I say, suppose I would have allowed those two to go out together, unless they were to be married afterwards? Out walking together they did go; and, once, as they were arm-in-arm in the Champs Elysées, whom should they see in a fine open carriage but young Twysden and Captain and Mrs. Woolcomb, to whom, as they passed, Philip doffed his hat with a profound bow, and whom he further saluted with a roar of immense laughter. Woolcomb must have heard the peal. I daresay it brought a little blush into Mrs. Woolcomb's cheek; and—and so, no doubt, added to the many attractions of that elegant lady. I have no secrets about my characters, and speak my mind about them quite freely. They said that Woolcomb was the most jealous, stingy, ostentatious, cruel little brute; that he led his wife a dismal life. Well? If he *did*? I'm sure, I don't care. "There is that swaggering bankrupt beggar Firmin!" cries the tawny bridegroom, biting his moustache. "Impudent ragged blackguard," says Twysden minor, "I saw him."

"Hadn't you better stop the carriage, and abuse him to himself, and not to me?" says Mrs. Woolcomb, languidly, flinging herself back on her cushions.

"Go on. Hang you! Ally! Vite!" cry the gentlemen in the carriage to the laquais de place on the box.

"I can fancy you don't care about seeing him,"

resumes Mrs. Woolcomb. "He has a violent temper, and I would not have you quarrel for the world." So I suppose Woolcomb again swears at the laquais de place: and the happy couple, as the saying is, roll away to the Bois de Boulogne.

"What makes you laugh so?" says little Charlotte, fondly, as she trips along by her lover's side.

"Because I am so happy, my dearest!" says the other, squeezing to his heart the little hand that lies on his arm. As he thinks on yonder woman, and then looks into the pure eager face of the sweet girl beside him, the scornful laughter occasioned by the sudden meeting which is just over hushes;—and an immense feeling of thankfulness fills the breast of the young man:—thankfulness for the danger from which he has escaped, and for the blessed prize which has fallen to him.

But Mr. Philip's walks were not to be as pleasant as this walk; and we are now coming to history of wet, slippery roads, bad times, and winter weather. All I can promise about this gloomy part is, that it shall not be a long story. You will acknowledge we made very short work with the love-making, which I give you my word I consider to be the very easiest part of the novel-writer's business. As those rapturous scenes between the captain and the heroine are going on, a writer who knows his business may be thinking about anything else—about the ensuing chapter, or about what he is going to have for dinner, or what you will; therefore, as we passed over the raptures and joys of the courting

so very curtly, you must please to gratify me by taking the grief in a very short measure. If our young people are going to suffer, let the pain be soon over. Sit down in the chair, Miss Baynes, if you please, and you, Mr. Firmin, in this. Allow me to examine you; just open your mouth if you please; and—oh, oh, my dear miss—there it is out! A little eau-de-Cologne and water, my dear. And now, Mr. Firmin, if you please, we will—what fangs! what a big one! Two guineas. Thank you. Good morning. Come to me once a year. John, show in the next party. About the ensuing painful business, then, I protest I don't intend to be much longer occupied than the humane and dexterous operator to whom I have made so bold as to liken myself. If my pretty Charlotte is to have a tooth out, it shall be removed as gently as possible, poor dear. As for Philip, and his great red-bearded jaw, I don't care so much if the tug makes *him* roar a little. And yet they remain, they remain and throb in after life, those wounds of early days. Have I not said how, as I chanced to walk with Mr. Firmin in Paris, many years after the domestic circumstances here recorded, he paused before the window of that house near the Champs Elysées where Madame Smolensk once held her *pension*, shook his fist at a *jalousie* of the now dingy and dilapidated mansion, and intimated to me that he had undergone severe sufferings in the chamber lighted by yonder window? So have we all suffered; so, very likely, my dear young miss, or master, who peruses this modest page, will you have to suffer in your time. You will not die of the

operation, most probably: but it is painful: it makes a gap in the mouth, *voyez-vous?* and years and years, maybe, after, as you think of it, the smart is renewed, and the dismal tragedy enacts itself over again.

Philip liked his little maiden to go out, to dance, to laugh, to be admired, to be happy. In her artless way she told him of her balls, her tea-parties, her pleasures, her partners. In a girl's first little season nothing escapes her. Have you not wondered to hear them tell about the events of the evening, about the dresses of the dowagers, about the compliments of the young men, about the behaviour of the girls, and what not?

Little Charlotte used to enact the over-night's comedy for Philip, pouring out her young heart in her prattle as her little feet skipped by his side. And to hear Philip roar with laughter! It would have done you good. You might have heard him from the Obelisk to the Etoile. People turned round to look at him, and shrugged their shoulders wonderingly, as good-natured French folks will do. How could a man who had been lately ruined, a man who had just been disappointed of a great legacy from the earl his great uncle, a man whose boots were in that lamentable condition, laugh so, and have such high spirits? To think of such an impudent ragged blackguard (as Ringwood Twysden called his cousin) daring to be happy! The fact is, that clap of laughter smote those three Twysden people like three boxes on the ear, and made all their cheeks tingle and blush at once. At Philip's merriment, clouds which had come over Charlotte's sweet face would be

chased away. As she clung to him doubts which throbbéd at the girl's heart would vanish. When she was acting those scenes of the past night's entertainment, she was not always happy. As she talked and prattled, her own spirits would rise; and hope and natural joy would spring in her heart again, and come flushing up to her cheek. Charlotte was being a hypocrite, as, thank heaven, all good women sometimes are. She had griefs: she hid them from him. She had doubts and fears: they fled when he came in view, and she clung to his strong arm, and looked in his honest blue eyes. She did not tell him of those painful nights when *her* eyes were wakeful and tearful. A yellow old woman in a white jacket, with a nightcap and a night-light, would come, night after night, to the side of her little bed; and there stand, and with her grim voice bark against Philip. That old woman's lean finger would point to all the rents in poor Philip's threadbare paletot of a character—point to the holes, and tear them wider open. She would stamp on those muddy boots. She would throw up a peaked nose at the idea of the poor fellow's pipe—his pipe, his great companion and comforter when his dear little mistress was away. She would discourse on the partners of the night; the evident attentions of this gentleman, the politeness and high breeding of that.

And when that dreary nightly torture was over, and Charlotte's mother had left the poor child to herself, sometimes Madame Smolensk, sitting up over her ledgers and bills, and wakeful with her own cares, would

steal up and console poor Charlotte; and bring her some tisane, excellent for the nerves; and talk to her about—about the subject of which Charlotte best liked to hear. And though Smolensk was civil to Mrs. Baynes in the morning, as her professional duty obliged her to be, she has owned that she often felt a desire to strangle Madame la Générale for her conduct to her little angel of a daughter; and all because Monsieur Philippe smells the pipe, parbleu! “What? a family that owes you the bread which they eat; and they draw back for a pipe! The cowards, the cowards! A soldier’s daughter is not afraid of it. Merci! Tenez, M. Philippe,” she said to our friend when matters came to an extremity. “Do you know what in your place I would do? To a Frenchman I would not say so; that understands itself. But these things make themselves otherwise in England. I have no money, but I have a cachemire. Take him; and if I were you, I would make a little voyage to Gretna Grin.”

And now, if you please, we will quit the Champs Elysées. We will cross the road from madame’s boarding-house. We will make our way into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and actually enter a gate over which the L-on, the Un-c-rn, and the R-y-l Cr-wn and A-ms of the Three K-ngd-ms are sculptured, and going under the porte-cochère, and turning to the right, ascend a little stair, and ask of the attendant on the landing, who is in the chancellerie? The attendant says that several of those *messieurs y sont*. In fact, on entering the room, you find Mr. Motcomb,—let us say—Mr. Lowndes,

Mr. Halkin, and our young friend Mr. Walsingham Hely, seated at their respective tables in the midst of considerable smoke. Smoking in the midst of these gentlemen, and bestriding his chair, as though it were his horse, sits that gallant young Irish chieftain, The O'Rourke. Some of the gentlemen are copying, in a large handwriting, despatches on foolscap paper. I would rather be torn to pieces by O'Rourke's wildest horses, than be understood to hint at what those despatches, at what those despatch-boxes contain. Perhaps they contain some news from the Court of Spain, where some intrigues are carried on, a knowledge of which would make your hair start off your head; perhaps that box, for which a messenger is waiting in a neighbouring apartment, has locked up twenty-four yards of Chantilly lace for Lady Belweather, and six new French farces for Tom Tiddler of the Foreign Office, who is mad about the theatre. It is years and years ago; how should I know what there is in those despatch-boxes?

But the work, whatever it may be, is not very pressing—for there is only Mr. Chesham—[Did I say Chesham before, by the way? You may call him Mr. Sloanestreet if you like]. There is only Chesham (and he always takes things to the grand serious) who seems to be much engaged in writing; and the conversation goes on.

“Who gave it?” asks Motcomb.

“The black man, of course, gave it. We would not pretend to compete with such a long purse as his. You

should have seen what faces he made at the bill! Thirty francs a bottle for Rhine wine. He 'grinned with the most horrible agony when he read the addition. He almost turned yellow. He sent away his wife early. How long that girl was hanging about London; and think of her hooking a millionaire at last! Othello is a frightful screw, and diabolically jealous of his wife."

"What is the name of the little man who got so dismally drunk, and began to cry about old Ringwood?"

"Twysden—the woman's brother. Don't you know Humbug Twysden, the father? The youth is more offensive than the parent."

"A most disgusting little beast. Would come to the Variétés, because we said we were going: would go to Lamoignon's, where the Russians gave a dance and a lansquenet. Why didn't you come, Hely?"

Mr. Hely.—I tell you I hate the whole thing. Those painted old actresses give me the horrors. What do I want with winning Motcomb's money who hasn't got any? Do you think it gives me any pleasure to dance with old Carodol? She puts me in mind of my grandmother—only she is older. Do you think I want to go and see that insane old Boutzoff leering at Corinne and Palmyrine, and making a group of three old women together? I wonder how you fellows can go on. Aren't you tired of truffles and écrevisses à la Bordelaise; and those old opera people, whose withered old carcasses are stuffed with them?

The O'R.—There was Cérisette, I give ye me honour. Ye never saw. She feel asleep in her cheer ——

Mr. Lowndes.—In her *hwhat*, O'R.?

The O'R.—Well, in her CHAIR then! And Figaroff smayred her feece all over with the craym out of a Charlotte Roose. She's a regular bird, and mustache, you know, Cérisette has.

Mr. Hely.—Charlotte, Charlotte! Oh! (*He clutches his hair madly. His elbows are on the table.*)

Mr. Lowndes.—It's that girl he meets at the tea-parties, where he goes to be admired.

Mr. Hely.—It is better to drink tea than, like you fellows, to muddle what brains you have with bad champagne. It is better to look, and to hear, and to see, and to dance with a modest girl, than, like you fellows, to be capering about in taverns with painted old hags like that old Cérisette, who has got a face like *pomme cuite*, and who danced before Lord Malmesbury at the Peace of Amiens. She did, I tell you; and before Napoleon.

Mr. Chesham.—(*Looks up from his writing.*)—There was no Napoleon then. It is of no consequence but ——

Lowndes.—Thank you, I owe you one. You're a most valuable man, Chesham, and a credit to your father and mother.

Mr. Chesham.—Well, the First Consul was Bonaparte.

Lowndes.—I am obliged to you. I say I am obliged to you, Chesham, and if you would like any refreshment order it *meis sumptibus*, old boy—at my expense.

Chesham.—These fellows will never be serious. (*He resumes his writing.*)

Hely.—(*Iterum, but very low.*)—Oh, Charlotte, Char——

Mr. Lowndes.—Hely is raving about that girl—that girl with the horrible old mother in yellow, don't you remember? and old father—good old military party, in a shabby old coat—who was at the last ball. What was the name? O'Rourke, what is the rhyme for Baynes?

The O'R.—*Pays*, and be hanged to you. You're always makin fun on me, you little cockney!

Mr. Motcomb.—Hely was just as bad about the Danish girl. You know, Walse, you composed ever so many verses to her, and wrote home to your mother to ask leave to marry her!

The O'R.—I'd think him big enough to marry without anybody's leave—only they wouldn't have him because he's so ugly.

Mr. Hely.—Very good, O'Rourke. Very neat and good. You were diverting the company with an anecdote. Will you proceed?

The O'R.—Well, then, the C risette had been dancing both on and off the stage till she was dead tired, I suppose, and so she fell dead asleep, and Figaroff, taking the whatdyecallem out of the Charlotte Roose, smayred her face all—

Voice without.—Deet Moshoo RINGWOOD TWYSDEN, sivoplay, poor l'honorable Moshoo Lownds!

Servant.—MONSIEUR TWYSDEN!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Lowndes, how are you?

Mr. Lowndes.—Very well, thank you; how are you?

Mr. Hely.—Lowndes is uncommonly brilliant to-day.

Mr. Twysden.—Not the worse for last night? Some of us were a little elevated, I think!

Mr. Lowndes.—Some of us quite the reverse. (Little cad, what does he want? Elevated! he couldn't keep his little legs!)

Mr. Twysden.—Eh! Smoking, I see. Thank you. I very seldom do—but as you are so kind—puff. Eh—uncommonly handsome person that, eh—Madame Cérisette.

The O'R.—Thank ye for telling us.

Mr. Lowndes.—If she meets with *your* applause, Mr. Twysden, I should think Mademoiselle Cérisette is all right.

The O'R.—Maybe they'd raise her salary if ye told her.

Mr. Twysden.—Heh—I see you're chaffing me. We have a good deal of that kind of thing in Somerset—in our—in—hem! This tobacco is a little strong. I *am* a little shaky this morning. Who, by the way, is that Prince Boutzoff who played lansquenet with us? Is he one of the Livonian Boutzoffs, or one of the Hessian Boutzoffs? I remember at my poor uncle's, Lord Ringwood, meeting a Prince Blucher de Boutzoff, something like this man, by the way. You knew my poor uncle?

Mr. Lowndes.—Dined with him here three months ago at the “Trois Frères.”

Mr. Twysden.—Been at Whipham, I daresay? I was bred up there. It was said once that I was to have been his heir. He was very fond of me. He was my godfather.

The O'R.—Then he gave you a mug, and it wasn't a beauty (*sotto voce*).

Mr. Twysden.—You said somethin? I was speaking of Whipham, Mr. Lowndes—one of the finest places in England, I should say, except Chatsworth, you know, and *that* sort of thing. My grandfather built it—I mean my *great* grandfather, for I'm of the Ringwood family.

Mr. Lowndes.—Then was Lord Ringwood your grandfather, or your grand godfather.

Mr. Twysden.—He! he! My mother was his own niece. My grandfather was his own brother, and I am——

Mr. Lowndes.—Thank you. I see now.

Mr. Halkin.—Das ist sehr interessant. Ich versichere ihnen das ist SEHR interessant.

Mr. Twysden.—Said somethin? (This cigar is really—I'll throw it away, please.) I was sayin that at Whipham, where I was bred up, we would be forty at dinner, and as many more in the upper servants' hall.

Mr. Lowndes.—And you dined in the—you had pretty good dinners?

Mr. Twysden.—A French chef. Two aids, besides turtle from town. Two or three regular cooks on the establishment, besides kitchen-maids, roasters, and that kind of thing, you understand. How many have you

here now? In Lord Estridge's kitchen you can't do, I should say, at least without,—let me see—why, in *our* small way—and if you come to London my father will be dev'lish glad to see you—we——

Mr. Lowndes.—How is Mrs. Woolcomb this morning? That was a fair dinner Woolcomb gave us yesterday.

Mr. Twysden.—He has plenty of money, plenty of money. I hope, Lowndes, when you come to town—the first time you come, mind—to give you a hearty welcome and some of my father's old por——

Mr. Hely.—Will nobody kick this little beast out?

Servant.—Monsieur Chesham peut-il voir M. Firmin?

Mr. Chesham.—Certainly. Come in, Firmin!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Fearmang—Mr. Fir—Mr. *who*? You don't mean to say you receive *that* fellow, Mr. Chesham?

Mr. Chesham.—What fellow? and what do you mean, Mr. Whatdycallem?

Mr. Twysden.—*That* blackg——oh—that is, I—I beg your——

Mr. Firmin (*entering and going up to Mr. Chesham*).—I say, give me a bit of news of to-day. What you were saying about that—hum and hum and haw—mayn't I have it? (*He is talking confidentially with Mr. Chesham, when he sees Mr. Twysden.*) What! you have got *that* little cad here?

Mr. Lowndes.—You know Mr. Twysden, Mr. Firmin? He was just speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? So much the worse for me.

Mr. Twysden.—Sir! We don't speak. You've no right to speak to me in this manner! Don't speak to me: and I won't speak to you, sir—there! Good morning, Mr. Lowndes! Remember your promise to come and dine with us when you come to town. And—one word—(*he holds Mr. Lowndes by the button. By the way, he has very curious resemblances to Twysden senior*)—we shall be here for ten days certainly. I think Lady Estridge has something next week. I have left our cards, and——

Mr. Lowndes.—Take care. *He* will be there (*pointing to Mr. Firmin*).

Mr. Twysden.—What? *That* beggar? You don't mean to say Lord Estridge will receive such a fellow as——Good-by, good-by! (*Exit Mr. Twysden.*)

Mr. Firmin.—I caught that little fellow's eye. He's my cousin, you know. We have had a quarrel. I am sure he was speaking about me.

Mr. Lowndes.—Well, now you mention it, he *was* speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? Then, *don't believe him*, Mr. Lowndes. That is my advice.

Mr. Hely (at his desk composing).—“Maiden of the blushing cheek, maiden of the—oh, Charlotte, Char——” [*He bites his pen and dashes off rapid rhymes on Government paper.*]

Mr. Firmin.—What does he say? He said Charlotte.

Mr. Lowndes.—He is always in love and breaking his heart, and he puts it into poems; he wraps it up

in paper, and falls in love with somebody else. Sit down and smoke a cigar, won't you?

Mr. Firmin.—Can't stay. Must make up my letter. We print to-morrow.

Mr. Lowndes.—Who wrote that article pitching into Peel?

Mr. Firmin.—Family secret—can't say—good-by.
(*Exit Mr. Firmin.*)

Mr. Chesham.—In my opinion, a most ill-advised and intemperate article. That journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, indulges in a very needless acrimony, I think.

Mr. Lowndes.—Chesham does not like to call a spade a spade. He calls it a horticultural utensil. You have a great career before you, Chesham. You have a wisdom and gravity beyond your years. You bore us slightly, but we all respect you—we do, indeed. What was the text at church last Sunday? Oh, by the way, Hely, you little miscreant, *you* were at church?

Mr. Chesham.—You need not blush, Hely. I am not a joking man: but this kind of jesting does not strike me as being particularly amusing, Lowndes.

Mr. Lowndes.—You go to church because you are good, because your aunt was a bishop or something. But Hely goes because he is a little miscreant. You hypocritical little beggar, you got yourself up as if you were going to a *déjeûné*, and you had your hair curled, and you were seen singing out of the same hymn-book with that pretty Miss Baynes, you little wheedling sinner; and you walked home with the family—my

sisters saw you—to a boarding-house where they live—by Jove! you did. And I'll tell your mother!

Mr. Chesham.—I wish you would not make such a noise, and let me do my work, Lowndes. You——

Here Asmodeus whisks us out of the room, and we lose the rest of the young men's conversation. But enough has been overheard, I think, to show what direction young Mr. Hely's thoughts had taken. Since he was seventeen years of age (at the time when we behold him he may be twenty-three) this romantic youth has been repeatedly in love: with his elderly tutor's daughter, of course; with a young haberdasher at the university; with his sister's confidential friend; with the blooming young Danish beauty last year; and now, I very much fear, a young acquaintance of ours has attracted the attention of this imaginative Don Juan. Whenever Hely is in love, he fancies his passion will last for ever, makes a confidant of the first person at hand, weeps plenteously, and writes reams of verses. Do you remember how in a previous chapter we told you that Mrs. Tuffin was determined she would *not* ask Philip to her *soirées*, and declared him to be a forward and disagreeable young man? She was glad enough to receive young Walsingham Hely, with his languid air, his drooping head, his fair curls, and his flower in his button-hole; and Hely, being then in hot pursuit of one of the tall Miss Blacklocks, went to Mrs. Tuffin's, was welcomed there with all the honours; and there, fluttering away from Miss Blacklock, our butterfly lighted on Miss Baynes. Now Miss Baynes

would have danced with a mopstick, she was so fond of dancing: and Hely, who had practised in a thousand Chaumières, Mabilles (or whatever was the public dance-room then in vogue), was a most amiable, agile, and excellent partner. And she told Philip next day what a nice little partner she had found—poor Philip, who was not asked to that paradise of a party. And Philip said that he knew the little man; that he believed he was rich; that he wrote pretty little verses:—in a word, Philip, in his leonine way, regarded little Hely as a lion regards a lapdog.

Now this little slyboots had a thousand artful little ways. He had a very keen sensibility and a fine taste, which was most readily touched by innocence and beauty. He had tears, I won't say at command; for they were under no command, and gushed from his fine eyes in spite of himself. Charlotte's innocence and freshness smote him with a keen pleasure. *Bon Dieu!* What was that great, tall Miss Blacklock, who had tramped through a thousand ball-rooms, compared to this artless, happy creature? He danced away from Miss Blacklock, and after Charlotte, the moment he saw our young friend; and the Blacklocks, who knew all about him, and his money, and his mother, and his expectations—who had his verses in their poor album—by whose carriage he had capered day after day in the Bois de Boulogne—stood scowling and deserted, as this young fellow danced off with that Miss Baynes, who lived in a boarding-house, and came to parties in a cab with her horrid old mother! The Blacklocks were

as though they were not henceforth for Mr. Hely. They asked him to dinner. Bless my soul, he utterly forgot all about it! He never came to their box on their night at the opera. Not one twinge of remorse had he. Not one pang of remembrance. If he *did* remember them, it was when they bored him, like those tall tragic women in black who are always coming in their great long trains to sing sermons to Don Juan. Ladies, your name is down in his lordship's catalogue; his servant has it; and you, Miss Anna, are number one thousand and three.

But as for Miss Charlotte, that is a different affair. What innocence! What a *fraicheur*! What a merry good humour! Don Slyboots is touched, he is tenderly interested: her artless voice thrills through his frame; he trembles as he waltzes with her; as his fine eyes look at her, psha! what is that film coming over them? O Slyboots, Slyboots! And as she has nothing to conceal, she has told him all he wants to know before long. This is her first winter in Paris: her first season of coming out. She has only been to two balls before, and two plays and an opera. And her father met Mr. Hely at Lord Trim's. That was her father playing at whist. And they lived at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house in the Champs Elysées. And they had been to Mr. Dash's, and to Mrs. Blank's, and she believed they were going to Mrs. Star's on Friday. And did they go to church? Of course they went to church, to the Rue d'Aguesseau, or wherever it might be. And Slyboots went to church next Sunday.

You may perhaps guess to what church. And he went the Sunday after. And he sang his own songs, accompanying himself on the guitar at his lodgings. And he sang elsewhere. And he had a very pretty little voice, Slyboots had. I believe those poems under the common title of "Gretchen" in our Walsingham's charming volume were all inspired by Miss Baynes. He began to write about her and himself the very first night after seeing her. He smoked cigarettes and drank green tea. He looked so pale—so pale and sad, that he quite pitied himself in the looking-glass in his apartments in the Rue Miroménil. And he compared himself to a wrecked mariner, and to a grave, and to a man entranced and brought to life. And he cried quite freely and satisfactorily by himself. And he went to see his mother and sister next day at the Hôtel de la Terrasse; and cried to them and said he was in love this time for ever and ever. And his sister called him a goose. And after crying he ate an uncommonly good dinner. And he took every one into his confidence, as he always did whenever he was in love: always telling, always making verses, and always crying. As for Miss Blacklock, he buried the dead body of that love deep in the ocean of his soul. The waves engulfed Miss B. The ship rolled on. The storm went down. And the stars rose, and the dawn was in his soul, &c. Well, well! The mother was a vulgar woman, and I am glad you are out of it. And what sort of people are General Baynes and Mrs. Baynes?

"Oh, delightful people! Most distinguished officer,

the father ; modest—doesn't say a word. The mother, a most lively, brisk, agreeable woman. You must go and see her, ma'am. I desire you'll go immediately."

" And leave cards with P. P. C. for the Miss Blacklocks !" says Miss Hely, who was a plain, lively person. And both mother and sister spoiled this young Hely ; as women ought always to spoil a son, a brother, a father, husband, grandfather—any male relative, in a word.

To see this spoiled son married was the good-natured mother's fond prayer. An eldest son had died a rake ; a victim to too much money, pleasure, idleness. The widowed mother would give anything to save this one from the career through which the elder had passed. The young man would be one day so wealthy, that she knew many and many a schemer would try and entrap him. Perhaps, she had been made to marry his father because he was rich ; and she remembered the gloom and wretchedness of her own union. Oh, that she could see her son out of temptation, and the husband of an honest girl ! It was the young lady's first season ? So much the more likely that she should be unworldly. " The general—don't you remember a nice old gentleman—in a—well, in a wig—that day we dined at Lord Trim's, when that horrible old Lord Ringwood was there ? That was General Baynes ; and he broke out so enthusiastically in defence of a poor young man—Dr. Firmin's son—who was a bad man, I believe ; but I shall never have confidence in another doctor again, that I shan't. And we'll call on these people, Fanny.

Yes, in a brown wig—the general, I perfectly well remember him, and Lord Trim said he was a most distinguished officer. And I have no doubt his wife will be a most agreeable person. Those generals' wives who have travelled over the world must have acquired a quantity of delightful information. At a boarding-house, are they? I daresay very pleasant and amusing. And we'll drive there and call on them immediately."

On that day, as MacGrigor and Moira Baynes were disporting in the little front garden of Madame Smolensk's; I think Moira was just about to lick MacGrigor, when his fratricidal hand was stopped by the sight of a large yellow carriage—a large London dowager family carriage—from which descended a large London family footman, with side-locks begrimed with powder, with calves such as only belong to large London family footmen, and with cards in his hand. "Ceci Madam Smolensk?" says the large menial. "Oui," says the boy, nodding his head; on which the footman was puzzled, for he thought from his readiness in the use of the French language that the boy was a Frenchman.

"Ici demure General Bang?" continued the man.

"Hand us over the cards, John. Not at home," said Moira.

"*Who* ain't at 'ome?" inquired the menial.

"General Baynes, my father, ain't at home. He shall have the pasteboard when he comes in. Mrs. Hely? Oh, Mac, it's the same name as that young swell who called the other day! Ain't at home, John.

Gone out to pay some visits. Had a fly on purpose. Gone out with my sister. 'Pon my word, they have, John." And from this accurate report of the boy's behaviour, I fear that the young Baynes must have been brought up at a classical and commercial academy, where economy was more studied than politeness.

Philip comes trudging up to dinner, and as this is not his post day, arrives early. He hopes, perhaps, for a walk with Miss Charlotte, or a coze in Madame Smolensk's little private room. He finds the two boys in the forecourt; and they have Mrs. Hely's cards in their hand; and they narrate to him the advent and departure of the lady in the swell carriage, the mother of the young swell with the flower in his button-hole, who came the other day on such a jolly horse. Yes. And he was at church last Sunday, Philip, and he gave Charlotte a hymn-book. And he sang: he sang like the piper who played before Moses, Pa said. And Ma said it was wicked, but it wasn't: only Pa's fun, you know. And Ma said *you* never came to church. Why don't you?

Philip had no taint of jealousy in his magnanimous composition, and would as soon have accused Charlotte of flirting with other men, as of stealing madame's silver spoons. "So you have had some fine visitors," he says, as the fly drives up. "I remember that rich Mrs. Hely, a patient of my father's. My poor mother used to drive to her house."

"Oh, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Hely, Philip!" cries Miss Charlotte, not heeding the scowls

of her mother, who is nodding and beckoning angrily at the girl.

“You never once mentioned him. He is one of the greatest dandies about Paris: quite a lion,” remarks Philip.

“Is he? What a funny little lion! I never thought about him,” says Miss Charlotte, quite simply. Oh, ingratitude! ingratitude! And we have told how Mr. Walsingham was crying his eyes out for her.

“She never thought about him?” cries Mrs. Baynes, quite eagerly.

“The piper, is it, you’re talking about?” asks papa. “I called him Piper, you see, because he piped so sweetly at ch—— Well, my love?”

Mrs. Baynes was nudging her general at this moment. She did not wish that the piper should form the subject of conversation, I suppose.

“The piper’s mother is very rich, and the piper will inherit after her. She has a fine house in London. She gives very fine parties. She drives in a great carriage, and she has come to call upon you, and ask you to her balls, I suppose.”

Mrs. Baynes was delighted at this call. And when she said, “I’m sure *I* don’t value fine people, or their fine parties, or their fine carriages, but I wish that my dear child should see the world,”—I don’t believe a word which Mrs. Baynes said. She was much more pleased than Charlotte at the idea of visiting this fine lady; or else, why should she have coaxed, and wheedled, and been so particularly gracious to the

general all the evening? She wanted a new gown. The truth is, her yellow *was* very shabby; whereas Charlotte, in plain white muslin, looked pretty enough to be able to dispense with the aid of any French milliner. I fancy a consultation with madame and Mrs. Bunch. I fancy a fly ordered, and a visit to the milliner's the next day. And when the pattern of the gown is settled with the milliner, I fancy the terror on Mrs. Baynes' wizened face when she ascertains the amount of the bill. To do her justice, the general's wife had spent little upon her own homely person. She chose her gowns ugly, but cheap. There were so many backs to clothe in that family that the thrifty mother did not heed the decoration of her own.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEC DULCES AMORES SPERNE, PUER, NEQUE
TU CHOREAS.

“MY dear,” Mrs. Baynes said to her daughter, “you are going out a great deal in the world now. You will go to a great number of places where poor Philip cannot hope to be admitted.”

“Not admit Philip, mamma! then I’m sure I don’t want to go,” cries the girl.

“Time enough to leave off going to parties when you can’t afford it, and marry him. When I was a lieutenant’s wife, I didn’t go to any parties out of the regiment, my dear!”

“Oh, then, I am sure I shall *never* want to go out!” Charlotte declares.

“You fancy he will always stop at home, I daresay. Men are not all so domestic as your papa. Very few love to stop at home like him. Indeed, I may say that I have made his home comfortable. But one thing is clear, my child. Philip can’t always expect to go where we go. He is not in the position in life. Recollect, your father is a general officer, C.B., and may be K.C.B. soon, and your mother is a general officer’s

lady. *We* may go anywhere. I might have gone to the drawing-room at home if I chose. Lady Biggs would have been delighted to present me. Your aunt has been to the drawing-room, and she is only Mrs. Major MacWhirter; and most absurd it was of Mac to let her go. But she rules him in everything, and they have no children. I have, goodness knows! I sacrifice myself for my children. You little know what I deny myself for my children. I said to Lady Biggs, ‘No, Lady Biggs; my husband may go. He should go. He has his uniform, and it will cost him nothing except a fly and a bouquet for the man who drives; but *I* will not spend money on myself for the hire of diamonds and feathers, and, though I yield in loyalty to *no* person, I daresay my Sovereign *won’t miss* me.’ And I don’t think her Majesty did. She has other things to think of besides Mrs. General Baynes, I suppose. She is a mother, and can appreciate a mother’s sacrifices for her children.”—If I have not hitherto given you detailed reports of Mrs. General Baynes’ conversation, I don’t think, my esteemed reader, you will be very angry.

“Now, child,” the general’s lady continued, “let me warn you not to talk much to Philip about those places to which you go without him, and to which his position in life does not allow of his coming. Hide anything from him? Oh, dear, no! Only for his own good, you understand. I don’t tell everything to your papa. I should only worrit him and vex him. When anything will please him, and make him happy, *then* I tell him. And about Philip. Philip, I must say it, my dear—I

must as a mother say it—has his faults. He is an *envious* man. Don't look shocked. He thinks very well of himself; and having been a great deal spoiled, and made too much of in his unhappy father's time, he is so proud and haughty that he *forgets his position*, and thinks he ought to live with the highest society. Had Lord Ringwood left him a fortune, as Philip *led us to expect* when we gave our consent to this most unlucky match—for that my dear child should marry a beggar *is* most unlucky and most deplorable; I can't help saying so, Charlotte,—if I were on my deathbed I couldn't help saying so; and I wish with all my heart we had never seen or heard of him.—There! Don't go off in one of your tantrums! What was I saying, pray? I say that Philip is in no position, or rather in a very humble one, which—a mere newspaper-writer and a subaltern too—everybody acknowledges to be. And if he hears us talking about our parties, to which we have a right to go—to which you have a right to go with your mother, a general officer's lady—why, he'll be offended. He won't like to hear about them and think he can't be invited; and you had better not talk about them at all, or about the people you meet, you dance with. At Mrs. Hely's you may dance with Lord Headbury, the ambassador's son. And if you tell Philip he will be offended. He will say that you boast about it. When I was only a lieutenant's wife at Barrackpore, Mrs. Captain Capers used to go to Calcutta to the Government House balls. I didn't go. But I was offended, and I used to say that Flora Capers gave herself airs,

and was always boasting of her intimacy with the Marchioness of Hastings. We don't like our equals to be better off than ourselves. Mark my words. And if you talk to Philip about the people whom you meet in society, and whom he can't from his unfortunate station expect to know, you will offend him. That was why I nudged you to-day when you were going on about Mr. Hely. Anything so absurd! I saw Philip getting angry at once, and biting his moustaches, as he always does when he is angry—and swears quite out loud—so vulgar! There! you are going to be angry again, my love; I never saw anything like you! Is this my Charly who never was angry? I know the world, dear, and you don't. Look at me, how I manage your papa, and I tell you don't talk to Philip about things which offend him! No, dearest, kiss your poor old mother who loves you. Go upstairs and bathe your eyes, and come down happy to dinner." And at dinner Mrs. General Baynes was uncommonly gracious to Philip: and when gracious she was especially odious to Philip, whose magnanimous nature accommodated itself ill to the wheedling artifices of an ill-bred old woman.

Following this wretched mother's advice, my poor Charlotte spoke scarcely at all to Philip of the parties to which she went, and the amusements which she enjoyed without him. I daresay Mrs. Baynes was quite happy in thinking that she was "guiding" her child rightly. As if a coarse woman, because she is mean, and greedy, and hypocritical, and fifty years old, has a right to lead a guileless nature into wrong! Ah! if

some of us old folks were to go to school to our children, I am sure, madam, it would do us a great deal of good. There is a fund of good sense and honourable feeling about my great-grandson Tommy, which is more valuable than all his grandpapa's experience and knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world forsooth! Compromise, selfishness modified, and double dealing. Tom disdains a lie. When he wants a peach, he roars for it. If his mother wishes to go to a party, she coaxes, and wheedles, and manages, and smirks, and curtsseys for months, in order to get her end; takes twenty rebuffs, and comes up to the scratch again smiling;—and this woman is for ever lecturing her daughters, and preaching to her sons upon virtue, honesty, and moral behaviour!

Mrs. Hely's little party at the Hôtel de la Terrasse was very pleasant and bright; and Miss Charlotte enjoyed it, although her swain was not present. But Philip was pleased that his little Charlotte should be happy. She beheld with wonderment Parisian duchesses, American millionnaires, dandies from the embassies, deputies and peers of France with large stars and wigs like papa. She gaily described her party to Philip; described, that is to say, everything but her own success, which was undoubted. There were many beauties at Mrs. Hely's, but nobody fresher or prettier. The Miss Blacklocks retired very early and in the worst possible temper. Prince Slyboots did not in the least heed their going away. His thoughts were all fixed upon little Charlotte. Charlotte's mamma saw the impression

which the girl made, and was filled with a hungry joy. Good-natured Mrs. Hely complimented her on her daughter. "Thank God, she is as good as she is pretty," said the mother, I am sure speaking seriously this time regarding her daughter. Prince Slyboots danced with scarce anybody else. He raised a perfect whirlwind of compliments round about Charlotte. She was quite a simple person, and did not understand one-tenth part of what he said to her. He strewed her path with roses of poesy: he scattered garlands of sentiment before her all the way from the ante-chamber downstairs, and so to the fly which was in waiting to take her and her parents home to the boarding-house. "By George, Charlotte, I think you have smitten that fellow," cries the general, who was infinitely amused by young Hely—his raptures, his affectations, his long hair, and what Baynes called his low dress. A slight white tape and a ruby button confined Hely's neck. His hair waved over his shoulders. Baynes had never seen such a specimen. At the mess of the stout 120th, the lads talked of their dogs, horses, and sport. A young civilian, smattering in poetry, chattering in a dozen languages, scented, smiling, perfectly at ease with himself and the world, was a novelty to the old officer.

And now the Queen's birthday arrived—and that it may arrive for many scores of years yet to come is, I am sure, the prayer of all of us—and with the birthday his Excellency Lord Estridge's grand annual fête in honour of his sovereign. A card for the ball was left at Madame Smolensk's, for General, Mrs. and Miss

Baynes; and no doubt Monsieur Slyboots Walsingham Hely was the artful agent by whom the invitation was forwarded. Once more the general's veteran uniform came out from the tin-box, with its dingy epaulets and little cross and ribbon. His wife urged on him strongly the necessity of having a new wig, wigs being very cheap and good at Paris—but Baynes said a new wig would make his old coat look very shabby; and a new uniform would cost more money than he would like to afford. So shabby he went *de cape à pied*, with a moulting feather, a threadbare suit, a tarnished wig, and a worn-out lace, *sibi constans*. Boots, trousers, sash, coat, were all old and worse for wear, and “faith,” says he, “my face follows suit.” A brave, silent man was Baynes; with a twinkle of humour in his lean, wrinkled face.

And if General Baynes was shabbily attired at the Embassy ball, I think I know a friend of mine who was shabby too. In the days of his prosperity, Mr. Philip was *parcus cultor et infrequens* of balls, routes, and ladies' company. Perhaps because his father was angered at Philip's neglect of his social advantages and indifference as to success in the world, Philip was the more neglectful and indifferent. The elder's comedy-smiles, and solemn hypocritical politeness, caused scorn and revolt on the part of the younger man. Philip despised the humbug, and the world to which such humbug could be welcome. He kept aloof from tea-parties then: his evening-dress clothes served him for a long time. I cannot say how old his dress-coat was at the time of which we are

writing. But he had been in the habit of respecting that garment and considering it new and handsome for many years past. Meanwhile the coat had shrunk, or its wearer had grown stouter; and his grand embroidered, embossed, illuminated, carved and gilt velvet dress waistcoat, too, had narrowed, had become absurdly tight and short, and I daresay was the laughing-stock of many of Philip's acquaintances, whilst he himself, poor simple fellow, was fancying that it was a most splendid article of apparel. You know in the Palais Royal they hang out the most splendid reach-me-down dressing-gowns, waistcoats, and so forth. "No," thought Philip, coming out of his cheap dining-house, and swaggering along the arcades, and looking at the tailors' shops, with his hands in his pockets. "My brown velvet dress waistcoat with the gold sprigs, which I had made at college, is a much more tasty thing than these gaudy ready-made articles. And my coat is old certainly, but the brass buttons are still very bright and handsome, and, in fact, it is a most becoming and gentlemanlike thing." And under this delusion the honest fellow dressed himself in his old clothes, lighted a pair of candles, and looked at himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass, drew on a pair of cheap gloves which he had bought, walked by the Quays, and over the Deputies' Bridge, across the Place Louis XV., and strutted up the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Hotel of the British Embassy. A half-mile *queue* of carriages was formed along the street, and of course the entrance to the hotel was magnificently illuminated.

A plague on those cheap gloves! Why had not Philip paid three francs for a pair of gloves, instead of twenty-nine sous? Mrs. Baynes had found a capital cheap glove shop, whither poor Phil had gone in the simplicity of his heart; and now as he went in under the grand illuminated *porte-cochère*, Philip saw that the gloves had given way at the thumbs, and that his hands appeared through the rents, as red as raw beefsteaks. It is wonderful how red hands will look through holes in white gloves. "And there's that hole in my boot, too," thought Phil; but he had put a little ink over the seam, and so the rent was imperceptible. The coat and waistcoat were tight, and of a past age. Never mind. The chest was broad, the arms were muscular and long, and Phil's face, in the midst of a halo of fair hair and flaming whiskers, looked brave, honest, and handsome. For a while his eyes wandered fiercely and restlessly all about the room from group to group; but now—ah! now—they were settled. They had met another pair of eyes, which lighted up with glad welcome when they beheld him. Two young cheeks mantled with a sweet blush. These were Charlotte's cheeks: and hard by them were mamma's, of a very different colour. But Mrs. General Baynes had a knowing turban on, and a set of garnets round her old neck, like gooseberries set in gold.

They admired the rooms: they heard the names of the great folks who arrived, and beheld many famous personages. They made their curtseys to the ambassador. Confusion! With a great rip, the thumb of

one of those cheap gloves of Philip's parts company from the rest of the glove, and he is obliged to wear it crumpled up in his hand: a dreadful mishap—for he is going to dance with Charlotte, and he will have to give his hand to the *vis-à-vis*.

Who comes up smiling, with a low neck, with waving curls and whiskers, pretty little hands exquisitely gloved, and tiny feet? 'Tis Hely Walsingham, lightest in the dance. Most affably does Mrs. General Baynes greet the young fellow. Very brightly and happily do Charlotte's eyes glance towards her favourite partner. It is certain that poor Phil can't hope at all to dance like Hely. "And see what nice neat feet and hands he has got," says Mrs. Baynes. "*Comme il est bien ganté!* A gentleman ought to be always well gloved."

"Why did you send me to the twenty-nine-sous-shop?" says poor Phil, looking at his tattered handshoes, and red obtrusive thumb.

"Oh, you!"—(here Mrs. Baynes shrugs her yellow old shoulders.) "*Your* hands would burst through any gloves! How do you do, Mr. Hely! Is your mamma here? Of course she is! What a delightful party she gave us! The dear ambassadress looks quite unwell—most pleasing manners, I am sure; Lord Estridge, what a perfect gentleman!"

The Bayneses were just come. For what dance was Miss Baynes disengaged? "As many as ever you like!" cries Charlotte, who, in fact, called Hely her little dancing-master, and never thought of him except as a partner. "Oh, too much happiness! Oh, that

this could last for ever!" sighed Hely, after a waltz, polka, mazurka, I know not what, and fixing on Charlotte the full blaze of his beauteous blue eyes. "For ever?" cries Charlotte, laughing. "I'm very fond of dancing, indeed; and you dance beautifully; but I don't know that I should like to dance for ever." Ere the words are over, he is whirling her round the room again. His little feet fly with surprising agility. His hair floats behind him. He scatters odours as he spins. The handkerchief with which he fans his pale brow is like a cloudy film of muslin—and poor old Philip sees with terror that *his* pocket-handkerchief has got three great holes in it. His nose and one eye appeared through one of the holes while Phil was wiping his forehead. It was very hot. He was very hot. He was hotter, though standing still, than young Hely who was dancing. "He! he! I compliment you on your gloves, and your handkerchief, I'm sure," sniggers Mrs. Baynes, with a toss of her turban. Has it not been said that a bull is a strong, courageous, and noble animal, but that a bull in a china-shop is not in his place? "There you go. Thank you! I wish you'd go somewhere else," cries Mrs. Baynes in a fury. Poor Philip's foot has just gone through her flounce. How red he is! how much hotter than ever! There go Hely and Charlotte, whirling round like two opera-dancers! Philip grinds his teeth, he buttons his coat across his chest. How very tight it feels! How savagely his eyes glare! Do young men still look savage and solemn at balls? An ingenuous young

Englishman ought to do that duty of dancing, of course. Society calls upon him. But I doubt whether he ought to look cheerful during the performance, or flippantly engage in so grave a matter.

As Charlotte's sweet round face beamed smiles upon Philip over Hely's shoulders, it looked so happy that he never thought of grudging her her pleasure; and happy he might have remained in this contemplation, regarding not the circle of dancers who were galloping and whirling on at their usual swift rate, but her, who was the centre of all joy and pleasure for him;—when suddenly a shrill voice was heard behind him, crying, "Get out of the way, hang you!" and suddenly there bounced against him Ringwood Twysden, pulling Miss Flora Trotter round the room, one of the most powerful and intrepid dancers of that season at Paris. They hurtled past Philip; they shot him forward against a pillar. He heard a screech, an oath, and another loud laugh from Twysden, and beheld the scowls of Miss Trotter as that rapid creature bumped at length into a place of safety.

I told you about Philip's coat. It was very tight. The daylight had long been struggling to make an entry at the seams. As he staggered up against the wall, crack! went a great hole at his back; and crack! one of his gold buttons came off, leaving a rent in his chest. It was in those days when gold buttons still lingered on the breasts of some brave men, and we have said simple Philip still thought his coat a fine one.

There was not only a rent of the seam, there was not only a burst button, but there was also a rip in Philip's rich cut-velvet waistcoat, with the gold sprigs, which he thought so handsome—a great, heartrending scar. What was to be done? Retreat was necessary. He told Miss Charlotte of the hurt he had received, whose face wore a very comical look of pity at his misadventure—he covered part of his wound with his gibus hat—and he thought he would try and make his way out by the garden of the hotel, which, of course, was illuminated, and bright, and crowded, but not so very bright and crowded as the saloons, galleries, supper-rooms, and halls of gilded light in which the company, for the most part, assembled.

So our poor wounded friend wandered into the garden, over which the moon was shining with the most blank indifference at the fiddling, feasting, and particoloured lamps. He says that his mind was soothed by the aspect of yonder placid moon and twinkling stars, and that he had altogether forgotten his trumpery little accident and torn coat and waistcoat: but I doubt about the entire truth of this statement, for there have been some occasions when he, Mr. Philip, has mentioned the subject, and owned that he was mortified and in a rage.

Well. He went into the garden: and was calming himself by contemplating the stars, when, just by that fountain where there is Pradier's little statue of—Moses in the Bulrushes, let us say—round which there was a beautiful row of illuminated lamps, lighting up a great

coronal of flowers, which my dear readers are at liberty to select and arrange according to their own exquisite taste ;—near this little fountain he found three gentlemen talking together.

The high voice of one Philip could hear, and knew from old days. Ringwood Twysden, Esquire, always liked to talk and to excite himself with other persons' liquor. He had been drinking the Sovereign's health with great assiduity, I suppose, and was exceedingly loud and happy. With Ringwood was Mr. Woolcomb, whose countenance the lamps lit up in a fine lurid manner, and whose eyeballs gleamed in the twilight : and the third of the group was our young friend Mr. Lowndes.

“I owed him one, you see, Lowndes,” said Mr. Ringwood Twysden. “I hate the fellow! Hang him, always did! I saw the great hulkin brute standing there. Couldn't help myself. Give you my honour, couldn't help myself. I just drove Miss Trotter at him—sent her elbow well into him, and spun him up against the wall. The buttons cracked off the beggar's coat, begad! What business had he there, hang him? Gad, sir, he made a cannon off an old woman in blue, and went into”

Here Mr. Ringwood's speech came to an end: for his cousin stood before him, grim and biting his mustachios.

“Hullo!” piped the other. “Who wants you to overhear my conversation? Dammy, I say! I”

Philip put out that hand with the torn glove. The

glove was in a dreadful state of disruption now. He worked the hand well into his kinsman's neck, and twisting Ringwood round into a proper position, brought that poor old broken boot so to bear upon the proper quarter, that Ringwood was discharged into the little font, and lighted amidst the flowers, and the water, and the oil-lamps, and made a dreadful mess and splutter amongst them. And as for Philip's coat, it was torn worse than ever.

I don't know how many of the brass buttons had revolted and parted company from the poor old cloth, which cracked, and split, and tore under the agitation of that beating angry bosom. I blush as I think of Mr. Firmin in this ragged state, a great rent all across his back, and his prostrate enemy lying howling in the water, amidst the sputtering, crashing oil-lamps at his feet. When Cinderella quitted her first ball, just after the clock struck twelve, we all know how shabby she looked. Philip was a still more disreputable object when he slunk away. I don't know by what side door Mr. Lowndes eliminated him. He also benevolently took charge of Philip's kinsman and antagonist, Mr. Ringwood Twysden. Mr. Twysden's hands, coat-tails, &c., were very much singed and scalded by the oil, and cut by the broken glass, which was all extracted at the Beaujon Hospital, but not without much suffering on the part of the patient. But though young Lowndes spoke up for Philip, in describing the scene (I fear not without laughter), his Excellency caused Mr. Firmin's name to be erased from his party lists: and I am sure

no sensible man will defend Philip's conduct for a moment.

Of this lamentable fracas which occurred in the Hotel Garden, Miss Baynes and her parents had no knowledge for awhile. Charlotte was too much occupied with her dancing, which she pursued with all her might: papa was at cards with some sober male and female veterans: and mamma was looking with delight at her daughter, whom the young gentlemen of many embassies were charmed to choose for a partner. When Lord Headbury, Lord Estridge's son, was presented to Miss Baynes, her mother was so elated that she was ready to dance too. I do not envy Mrs. Major MacWhirter, at Tours, the perusal of that immense manuscript in which her sister recorded the events of the ball. Here was Charlotte, beautiful, elegant, accomplished, *admired everywhere*, with young men, young *noblemen* of immense property and expectations, *wild about her*; and engaged by a promise to a rude, ragged, *presumptuous*, ill-bred young man, *without a penny in the world*—wasn't it provoking? Ah, poor Philip! How that little sour, yellow mother-in-law elect did scowl at him when he came with rather a shamefaced look to pay his duty to his sweetheart on the day after the ball! Mrs. Baynes had caused her daughter to dress with extra smartness, had forbidden the poor child to go out, and coaxed her, and wheedled her, and dressed her with I know not what ornaments of her own, with a fond expectation that Lord Headbury, that the yellow young Spanish *attaché*, that the sprightly

Prussian secretary, and Walsingham Hely, Charlotte's partners at the ball, would certainly call; and the only equipage that appeared at Madame Smolensk's gate was a hack cab, which drove up at evening, and out of which poor Philip's well-known tattered boots came striding. Such a fond mother as Mrs. Baynes may well have been out of humour.

As for Philip, he was unusually shy and modest. He did not know in what light his friends would regard his escapade of the previous evening. He had been sitting at home all the morning in state, and in company with a Polish colonel, who lived in his hotel, and whom Philip had selected to be his second in case the battle of the previous night should have any suite. He had left that colonel in company with a bag of tobacco and an order for unlimited beer, whilst he himself ran up to catch a glimpse of his beloved. The Bayneses had not heard of the battle of the previous night. They were full of the ball, of Lord Estridge's affability, of the Golconda ambassador's diamonds, of the appearance of the royal princes who honoured the fête, of the most fashionable Paris talk in a word. Philip was scolded, snubbed, and coldly received by mamma; but he was used to that sort of treatment, and greatly relieved by finding that she was unacquainted with his own disorderly behaviour. He did not tell Charlotte about the quarrel; a knowledge of it might alarm the little maiden; and so for once our friend was discreet, and held his tongue.

But if he had any influence with the editor of *Galig-nani's Messenger*, why did he not entreat the conductors

of that admirable journal to forego all mention of the fracas at the embassy ball? Two days after the fête, I am sorry to say, there appeared a paragraph in the paper narrating the circumstances of the fight. And the guilty Philip found a copy of that paper on the table before Mrs. Baynes and the general when he came to the Champs Elysées according to his wont. Behind that paper sat Major-General Baynes, C.B., looking confused, and beside him his lady frowning like Rhadamanthus. But no Charlotte was in the room.

CHAPTER IX.

INFANDI DOLORES.

PHILIP'S heart beat very quickly at seeing this grim pair, and the guilty newspaper before them, on which Mrs. Baynes' lean right hand was laid. "So, sir," she cried, "you still honour us with your company: after distinguishing yourself as you did the night before last. Fighting and boxing like a porter at his Excellency's ball. It's disgusting! I have no other word for it: disgusting!" And here I suppose she nudged the general, or gave him some look or signal by which he knew he was to come into action; for Baynes straight-way advanced and delivered his fire.

"Faith, sir, more bub-ub-blackguard conduct I never heard of in my life! That's the only word for it: the only word for it," cries Baynes.

"The general knows what blackguard conduct is, and yours is that conduct, Mr. Firmin! It is all over the town: is talked of everywhere: will be in all the newspapers. When his lordship heard of it, he was furious. Never, never, will you be admitted into the Embassy again, after disgracing yourself as you have done," cries the lady.

"Disgracing yourself, that's the word.—And dis-

graceful your conduct was, begad!" cries the officer second in command.

"You don't know my provocation," pleaded poor Philip. "As I came up to him Twysden was boasting that he had struck me—and—and laughing at me."

"And a pretty figure you were to come to a ball! Who could help laughing, sir?"

"He bragged of having insulted me, and I lost my temper, and struck him in return. The thing is done and can't be helped," growled Philip.

"Strike a little man before ladies! Very brave indeed!" cries the lady.

"Mrs. Baynes!"

"I call it cowardly. In the army we consider it cowardly to quarrel before ladies," continues Mrs. General B.

"I have waited at home for two days to see if he wanted any more," groaned Philip.

"Oh, yes! After insulting and knocking a little man down, you want to murder him! And you call that the conduct of a Christian—the conduct of a gentleman!"

"The conduct of a ruffian, by George!" says General Baynes.

"It was prudent of you to choose a very little man, and to have the ladies within hearing!" continues Mrs. Baynes. "Why, I wonder you haven't beaten my dear children next. Don't you, general, wonder he has not knocked down our poor boys? They are

quite small. And it is evident that ladies being present is no hindrance to Mr. Firmin's *boxing-matches*."

"The conduct is gross, and unworthy of a gentleman," reiterates the general.

"You hear what that man says—that old man, who never says an unkind word? That veteran, who has been in twenty battles, and never struck a man before women yet? Did you, Charles? *He* has given you his opinion. He has called you a name which I won't soil my lips with repeating, but which you deserve. And do you suppose, sir, that I will give my blessed child to a man who has acted as you have acted, and been called a ——? Charles! General! I will go to my grave rather than see my daughter given up to such a man!"

"Good heavens!" said Philip, his knees trembling under him. "You don't mean to say that you intend to go from your word, and——"

"Oh! you threaten about money, do you? Because your father was a cheat, you intend to try and make us suffer, do you?" shrieks the lady. "A man who strikes a little man before ladies will commit any act of cowardice, I daresay. And if you wish to beggar my family, because your father was a rogue——"

"My dear!" interposes the general.

"Wasn't he a rogue, Baynes? Is there any denying it? Haven't you said so a hundred and a hundred times? A nice family to marry into! No, Mr. Firmin! You may insult me as you please. You may strike little men before ladies. You may lift your great

wicked hand against that poor old man, in one of your tipsy fits: but I know a mother's love, a mother's duty—and I desire that we see you no more.”

“Great Powers!” cries Philip, aghast. “You don't mean to—to separate me from Charlotte, general! I have your word. You encouraged me. I shall break my heart. I'll go down on my knees to that fellow. I'll—oh!—you don't mean what you say!” And, scared and sobbing, the poor fellow clasped his strong hands together, and appealed to the general.

Baynes was under his wife's eye. “I think,” he said, “your conduct has been confoundedly bad, disorderly, and ungentlemanlike. You can't support my child, if you marry her. And if you have the least spark of honour in you, as you say you have, it is you, Mr. Firmin, who will break off the match, and release the poor child from certain misery. By George, sir, how is a man who fights and quarrels in a nobleman's ball-room, to get on in the world? How is a man, who can't afford a decent coat to his back, to keep a wife? The more I have known you, the more I have felt that the engagement would bring misery upon my child! Is that what you want? A man of honour——” (“*Honour!*” in italics, from Mrs. Baynes.) “Hush, my dear!—A man of spirit would give her up, sir. What have you to offer but beggary, by George? Do you want my girl to come home to your lodgings, and mend your clothes?”——“I think I put that point pretty well, Bunch, my boy,” said the general, talking of the matter afterwards. “I hit him there, sir.”

The old soldier did indeed strike his adversary there with a vital stab. Philip's coat, no doubt, was ragged, and his purse but light. He had sent money to his father out of his small stock. There were one or two servants in the old house in Parr Street, who had been left without their wages, and a part of these debts Philip had paid. He knew his own violence of temper, and his unruly independence. He thought very humbly of his talents, and often doubted of his capacity to get on in the world. In his less hopeful moods, he trembled to think that he might be bringing poverty and unhappiness upon his dearest little maiden, for whom he would joyfully have sacrificed his blood, his life. Poor Philip sank back sickening and fainting almost under Baynes's words.

"You'll let me—you'll let me see her?" he gasped out.

"She's unwell. She is in her bed. She can't appear to-day!" cried the mother.

"Oh, Mrs. Baynes! I must—I must see her," Philip said; and fairly broke out in a sob of pain.

"This is the man that strikes men before women!" said Mrs. Baynes. "Very courageous, certainly!"

"By George, Eliza!" the general cried out, starting up, "it's too bad ——"

"Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" Philip yelled out, whilst describing the scene to his biographer in after days. "Macbeth would never have done the murders but for that little quiet woman at his side. When the Indian prisoners are killed, the squaws always invent the worst tortures. You should have seen that

fiend and her livid smile, as she was drilling her gimlets into my heart! I don't know how I offended her. I tried to like her, sir. I had humbled myself before her. I went on her errands. I played cards with her. I sate and listened to her dreadful stories about Barrackpore and the governor-general. I wallowed in the dust before her, and she hated me. I can see her face now: her cruel yellow face, and her sharp teeth, and her gray eyes. It was the end of August, and pouring a storm that day. I suppose my poor child was cold and suffering up-stairs, for I heard the poking of a fire in her little room. When I hear a fire poked over-head now—twenty years after—the whole thing comes back to me; and I suffer over again that infernal agony. Were I to live a thousand years, I could not forgive her. I never did her a wrong, but I can't forgive her. Ah, my heaven, how that woman tortured me!"

"I think I know one or two similar instances," said Mr. Firmin's biographer.

"You are always speaking ill of women!" said Mr. Firmin's biographer's wife.

"No, thank heaven!" said the gentleman. "I think I know some of whom I never thought or spoke a word of evil. My dear, will you give Philip some more tea?" and with this the gentleman's narrative is resumed.

The rain was beating down the avenue as Philip went into the street. He looked up at Charlotte's window: but there was no sign. There was a flicker of a fire there. The poor girl had the fever, and was shuddering in her little room, weeping and sobbing on Madame

Smolensk's shoulder, *que c'était pitié à voir*, madame said. Her mother had told her she must break from Philip; had invented and spoken a hundred calumnies against him; declared that he never cared for her; that he had loose principles, and was for ever haunting theatres and bad company. "It's not true, mother, it's not true!" the little girl had cried, flaming up in revolt for a moment: but she soon subsided in tears and misery, utterly broken by the thought of her calamity. Then her father had been brought to her, who had been made to believe some of the stories against poor Philip, and who was commanded by his wife to impress them upon the girl. And Baynes tried to obey orders; but he was scared and cruelly pained by the sight of his little maiden's grief and suffering. He attempted a weak expostulation, and began a speech or two. But his heart failed him. He retreated behind his wife. *She* never hesitated in speech or resolution, and her language became more bitter as her ally faltered. Philip was a drunkard; Philip was a prodigal; Philip was a frequenter of dissolute haunts, and loose companions. She had the best authority for what she said. Was not a mother anxious for the welfare of her own child? ("Begad, you don't suppose your own mother would do anything that was not for your welfare, now?" broke in the general, feebly.) "Do you think if he had not been drunk he would have ventured to commit such an atrocious outrage as that at the Embassy? And do you suppose I want a drunkard and a beggar to marry my daughter? Your ingratitude, Charlotte, is

horrible!" cries mamma. And poor Philip, charged with drunkenness, had dined for seventeen sous, with a carafon of beer, and had counted on a supper that night by little Charlotte's side. So, while the child lay sobbing on her bed, the mother stood over her, and lashed her. For General Baynes—a brave man, a kind-hearted man—to have to look on whilst this torture was inflicted, must have been a hard duty. He could not eat the boarding-house dinner, though he took his place at the table at the sound of the dismal bell. Madame herself was not present at the meal; and you know poor Charlotte's place was vacant. Her father went upstairs, and paused by her bed-room door, and listened. He heard murmurs within, and madame's voice, as he stumbled at the door, cried harshly, "*Qui est là?*" He entered. Madame was sitting on the bed, with Charlotte's head on her lap. The thick brown tresses were falling over the child's white night-dress, and she lay almost motionless, and sobbing feebly. "Ah, it is you, general!" said madame. "You have done a pretty work, sir!" "Mamma says, won't you take something, Charlotte, dear?" faltered the old man. "Will you leave her tranquil?" said madame, with her deep voice. The father retreated. When madame went out presently to get that panacea, *une tasse de thé*, for her poor little friend, she found the old gentleman seated on a portmanteau at his door. "Is she—is she a little better now?" he sobbed out. Madame shrugged her shoulders, and looked down on the veteran with superb scorn. "*Vous n'êtes qu'un poltron, général!*"

she said, and swept downstairs. Baynes was beaten indeed. He was suffering horrible pain. He was quite unmanned, and tears were trickling down his old cheeks as he sate wretchedly there in the dark. His wife did not leave the table as long as dinner and dessert lasted. She read Galignani resolutely afterwards. She told the children not to make a noise, as their sister was upstairs with a bad headache. But she revoked that statement as it were (as she revoked at cards presently), by asking the Miss Bolderos to play one of their duets.

I wonder whether Philip walked up and down before the house that night? Ah! it was a dismal night for all of them: a racking pain, a cruel sense of shame, throbbed under Baynes's cotton tassel; and as for Mrs. Baynes, I hope there was not much rest or comfort under *her* old nightcap. Madame passed the greater part of the night in a great chair in Charlotte's bedroom, where the poor child heard the hours toll one after the other, and found no comfort in the dreary rising of the dawn.

At a very early hour of the dismal rainy morning, what made poor little Charlotte fling her arms round madame, and cry out, "*Ah, que je vous aime! ah, que vous êtes bonne, madame!*" and smile almost happily through her tears? In the first place, madame went to Charlotte's dressing-table, whence she took a pair of scissors. Then the little maid sat up on her bed, with her brown hair clustering over her shoulders; and madame took a lock of it, and cut a thick curl; and

kissed poor little Charlotte's red eyes; and laid her pale cheek on the pillow, and carefully covered her; and bade her, with many tender words, to go to sleep. "If you are very good, and will go to sleep, he shall have it in half an hour," madame said. "And as I go downstairs, I will tell Françoise to have some tea ready for you when you ring." And this promise, and the thought of what madame was going to do, comforted Charlotte in her misery. And with many fond, fond prayers for Philip, and consoled by thinking, "Now she must have gone the greater part of the way; now she must be with him; now he knows I will never, never love any but him," she fell asleep at length on her moistened pillow: and was smiling in her sleep, and I daresay dreaming of Philip, when the noise of the fall of a piece of furniture roused her, and she awoke out of her dream to see the grim old mother, in her white nightcap and white dressing-gown, standing by her side.

Never mind. "She has seen him now. She has told him now," was the child's very first thought as her eyes fairly opened. "He knows that I never, never will think of any but him." She felt as if she was actually there in Philip's room, speaking herself to him; murmuring vows which her fond lips had whispered many and many a time to her lover. And now he knew she would never break them, she was consoled and felt more courage.

"You have had some sleep, Charlotte?" asks Mrs. Baynes.

“Yes, I have been asleep, mamma.” As she speaks, she feels under the pillow a little locket containing—what? I suppose a scrap of Mr. Philip’s lank hair.

“I hope you are in a less wicked frame of mind than when I left you last night,” continues the matron.

“Was I wicked for loving Philip? Then I am wicked still, mamma!” cries the child, sitting up in her bed. And she clutches that little lock of hair which nestles under her pillow.

“What nonsense, child! This is what you get out of your stupid novels. I tell you he does not think about you. He is quite a reckless, careless libertine.”

“Yes, so reckless and careless that we owe him the bread we eat. He doesn’t think of me! Doesn’t he? Ah—” Here she paused as a clock in a neighbouring chamber began to strike. “Now,” she thought, “he has got my message!” A smile dawned over her face. She sank back on her pillow, turning her head from her mother. She kissed the locket, and murmured: “Not think of me! Don’t you, don’t you, my dear!” She did not heed the woman by her side, hear her voice, or for a moment seem aware of her presence. Charlotte was away in Philip’s room; she saw him talking with her messenger; heard his voice so deep, and so sweet; knew that the promises he had spoken he never would break. With gleaming eyes and flushing cheeks she looked at her mother, her enemy. She held her talisman locket and pressed it to her heart. No, she would never be untrue to him! No, he would never, never desert her! And as Mrs. Baynes looked

at the honest indignation beaming in the child's face, she read Charlotte's revolt, defiance, perhaps victory. The meek child who never before had questioned an order, or formed a wish which she would not sacrifice at her mother's order, was now in arms asserting independence. But I should think mamma is not going to give up the command after a single act of revolt; and that she will try more attempts than one to cajole or coerce her rebel.

Meanwhile let Fancy leave the talisman locket nestling on Charlotte's little heart (in which soft shelter methinks it were pleasant to linger.) Let her wrap a shawl round her, and affix to her feet a pair of stout goloshes; let her walk rapidly through the muddy Champs Elysées, where, in this inclement season, only few a policemen and artisans are to be found moving: Let her pay a halfpenny at the Pont des Invalides, and so march stoutly along the quays, by the Chamber of Deputies, where as yet deputies assemble: and trudge along the river-side, until she reaches Seine Street, into which, as you all know, the Rue Poussin débouche. This was the road brave Madame Smolensk took on a gusty, rainy autumn morning, and on foot, for five-franc pieces were scarce with the good woman. Before the Hôtel Poussin (*ah, qu'on y était bien à vingt ans!*) is a little painted wicket which opens, ringing; and then there is the passage, you know, with the stair leading to the upper regions, to Monsieur Philippe's room, which is on the first floor, as is that of Bouchard, the painter, who has his atelier over the way. A bad

painter is Bouchard, but a worthy friend, a cheery companion, a modest, amiable gentleman. And a rare good fellow is Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretends to be studying law, but whose heart is with the Muses, and whose talk is of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, whose verses he will repeat to all comers. Near Laberge (I think I have heard Philip say) lived Escasse, a Southern man too—a capitalist—a clerk in a bank, *quoi!*—whose apartment was decorated sumptuously with his own furniture, who had Spanish wine and sausages in cupboards, and a bag of dollars for a friend in need. Is Escasse alive still? Philip Firmin wonders, and that old colonel, who lived on the same floor, and who had been a prisoner in England? What wonderful descriptions that Colonel Dujarret had of *les meess anglaises* and their singularities of dress and behaviour! Though conquered and a prisoner, what a conqueror and enslaver he was, when in our country! You see, in his rough way, Philip used to imitate these people to his friends, and we almost fancied we could see the hotel before us. It was very clean; it was very cheap; it was very dark; it was very cheerful;—capital coffee and bread-and-butter for breakfast for fifteen sous; capital bedroom *au premier* for thirty francs a month;—dinner, if you would, for I forget how little; and a merry talk round the pipes and the grog afterwards—the grog, or the modest *eau sucrée*. Here Colonel Dujarret recorded his victories over both sexes. Here Colonel Tymowski sighed over his enslaved Poland.

Tymowski was the second who was to act for Philip, in case the Ringwood Twysden affair should have come to any violent conclusion. Here Laberge bawled poetry to Philip, who no doubt in his turn confided to the young Frenchman his own hopes and passion. Deep into the night he would sit talking of his love, of her goodness, of her beauty, of her innocence, of her dreadful mother, of her good old father—*que sçais-je?* Have we not said that when this man had anything on his mind, straightway he bellowed forth his opinions to the universe? Philip, away from his love, would roar out her praises for hours and hours to Laberge, until the candles burned down, until the hour for rest was come and could be delayed no longer. Then he would hie to bed with a prayer for her; and the very instant he awoke begin to think of her, and bless her, and thank God for her love. Poor as Mr. Philip was, yet as the possessor of health, content, honour, and that priceless pure jewel the girl's love, I think we will not pity him much; though, on the night when he received his dismissal from Mrs. Baynes, he must have passed an awful time, to be sure. Toss, Philip, on your bed of pain, and doubt, and fear. Toll, heavy hours, from night till dawn. Ah! 'twas a weary night through which two sad young hearts heard you tolling.

At a pretty early hour the various occupants of the crib at the Rue Poussin used to appear in the dingy little *salle-à-manger*, and partake of the breakfast there provided. Monsieur Menou, in his shirt-sleeves, shared

and distributed the meal. Madame Menou, with a Madras handkerchief round her grizzling head, laid down the smoking coffee on the shining oil-cloth, whilst each guest helped himself out of a little museum of napkins to his own particular towel. The room was small: the breakfast was not fine: the guests who partook of it were certainly not remarkable for the luxury of clean linen; but Philip—who is many years older now than when he dwelt in this hotel, and is not pinched for money at all, you will be pleased to hear (and, between ourselves, has become rather a gourmand)—declares he was a very happy youth at this humble Hôtel Poussin, and sighs for the days when he was sighing for Miss Charlotte.

Well, he has passed a dreadful night of gloom and terror. I doubt that he has bored Laberge very much with his tears and despondency. And now morning has come, and, as he is having his breakfast with one or more of the before-named worthies, the little boy-of-all-work enters, grinning, his *plumet* under his arm, and cries “*Une dame pour M. Philippe!*”

“*Une dame,*” says the French colonel, looking up from his paper; “*allez, mauvais sujet!*”

“*Grand Dieu!* what has happened?” cries Philip, running forward, as he recognizes madame’s tall figure in the passage. They go up to his room, I suppose, regardless of the grins and sneers of the little boy with the *plumet*, who aids the maid servant to make the beds; and who thinks Monsieur Philippe has a very elderly acquaintance.

Philip closes the door upon his visitor, who looks at him with so much hope, kindness, confidence in her eyes, that the poor fellow is encouraged almost ere she begins to speak. "Yes, you have reason; I come from the little person," Madame Smolensk said; "the means of resisting that poor dear angel! She has passed a sad night. What? You, too, have not been to bed, poor young man!" Indeed Philip had only thrown himself on his bed, and had kicked there, and had groaned there, and had tossed there; and had tried to read, and, I daresay, remembered afterwards, with a strange interest, the book he read, and that other thought which was throbbing in his brain all the time whilst he was reading, and whilst the wakeful hours went wearily tolling by.

"No, in effect," says poor Philip, rolling a dismal cigarette; "the night has not been too fine. And she has suffered too? Heaven bless her!" And then Madame Smolensk told how the little dear angel had cried all the night long, and how the Smolensk had not succeeded in comforting her, until she promised she would go to Philip, and tell him that his Charlotte would be his for ever and ever; that she never could think of any man but him; that he was the best, and the dearest, and the bravest, and the truest Philip, and that she did not believe one word of those wicked stories told against him by—"Hold, Monsieur Philippe, I suppose Madame la Générale has been talking about you, and loves you no more," cried Madame Smolensk. "We other women are assassins—assassins, see you!

But Madame la Générale went too far with the little maid. She is an obedient little maid, the dear Miss!—trembling before her mother, and always ready to yield—only now her spirit is roused; and she is yours and yours only. The little dear, gentle child! Ah, how pretty she was, leaning on my shoulder. I held her there—yes, there, my poor garçon, and I cut this from her neck, and brought it to thee. Come, embrace me. Weep; that does good, Philip. I love thee well. Go—and thy little—It is an angel!” And so, in the hour of their pain, myriads of manly hearts have found woman’s love ready to soothe their anguish.

Leaving to Philip that thick curling lock of brown hair (from a head where now, mayhap, there is a line or two of matron silver), this Samaritan plods her way back to her own house, where her own cares await her. But though the way is long, madame’s step is lighter now, as she thinks how Charlotte at the journey’s end is waiting for news of Philip; and I suppose there are more kisses and embraces, when the good soul meets with the little suffering girl, and tells her how Philip will remain for ever true and faithful; and how true love must come to a happy ending; and how she, Smolensk, will do all in her power to aid, comfort, and console her young friends. As for the writer of Mr. Philip’s memoirs, you see I never try to make any concealments. I have told you, all along, that Charlotte and Philip are married, and I believe they are happy. But it is certain that they suffered dreadfully at this time of their lives; and my wife says that Charlotte, in

she alludes to the period and the trial, speaks as though they had both undergone some hideous operation, the remembrance of which for ever causes a pang to the memory. So, my young lady, will you have your trial one day, to be borne, pray heaven, with a meek spirit. Ah, how surely the turn comes to all of us! Look at Madame Smolensk at her luncheon-table, this day after her visit to Philip at his lodging, after comforting little Charlotte in her pain. How brisk she is! How good-natured! How she smiles! How she speaks to all her company, and carves for her guests! You do not suppose she has no griefs and cares of her own? You know better. I daresay she is thinking of her creditors; of her poverty: of that accepted bill which will come due next week, and so forth. The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day; and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.

If Anatole, the boy who scoured the plain at the Hôtel Poussin, with his *plumet* in his jacket-pocket, and his slippers soled with scrubbing brushes, saw the embrace between Philip and his good friend, I believe, in his experience at that hotel, he never witnessed a transaction more honourable, generous, and blameless. Put what construction you will on the business, Anatole, you little imp of mischief! your mother never gave you a kiss more tender than that which Madame Smolensk bestowed on Philip—than that which she gave Philip?—than that which she carried back from him and faithfully placed on poor little Charlotte's pale round cheek.

The world is full of love and pity, I say. Had there been less suffering, there would have been less kindness. I, for one, almost wish to be ill again, so that the friends who succoured me might once more come to my rescue.

To poor little wounded Charlotte in her bed, our friend the mistress of the boarding-house brought back inexpressible comfort. Whatever might betide, Philip would never desert her! "Think you I would ever have gone on such an embassy for a French girl, or interfered between her and her parents?" madame asked, "Never, never! But you and Monsieur Philippe are already betrothed before heaven; and I should despise you, Charlotte, I should despise him, were either to draw back." This little point being settled in Miss Charlotte's mind, I can fancy she is immensely soothed and comforted; that hope and courage settle in her heart; that the colour comes back to her young cheeks; that she can come and join her family as she did yesterday. "I told you she never cared about him," says Mrs. Baynes to her husband. "Faith, no: she can't have cared for him much," says Baynes, with something of a sorrow that his girl should be so light-minded. But you and I, who have been behind the scenes, who have peeped into Philip's bed-room, and behind poor Charlotte's modest curtains, know that the girl had revolted from her parents; and so children will if the authority exercised over them is too tyrannical or unjust. Gentle Charlotte, who scarce ever resisted, was aroused and in rebellion: honest Charlotte, who used to speak all her thoughts, now hid

them, and deceived father and mother; yes, deceived:— what a confession to make regarding a young lady, the *prima donna* of our opera! Mrs. Baynes is, as usual, writing her lengthy scrawls to sister Mac Whirter at Tours, and informs the major's lady that she has very great satisfaction in at last being able to announce “that that most imprudent and in all respects ineligible engagement between her Charlotte and *a certain young man*, son of a bankrupt London physician, is come to an end. Mr. F.'s conduct has been so wild, so *gross*, so *disorderly* and *ungentlemanlike*, that the general (and you know, Maria, how soft and *sweet a tempered* man Baynes is) has told Mr. Firmin his opinion in unmistakable words, and forbidden him to continue his visits. After seeing him every day for six months, during which time she has accustomed herself to his peculiarities, and his often coarse and odious expressions and conduct, no wonder the separation has been a shock to dear Char, though I believe the young man feels nothing who has been *the cause of all this grief*. That he cares but little for *her*, has been my opinion *all along*, though she, artless child, gave him her whole affection. He has been accustomed to throw over women; and the brother of a young lady whom Mr. F. *had courted and left* (and who has made a most excellent match since,) showed his indignation at Mr. F.'s conduct at the embassy ball the other night, on which the young man took advantage of his greatly superior size and strength to begin a *vulgar boxing-match*, in which both parties were severely wounded. Of course you saw the paragraph in *Galig-*

nani about the whole affair. I sent our dresses, but it did not print them, though our names appeared as amongst the company. Anything more singular than the appearance of Mr. F. you cannot well imagine. I wore my garnets; Charlotte (who attracted universal admiration) was in, &c. &c. Of course, the separation has occasioned her a good deal of pain; for Mr. F. certainly behaved with much kindness and forbearance on a previous occasion. But the general will *not hear* of the continuance of the connection. He says the young man's conduct has been too gross and shameful; and when once roused, you know, I might as well attempt to chain a tiger as Baynes. Our poor Char will suffer no doubt in consequence of the behaviour of this brute, but she has ever been an obedient child, who knows how to honour her father and mother. *She bears up wonderfully*, though, of course, the dear child suffers at the parting. I think if *she were to go to you and MacWhirter at Tours for a month or two*, she would be all the better for *change of air*, too, dear Mac. Come and fetch her, and we will pay the *dawk*. She would go to certain poverty and wretchedness did she marry this most violent and disreputable young man. The general sends regards to Mac, and I am," &c.

That these were the actual words of Mrs. Baynes's letter I cannot, as a veracious biographer, take upon myself to say. I never saw the document, though I have had the good fortune to peruse others from the same hand. Charlotte saw the letter some time after, upon one of those not unfrequent occasions, when a

quarrel occurred between the two sisters—Mrs. Major and Mrs. General—and Charlotte mentioned the contents of the letter to a friend of mine who has talked to me about his affairs, and especially his love affairs, for many and many a long hour. And shrewd old woman as Mrs. Baynes may be, you may see how utterly she was mistaken in fancying that her daughter's obedience was still secure. The little maid had left father and mother, at first with their eager sanction; her love had been given to Firmin; and an inmate—a prisoner if you will—under her father's roof, her heart remained with Philip, however time or distance might separate them.

And now, as we have the command of Philip's desk, and are free to open and read the private letters which relate to his history, I take leave to put in a document which was penned in his place of exile by his worthy father, upon receiving the news of the quarrel described in the last chapter of these memoirs:—

“ *Astor House, New York, September 27.*

“ DEAR PHILIP,—I received the news in your last kind and affectionate letter with not unmingled pleasure; but ah, what pleasure in life does not carry its *amari aliquid* along with it! That you are hearty, cheerful, and industrious, earning a small competence, I am pleased indeed to think: that you talk about being married to a penniless girl I can't say gives me a very sincere pleasure. With your good looks, good manners, attainments, you might have hoped for a better match

than a half-pay officer's daughter. But 'tis useless speculating on what might have been. We are puppets in the hands of fate, most of us. We are carried along by a power stronger than ourselves. It has driven me, at sixty years of age, from competence, general respect, high position, to poverty and exile. So be it! *laudo manentem*, as my delightful old friend and philosopher teaches me—*si celeres quatit pennas*—you know the rest. Whatever our fortune may be, I hope that my Philip and his father will bear it with the courage of gentlemen.

“Our papers have announced the death of your poor mother's uncle, Lord Ringwood, and I had a fond lingering hope that he might have left some token of remembrance to his brother's grandson. He has not. You have *probam pauperiem sine dote*. You have courage, health, strength, and talent. I was in greater straits than you are at your age. *My* father was not as indulgent as yours, I hope and trust, has been. From debt and dependence I worked myself up to a proud position by my own efforts. That the storm overtook me and engulfed me afterwards, is true. But I am like the merchant of my favourite poet: I still hope—ay, at 63!—to mend my shattered ships, *indocilis pauperiem pati*. I still hope to pay back to my dear boy that fortune which ought to have been his, and which went down in my own shipwreck. Something tells me I must—I will!

“I agree with you that your escape from Agnes Twysden has been *a piece of good fortune for you*, and

am much diverted by your account of her *dusky innamorato!* Between ourselves, the fondness of the Twysdens for money amounted to meanness. And though I always received Twysden in dear Old Parr Street, as I trust a gentleman should, his company was insufferably tedious to me, and his vulgar loquacity odious. His son also was little to my taste. Indeed I was *heartily relieved* when I found your connection with that family was over, knowing their rapacity about money, and that it was your fortune, not you, they were anxious to secure for Agnes.

“ You will be glad to hear that I am in not inconsiderable practice already. My reputation as a physician had preceded me to this country. My work on Gout was favourably noticed here, and in Philadelphia, and in Boston, by the scientific journals of those great cities. People are more generous and compassionate towards misfortune here than in our cold-hearted island. I could mention several gentlemen of New York who have suffered shipwreck like myself, and are now prosperous and respected. I had the good fortune to be of considerable professional service to Colonel J. B. Fogle, of New York, on our voyage out; and the colonel, who is a leading personage here, has shown himself not at all ungrateful. Those who fancy that at New York people cannot appreciate and understand the manners of a gentleman, are *not a little mistaken*; and a man who, like myself, has lived with the best society in London, has, I flatter myself, not lived in that society *quite in vain*. The colonel is proprietor and editor of

one of the most brilliant and influential journals of the city. You know that arms and the toga are often worn here by the same individual, and——

“I had actually written thus far when I read in the colonel’s paper—the *New York Emerald*—an account of your battle with your cousin at the Embassy ball! Oh, you pugnacious Philip! Well, young Twysden was very vulgar, very rude and overbearing, and, I have no doubt, deserved the chastisement you gave him. By the way, the correspondent of the *Emerald* makes some droll blunders regarding you in his letter. We are all fair game for publicity in this country, where the press is free *with a vengeance*; and your private affairs, or mine, or the President’s, or our gracious Queen’s, for the matter of that, are discussed with a freedom which certainly *amounts to licence*. The colonel’s lady is passing the winter in Paris, where I should wish you to pay your respects to her. Her husband has been most kind to me. I am told that Mrs. F. lives in the very choicest French society, and the friendship of this family may be useful to you as to your affectionate father,

“G. B. F.

“Address as usual, until you hear further from me, as Dr. Brandon, New York. I wonder whether Lord Estridge has asked you after his old college friend? When he was Headbury and at Trinity, he and a certain pensioner whom men used to nickname Brummell Firmin were said to be the best dressed men in the

university. Estridge has advanced to rank, to honours! You may rely on it, that he will have one of the *very next* vacant garters. What a different, what an unfortunate career, has been his quondam friend's!—an exile, an inhabitant of a small room in a great hotel, where I sit at a scrambling public table with all sorts of coarse people! The way in which they bolt their dinner, often *with a knife*, shocks me. Your remittance was most welcome, small as it was. It shows my Philip has *a kind heart*. Ah! why, why are you thinking of marriage, who are so poor? By the way, your encouraging account of your circumstances has induced me to draw upon you for 100 dollars. The bill will go to Europe by the packet which carries this letter, and has kindly been cashed for me by my friends, Messrs. Plaster and Shinman, of Wall Street, respected bankers of this city. Leave your card with Mrs. Fogle. Her husband himself may be useful to you and your ever attached

“FATHER.”

We take the *New York Emerald* at Bays's, and in it I had read a very amusing account of our friend Philip, in an ingenious correspondence entitled “Letters from an Attaché,” which appeared in that journal. I even copied the paragraph to show to my wife, and perhaps to forward to our friend.

“I promise you,” wrote the attaché, “the new country did not disgrace the old at the British Embassy ball on Queen Vic's birthday. Colonel Z. B. Hoggins's

lady, of Albany, and the peerless bride of Elijah J. Dibbs, of Twenty-ninth Street in your city, were the observed of all observers for splendour, for elegance, for refined native beauty. The Royal Dukes danced with nobody else; and at the attention of one of the Princes to the lovely Miss Dibbs, I observed his Royal Duchess looked as black as thunder. Supper handsome. Back Delmonico to beat it. Champagne so-so. By the way, the young fellow who writes here for the *Pall Mall Gazette* got too much of the champagne on board—as usual, I am told. The Honourable R. Twysden, of London, was rude to my young chap's partner, or winked at him offensively, or trod on his toe, or I don't know what—but young F. followed him into the garden; hit out at him; sent him flying, like a spread eagle into the midst of an illumination, and left him there sprawling. Wild, rampageous fellow this young F.; has already spent his own fortune, and ruined his poor old father, who has been forced to cross the water. Old Louis Philippe went away early. He talked long with our minister about his travels in our country. I was standing by, but in course ain't so ill-bred as to say what passed between them."

In this way history is written. I daresay about others besides Philip, in English papers as well as American, have fables been narrated.

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINS A TUG OF WAR.

Who was the first to spread the report that Philip was a prodigal, and had ruined his poor confiding father? I thought I knew a person who might be interested in getting under any shelter, and sacrificing even his own son for his own advantage. I thought I knew a man who had done as much already, and surely might do so again; but my wife flew into one of her tempests of indignation, when I hinted something of this, clutched her own children to her heart, according to her maternal wont, asked me was there any power would cause me to belie *them*? and sternly rebuked me for daring to be so wicked, heartless, and cynical. My dear creature, wrath is no answer. You call me heartless and cynic, for saying men are false and wicked. Have you never heard to what lengths some bankrupts will go? To appease the wolves who chase them in the winter forest, have you not read how some travellers will cast all their provisions out of the sledge? then, when all the provisions are gone, don't you know that they will fling out perhaps the sister, perhaps the mother, perhaps the baby, the little, dear, tender innocent? Don't you see him tumbling among the howling pack, and the wolves gnashing, gnawing, crashing,

gobbling him up in the snow? Oh, horror—horror! My wife draws all the young ones to her breast as I utter these fiendish remarks. She hugs them in her embrace, and says, “For shame!” and that I am a monster, and so on. Go to! Go down on your knees, woman, and acknowledge the sinfulness of our human-kind. How long had our race existed ere murder and violence began? and how old was the world ere brother slew brother?

Well, my wife and I came to a compromise. I might have my opinion, but was there any need to communicate it to poor Philip? No, surely. So I never sent him the extract from the *New York Emerald*; though, of course, some other good-natured friend did, and I don't think my magnanimous friend cared much. As for supposing that his own father, to cover his own character, would lie away his son's—such a piece of artifice was quite beyond Philip's comprehension, who has been all his life slow in appreciating roguery, or recognizing that there is meanness and double-dealing in the world. When he once comes to understand the fact; when he once comprehends that Tartuffe is a humbug and swelling Bufo is a toady; then my friend becomes as absurdly indignant and mistrustful as before he was admiring and confiding. Ah, Philip! Tartuffe has a number of good, respectable qualities; and Bufo, though an underground odious animal, may have a precious jewel in his head. 'Tis you are cynical. I see the good qualities in these rascals whom you spurn. I see. I shrug my shoulders. I smile: and you call me cynic.

It was long before Philip could comprehend why Charlotte's mother turned upon him, and tried to force her daughter to forsake him. "I have offended the old woman in a hundred ways," he would say. "My tobacco annoys her; my old clothes offend her; the very English I speak is often Greek to her, and she can no more construe my sentences than I can the Hindostanee jargon she talks to her husband at dinner." "My dear fellow, if you had ten thousand a year she would try and construe your sentences, or accept them even if not understood," I would reply. And some men, whom you and I know to be mean, and to be false, and to be flatterers and parasites, and to be inexorably hard and cruel in their own private circles, will surely pull a long face to-morrow, and say, "Oh! the man's so cynical!"

I acquit Baynes of what ensued. I hold Mrs. B. to have been the criminal—the stupid criminal. The husband, like many other men extremely brave in active life, was at home timid and irresolute. Of two heads that lie side by side on the same pillow for thirty years, one must contain the stronger power, the more enduring resolution. Baynes, away from his wife, was shrewd, courageous, gay at times; when with her he was fascinated, torpid under the power of this baleful superior creature. "Ah, when we were subs together in camp in 1803, what a lively fellow Charley Baynes was!" his comrade, Colonel Bunch, would say. "That was before he ever saw his wife's yellow face; and what a slave she has made of him!"

After that fatal conversation which ensued after the ball, Philip did not come to dinner at madame's according to his custom. Mrs. Baynes told no family stories, and Colonel Bunch, who had no special liking for the young gentleman, did not trouble himself to make any inquiries about him. One, two, three days passed, and no Philip. At last the colonel says to the general, with a sly look at Charlotte, "Baynes, where is our young friend with the mustachios? We have not seen him these three days." And he gives an arch look at poor Charlotte. A burning blush flamed up in little Charlotte's pale face, as she looked at her parents and then at their old friend. "Mr. Firmin does not come, because papa and mamma have forbidden him," says Charlotte. "I suppose he only comes where he is welcome." And, having made this audacious speech, I suppose the little maid tossed her little head up; and wondered, in the silence which ensued, whether all the company could hear her heart thumping.

Madame, from her central place, where she is carving, sees, from the looks of her guests, the indignant flushes on Charlotte's face, the confusion on her father's, the wrath on Mrs. Baynes's, that some dreadful words are passing; and in vain endeavours to turn the angry current of talk. "*Un petit canard délicieux, goûtez-en, madame!*" she cries. Honest Colonel Bunch sees the little maid with eyes flashing with anger, and trembling in every limb. The offered duck having failed to create a diversion, he, too, tries a feeble commonplace. "A little difference, my dear," he says in an under voice.

“There will be such in the best regulated families. *Canard sauvage tres bong, madame, avec*——” but he is allowed to speak no more, for——

“What would you do, Colonel Bunch,” little Charlotte breaks out with her poor little ringing, trembling voice—“that is, if you were a young man, if another young man struck you, and insulted you?” I say she utters this in such a clear voice, that Françoise, the *femme-de-chambre*, that Auguste, the footman, that all the guests hear, that all the knives and forks stop their clatter.

“Faith, my dear, I’d knock him down, if I could,” says Bunch; and he catches hold of the little maid’s sleeve, and would stop her speaking if he could.

“And that is what Philip did,” cries Charlotte aloud; “and mamma has turned him out of the house—yes, out of the house, for acting like a man of honour!”

“Go to your room this instant, miss!” shrieks mamma. As for old Baynes, his stained old uniform is not more dingy-red than his wrinkled face and his throbbing temples. He blushes under his wig, no doubt, could we see beneath that ancient artifice.

“What is it? madame your mother dismisses you of my table? I will come with you, my dear Miss Charlotte!” says madame, with much dignity. “Serve the sugared plate, Auguste! My ladies, you will excuse me! I go to attend the dear miss, who seems to me ill.” And she rises up, and she follows poor little blushing, burning, weeping Charlotte: and again,

I have no doubt, takes her in her arms, and kisses, and cheers, and caresses her—at the threshold of the door—there by the staircase, among the cold dishes of the dinner, where Moira and MacGrigor had one moment before been marauding.

“*Courage, ma fille, courage, mon enfant! Tenez!* Behold something to console thee!” and madame takes out of her pocket a little letter, and gives it to the girl, who at sight of it kisses the superscription, and then in an anguish of love, and joy, and grief, falls on the neck of the kind woman, who consoles her in her misery. Whose writing is it Charlotte kisses? Can you guess by any means? Upon my word, Madame Smolensk, I never recommend ladies to take daughters to *your* boarding-house. And I like you so much, I would not tell of you, but you know the house is shut up this many a long day. Oh! the years slip away fugacious; and the grass has grown over graves; and many and many joys and sorrows have been born and have died since then for Charlotte and Philip: but that grief aches still in their bosoms at times; and that sorrow throbs at Charlotte’s heart again whenever she looks at a little yellow letter in her trinket-box: and she says to her children, “Papa wrote that to me before we were married, my dears.” There are scarcely half-a-dozen words in the little letter, I believe; and two of them are “for ever.”

I could draw a ground-plan of madame’s house in the Champs Elysées if I liked, for has not Philip shown me the place and described it to me many

times? In front, and facing the road and garden, were madame's room and the salon; to the back was the *salle-à-manger*; and a stair ran up the house (where the dishes used to be laid during dinner-time, and where Moira and MacGrigor fingered the meats and puddings). Mrs. General Baynes's rooms were on the first floor, looking on the Champs Elysées, and into the garden-court of the house below. And on this day, as the dinner was necessarily short (owing to unhappy circumstances), and the gentlemen were left alone glumly drinking their wine or grog, and Mrs. Baynes had gone upstairs to her own apartment, had slapped her boys, and was looking out of window—was it not provoking that of all days in the world young Hely should ride up to the house on his capering mare, with his flower in his button-hole, with his little varnished toe-tips just touching his stirrups, and after performing various caracolades and gambadoes in the garden, kiss his yellow-kidded hand to Mrs. General Baynes at the window, hope Miss Baynes was quite well, and ask if he might come in and take a cup of tea? Charlotte, lying on madame's bed in the ground-floor room, heard Mr. Hely's sweet voice asking after her health, and the crunching of his horse's hoofs on the gravel, and she could even catch glimpses of that little form as the horse capered about in the court, though of course he could not see her where she was lying on the bed with her letter in her hand. Mrs. Baynes at her window had to wag her withered head from the casement, to groan out,

“My daughter is lying down, and has a bad headache, I am sorry to say,” and then she must have had the mortification to see Hely caper off, after waving her a genteel adieu. The ladies in the front salon, who assembled after dinner, witnessed the transaction, and Mrs. Bunch, I daresay, had a grim pleasure at seeing Eliza Baynes’s young sprig of fashion, of whom Eliza was for ever bragging, come at last, and obliged to ride away, not bootless, certainly, for where were feet more beautifully *chaussés*? but after a bootless errand.

Meanwhile the gentlemen sate awhile in the dining-room, after the British custom which such veterans liked too well to give up. Other two gentlemen boarders went away, rather alarmed by that storm and outbreak in which Charlotte had quitted the dinner-table, and left the old soldiers together, to enjoy, according to their after-dinner custom, a sober glass of “something hot,” as the saying is. In truth, madame’s wine was of the poorest; but what better could you expect for the money?

Baynes was not eager to be alone with Bunch, and I have no doubt began to blush again when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his old friend. But what was to be done? The general did not dare to go up-stairs to his own quarters, where poor Charlotte was probably crying, and her mother in one of her tantrums. Then in the salon there were the ladies of the boarding-house party, and there Mrs. Bunch would be sure to be at him. Indeed, since the Bayneses were launched in the great world, Mrs. Bunch was untiringly sarcastic in

her remarks about lords, ladies, attachés, ambassadors, and fine people in general. So Baynes sate with his friend, in the falling evening, in much silence, dipping his old nose in the brandy-and-water.

Little square-faced, red-faced, whisker-dyed Colonel Bunch sate opposite his old companion, regarding him not without scorn. Bunch had a wife. Bunch had feelings. Do you suppose those feelings had not been worked upon by that wife in private colloquies? Do you suppose—when two old women have lived together in pretty much the same rank of life,—if one suddenly gets promotion, is carried off to higher spheres, and talks of her new friends, the countesses, duchesses, ambassadresses, as of course she will—do you suppose, I say, that the unsuccessful woman will be pleased at the successful woman's success? Your knowledge of your own heart, my dear lady, must tell you the truth in this matter. I don't want you to acknowledge that you are angry because your sister has been staying with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, but you are, you know. You have made sneering remarks to your husband on the subject, and such remarks, I have no doubt, were made by Mrs. Colonel Bunch to *her* husband, regarding her poor friend Mrs. General Baynes.

During this parenthesis we have left the general dipping his nose in the brandy-and-water. He can't keep it there for ever. He must come up for air presently. His face must come out of the drink, and sigh over the table.

“What’s this business, Baynes?” says the colonel.
“What’s the matter with poor Charley?”

“Family affairs—differences will happen,” says the general.

“I do hope and trust nothing has gone wrong with her and young Firmin, Baynes?”

The general does not like those fixed eyes staring at him under those bushy eyebrows, between those bushy, blackened whiskers.

“Well, then, yes, Bunch, something *has* gone wrong; and given me and—and Mrs. Baynes—a deuced deal of pain too. The young fellow has acted like a black-guard, brawling and fighting at an ambassador’s ball, bringing us all to ridicule. He’s not a gentleman; that’s the long and short of it, Bunch; and so let’s change the subject.”

“Why, consider the provocation he had!” cries the other, disregarding entirely his friend’s prayer. “I heard them talking about the business at Galignani’s this very day. A fellow swears at Firmin; runs at him; brags that he has pitched him over; and is knocked down for his pains. By George! I think Firmin was quite right. Were any man to do as much to me or you, what should we do, even at our age?”

“We are military men. I said I didn’t wish to talk about the subject, Bunch,” says the general in rather a lofty manner.

“You mean that Tom Bunch has no need to put his oar in?”

“Precisely so,” says the other, curtly.

“Mum’s the word! Let us talk about the dukes and duchesses at the ball. *That’s* more in your line, now,” says the colonel, with rather a sneer.

“What do you mean by duchesses and dukes? What do you know about them, or what the deuce do I care?” asks the general.

“Oh, they are tabooed too! Hang it! there’s no satisfying you,” growls the colonel.

“Look here, Bunch,” the general broke out; “I must speak, since you won’t leave me alone. I am unhappy. You can see that well enough. For two or three nights past I have had no rest. This engagement of my child and Mr. Firmin can’t come to any good. You see what he is—an overbearing, ill-conditioned, quarrelsome fellow. What chance has Charley of being happy with such a fellow?”

“I hold my tongue, Baynes. You told me not to put my oar in,” growls the colonel.

“Oh, if that’s the way you take it, Bunch, of course there’s no need for me to go on any more,” cries General Baynes. “If an old friend won’t give an old friend advice, by George, or help him in a strait, or say a kind word when he’s unhappy, I have done. I have known you for forty years, and I am mistaken in you—that’s all.”

“There’s no contenting you. You say, Hold your tongue, and I shut my mouth. I hold my tongue, and you say, Why don’t you speak? Why don’t I? Because you won’t like what I say, Charles Baynes: and so, what’s the good of more talking?”

“ Confound it ! ” cries Baynes, with a thump of his glass on the table, “ but what *do* you say ? ”

“ I say, then, as you will have it, ” cries the other, clenching his fists in his pockets—“ I say you are wanting a pretext for breaking off this match, Baynes. I don’t say it is a good one, mind ; but your word is passed, and your honour engaged to a young fellow to whom you are under deep obligation. ”

“ What obligation ? Who has talked to you about my private affairs ? ” cries the general, reddening. “ Has Philip Firmin been bragging about his—— ? ”

“ You have yourself, Baynes. When you arrived here, you told me over and over again what the young fellow had done : and you certainly thought he acted like a gentleman *then*. If you choose to break your word to him now——”

“ Break my word ! Great powers, do you know what you are saying, Bunch ? ”

“ Yes, and what you are doing, Baynes. ”

“ Doing ? and what ? ”

“ A damned shabby action ; that’s what you are doing, if you want to know. Don’t tell *me*. Why, do you suppose Fanny—do you suppose everybody doesn’t see what you are at ? You think you can get a better match for the girl, and you and Eliza are going to throw the young fellow over : and the fellow who held his hand, and might have ruined you if he liked. I say it is a cowardly action ! ”

“ Colonel Bunch, do you dare to use such a word to me ? ” calls out the general, starting to his feet.

“Dare be hanged! I say it’s a shabby action!” roars the other, rising too.

“Hush! unless you wish to disturb the ladies! Of course you know what your expression means, Colonel Bunch?” and the general drops his voice and sinks back to his chair.

“I know what my words mean, and I stick to ’em, Baynes,” growls the other; “which is more than you can say of yours.”

“I am dee’d if any man alive shall use this language to me,” says the general in the softest whisper, “without accounting to me for it.”

“Did you ever find me backward, Baynes, at that kind of thing?” growls the colonel, with a face like a lobster and eyes starting from his head.

“Very good, sir. To-morrow, at your earliest convenience. I shall be at Galignani’s from eleven till one. With a friend if possible.—What is it, my love? A game at whist? Well, no, thank you; I think I won’t play cards to-night.”

It was Mrs. Baynes who entered the room when the two gentlemen were quarrelling; and the bloodthirsty hypocrites instantly smoothed their ruffled brows and smiled on her with perfect courtesy.

“Whist—no! I was thinking should we send out to meet him. He has never been in Paris.”

“Never been in Paris?” said the general, puzzled.

“He will be here to-night, you know. Madame has a room ready for him.”

“The very thing, the very thing!” cries General

Baynes, with great glee. And Mrs. Baynes, all unsuspecting of the quarrel between the old friends, proceeds to inform Colonel Bunch that Major MacWhirter was expected that evening. And then that tough old Colonel Bunch knew the cause of Baynes's delight. A second was provided for the general—the very thing Baynes wanted.

We have seen how Mrs. Baynes, after taking counsel with her general, had privately sent for MacWhirter. Her plan was that Charlotte's uncle should take her for a while to Tours, and make her hear reason. Then Charley's foolish passion for Philip would pass away. Then, if he dared to follow her so far, her aunt and uncle, two dragons of virtue and circumspection, would watch and guard her. Then, if Mrs. Hely was still of the same mind, she and her son might easily take the post to Tours, where, Philip being absent, young Walsingham might plead his passion. The best part of the plan, perhaps, was the separation of our young couple. Charlotte would recover. Mrs. Baynes was sure of that. The little girl had made no outbreak until that sudden insurrection at dinner which we have witnessed; and her mother, who had domineered over the child all her life, thought she was still in her power. She did not know that she had passed the bounds of authority, and that with her behaviour to Philip her child's allegiance had revolted.

Bunch then, from Baynes's look and expression, perfectly understood what his adversary meant, and that the general's second was found. His own he had

in his eye—a tough little old army surgeon of Peninsular and Indian times, who lived hard by, who would aid as second and doctor too, if need were—and so kill two birds with one stone, as they say. The colonel would go forth that very instant and seek for Dr. Martin, and be hanged to Baynes, and a plague on the whole transaction and the folly of two old friends burning powder in such a quarrel. But he knew what a bloodthirsty little fellow that henpecked, silent Baynes was when roused; and as for himself—a fellow use that kind of language to *me*? By George, Tom Bunch was not going to baulk him!

Whose was that tall figure prowling about madame's house in the Champs Elysées when Colonel Bunch issued forth in quest of his friend; who had been watched by the police and mistaken for a suspicious character; who had been looking up at madame's windows now that the evening shades had fallen? Oh, you goose of a Philip! (for of course, my dears, you guess the spy was P. F. Esq.) you look up at the *premier*, and there is the Beloved in madame's room on the ground floor;—in yonder room, where a lamp is burning and casting a faint light across the bars of the *jalousie*. If Philip knew she was there, he would be transformed into a clematis, and climb up the bars of the window, and twine round them all night. But you see he thinks she is on the first floor; and the glances of his passionate eyes are taking aim at the wrong windows. And now Colonel Bunch comes forth in his stout strutting way, in his little military cape—quick march—and Philip is startled like

a guilty thing surprised, and dodges behind a tree in the avenue.

The colonel departed on his murderous errand. Philip still continues to ogle the window of his heart (the wrong window), defiant of the policeman, who tells him to *circuler*. He has not watched here many minutes more, ere a hackney-coach drives up with port-manteaux on the roof and a lady and gentleman within.

You see Mrs. MacWhirter thought she as well as her husband might have a peep at Paris. As Mac's coach-hire was paid, Mrs. Mac could afford a little outlay of money. And if they were to bring Charlotte back—Charlotte in grief and agitation, poor child—a matron, an aunt, would be a much fitter companion for her than a major, however gentle. So the pair of MacWhirters journeyed from Tours—a long journey it was before railways were invented—and after four-and-twenty hours of squeeze in the diligence, presented themselves at nightfall at Madame Smolensk's.

The Baynes' boys dashed into the garden at the sound of wheels. "Mamma—mamma! it's uncle Mac!" these innocents cried, as they ran to the railings. "Uncle Mac! what could bring him? Oh! they are going to send me to him! they are going to send me to him!" thought Charlotte, starting on her bed. And on this, I daresay, a certain locket was kissed more vehemently than ever.

"I say, Ma!" cries the ingenious Moira, jumping back to the house; "it's uncle Mac, and aunt Mac, too!"

"What?" cries mamma, with anything but pleasure

in her voice; and then turning to the dining-room, where her husband still sate, she called out, "General! here's Mac Whirter and Emily!"

Mrs. Baynes gave her sister a very grim kiss.

"Dearest Eliza, I thought it was such a good opportunity of coming, and that I might be so useful, you know!" pleads Emily.

"Thank you. How do you do, Mac Whirter?" says the grim générale.

"Glad to see you, Baynes, my boy!"

"How d'ye do, Emily? Boys, bring your uncle's traps. Didn't know Emily was coming, Mac. Hope there's room for her!" sighs the general, coming forth from his parlour.

The major was struck by the sad looks and pallor of his brother-in-law. "By George! Baynes, you look as yellow as a guinea. How's Tom Bunch?"

"Come into this room along with me. Have some brandy-and-water, Mac.—Auguste! *O de vie, O sho!*" calls the general; and Auguste, who out of the new comer's six packages has daintily taken one very small mackintosh cushion, says, "*Comment? encore du grog, général?*" and, shrugging his shoulders, disappears to procure the refreshment at his leisure.

The sisters disappear to their embraces; the brothers-in-law retreat to the *salle-à-manger*, where General Baynes has been sitting, gloomy and lonely, for half an hour past, thinking of his quarrel with his old comrade, Bunch. He and Bunch have been chums for more than forty years. They have been in action together, and

honourably mentioned in the same report. They have had a great regard for each other; and each knows the other is an obstinate old mule, and, in a quarrel, will die rather than give way. They have had a dispute out of which there is only one issue. Words have passed which no man, however old, by George! can brook from any friend, however intimate, by Jove! No wonder Baynes is grave. His family is large; his means are small. To-morrow he may be under fire of an old friend's pistol. In such an extremity he knows how each will behave. No wonder, I say, the general is solemn.

"What's in the wind now, Baynes?" asks the major, after a little drink and a long silence. "How is poor little Char?"

"Infernally ill—I mean behaved infernally ill," says the general, biting his lips.

"Bad business! Bad business! Poor little child!" cries the major.

"Insubordinate little devil!" says the pale general, grinding his teeth. "We'll see which shall be master!"

"What! you have had words?"

"At this table, this very day. She sat here and defied her mother and me, by George! and flung out of the room like a tragedy queen. She must be tamed, Mac, or my name's not Baynes."

Mac Whirter knew his relative of old, and that this quiet, submissive man, when angry, worked up to a white heat as it were. "Sad affair; hope you'll both come round, Baynes," sighs the major, trying bootless

common-places; and seeing this last remark had no effect, he bethought him of recurring to their mutual friend. "How's Tom Bunch?" the major asked, cheerily.

At this question Baynes grinned in such a ghastly way that MacWhirter eyed him with wonder. "Colonel Bunch is very well," the general said, in dismal voice; "at least, he was, half an hour ago. He was sitting there;" and he pointed to an empty spoon lying in an empty beaker, whence the spirit and water had departed.

"What has been the matter, Baynes?" asked the major. "Has anything happened between you and Tom?"

"I mean that, half an hour ago, Colonel Bunch used words to me which I'll bear from no man alive: and you have arrived just in the nick of time, Mac Whirter, to take my message to him. Hush! here's the drink."

"*Voici, Messieurs!*" Auguste at length has brought up a second supply of brandy-and-water. The veterans mingled their jorums; and whilst his brother-in-law spoke, the alarmed MacWhirter sipped occasionally, *intentusque ora tenebat*.

CHAPTER XI.

I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS !

GENERAL BAYNES began the story which you and I have heard at length. He told it in his own way. He grew very angry with himself whilst defending himself. He had to abuse Philip very fiercely, in order to excuse his own act of treason. He had to show that his act was not his act; that, after all, he never had promised; and that, if he had promised, Philip's atrocious conduct ought to absolve him from any previous promise. I do not wonder that the general was abusive, and out of temper. Such a crime as he was committing can't be performed cheerfully by a man who is habitually gentle, generous, and honest. I do not say that men cannot cheat, cannot lie, cannot inflict torture, cannot commit rascally actions, without in the least losing their equanimity; but these are men habitually false, knavish, and cruel. They are accustomed to break their promises, to cheat their neighbours in bargains, and what not. A roguish word or action more or less is of little matter to them: their remorse only awakens after detection, and they don't begin to repent till they come sentenced out of the dock. But here was an ordinarily

just man withdrawing from his promise, turning his back on his benefactor, and justifying himself to himself by maligning the man whom he injured. It is not an uncommon event, my dearly beloved brethren and esteemed miserable sister sinners; but you like to say a preacher is "cynical" who admits this sad truth—and, perhaps, don't care to hear about the subject on more than one day in the week.

So, in order to make out some sort of case for himself, our poor good old General Baynes chose to think and declare that Philip was so violent, ill-conditioned, and abandoned a fellow, that no faith ought to be kept with him; and that Colonel Bunch had behaved with such brutal insolence that Baynes must call him to account. As for the fact that there was another, a richer, and a much more eligible suitor, who was likely to offer for his daughter, Baynes did not happen to touch on this point at all; preferring to speak of Philip's hopeless poverty, disreputable conduct, and gross and careless behaviour.

Now MacWhirter, having, I suppose, little to do at Tours, had read Mrs. Baynes's letters to her sister Emily, and remembered them. Indeed, it was but very few months since Eliza Baynes's letters had been full of praise of Philip, of his love for Charlotte, and of his noble generosity in foregoing the great claim which he had upon the general, his mother's careless trustee. Philip was the first suitor Charlotte had had: in her first glow of pleasure, Charlotte's mother had covered yards of paper with compliments, interjections, and

those *scratches* or *dashes* under her words, by which some ladies are accustomed to point their satire or emphasize their delight. He was an admirable young man—wild, but generous, handsome, noble! He had forgiven his father thousands and thousands of pounds which the doctor owed him—all his mother's fortune; and he had acted *most nobly* by her trustees—that she must say, though poor dear weak Baynes was one of them, Baynes who was as simple as a child! Major Mac and his wife had agreed that Philip's forbearance was very generous and kind, but after all that there was no special cause for rapture at the notion of their niece marrying a struggling young fellow without a penny in the world; and they had been not a little amused with the change of tone in Eliza's later letters, when she began to go out in the great world, and to look coldly upon poor, penniless Firmin, her hero of a few months since. Then Emily remembered how Eliza had always been fond of great people; how her head was turned by going to a few parties at Government House; how absurdly she went on with that little creature Fitz-rickets (because he was an Honourable, forsooth) at Dumdum. Eliza was a good wife to Baynes; a good mother to the children; and made both ends of a narrow income meet with surprising dexterity; but Emily was bound to say of her sister Eliza, that a more, &c. &c. &c. And when the news came at length that Philip was to be thrown overboard, Emily clapped her hands together, and said to her husband, "Now, Mac, didn't I always tell you so? If she could get a fashionable husband for

Charlotte, I *knew* my sister would put the doctor's son to the door!" That the poor child would suffer considerably, her aunt was assured. Indeed, before her own union with Mac, Emily had undergone heart-breakings and pangs of separation on her own account. The poor child would want comfort and companionship. *She* would go to fetch her niece. And though the major said, "My dear, you want to go to Paris, and buy a new bonnet," Mrs. MacWhirter spurned the insinuation, and came to Paris from a mere sense of duty.

So Baynes poured out his history of wrongs to his brother-in-law, who marvelled to hear a man, ordinarily chary of words and cool of demeanour, so angry and so voluble. If he had done a bad action, at least, after doing it, Baynes had the grace to be very much out of humour. If I ever, for my part, do anything wrong in my family, or to them, I accompany that action with a furious rage and blustering passion. I won't have wife or children question it. No querulous Nathan of a family friend (or an incommodious conscience, may be) shall come and lecture *me* about my ill-doings. No—no. Out of the house with him! Away, you preaching bugbear, don't try to frighten *me*! Baynes, I suspect, to browbeat, bully, and outtalk the Nathan pleading in his heart—Baynes will outbawl that prating monitor, and thrust that inconvenient preacher out of sight, out of hearing, drive him with angry words from our gate. Ah! in vain we expel him; and bid John say, not at home! There he is when we wake, sitting at our bed-

foot. We throw him overboard for daring to put an oar in our boat. Whose ghastly head is that looking up from the water and swimming alongside us, row we never so swiftly? Fire at him. Brain him with an oar, one of you, and pull on! Flash goes the pistol. Surely that oar has stove the old skull in? See! there comes the awful companion popping up out of water again, and crying, "Remember, remember, I am here, I am here!" Baynes had thought to bully away one monitor by the threat of a pistol, and here was another swimming alongside of his boat. And would you have it otherwise, my dear reader, for you, for me? That you and I shall commit sins, in this, and ensuing years, is certain; but I hope—I hope they won't be past praying for. Here is Baynes, having just done a bad action, in a dreadfully wicked, murderous, and dissatisfied state of mind. His chafing, bleeding temper is one raw; his whole soul one rage, and wrath, and fever. Charles Baynes, thou old sinner, I pray that heaven may turn thee to a better state of mind. I will kneel down by thy side, scatter ashes on my own bald pate, and we will quaver out *Peccavimus* together.

"In one word, the young man's conduct has been so outrageous and disreputable that I can't, Mac, as a father of a family, consent to my girl's marrying. Out of a regard for her happiness, it is my duty to break off the engagement," cries the general, finishing the story.

"Has he formally released you from that trust business?" asked the major.

"Good heavens, Mac!" cries the general, turning

very red. "You know I am as innocent of all wrong towards him as you are!"

"Innocent—only you did not look to your trust——"

"I think ill of him, sir. I think he is a wild, reckless, overbearing young fellow," calls out the general, very quickly, "who would make my child miserable; but I don't think he is such a blackguard as to come down on a retired elderly man with a poor family—a numerous family; a man who has bled and fought for his sovereign in the Peninsula, and in India, as the *Army List* will show you, by George. I don't think Firmin will be such a scoundrel as to come down on me, I say; and I must say, MacWhirter, I think it most unhandsome of you to allude to it—most unhandsome, by George!"

"Why, you are going to break off your bargain with him; why should he keep his compact with you?" asks the gruff major.

"Because," shouted the general, "it would be a sin and a shame that an old man with seven children, and broken health, who has served in every place—yes, in the West and East Indies, by George!—in Canada—in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans;—because he has been deceived and humbugged by a miserable scoundrel of a doctor into signing a sham paper, by George! should be ruined, and his poor children and wife driven to beggary, by Jove! as you seem to recommend young Firmin to do, Jack MacWhirter; and I'll tell you what, Major MacWhirter, I take it dee'd unfriendly of you; and I'll trouble you not to put your

oar into *my boat*, and meddle with *my affairs*, that's all, and I'll know who's at the bottom of it, by Jove! It's the grey mare, Mac—it's your *better half*, MacWhirter—it's that confounded, meddling, sneaking, backbiting, domineering——”

“What next?” roared the major. “Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I don't know, Baynes, who has put you on doing what I have no hesitation in calling a most sneaking and rascally action—yes, a rascally action, by George! I am not going to mince matters! Don't come your Major-General or your Mrs. Major-General over me! It's Eliza that has set you on. And if Tom Bunch has been telling you that you have been breaking from your word, and are acting shabbily, Tom is right; and you may get somebody else to go out with you, General Baynes, for, by George, I won't!”

“Have you come all the way from Tours, Mac, in order to insult me?” asks the general.

“I came to do you a friendly turn; to take charge of your poor girl, upon whom you are being very hard, Baynes. And this is the reward I get! Thank you. No more grog! What I have had is rather *too strong* for me already.” And the major looks down with an expression of scorn at the emptied beaker, the idle spoon before him.

As the warriors were quarrelling over their cups, there came to them a noise as of brawling and of female voices without. “*Mais, madame!*” pleads Madame Smolensk, in her grave way. “*Taisez-vous,*

madame, laissez moi tranquille, s'il vous plait!" exclaims the well-known voice of Mrs. General Baynes, which I own was never very pleasant to me, either in anger or good-humour. "And your Little,—who tries to sleep in my chamber!" again pleads the mistress of the boarding-house. "*Vous n'avez pas droit d'appeler Mademoiselle Baynes petite!*" calls out the general's lady. And Baynes, who was fighting and quarrelling himself just now, trembled when he heard her. His angry face assumed an alarmed expression. He looked for means of escape. He appealed for protection to MacWhirter, whose nose he had been ready to pull anon. Samson was a mighty man, but he was a fool in the hands of a woman. Hercules was a brave man and a strong, but Omphale twisted him round her spindle. Even so Baynes, who had fought in India, Spain, America, trembled before the partner of his bed and name.

It was an unlucky afternoon. Whilst the husbands had been quarrelling in the dining-room over brandy-and-water, the wives, the sisters, had been fighting over their tea in the salon. I don't know what the other boarders were about. Philip never told me. Perhaps they had left the room to give the sisters a free opportunity for embraces and confidential communication. Perhaps there were no lady boarders left. Howbeit, Emily and Eliza had tea; and before that refreshing meal was concluded, those dear women were fighting as hard as their husbands in the adjacent chamber.

Eliza, in the first place, was very angry at Emily's coming without invitation. Emily, on her part, was angry with Eliza for being angry. "I am sure, Eliza," said the spirited and injured MacWhirter, "that is the third time you have alluded to it since we have been here. Had you and all your family come to Tours, Mac and I would have made them welcome—children and all; and I am sure yours make trouble enough in a house."

"A private house is not like a boarding-house, Emily. Here Madame makes us pay frightfully for extras," remarks Mrs. Baynes.

"I am sorry I came, Eliza. Let us say no more about it. I can't go away to-night," says the other.

"And most unkind it is that speech to make, Emily. Any more tea?"

"Most unpleasant to have to make that speech, Eliza. To travel a whole day and night—and I never able to sleep in a diligence—to hasten to my sister because I thought she was in trouble, because I thought a sister might comfort her; and to be received as you—*re*—as you—oh, oh, oh—boh! How stupid I am!" A handkerchief dries the tears: a smelling-bottle restores a little composure. "When you came to us at Dumdum, with two—o—o children in the whooping-cough, I am sure Mac and I gave you a very different welcome."

The other was smitten with a remorse. She remembered her sister's kindness in former days. "I did not mean, sister, to give you pain," she said. "But I am

very unhappy myself, Emily. My child's conduct is making me most unhappy."

"And very good reason you have to be unhappy, Eliza, if woman ever had!" says the other.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" gasps the general's lady.

"If any woman ought to feel remorse, Eliza Baynes, I am sure it's you. Sleepless nights! What was mine in the diligence, compared to the nights you must have? I said so to myself. 'I am wretched,' I said, 'but what must *she* be?'"

"Of course, as a feeling mother, I feel that poor Charlotte is unhappy, my dear."

"But what makes her so, my dear?" cries Mrs. MacWhirter, who presently showed that she was mistress of the whole controversy. "No wonder Charlotte is unhappy, dear love! Can a girl be engaged to a young man, a most interesting young man, a clever, accomplished, highly educated young man ——"

"*What?*" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"Haven't I your letters? I have them all in my desk. They are in that hall now. Didn't you tell me so over and over again; and rave about him, till I thought you were in love with him yourself almost?" cries Mrs. Mac.

"A most indecent observation!" cries out Eliza Baynes, in her deep, awful voice. "No woman, no sister, shall say that to me!"

"Shall I go and get the letters? It used to be, 'Dear Philip has just left us. Dear Philip has been more than a son to me. He is our preserver!' Didn't you write

all that to me over and over again? And because you have found a richer husband for Charlotte, you are going to turn your preserver out of doors!"

"Emily MacWhirter, am I to sit here and be accused of crimes, *uninvited*, mind—*uninvited*, mind, by my sister? Is a general officer's lady to be treated in this way by a brevet-major's wife? Though you are my senior in age, Emily, I am yours in rank. Out of any room in England, but this, I go before you! And if you have come *uninvited* all the way from Tours to insult me in my own house——"

"House, indeed! pretty house! Everybody else's house as well as yours!"

"Such as it is, I never asked you to come into it, Emily!"

"Oh, yes! You wish me to go out in the night. MAC! I say!"

"Emily!" cries the generaless.

"MAC, I say!" screams the majoress, flinging open the door of the salon, "my sister wishes me to go. Do you hear me?"

"*Au nom de Dieu, madame, pensez à cette pauvre petite, qui souffre à côté,*" cries the mistress of the house, pointing to her own adjoining chamber, in which, we have said, our poor little Charlotte was lying.

"*Nappley pas Madamaselle Baynes petite, sivoplay!*" booms out Mrs. Baynes's contralto.

"MacWhirter, I say, Major MacWhirter!" cries Emily, flinging open the door of the dining-room where the two gentlemen were knocking their own heads toge-

ther. "MacWhirter! My sister chooses to insult me, and say that a brevet-major's wife——"

"By George! are you fighting, too?" asks the general.

"Baynes, Emily MacWhirter has insulted me!" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"It seems to have been a settled thing beforehand," yells the general. "Major MacWhirter has done the same thing by me! He has forgotten that he is a gentleman, and that I am."

"He only insults you because he thinks you are his relative, and must bear everything from him," says the general's wife.

"By George! I will not bear everything from him!" shouts the general.

The two gentlemen and their two wives are squabbling in the hall. Madame and the servants are peering up from the kitchen-regions. I daresay the boys from the topmost banisters are saying to each other, "Row between Ma and aunt Mac!" I daresay scared little Charlotte, in her temporary apartment, is, for awhile, almost forgetful of her own grief; and wondering what quarrel is agitating her aunt and mother, her father and uncle? Place the remaining male and female boarders about in the corridors and on the landings, in various attitudes expressive of interest, of satiric commentary, wrath at being disturbed by unseemly domestic quarrel:—in what posture you will. As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, she, poor thing, does not know that the general and her own colonel have entered

on a mortal quarrel. She imagines the dispute is only between Mrs. Baynes and her sister as yet; and she has known this pair quarrelling for a score of years past. "Toujours comme ça, fighting vous savez, et puis make it up again. Oui," she explains to a French friend on the landing.

In the very midst of this storm Colonel Bunch returns, his friend and second, Dr. Martin, on his arm. He does not know that two battles have been fought since his own combat. His, we will say, was Ligny. Then came Quatre-Bras, in which Baynes and MacWhirter were engaged. Then came the general action of Waterloo. And here enters Colonel Bunch, quite unconscious of the great engagements which have taken place since his temporary retreat in search of reinforcements.

"How are you, MacWhirter?" cries the colonel of the purple whiskers. "My friend, Dr. Martin!" And as he addresses himself to the general, his eyes almost start out of his head, as if they would shoot themselves into the breast of that officer.

"My dear, hush! Emily MacWhirter, had we not better defer this most painful dispute? The whole house is listening to us!" whispers the general, in a rapid low voice. "Doctor—Colonel Bunch—Major MacWhirter, had we not better go into the dining-room?"

The general and the doctor go first, Major MacWhirter and Colonel Bunch pause at the door. Says Bunch to MacWhirter: "Major, you act as the general's friend

in this affair? It's most awkward, but, by George! Baynes has said things to me that I won't bear, were he my own flesh and blood, by George! And I know him a deuced deal too well to think he will ever apologize!"

"He has said things to ME, Bunch, that I won't bear from fifty brother-in-laws, by George!" growls MacWhirter.

"What? Don't you bring me any message from him?"

"I tell you, Tom Bunch, I want to send a message to him. Invite me to his house, and insult me and Emily when we come! By George, it makes my blood boil! Insult us after travelling twenty-four hours in a confounded diligence, and say we're not invited! He and his little catamaran."

"Hush!" interposed Bunch.

"I say catamaran, sir! don't tell *me!* They came and stayed with us four months at Dumdum—the children ill with the pip, or some confounded thing—went to Europe, and left me to pay the doctor's bill; and now, by ——"

Was the major going to invoke George, the Cappadocian champion, or Olympian Jove? At this moment a door, by which they stood, opens. You may remember there were three doors, all on that landing; if you doubt me, go and see the house (Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées, Paris). A third door opens, and a young lady comes out, looking very pale and sad, and her hair hanging over her shoulders;—her hair, which

hung in rich clusters generally, but I suppose tears have put it all out of curl.

“Is it you, uncle Mac? I thought I knew your voice, and I heard aunt Emily’s,” says the little person.

“Yes, it is I, Charley,” says uncle Mac. And he looks into the round face, which looks so wild and is so full of grief unutterable that uncle Mac is quite melted, and takes the child to his arms, and says, “What is it, my dear?” And he quite forgets that he proposes to blow her father’s brains out in the morning. “How hot your little hands are!”

“Uncle, uncle!” she says, in a swift febrile whisper, “you’re come to take me away, I know. I heard you and papa, I heard mamma and aunt Emily speaking quite loud! But if I go—I’ll—I’ll never love any but him!”

“But whom, dear?”

“But Philip, uncle.”

“By George! Char, no more you shall!” says the major. And herewith the poor child, who had been sitting up on her bed whilst this quarrelling of sisters,—whilst this brawling of majors, generals, colonels,—whilst this coming of hackney-coaches,—whilst this arrival and departure of visitors on horseback,—had been taking place, gave a fine hysterical scream, and fell into her uncle’s arms laughing and crying wildly.

This outcry, of course, brought the gentlemen from their adjacent room, and the ladies from theirs.

“What are you making a fool of yourself about?” growls Mrs. Baynes, in her deepest bark.

“By George, Eliza, you are too bad!” says the general quite white.

“Eliza, you are a brute!” cries Mrs. MacWhirter,

“So SHE IS!” shrieks Mrs. Bunch from the landing-place overhead, where other lady boarders were assembled looking down on this awful family battle.

Eliza Baynes knew she had gone too far. Poor Charley was scarce conscious by this time, and wildly screaming, “Never, never!” . . . When, as I live, who should burst into the premises but a young man with fair hair, with flaming whiskers, with flaming eyes, who calls out, “What is it? I am here, Charlotte, Charlotte!”

Who is that young man? We had a glimpse of him, prowling about the Champs Elysées just now, and dodging behind a tree when Colonel Bunch went out in search of his second. Then the young man saw the MacWhirter hackney-coach approach the house. Then he waited and waited, looking to that upper window behind which we know his beloved was *not* reposing. Then he beheld Bunch and Doctor Martin arrive. Then he passed through the wicket into the garden, and heard Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Baynes fighting. Then there came from the passage—where, you see, this battle was going on—that ringing, dreadful laugh and scream of poor Charlotte: and Philip Firmin burst like a bomb-shell into the midst of the hall where the battle was raging, and of the family circle who were fighting and screaming.

Here is a picture, I protest. We have—first, the

boarders on the first landing, whither, too, the Baynes children have crept in their night-gowns. Secondly, we have Auguste, Françoise, the cook, and the assistant coming up from the basement. And, third, we have Colonel Bunch, Doctor Martin, Major MacWhirter, with Charlotte in his arms; madame, General B., Mrs. Mac, Mrs. General B., all in the passage, when our friend the bombshell bursts in amongst them.

“What is it? Charlotte, I am here!” cries Philip, with his great voice; at hearing which, little Char gives one final scream, and, at the next moment, she has fainted quite dead—but this time she is on Philip’s shoulder.

“You brute, how dare you do this?” asks Mrs. Baynes, glaring at the young man.

“It is *you* who have done it, Eliza!” says aunt Emily.

“And so she has, Mrs. MacWhirter!” calls out Mrs. Colonel Bunch, from the landing above.

And Charles Baynes felt he had acted like a traitor, and hung down his head. He had encouraged his daughter to give her heart away, and she had obeyed him. When he saw Philip I think he was glad: so was the major, though Firmin, to be sure, pushed him quite roughly up against the wall.

“Is this vulgar scandal to go on in the passage before the whole house?” gasped Mrs. Baynes.

“Bunch brought me here to prescribe for this young lady,” says little Doctor Martin, in a very courtly way. “Madame, will you get a little sal volatile from Anju-

beau's in the Faubourg; and let her be kept very quiet!"

"Come, Monsieur Philippe. It is enough like that," cries madame, who can't repress a smile. "Come to your chamber, dear little!"

"Madame!" cries Mrs. Baynes, "*une mère*——"

Madame shrugs her shoulders. "*Une mère, une belle mère, ma foi!*" she says. "Come, mademoiselle!"

There were only very few people in the boarding-house: if they knew, if they saw, what happened, how can we help ourselves? But that they had all been sitting over a powder magazine, which might have blown up and destroyed one, two, three, five people, even Philip did not know, until afterwards, when, laughing, Major MacWhirter told him how that meek but most savage Baynes had first challenged Bunch, had then challenged his brother-in-law, and how all sorts of battle, murder, sudden death might have ensued had the quarrel not come to an end.

Were your humble servant anxious to harrow his reader's feelings, or display his own graphical powers, you understand that I never would have allowed those two gallant officers to quarrel and threaten each other's very noses, without having the insult wiped out in blood. The Bois de Boulogne is hard by the Avenue de Marli, with plenty of cool fighting ground. The *octroi* officers never stop gentlemen going out at the neighbouring barrier upon duelling business, or prevent the return of the slain victim in the hackney-coach when the dreadful combat is over. From my knowledge of Mrs. Baynes's

character, I have not the slightest doubt that she would have encouraged her husband to fight; and, the general down, would have put pistols into the hands of her boys, and bidden them carry on the *vendetta*; but as I do not, for my part, love to see brethren at war, or Moses and Aaron tugging white handfuls out of each other's beards, I am glad there is going to be no fight between the veterans, and that either's stout old breast is secure from the fratricidal bullet.

Major MacWhirter forgot all about bullets and battles when poor little Charlotte kissed him, and was not in the least jealous when he saw the little maiden clinging on Philip's arm. He was melted at the sight of that grief and innocence, when Mrs. Baynes still continued to bark out her private rage, and said: "If the general won't protect me from insult, I think I had better go."

"By Jove, I think you had!" exclaimed MacWhirter, to which remark the eyes of the doctor and Colonel Bunch gleamed an approval.

"*Allons*, Monsieur Philippe. Enough like that—let me take her to bed again," madame resumed. "Come, dear miss?"

What a pity that the bedroom was but a yard from where they stood! Philip felt strong enough to carry his little Charlotte to the Tuileries. The thick brown locks, which had fallen over his shoulders, are lifted away. The little wounded heart that had lain against his own, parts from him with a reviving throb. Madame and her mother carry away little Charlotte. The door of the neighbouring chamber closes on her. The sad

little vision has disappeared. The men, quarrelling anon in the passage, stand there silent.

“ I heard her voice outside,” said Philip, after a little pause (with love, with grief, with excitement, I suppose his head was in a whirl). “ I heard her voice outside, and I couldn’t help coming in.”

“ By George, I should think not, young fellow !” says Major MacWhirter, stoutly shaking the young man by the hand.

“ Hush, hush !” whispers the doctor ; “ she must be kept quite quiet. She has had quite excitement enough for to-night. There must be no more scenes, my young fellow.”

And Philip says, when in this his agony of grief and doubt he found a friendly hand put out to him, he himself was so exceedingly moved that he was compelled to fly out of the company of the old men, into the night, where the rain was pouring—the gentle rain.

While Philip, without Madame Smolensk’s premises, is saying his tenderest prayers, offering up his tears, heart-throbs, and most passionate vows of love for little Charlotte’s benefit, the warriors assembled within once more retreat to a colloquy in the *salle à manger* ; and, in consequence of the rainy state of the night, the astonished Auguste has to bring a third supply of hot-water for the four gentlemen attending the congress. The colonel, the major, the doctor, ranged themselves on one side the table, defended, as it were, by a line of armed tumblers, flanked by a strong brandy-bottle and a stout earth-work from an embrasure in which scald-

ing water could be discharged. Behind these fortifications the veterans awaited their enemy, who, after marching up and down the room for a while, takes position finally in their front and prepares to attack. The general remounts his *cheval de bataille*, but cannot bring the animal to charge as fiercely as before. Charlotte's white apparition has come amongst them, and flung her fair arms between the men of war. In vain Baynes tries to get up a bluster, and to enforce his passion with by Georges, by Joves, and words naughtier still. That weak, meek, quiet, henpecked, but most bloodthirsty old general, found himself forming his own minority, and against him his old comrade Bunch, whom he had insulted and nose-pulled; his brother-in-law MacWhirter, whom he had nose-pulled and insulted; and the doctor, who had been called in as the friend of the former. As they faced him, shoulder to shoulder, each of those three acquired fresh courage from his neighbour. Each, taking his aim deliberately, poured his fire into Baynes. To yield to such odds, on the other hand, was not so distasteful to the veteran, as to have to give up his sword to any single adversary. Before he would own himself in the wrong to any individual, he would eat that individual's ears and nose: but to be surrounded by three enemies, and strike your flag before such odds, was no disgrace; and Baynes could take the circumbendibus way of apology to which some proud spirits will submit. Thus he could say to the doctor, "Well, doctor, perhaps I was hasty in accusing Bunch of employing bad language to me. A bystander

can see these things sometimes when a principal is too angry; and as you go against me—well—there, then, I ask Bunch's pardon." That business over, the MacWhirter reconciliation was very speedily brought about. Fact was, was in a confounded ill-temper—very much disturbed by events of the day—didn't mean anything but this, that, and so forth. If this old chief had to eat humble pie, his brave adversaries were anxious that he should gobble up his portion as quickly as possible, and turned away their honest old heads as he swallowed it. One of the party told his wife of the quarrel which had arisen, but Baynes never did. "I declare, sir," Philip used to say, "had she known anything about the quarrel that night, Mrs. Baynes would have made her husband turn out of bed at midnight, and challenge his old friends over again!" But then there was no love between Philip and Mrs. Baynes, and in those whom he hates he is accustomed to see little good.

Thus, any gentle reader who expected to be treated to an account of the breakage of the sixth commandment will close this chapter disappointed. Those stout old rusty swords which were fetched off their hooks by the warriors, their owners, were returned undrawn to their flannel cases. Hands were shaken after a fashion—at least no blood was shed. But, though the words spoken between the old boys were civil enough, Bunch, Baynes, and the doctor could not alter their opinion that Philip had been hardly used, and that the benefactor of his family merited a better treatment from General Baynes.

Meanwhile, that benefactor strode home through the rain in a state of perfect rapture. The rain refreshed him, as did his own tears. The dearest little maiden had sunk for a moment on his heart, and, as she lay there, a thrill of hope vibrated through his whole frame. Her father's old friends had held out a hand to him, and bid him not despair. Blow wind, fall autumn rains! In the midnight, under the gusty trees, amidst which the lamps of the *réverbères* are tossing, the young fellow strides back to his lodgings. He is poor and unhappy, but he has Hope along with him. He looks at a certain breast-button of his old coat ere he takes it off to sleep. "Her cheek was lying there," he thinks, "just there." My poor little Charlotte! what could she have done to the breast-button of the old coat?

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET.

Now though the unhappy Philip slept quite soundly, so that his boots, those tramp-worn sentries, remained *en faction* at his door until quite a late hour next morning; and though little Charlotte, after a prayer or two, sank into the sweetest and most refreshing girlish slumber, Charlotte's father and mother had a bad night; and, for my part, I maintain that they did not deserve a good one. It was very well for Mrs. Baynes to declare that it was MacWhirter's snoring which kept them awake (Mr. and Mrs. Mac being lodged in the bed-room over their relatives)—I don't say a snoring neighbour is pleasant—but what a bedfellow is a bad conscience! Under Mrs. Baynes's night-cap the grim eyes lie open all night; on Baynes's pillow is a silent, wakeful head that hears the hours toll. A plague upon the young man! (thinks the female *bonnet de nuit*); how dare he come in and disturb everything? How pale Charlotte will look to-morrow when Mrs. Hely calls with her son! When she has been crying she looks hideous, and her eyelids and nose are quite red. She may fly out, and say something wicked and absurd, as she did to-day. I wish I had never seen that inso-

lent young man, with his carrotty beard, and vulgar blucher boots! If my boys were grown up, he should not come hectoring about the house as he does; *they* would soon find a way of punishing his impudence! Baulked revenge and a hungry disappointment, I think, are keeping that old woman awake; and, if she hears the hours tolling, it is because wicked thoughts make her sleepless.

As for Baynes, I believe that old man is awake, because he is awake to the shabbiness of his own conduct. His conscience has got the better of him, which he has been trying to bully out of doors. Do what he will, that reflection forces itself upon him. Mac, Bunch, and the doctor all saw the thing at once, and went dead against him. He wanted to break his word to a young fellow, who, whatever his faults might be, had acted most nobly and generously by the Baynes family. He might have been ruined but for Philip's forbearance; and showed his gratitude by breaking his promise to the young fellow. He was a henpecked man—that was the fact. He allowed his wife to govern him: that little old plain, cantankerous woman asleep yonder. Asleep. Was she? No. He knew she wasn't. Both were lying quite still, wide awake, pursuing their dismal thoughts. Only Charles was owning that he was a sinner, whilst Eliza, his wife, in a rage at her last defeat, was meditating how she could continue and still win her battle.

Then Baynes reflects how persevering his wife is; how, all through life, she has come back and back and

back to her point, until he has ended by an almost utter subjugation. He will resist for a day: she will fight for a year, for a life. If once she hates people, the sentiment always remains with her fresh and lively. Her jealousy never dies; nor her desire to rule. What a life she will lead poor Charlotte now she has declared against Philip! The poor child will be subject to a dreadful tyranny: the father knows it. As soon as he leaves the-house on his daily walks, the girl's torture will begin. Baynes knows how his wife can torture a woman. As she groans out a hollow cough from her bed in the midnight, the guilty man lies quite mum under his own counterpane. If she fancies him awake, it will be *his* turn to receive the torture. Ah, Othello, *mon ami!* when you look round at married life, and know what you know, don't you wonder that the bolster is not used a great deal more freely on both sides? Horrible cynicism! Yes—I know. These propositions served raw are savage, and shock your sensibility; cooked with a little piquant sauce, they are welcome at quite polite tables.

“Poor child! Yes, by George! What a life her mother will lead her!” thinks the general, rolling uneasy on the midnight pillow. “No rest for her, day or night, until she marries the man of her mother's choosing. And she has a delicate chest—Martin says she has; and she wants coaxing and soothing, and pretty coaxing she will have from mamma!” Then, I daresay, the past rises up in that wakeful old man's uncomfortable memory. His little Charlotte is a child again,

laughing on his knee, and playing with his accoutrements as he comes home from parade. He remembers the fever which she had, when she would take medicine from no other hand; and how, though silent with her mother, with him she would never tire of prattling, prattling. Guilt-stricken old man! are those tears trickling down thy old nose? It is midnight. We cannot see. When you brought her to the river, and parted with her to send her to Europe, how the little maid clung to you, and cried, "Papa, papa!" Staggering up the steps of the ghaut, how you wept yourself—yes, wept tears of passionate, tender grief at parting with the darling of your soul. And now, deliberately, and for the sake of money, you stab her to the heart, and break your plighted honour to your child. "And it is yonder cruel, shrivelled, bilious, plain old woman who makes me do all this, and trample on my darling, and torture her!" he thinks. In Zoffany's famous picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Macbeth stands in an attitude hideously contorted and constrained, while Lady Mac is firm and easy. Was this the actor's art, or the poet's device? Baynes is wretched, then. He is wrung with remorse, and shame, and pity. Well, I am glad of it. Old man, old man! how darest thou to cause that child's tender little bosom to bleed? How bilious he looks the next morning! I declare as yellow as his grim old wife. When Mrs. General B. hears the children their lessons, how she will scold them! It is my belief she will bark through the morning chapter, and

scarce understand a word of its meaning. As for Charlotte, when she appears with red eyes, and ever so little colour in her round cheek, there is that in her look and demeanour which warns her mother to refrain from too familiar abuse or scolding. The girl is in rebellion. All day Char was in a feverish state, her eyes flashing war. There was a song which Philip loved in those days: the song of Ruth. Char sate down to the piano, and sang it with a strange energy. "Thy people shall be my people"—she sang with all her heart—"and thy God my God!" The slave had risen. The little heart was in arms and mutiny. The mother was scared by her defiance.

As for the guilty old father: pursued by the fiend remorse, he fled early from his house, and read all the papers at Galignani's without comprehending them. Madly regardless of expense, he then plunged into one of those luxurious restaurants in the Palais Royal, where you get soup, three dishes, a sweet, and a pint of delicious wine for two frongs, by George! But all the luxuries there presented to him could not drive away care, or create appetite. Then the poor old wretch went off, and saw a ballet at the Grand Opera. In vain. The pink nymphs had not the slightest fascination for him. He hardly was aware of their ogles, bounds, and capers. He saw a little maid with round, sad eyes;—his Iphigenia whom he was stabbing. He took more brandy-and-water at cafés on his way home. In vain, in vain, I tell you! The old wife was sitting up for him, scared at the unusual absence

of her lord. She dared not remonstrate with him when he returned. His face was pale. His eyes were fierce and bloodshot. When the general had a particular look, Eliza Baynes cowered in silence. Mac, the two sisters, and, I think, Colonel Bunch (but on this point my informant, Philip, cannot be sure) were having a dreary rubber when the general came in. Mrs. B. knew by the general's face that he had been having recourse to alcoholic stimulus. But she dared not speak. A tiger in a jungle was not more savage than Baynes sometimes. "Where's Char?" he asked in his dreadful, his Bluebeard voice. "Char was gone to bed," said mamma, sorting her trumps. "Hm! Augoost, Odevee, Osho!" Did Eliza Baynes interfere, though she knew he had had enough? As soon interfere with a tiger, and tell him he had eaten enough sepoy. After Lady Macbeth had induced Mac to go through that business with Duncan, depend upon it she was very deferential and respectful to her general. No groans, prayers, remorse could avail to bring his late majesty back to life again. As for you, old man, though your deed is done, it is not past recalling. Though you have withdrawn from your word on a sordid money pretext; made two hearts miserable; stabbed cruelly that one which you love best in the world; acted with wicked ingratitude towards a young man, who has been nobly forgiving towards you and yours; and are suffering with rage and remorse, as you own your crime to yourself;—your deed is not past recalling as yet. You may soothe that anguish, and

dry those tears. It is but an act of resolution on your part, and a firm resumption of your marital authority. Mrs. Baynes, after her crime, is quite humble and gentle. She has half murdered her child, and stretched Philip on an infernal rack of torture; but she is quite civil to everybody at madame's house. Not one word does she say respecting Mrs. Colonel Bunch's outbreak of the night before. She talks to sister Emily about Paris, the fashions, and Emily's walks on the Boulevard and the Palais Royal with her major. She bestows ghastly smiles upon sundry lodgers at table. She thanks Augoost when he serves her at dinner, and says, "*Ah, madame, que le boof est bong aujourd'hui, rien que j'aime comme le potofou.*" Oh, you old hypocrite! But you know I, for my part, always disliked the woman, and said her good humour was more detestable than her anger. You hypocrite! I say again; ay, and avow that there were other hypocrites at the table, as you shall presently hear.

When Baynes got an opportunity of speaking unobserved, as he thought, to madame, you may be sure the guilty wretch asked her how his little Charlotte was. Mrs. Baynes trumped her partner's best heart at that moment, but pretended to observe or overhear nothing. "She goes better—she sleeps," madame said. "Mr. the Doctor Martin has commanded her a calming potion." And what if I were to tell you that somebody had taken a little letter from Charlotte, and actually had given fifteen sous to a Savoyard youth to convey that letter to somebody else? What if I

were to tell you that the party to whom that letter was addressed, straightway wrote an answer—directed to Madame de Smolensk, of course? I know it was very wrong; but I suspect Philip's prescription did quite as much good as Dr. Martin's, and don't intend to be very angry with madame for consulting the unlicensed practitioner. Don't preach to me, madam, about morality, and dangerous examples set to young people. Even at your present mature age, and with your dear daughters around you, if your ladyship goes to hear the Barber of Seville, on which side are your sympathies—on Dr. Bartolo's, or Miss Rosina's?

Although, then, Mrs. Baynes was most respectful to her husband, and by many grim blandishments, humble appeals, and forced humiliations, strove to conciliate and soothe him, the general turned a dark, lowering face upon the partner of his existence: her dismal smiles were no longer pleasing to him: he returned curt "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" to her remarks. When Mrs. Hely and her son and her daughter drove up in their family coach to pay yet a second visit to the Baynes' family, the general flew in a passion and cried, "Bless my soul, Eliza, you can't think of receiving visitors, with our poor child sick in the next room? It's inhuman!" The scared woman ventured on no remonstrances. She was so frightened that she did not attempt to scold the younger children. She took a piece of work, and sat amongst them, furtively weeping. Their artless queries and unseasonable laughter stabbed and punished the matron. You see people do wrong,

though they are long past fifty years of age. It is not only the scholars, but the ushers, and the head-master himself, who sometimes deserve a chastisement. I, for my part, hope to remember this sweet truth, though I live into the year 1900.

To those other ladies boarding at madame's establishment, to Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Colonel Bunch, though they had declared against him, and expressed their opinions in the frankest way on the night of the battle royal, the general was provokingly polite and amiable. They had said, but twenty-four hours since, that the general was a brute; and Lord Chesterfield could not have been more polite to a lovely young duchess than was Baynes to these matrons next day. You have heard how Mrs. Mac had a strong desire to possess a new Paris bonnet, so that she might appear with proper lustre among the ladies on the promenade at Tours? Major and Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Bunch talked of going to the Palais Royal (where MacWhirter said he had remarked some uncommonly neat things, by George! at the corner shop under the glass gallery). On this, Baynes started up, and said he would accompany his friends, adding, "You know, Emily, I promised you a hat ever so long ago!" And those four went away together, and not one offer did Baynes make to his wife to join the party; though her best bonnet, poor thing, was a dreadfully old performance, with moulting feathers, rumpled ribbons, tarnished flowers, and lace bought in St. Martin's Alley months and months before. Emily, to be sure, said to her sister, "Eliza, won't you

be of the party? We can take the omnibus at the corner, which will land us at the very gate." But as Emily gave this unlucky invitation, the general's face wore an expression of ill-will so savage and terrific, that Eliza Baynes said, "No, thank you, Emily; Charlotte is still unwell, and I—I may be wanted at home." And the party went away without Mrs. Baynes; and they were absent I don't know how long; and Emily MacWhirter came back to the boarding-house in a bonnet—the sweetest thing you ever saw!—green piqué velvet, with a *ruche* full of rosebuds, and a bird of paradise perched on the top, pecking at a bunch of the most magnificent grapes, poppies, ears of corn, barley, &c., all indicative of the bounteous autumn season. Mrs. General Baynes had to see her sister return home in this elegant bonnet; to welcome her; to acquiesce in Emily's remark that the general had done the genteel thing; to hear how the party had further been to Tortoni's, and had ices; and then to go upstairs to her own room, and look at her own battered, blowsy old *chapeau*, with its limp streamers, hanging from its peg. This humiliation, I say, Eliza Baynes had to bear in silence, without winching, and, if possible, with a smile on her face.

In consequence of circumstances before indicated, Miss Charlotte was pronounced to be very much better when her papa returned from his Palais Royal trip. He found her seated on madame's sofa, pale, but with the wonted sweetness in her smile. He kissed and caressed her with many tender words. I daresay he told her

there was nothing in the world he loved so much as his Charlotte. He would never willingly do anything to give her pain, never! She had been his good girl, and his blessing, all his life! Ah! that is a prettier little picture to imagine—that repentant man, and his child clinging to him—than the tableau overhead, viz. Mrs. Baynes looking at her old bonnet. Not one word was said about Philip in the talk between Baynes and his daughter, but those tender paternal looks and caresses carried hope into Charlotte's heart; and when her papa went away (she said afterwards to a female friend), "I got up and followed him, intending to show him Philip's letter. But at the door I saw mamma coming down the stairs; and she looked so dreadful, and frightened me so, that I went back." There are some mothers I have heard of, who won't allow their daughters to read the works of this humble homilist, lest they should imbibe "dangerous" notions, &c. &c. My good ladies, give them *Goody Twoshoes* if you like, or whatever work, combining instruction and amusement, you think most appropriate to their juvenile understandings; but I beseech you to be gentle with them. I never saw people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up young folks in the United States. And why? Because the children were spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours—before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not.

Now, when Mrs. Baynes went in to her daughter, who had been sitting pretty comfortably kissing her

father, on the sofa in madame's chamber, all those soft tremulous smiles, and twinkling dew-drops of compassion and forgiveness which anon had come to soothe the little maid, fled from cheek and eyes. They began to flash again with their febrile brightness, and her heart to throb with dangerous rapidity. "How are you now?" asks mamma, with her deep voice. "I am much the same," says the girl, beginning to tremble. "Leave the child; you agitate her, madam," cries the mistress of the house, coming in after Mrs. Baynes. That sad, humiliated, deserted mother goes out from her daughter's presence, hanging her head. She put on the poor old bonnet, and had a walk that evening on the Champs Elysées with her little ones, and showed them Guignol. She gave a penny to Guignol's man. It is my belief that she saw no more of the performance than her husband had seen of the ballet the night previous, when Taglioni, and Noblet, and Duvernay, danced before his hot eyes. But then, you see, the hot eyes had been washed with a refreshing water since, which enabled them to view the world much more cheerfully and brightly. Ah, gracious heaven, give us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramps, and rheumatism! That stricken old woman, then, treated her children to the trivial comedy of Guignol. She did not cry out when the two boys climbed up the trees of the Elysian Fields, though the guardians bade them descend. She bought pink sticks of barley-sugar for the young ones. Withdrawing the

glistening sweetmeats from their lips, they pointed to Mrs. Hely's splendid barouche as it rolled citywards from the Bois de Boulogne. The grey shades were falling, and Auguste was in the act of ringing the first dinner bell at Madame Smolensk's establishment, when Mrs. General Baynes returned to her lodgings.

Meanwhile, aunt MacWhirter had been to pay a visit to little Miss Charlotte, in the new bonnet which the general, Charlotte's papa, had bought for her. This elegant article had furnished a subject of pleasing conversation between niece and aunt, who held each other in very kindly regard, and all the details of the bonnet, the blue flowers, scarlet flowers, grapes, sheaves of corn, lace, &c., were examined and admired in detail. Charlotte remembered the dowdy old English thing which aunt Mac wore when she went out? Charlotte did remember the bonnet, and laughed when Mrs. Mac described how papa, in the hackney coach on their return home, insisted upon taking the old wretch of a bonnet, and flinging it out of the coach window into the road, where an old chiffonnier passing picked it up with his iron hook, put it on his own head, and walked away grinning. I declare, at the recital of this narrative, Charlotte laughed as pleasantly and happily as in former days; and, no doubt, there were more kisses between this poor little maid and her aunt.

Now, you will remark, that the general and his party, though they returned from the Palais Royal in a hackney coach, went thither on foot, two and two—viz. Major MacWhirter leading, and giving his arm to

Mrs. Bunch (who, I promise you, knew the shops in the Palais Royal well), and the general following at some distance, with his sister-in-law for a partner.

In that walk a conversation very important to Charlotte's interests took place between her aunt and her father.

"Ah, Baynes! this is a sad business about dearest Char," Mrs. Mac broke out with a sigh.

"It is indeed, Emily," says the general, with a very sad groan on his part.

"It goes to my heart to see you, Baynes; it goes to Mac's heart. We talked about it ever so late last night. You were suffering dreadfully; and all the brandy-pawnee in the world won't cure you, Charles."

"No, faith," says the general, with a dismal screw of the mouth. "You see, Emily, to see that child suffer tears my heart out—by George, it does. She has been the best child, and the most gentle, and the merriest, and the most obedient, and I never had a word of fault to find with her; and—poo-oo!" Here the general's eyes, which have been winking with extreme rapidity, give way; and at the signal pooh! there issue out from them two streams of that eye-water which we have said is sometimes so good for the sight.

"My dear kind Charles, you were always a good creature," says Emily, patting the arm on which hers rests. Meanwhile Major-General Baynes, C.B., puts his bamboo cane under his disengaged arm, extracts from his hind pocket a fine large yellow bandana pocket-handkerchief, and performs a prodigious loud

obligato—just under the spray of the Rond-point fountain, opposite the Bridge of the Invalides, over which poor Philip has tramped many and many a day and night to see his little maid.

“Have a care with your cane, then, old imbecile!” cries an approaching foot-passenger, whom the general meets and charges with his iron ferule.

“*Mille pardong, mosoo, je vous demande mille pardong,*” says the old man, quite meekly.

“You are a good soul, Charles,” the lady continues; “and my little Char is a darling. You never would have done this of your own accord. Mercy! And see what it was coming to: Mac only told me last night. You horrid, blood-thirsty creature! Two challenges—and dearest Mac as hot as pepper! Oh, Charles Baynes, I tremble when I think of the danger from which you have all been rescued! Suppose you brought home to Eliza—suppose dearest Mac brought home to me killed by this arm on which I am leaning. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful! We are sinners all, that we are, Baynes!”

“I humbly ask pardon for having thought of a great crime. I ask pardon,” says the general, very pale and solemn.

“If you had killed dear Mac, would you ever have had rest again, Charles?”

“No; I think not. I should not deserve it,” answers the contrite Baynes.

“You have a good heart. It was not *you* who did this. I know who it was. She always had a dreadful

temper. The way in which she used to torture our poor dear Louisa who is dead, I can hardly forgive now, Baynes. Poor suffering angel! Eliza was at her bed-side nagging and torturing her up to the very last day. Did you ever see her with her nurses and servants in India? The way in which she treated them was ——”

“Don’t say any more. I am aware of my wife’s faults of temper. Heaven knows it has made me suffer enough!” says the general, hanging his head down.

“Why, man—do you intend to give way to her altogether? I said to Mac last night, ‘Mac, does he intend to give way to her altogether? The *Army List* doesn’t contain the name of a braver man than Charles Baynes, and is my sister Eliza to rule him entirely, Mac!’ I said. No; if you stand up to Eliza, I know from experience she will give way. We have had quarrels, scores and hundreds, as you know, Baynes.”

“Faith, I do,” owns the general, with a sad smile on his countenance.

“And sometimes she has had the best and sometimes I have had the best, Baynes! But I never yielded, as you do, without a fight for my own. No, never, Baynes! And me and Mac are shocked, I tell you, fairly, when we see the way in which you give up to her!”

“Come, come. I think you have told me often enough that I am henpecked,” says the general.

“And you give up not yourself only, Charles, but your dear, dear child—poor little suffering love!”

“The young man’s a beggar!” cries the general, biting his lips.

“What were you, what was Mac and me when we married? We hadn’t much besides our pay, had we? we rubbed on through bad weather and good, managing as best we could, loving each other, God be praised! And here we are, owing nobody anything, and me going to have a new bonnet!” and she tossed up her head, and gave her companion a good-natured look through her twinkling eyes.

“Emily, you have a good heart! that’s the truth,” says the general.

“And *you* have a good heart, Charles, as sure as my name’s MacWhirter; and I want you to act upon it, and I propose——”

“What?”

“Well, I propose that——” But now they have reached the Tuileries garden gates, and pass through, and continue their conversation in the midst of such a hubbub that we cannot overhear them. They cross the garden, and so make their way into the Palais Royal, and the purchase of the bonnet takes place; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by *that* event, of course, all discussion of domestic affairs becomes uninteresting.

But the gist of Baynes’s talk with his sister-in-law may be divined from the conversation which presently occurred between Charlotte and her aunt. Charlotte did not come in to the public dinner. She was too weak for that; and “*un bon bouillon*” and a wing of

fowl were served to her in the private apartment, where she had been reclining all day. At dessert, however, Mrs. MacWhirter took a fine bunch of grapes and a plump rosy peach from the table, and carried them to the little maid, and their interview may be described with sufficient accuracy, though it passed without other witnesses.

From the outbreak on the night of quarrels, Charlotte knew that her aunt was her friend. The glances of Mrs. MacWhirter's eyes, and the expression of her bonny, homely face, told her sympathy to the girl. There were no pallors now, no angry glances, no heart-beating. Miss Char could even make a little joke when her aunt appeared, and say, "What beautiful grapes! Why, aunt, you must have taken them out of the new bonnet!"

"You should have had the bird of paradise, too, dear, only I see you have not eaten your chicken! She is a kind woman, Madame Smolensk. I like her. She gives very nice dinners. I can't think how she does it for the money, I am sure!"

"She has been very, very kind to me; and I love her with all my heart!" cries Charlotte.

"Poor darling! We have all our trials, and yours have begun, my love!"

"Yes, indeed, aunt!" whimpers the young person; upon which osculation possibly takes place.

"My dear! when your papa took me to buy the bonnet, we had a long talk, and it was about you."

"About me, aunt!" warbles Miss Charlotte.

“He would not take mamma; he would only go with me, alone. I knew he wanted to say something about you; and what do you think it was? My dear, you have been very much agitated here. You and your poor mamma are likely to disagree for some time. She will drag you to those balls and fine parties, and bring you those *fine partners*.”

“Oh, I hate them!” cries Charlotte. Poor little Hely Walsingham, what had he done to be hated?

“Well. It is not for me to speak of a mother to her own daughter. But you know mamma has *a way* with her. She expects to be obeyed. She will give you no peace. She will come back to her point again and again. You know how she speaks of some one—a certain gentleman? If ever she sees him, she will be rude to him. Mamma can be rude at times—that I must say of my own sister. As long as you remain here——”

“Oh, aunt, aunt! Don’t take me away, don’t take me away!” cries Charlotte.

“My dearest, are you afraid of your old aunt, and your uncle Mac, who is so kind, and has always loved you? Major MacWhirter has a will of his own, too, though of course I make no allusions. *We* know how admirably somebody has behaved to your family. Somebody who has been most *ungratefully* treated, though of course I make no allusions. If you have given away your heart to your father’s *greatest benefactor*, do you suppose I and uncle Mac will quarrel with you? When Eliza married Baynes (your father was a

penniless subaltern then, my dear,—and my sister was certainly neither a fortune nor a beauty), didn't she go dead against the wishes of *our* father? Certainly she did! But she said she was of age—that she was, and a great deal more, too—and she would do as she liked, and she made Baynes marry her. Why should you be afraid of coming to us, love? You are nearer somebody here, but can you see him? Your mamma will never let you go out, but she will follow you like a shadow. You may write to him. Don't tell *me*, child. Haven't I been young myself; and when there was a difficulty between Mac and poor papa, didn't Mac write to me, though he hates letters, poor dear, and certainly is *a stick* at them? And, though we were forbidden, had we not twenty ways of telegraphing to each other? Law! your poor dear grandfather was in such a rage with me once, when he found one, that he took down his great buggy whip to me, a grown girl!"

Charlotte, who has plenty of humour, would have laughed at this confession some other time, but now she was too much agitated by that invitation to quit Paris which her aunt had just given her. Quit Paris? Lose the chance of seeing her dearest friend, her protector? If he was not with her, was he not near her? Yes, near her always! On that horrible night, when all was so desperate, did not her champion burst forward to her rescue? Oh, the dearest and bravest! Oh, the tender and true!

"You are not listening, you poor child!" said aunt

Mac, surveying her niece with looks of kindness. "Now listen to me once more. Whisper!" And sitting down on the settee by Charlotte's side, aunt Emily first kissed the girl's round cheek, and then whispered into her ear.

Never, I declare, was medicine so efficacious, or rapid of effect, as that wondrous distilment which aunt Emily poured into her niece's ear! "Oh, you goose!" she began by saying, and the rest of the charm she whispered into that pearly little pink shell round which Miss Charlotte's soft, brown ringlets clustered. Such a sweet blush rose straightway to the cheek! Such sweet lips began to cry, "Oh, you dear, dear aunt," and then began to kiss aunt's kind face, that, I declare, if I knew the spell, I would like to pronounce it right off, with such a sweet young patient to practise on.

"When do we go? To-morrow, aunt, *n'est-ce pas?* Oh, I am quite strong! never felt so well in my life! I'll go and pack up *this instant*," cries the young person.

"*Doucement!* Papa knows of the plan. Indeed, it was he who proposed it."

"Dearest, best father!" ejaculates Miss Charlotte.

"But mamma does not; and if you show yourself very eager, Charlotte, she may object, you know. Heaven forbid that *I* should counsel dissimulation to a child; but under the circumstances, my love—At least I own what happened between Mac and me. Law! *I* didn't care for papa's buggy whip! I knew it would not hurt; and as for Baynes, I am sure he would not hurt a fly. Never was man more sorry

for what he has done. He told me so whilst we walked away from the bonnet-shop, whilst he was carrying my old yellow. We met somebody near the Bourse. How sad he looked, and how handsome, too! *I* bowed to him and kissed my hand to him, that is, the knob of my parasol. Papa couldn't shake hands with him, because of my bonnet, you know, in the brown-paper bag. He has a grand beard, indeed! He looked like a wounded lion. I said so to papa. And I said, 'It is you who wound him, Charles Baynes!' 'I know that,' papa said. 'I have been thinking of it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it: and it makes me dee'd unhappy.' You know what papa sometimes says? Dear me! You should have heard them, when Eliza and I joined the army, years and years ago!"

For once, Charlotte Baynes was happy at her father's being unhappy. The little maiden's heart had been wounded to think that her father could do his Charlotte a wrong. Ah! take warning by him, ye greybeards; and however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and say grace, and mumble your humble pie!

The general, then, did not shake hands with Philip; but Major MacWhirter went up in the most marked way, and gave the wounded lion his own paw, and said, "Mr. Firmin. Glad to see you! If ever you come to Tours, mind, don't forget my wife and me. Fine day. Little patient much better! *Bon courage*, as they say!"

I wonder what sort of a bungle Philip made of his

correspondence with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that night? Every man who lives by his pen, if by chance he looks back at his writings of former years, lives in the past again. Our griefs, our pleasures, our youth, our sorrows, our dear, dear friends, resuscitate. How we tingle with shame over some of those fine passages! How dreary are those disinterred jokes! It was Wednesday night, Philip was writing off at home, in his inn, one of his grand tirades, dated "Paris, Thursday"—so as to be in time, you understand, for the post of Saturday, when the little waiter comes and says, winking, "Again that lady, Monsieur Philippe!"

"What lady?" asks our own intelligent correspondent.

"That old lady who came the other day; you know."

"*C'est moi, mon ami!*" cries Madame Smolensk's well-known grave voice. "Here is a letter, *d'abord*. But that says nothing. It was written before the *grande nouvelle*—the great news—the good news!"

"What good news?" asks the gentleman.

"In two days miss goes to Tours with her aunt and uncle—this good Macvirterre. They have taken their places by the diligence of Lafitte and Caillard. They are thy friends. Papa encourages her going. Here is their card of visit. Go thou also; they will receive thee with open arms. What hast thou, my son?"

Philip looked dreadfully sad. An injured and unfortunate gentleman at New York had drawn upon him, and he had paid away everything he had but four

francs, and he was living on credit until his next remittance arrived.

“Thou hast no money! I have thought of it. Behold of it! Let him wait—the proprietor!” And she takes out a bank-note, which she puts in the young man’s hand.

“*Tiens, il t’embrasse encor c’tte vieille!*” says the little knife-boy. “*J’aimerai pas ça, moi, par examp!*”

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE, AND STYX
(INFÉRIEUR).

OUR dear friend Mrs. Baynes was suffering under the influence of one of those panics which sometimes seized her, and during which she remained her husband's most obedient Eliza and vassal. When Baynes wore a certain expression of countenance, we have said that his wife knew resistance to be useless. That expression, I suppose, he assumed, when he announced Charlotte's departure to her mother, and ordered Mrs. General Baynes to make the necessary preparations for the girl. "She might stay some time with her aunt," Baynes stated. "A change of air would do the child a great deal of good. Let everything necessary in the shape of hats, bonnets, winter clothes, and so forth, be got ready." "Was Char, then, to stay away so long?" asked Mrs. B. "She has been so happy here that you want to keep her, and fancy she can't be happy without you!" I can fancy the general grimly replying to the partner of his existence. Hanging down her withered head, with a tear mayhap trickling down her cheek, I can fancy the old woman silently departing to do the bidding of her lord. She selects a trunk out of the store of Baynes's baggage. A young lady's trunk was a trunk in those days. Now it is a

two or three storied edifice of wood, in which two or three full-grown bodies of young ladies (without crinoline) might be packed. I saw a little old countrywoman at the Folkestone station last year with her travelling baggage contained in a band-box tied up in an old cotton handkerchief hanging on her arm; and she surveyed Lady Knightsbridge's twenty-three black trunks, each well nigh as large as her ladyship's opera-box. Before these great edifices that old woman stood wondering dumbly. That old lady and I had lived in a time when crinoline was not; and yet, I think, women looked even prettier in that time than they do now. Well, a trunk and a band-box were fetched out of the baggage heap for little Charlotte, and I daresay her little brothers jumped and danced on the box with much energy to make the lid shut, and the general brought out his hammer and nails, and nailed a card on the box with "Mademoiselle Baynes" thereon printed. And mamma had to look on and witness those preparations. And Hely Walsingham had called; and he wouldn't call again, she knew; and that fair chance for the establishment of her child was lost by the obstinacy of her self-willed, reckless husband. That woman had to water her soup with her furtive tears, to sit of nights behind hearts and spades, and brood over her crushed hopes. If I contemplate that wretched old Niobe much longer, I shall begin to pity her. Away softness! Take out thy arrows, the poisoned, the barbed, the rankling, and prod me the old creature well, god of the silver bow! Eliza Baynes had to look on, then, and see the

trunks packed ; to see her own authority over her own daughter wrested away from her ; to see the undutiful girl prepare with perfect delight and alacrity to go away, without feeling a pang at leaving a mother who had nursed her through adverse illnesses, who had scolded her for seventeen years.

The general accompanied the party to the diligence office. Little Char was very pale and melancholy indeed when she took her place in the coupé. "She should have a corner : she had been ill, and ought to have a corner," uncle Mac said, and cheerfully consented to be bodkin. Our three special friends are seated. The other passengers clamber into their places. Away goes the clattering team, as the general waves an adieu to his friends. "Monstrous fine horses those grey Normans ; famous breed, indeed," he remarks to his wife on his return.

"Indeed," she echoes. "Pray, in what part of the carriage was Mr. Firmin," she presently asks.

"In no part of the carriage at all !" Baynes answers fiercely, turning beet-root red. And thus, though she had been silent, obedient, hanging her head, the woman showed that she was aware of her master's schemes, and why her girl had been taken away. She knew ; but she was beaten. It remained for her but to be silent and bow her head. I daresay she did not sleep one wink that night. She followed the diligence in its journey. "Char is gone," she thought. "Yes ; in due time he will take from me the obedience of my other children, and tear them out of my lap." He—

that is, the general—was sleeping meanwhile. He had had in the last few days four awful battles—with his child, with his friends, with his wife—in which latter combat he had been conqueror. No wonder Baynes was tired, and needed rest. Any one of those engagements was enough to weary the veteran.

If we take the liberty of looking into double-bedded rooms, and peering into the thoughts which are passing under private nightcaps, may we not examine the coupé of a jingling diligence with an open window, in which a young lady sits wide awake by the side of her uncle and aunt! These perhaps are asleep; but she is not. Ah! she is thinking of another journey! that blissful one from Boulogne, when *he* was there yonder in the imperial, by the side of the conductor. When the MacWhirter party had come to the diligence office, how her little heart had beat! How she had looked under the lamps at all the people lounging about the court! How she had listened when the clerk called out the names of the passengers; and, mercy, what a fright she had been in, lest he should be there after all, while she stood yet leaning on her father's arm! But there was no—well, names, I think, need scarcely be mentioned. There was no sign of the individual in question. Papa kissed her, and sadly said good-by. Good Madame Smolensk came with an adieu and an embrace for her dear Miss, and whispered, "Courage, mon enfant," and then said, "Hold, I have brought you some bonbons." There they were in a little packet. Little Charlotte put the packet into her little basket.

Away goes the diligence, but the individual had made no sign.

Away goes the diligence; and every now and then Charlotte feels the little packet in her little basket. What does it contain——oh, what? If Charlotte could but read with her heart, she would see in that little packet—the sweetest bonbon of all perhaps it might be, or, ah me! the bitterest almond! Through the night goes the diligence, passing relay after relay. Uncle Mac sleeps. I think I have said he snored. Aunt Mac is quite silent, and Char sits plaintively with her lonely thoughts and her bonbons, as miles, hours, relays pass.

“*These ladies, will they descend and take a cup of coffee, a cup of bouillon?*” at last cries a waiter at the coupé door, as the carriage stops in Orleans. “By all means a cup of coffee,” says Aunt Mac. “The little Orleans wine is good,” cries Uncle Mac. “Descendons!” “This way, madame,” says the waiter. “Charlotte, my love, some coffee?”

“I will—I will stay in the carriage. I don’t want anything, thank you,” says Miss Charlotte. And the instant her relations are gone, entering the gate of the Lion Noir, where, you know, are the Bureaux des Messageries, Lafitte, Caillard et C^{ie}— I say, on the very instant when her relations have disappeared, what do you think Miss Charlotte does?

She opens that packet of bonbons with fingers that tremble—tremble so, I wonder how she could undo the knot of the string (or do you think she had untied that knot under her shawl in the dark? I can’t say.

We never shall know). Well; she opens the packet. She does not care one fig for the lollipops, almonds, and so forth. She pounces on a little scrap of paper, and is going to read it by the lights of the steaming stable lanterns, when —— oh, what made her start so?——

In those old days there used to be two diligences which travelled nightly to Tours, setting out at the same hour, and stopping at almost the same relays. The diligence of Lafitte and Caillard supped at the Lion Noir at Orleans—the diligence of the Messageries Royales stopped at the Écu de France, hard by.

Well, as the Messageries Royales are supping at the Écu de France, a passenger strolls over from that coach, and strolls and strolls until he comes to the coach of Lafitte, Caillard, and Company, and to the coupé window where Miss Baynes is trying to decipher her bonbon.

He comes up—and as the night-lamps fall on his face and beard—his rosy face, his yellow beard—oh! ——What means that scream of the young lady in the coupé of Lafitte, Caillard et Compagnie! I declare she has dropped the letter which she was about to read. It has dropped into a pool of mud under the diligence off fore-wheel. And he with the yellow beard, and a sweet happy laugh, and a tremble in his deep voice, says, “You need not read it. It was only to tell you what you know.”

Then the coupé window says, “Oh, Philip! Oh, my——”

My what? You cannot hear the words, because the grey Norman horses come squealing and clattering up to their coach-pole with such accompanying cries and imprecations from the horsekeepers and postilions, that no wonder the little warble is lost. It was not intended for you and me to hear; but perhaps you can guess the purport of the words. Perhaps in quite old, old days, you may remember having heard such little whispers, in a time when the song-birds in your grove carolled that kind of song very pleasantly and freely. But this, my good madam, is written in February. The birds are gone: the branches are bare: the gardener has actually swept the leaves off the walks: and the whole affair is an affair of a past year, you understand. Well! *carpe diem, fugit hora, &c. &c.* There, for one minute, for two minutes, stands Philip over the diligence off fore-wheel, talking to Charlotte at the window, and their heads are quite close—quite close. What are those two pairs of lips warbling, whispering? “Hi! Gare! Ohé!” The horsekeepers, I say, quite prevent you from hearing; and here come the passengers out of the Lion Noir, aunt Mac still munching a great slice of bread-and-butter. Charlotte is quite comfortable, and does not want anything, dear aunt, thank you. I hope she nestles in her corner, and has a sweet slumber. On the journey the twin diligences pass and repass each other. Perhaps Charlotte looks out of her window sometimes and towards the other carriage. I don’t know. It is a long time ago. What used you to do in old days, ere railroads were,

and when diligences ran? They were slow enough; but they have got to their journey's end somehow. They were tight, hot, dusty, dear, stuffy, and uncomfortable; but, for all that, travelling was good sport sometimes. And if the world would have the kindness to go back for five-and-twenty or thirty years, some of us who have travelled on the Tours and Orleans Railway very comfortably would like to take the diligence journey now.

Having myself seen the city of Tours only last year, of course I don't remember much about it. A man remembers boyhood, and the first sight of Calais, and so forth. But after much travel or converse with the world, to see a new town is to be introduced to Jones. He is like Brown: he is not unlike Smith: in a little while you hash him up with Thompson. I dare not be particular, then, regarding Mr. Firmin's life at Tours, lest I should make topographical errors, for which the critical schoolmaster would justly inflict chastisement. In the last novel I read about Tours, there were blunders from the effect of which you know the wretched author never recovered. It was by one Scott, and had young Quentin Durward for a hero, and Isabel de Croye for a heroine; and she sate in her hostel, and sang, "Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh." A pretty ballad enough: but what ignorance, my dear sir! What descriptions of Tours, of Liege, are in that fallacious story! Yes, so fallacious and misleading, that I remember I was sorry, not because the description was unlike Tours, but because Tours was unlike the description.

So Quentin Firmin went and put up at the snug little hostel of the Faisan; and Isabel de Baynes took up her abode with her uncle the Sire de MacWhirter; and I believe Master Firmin had no more money in his pocket than the Master Durward whose story the Scottish novelist told some forty years since. And I cannot promise you that our young English adventurer shall marry a noble heiress of vast property, and engage the Boar of Ardennes in a hand-to-hand combat; that sort of Boar, madam, does not appear in our modern drawing-room histories. Of others, not wild, there be plenty. They gore you in clubs. They seize you by the doublet, and pin you against posts in public streets. They run at you in parks. I have seen them sit at bay after dinner, ripping, gashing, tossing a whole company. These our young adventurer had in good sooth to encounter, as is the case with most knights. Who escapes them? I remember an eminent person talking to me about bores for two hours once. O you stupid eminent person! You never knew that you yourself had tusks, little eyes in your *hure*; a bristly mane to cut into tooth-brushes; and a curly-tail! I have a notion that the multitude of bores is enormous in the world. If a man is a bore himself, when he is bored—and you can't deny this statement—then what am I, what are you, what your father, grandfather, son—all your amiable acquaintance, in a word? Of this I am sure, Major and Mrs. MacWhirter were not brilliant in conversation. What would you and I do, or say, if we listen to the tittle-tattle of Tours.

How the clergyman was certainly too fond of cards and going to the café; how the dinners those Popjoys gave were too absurdly ostentatious; and Popjoy, we know, in the Bench last year; how Mrs. Flights, going on with that Major of French Carabiniers, was really too &c. &c. "How could I endure those people?" Philip would ask himself, when talking of that personage in after days, as he loved, and loves to do. "How could I endure them, I say? Mac was a good man; but I knew secretly in my heart, sir, that he was a bore. Well: I loved him. I liked his old stories. I liked his bad old dinners: there is a very comfortable Touraine wine, by the way—a very warming little wine, sir. Mrs. Mac you never saw, my good Mrs. Pendennis. Be sure of this, you never would have liked her. Well, I did. I liked her house, though it was damp, in a damp garden, frequented by dull people. I should like to go and see that old house now. I am perfectly happy with my wife, but I sometimes go away from her to enjoy the luxury of living over our old days again. With nothing in the world but an allowance which was precarious, and had been spent in advance; with no particular plans for the future, and a few five-franc pieces for the present,—by Jove, sir, how did I dare to be so happy? What idiots we were, my love, to be happy at all! We were mad to marry. Don't tell me! With a purse which didn't contain three months' consumption, would we dare to marry now? We should be put into the mad ward of the workhouse: that would be the only place for us.

Talk about trusting in heaven. Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! I have as good a right to go and buy a house in Belgrave Square, and trust to heaven for the payment, as I had to marry when I did. We were paupers, Mrs. Char, and you know that very well!"

"Oh, yes. We were very wrong: very!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking up to her chandelier (which, by the way, is of very handsome Venetian old glass). "We were very wrong, were not we, my dearest?" And herewith she will begin to kiss and fondle two or more babies that disport in her room—as if two or more babies had anything to do with Philip's argument, that a man has no right to marry who has no pretty well-assured means of keeping a wife.

Here, then, by the banks of the Loire, although Philip had but a very few francs in his pocket, and was obliged to keep a sharp look-out on his expenses at the Hotel of the Golden Pheasant, he passed a fortnight of such happiness as I, for my part, wish to all young folks who read his veracious history. Though he was so poor, and ate and drank so modestly in the house, the maids, waiters, the landlady of the Pheasant, were as civil to him—yes, as civil as they were to the gouty old Marchioness of Carabas herself, who stayed here on her way to the south, occupied the grand apartments, quarrelled with her lodging, dinner, breakfast, bread-and-butter in general, insulted the landlady in bad French, and only paid her bill under compulsion. Philip's was a little bill, but he paid it cheerfully. He gave only a small gratuity to the servants, but he

was kind and hearty, and they knew he was poor. He was kind and hearty, I suppose, because he was so happy. I have known the gentleman to be by no means civil; and have heard him storm, and hector, and browbeat landlord and waiters, as fiercely as the Marquis of Carabas himself. But now Philip the Bear was the most gentle of bears, because his little Charlotte was leading him.

Away with trouble and doubt, with squeamish pride and gloomy care! Philip had enough money for a fortnight, during which Tom Glazier, of the *Monitor*, promised to supply Philip's letters for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All the designs of France, Spain, Russia, gave that idle "own correspondent" not the slightest anxiety. In the morning it was Miss Baynes; in the afternoon it was Miss Baynes. At six it was dinner and Charlotte; at nine it was Charlotte and tea. "Anyhow, love-making does not spoil his appetite," Major MacWhirter correctly remarked. Indeed, Philip had a glorious appetite; and health bloomed in Miss Charlotte's cheek, and beamed in her happy little heart. Dr. Firmin, in the height of his practice, never completed a cure more skilfully than that which was performed by Dr. Firmin, junior.

"I ran the thing so close, sir," I remember Philip bawling out, in his usual energetic way, whilst describing this period of his life's greatest happiness to his biographer, "that I came back to Paris outside the diligence, and had not money enough to dine on the road. But I bought a sausage, sir, and a bit of bread—and a brutal

sausage it was, sir—and I reached my lodgings with exactly two sous in my pocket.” Roger Bontemps himself was not more content than our easy philosopher.

So Philip and Charlotte ratified and sealed a treaty of Tours, which they determined should never be broken by either party. Marry without papa’s consent? Oh, never! Marry anybody but Philip? Oh, never—never! Not if she lived to be a hundred, when Philip would in consequence be in his hundred and ninth or tenth year, would this young Joan have any but her present Darby. Aunt Mac, though she may not have been the most accomplished or highly-bred of ladies, was a warm-hearted and affectionate aunt Mac. She caught in a mild form the fever from these young people. She had not much to leave, and Mac’s relations would want all *he* could spare when he was gone. But Charlotte should have her garnets, and her teapot, and her India shawl—that she should.* And with many blessings this enthusiastic old lady took leave of her future nephew-in-law when he returned to Paris and duty. Crack your whip and scream your *hi!* and be off quick, postilion and diligence! I am glad we have taken Mr. Firmin out of that dangerous, lazy, love-making place. Nothing is to me so sweet as sentimental writing. I could have written hundreds of pages

* I am sorry to say that in later days, after Mrs. Major MacWhirter’s decease, it was found that she had promised these treasures *in writing* to several members of her husband’s family, and that much heart-burning arose in consequence. But our story has nothing to do with these painful disputes.

describing Philip and Charlotte, Charlotte and Philip. But a stern sense of duty intervenes. My modest Muse puts a finger on her lip, and says, "Hush about that business!" Ah, my worthy friends, you little know what soft-hearted people those cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I daresay you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub. Philip shall leave his sweetheart and go back to his business, and we will not have one word about tears, promises, raptures, parting. Never mind about these sentimentalities, but please, rather, to depict to yourself our young fellow so poor that when the coach stops for dinner at Orleans he can only afford to purchase a penny loaf and a sausage for his own hungry cheek. When he reached the Hôtel Poussin, with his meagre carpet-bag, they served him a supper which he ate to the admiration of all beholders in the little coffee-room. He was in great spirits and gaiety. He did not care to make any secret of his poverty, and how he had been unable to afford to pay for dinner. Most of the guests at Hôtel Poussin knew what it was to be poor. Often and often they had dined on credit when they put back their napkins into their respective pigeon-holes. But my landlord knew his guests. They were poor men—honest men. They paid him in the end, and each could help his neighbour in a strait.

After Mr. Firmin's return to Paris he did not care for a while to go to the Elysian Fields. They were not Elysian for him, except in Miss Charlotte's company. He resumed his newspaper correspondence, which occu-

pied but a day in each week, and he had the other six—nay, he scribbled on the seventh day likewise, and covered immense sheets of letter-paper with remarks upon all manner of subjects, addressed to a certain Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Baynes, chez M. le Major Mac, &c. On these sheets of paper Mr. Firmin could talk so long, so loudly, so fervently, so eloquently to Miss Baynes, that she was never tired of hearing, or he of holding forth. He began imparting his dreams and his earliest sensations to his beloved before breakfast. At noon-day he gave her his opinion of the contents of the morning papers. His packet was ordinarily full and brimming over by post-time, so that his expressions of love and fidelity leaped from under the cover, or were squeezed into the queerest corners, where, no doubt, it was a delightful task for Miss Baynes to trace out and detect those little cupids which a faithful lover despatched to her. It would be, “I have found this little corner unoccupied. Do you know what I have to say in it? Oh, Charlotte, I,” &c. &c. My sweet young lady, you can guess, or will one day guess, the rest; and will receive such dear, delightful, nonsensical double letters, and will answer them with that elegant propriety which I have no doubt Miss Baynes showed in her replies. Ah! if all who are writing and receiving such letters, or who have written and received such, or who remember writing and receiving such, would order a copy of this novel from the publishers, what reams, and piles, and pyramids of paper our ink would have to blacken! Since Charlotte and Philip had been engaged to each

other, he had scarcely, except in those dreadful, ghastly days of quarrel, enjoyed the luxury of absence from his soul's blessing—the exquisite delight of writing to her. He could do few things in moderation, this man—and of this delightful privilege of writing to Charlotte he now enjoyed his heart's fill.

After brief enjoyment of the weeks of this rapture, when winter was come on Paris, and icicles hung on the bough, how did it happen that one day, two days, three days passed, and the postman brought no little letter in the well-known little handwriting for Monsieur, Monsieur Philip Firmin, à Paris? Three days, four days, and no letter. Oh, torture, could she be ill? Could her aunt and uncle have turned against her, and forbidden her to write, as her father and mother had done before? Oh, grief, and sorrow, and rage! As for jealousy, our leonine friend never knew such a passion. It never entered into his lordly heart to doubt of his little maiden's love. But still four, five days have passed, and not one word has come from Tours. The little Hôtel Poussin was in a commotion. I have said that when our friend felt any passion very strongly he was sure to speak of it. Did Don Quixote lose any opportunity of declaring to the world that Dulcinea del Toboso was peerless among women? Did not Antar bawl out in battle, "I am the lover of Ibla?" Our knight had taken all the people of the hotel into his confidence somehow. They all knew of his condition—all, the painter, the poet, the half-pay Polish officer, the landlord, the hostess, down to the little knife-boy who

used to come in with, "The factor comes of to pass—no letter this morning."

No doubt Philip's political letters became, under this outward pressure, very desponding and gloomy. One day, as he sat gnawing his mustachios at his desk, the little Anatole enters his apartment and cries, "*Tenez, M. Philippe.* That lady again!" And the faithful, the watchful, the active Madame Smolensk once more made her appearance in his chamber.

Philip blushed and hung his head for shame. "Ungrateful brute that I am," he thought; "I have been back more than a week, and never thought a bit about that good, kind soul who came to my succour. I am an awful egotist. Love is always so."

As he rose up to greet his friend, she looked so grave, and pale, and sad, that he could not but note her demeanour. "*Bon Dieu!* had anything happened?"

"*Ce pauvre général* is ill, very ill, Philip," Smolensk said, in her grave voice.

He was so gravely ill, madame said, that his daughter had been sent for.

"Had she come?" asked Philip, with a start.

"You think but of her—you care not for the poor old man. You are all the same, you men. All egotists—all. Go! I know you! I never knew one that was not," said madame.

Philip has his little faults: perhaps egotism is one of his defects. Perhaps it is yours, or even mine.

"You have been here a week since Thursday last, and you have never written or sent to a woman who

loves you well. Go! It was not well, Monsieur Philippe."

As soon as he saw her, Philip felt that he had been neglectful and ungrateful. We have owned so much already. But how should madame know that he had returned on Thursday week? When they looked up after her reproof, his eager eyes seemed to ask this question.

"Could she not write to me and tell me that you were come back? Perhaps she knew that you would not do so yourself. A woman's heart teaches her these experiences early," continued the lady, sadly; then she added: "I tell you, you are good-for-nothings, all of you! And I repent me, see you, of having had the *bêtise* to pity you!"

"I shall have my quarter's pay on Saturday, I was coming to you then," said Philip.

"Was it that I was speaking of? What! you are all cowards, men, all! Oh, that I have been beast, beast, to think at last I had found a man of heart!"

How much or how often this poor Ariadne had trusted and been forsaken, I have no means of knowing, or desire of inquiring. Perhaps it is as well for the polite reader, who is taken into my entire confidence, that we should not know Madame de Smolensk's history from the first page to the last. Granted that Ariadne was deceived by Theseus: but then she consoled herself, as we may all read in Smith's Dictionary; and then she must have deceived her father in order to run away with Theseus. I suspect—I suspect, I say—

that these women who are so *very* much betrayed, are —— but we are speculating on this French lady's antecedents, when Charlotte, her lover, and her family are the persons with whom we have mainly to do.

These two, I suppose, forgot self, about which each for a moment had been busy, and madame resumed:— “Yes, you have reason; Miss is here. It was time. Hold! Here is a note from her.” And Philip's kind messenger once more put a paper into his hands.—

“My dearest father is very, very ill. Oh, Philip! I am so unhappy; and he is so good, and gentle, and kind, and loves me so!”

“It is true,” madame resumed. “Before Charlotte came, he thought only of her. When his wife comes up to him, he turns from her. I have not loved her much, that lady, that is true. But to see her now, it is *navrant*. He will take no medicine from her. He pushes her away. Before Charlotte came, he sent for me, and spoke as well as his poor throat would let him, this poor general! His daughter's arrival seemed to comfort him. But he says, ‘Not my wife! not my wife!’ And the poor thing has to go away and cry in the chamber at the side. He says—in his French, you know—he has never been well since Charlotte went away. He has often been out. He has dined but rarely at our table, and there has always been a silence between him and Madame la Générale. Last week he had a great inflammation of the chest. Then he took to bed, and Monsieur the Doctor came—the little doctor whom you know. Then a quinsy has declared itself,

and he now is scarce able to speak. His condition is most grave. He lies suffering, dying, perhaps—yes, dying, do you hear? And you are thinking of your little school-girl! Men are all the same. Monsters! Go!”

Philip, who, I have said, is very fond of talking about Philip, surveys his own faults with great magnanimity and good humour, and acknowledges them without the least intention to correct them. “How selfish we are!” I can hear him say, looking at himself in the glass. “By George! sir, when I heard simultaneously the news of that poor old man’s illness, and of Charlotte’s return, I felt that I wanted to see *her* that instant. I must go to her, and speak to her. The old man and his suffering did not seem to affect me. It is humiliating to have to own that we are selfish beasts. But we are, sir—we are brutes, by George! and nothing else,”—And he gives a finishing twist to the ends of his flaming mustachios as he surveys them in the glass.

Poor little Charlotte was in such affliction that of course she must have Philip to console her at once. No time was to be lost. Quick! a cab this moment: and, coachman, you shall have an extra for drink if you go quick to the Avenue de Marli! Madame puts herself into the carriage, and as they go along tells Philip more at length of the gloomy occurrences of the last few days. Four days since, the poor general was so bad with his quinsy that he thought he should not recover, and Charlotte was sent for. He was a little better on the day of her arrival; but yesterday the inflammation

had increased; he could not swallow; he could not speak audibly; he was in very great suffering and danger. He turned away from his wife. The unhappy general had been to Madame Bunch in her tears and grief, complaining that after twenty years' fidelity and attachment her husband had withdrawn his regard from her. Baynes attributed even his illness to his wife; and at other times said it was a just punishment for his wicked conduct in breaking his word to Philip and Charlotte. If he did not see his dear child again, he must beg her forgiveness for having made her suffer so. He had acted wickedly and ungratefully, and his wife had forced him to do what he did. He prayed that heaven might pardon him. And he had behaved with wicked injustice towards Philip, who had acted most generously towards his family. And he had been a scoundrel—he knew he had—and Bunch, and Mac-Whirter, and the doctor all said so—and it was that woman's doing. And he pointed to the scared wife as he painfully hissed out these words of anger and contrition:—"When I saw that child ill, and almost made mad, because I broke my word, I felt I was a scoundrel, Martin; and I was; and that woman made me so; and I deserve to be shot; and I shan't recover; I tell you I shan't." Dr. Martin, who attended the general, thus described his patient's last talk and behaviour to Philip.

It was the doctor who sent madame in quest of the young man. He found poor Mrs. Baynes with hot, tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick chamber. "You will find General Baynes very

ill, sir," she said to Philip, with a ghastly calmness, and a gaze he could scarcely face. "My daughter is in the room with him. It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me." And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap.

Philip hardly knew the meaning of Mrs. Baynes' words as yet. He was agitated by the thought of the general's illness, perhaps by the notion that the beloved was so near. Her hand was in his a moment afterwards: and, even in that sad chamber, each could give the other a soft pressure, a fond, silent signal of mutual love and faith.

The poor man laid the hands of the young people together, and his own upon them. The suffering to which he had put his daughter seemed to be the crime which specially affected him. He thanked heaven he was able to see he was wrong. He whispered to his little maid a prayer for pardon in one or two words, which caused poor Charlotte to sink on her knees and cover his fevered hand with tears and kisses. Out of all her heart she forgave him. She had felt that the parent she loved and was accustomed to honour had been mercenary and cruel. It had wounded her pure heart to be obliged to think that her father could be other than generous, and just, and good. That he should humble himself before her, smote her with the keenest pang of tender commiseration. I do not care to pursue this last scene. Let us close the door as the children kneel by the sufferer's bedside, and to the old

man's petition for forgiveness, and to the young girl's sobbing vows of love and fondness, say a reverent Amen.

By the following letter, which he wrote a few days before the fatal termination of his illness, the worthy general, it would appear, had already despaired of his recovery:—"My dear Mac,—I speak and breathe with such difficulty as I write this from my bed, that I doubt whether I shall ever leave it. I do not wish to vex poor Eliza, and in my state cannot *enter into disputes* which I know would ensue regarding settlement of property. When I left England there was a claim hanging over me (young Firmin's) at which I was needlessly frightened, as having to satisfy it would swallow up *much more than everything I possessed in the world*. Hence made arrangements for leaving everything in Eliza's name and the children after. Will with Smith and Thompson, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. Think Char *won't be happy for a long time with her mother*. To break from F., who has been most generous to us, will break her heart. Will you and Emily keep her for a little? I gave F. *my promise*. As you told me, I have acted ill by him, which I own and deeply lament. If Char marries, *she ought to have her share*. May God bless her, her father prays, in case he should not see her again. And with best love to Emily, am yours, dear Mac, sincerely,—CHARLES BAYNES."

On the receipt of this letter, Charlotte disobeyed her father's wish, and set forth from Tours instantly, under her worthy uncle's guardianship. The old soldier was

in his comrade's room when the general put the hands of Charlotte and her lover together. He confessed his fault, though it is hard for those who expect love and reverence to have to own to wrong and to ask pardon. Old knees are stiff to bend. Brother reader, young or old, when our last hour comes, may ours have grace to do so!

END OF VOL. II.

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