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NOVELS
OF
SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Library Edition

NOVELS OF LIFE AND MANNERS

VOL. I.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

P E L H A M

OR

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN

BY

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

LIBRARY EDITION—IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCLXII

“ Je suis peu sévère, mais sage—
Philosophe, mais amoureux—
Mon art est de me rendre heureux.
J’y réussis—en faut-il davantage ? ”

“ A complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, and an agreeable voice for a chamber.”—EPHRAÏM.

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DEDICATION,

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION OF THE
AUTHOR'S WORKS IN 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

IN inscribing with your beloved and honoured name this Collection of my Works, I could wish that the fruits of my manhood were worthier of the tender and anxious pains bestowed upon my education in youth.

Left yet young, and with no ordinary accomplishments and gifts, the sole guardian of your sons, to them you devoted the best years of your useful and spotless life; and any success it be their fate to attain in the paths they have severally chosen, would have its principal sweetness in the thought that such success was the reward of one whose hand aided every struggle, and whose heart sympathised in every care.

From your graceful and accomplished taste, I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you who were my first guide, were my earliest critic. Do you remember the summer days, which seemed to

me so short, when you repeated to me those old ballads with which Percy revived the decaying spirit of our national muse, or the smooth couplets of Pope, or those gentle and polished verses with the composition of which you had beguiled your own earlier leisure? It was those easy lessons, far more than the harsher rudiments learned subsequently in schools, that taught me to admire and to imitate; and in them I recognise the germ of the flowers, however perishable they be, that I now bind up and lay upon a shrine hallowed by a thousand memories of unspeakable affection. Happy, while I borrowed from your taste, could I have found it not more difficult to imitate your virtues—your spirit of active and extended benevolence, your cheerful piety, your considerate justice, your kindly charity—and all the qualities that brighten a nature more free from the thought of self, than any it has been my lot to meet with. Never more than at this moment did I wish that my writings were possessed of a merit which might outlive my time, so that at least these lines might remain a record of the excellence of the Mother, and the gratitude of the Son.

E. L. B.

LONDON, *January 4*, 1840.

PELHAM;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.



CHAPTER I.

Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille? *—*French Song.*

I AM an only child. My father was the younger son of one of our oldest earls, my mother the dowerless daughter of a Scotch peer. Mr Pelham was a moderate Whig, and gave sumptuous dinners; Lady Frances was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china.

Vulgar people know nothing of the necessaries required in good society, and the credit they give is as short as their pedigree. Six years after my birth there was an execution in our house. My mother was just setting off on a visit to the Duchess of D——; she

* Where can one be better than in the bosom of one's family?

declared it was impossible to go without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C——, and was introduced as *my tutor*. “A man of singular merit,” whispered my mother, “but *so shy!*” Fortunately, the bailiff was abashed, and by losing his impudence he kept the secret. At the end of the week the diamonds went to the jewellers, and Lady Frances wore paste.

I think it was about a month afterwards that a sixteenth cousin left my mother twenty thousand pounds. “It will just pay off our most importunate creditors, and equip me for Melton,” said Mr Pelham.

“It will just redeem my diamonds, and refurnish the house,” said Lady Frances.

The latter alternative was chosen. My father went down to run his last horse at Newmarket, and my mother received nine hundred people in a Turkish tent. Both were equally fortunate, the *Greek* and the *Turk*; my father’s horse *lost*, in consequence of which he pocketed five thousand pounds; and my mother looked so charming as a sultana, that Seymour Conway fell desperately in love with her.

Mr Conway had just caused two divorces; and of course all the women in London were dying for him—judge then of the pride which Lady Frances felt at his addresses. The end of the season was unusually dull, and my mother, after having looked over her list of engagements, and ascertained that she had none re-

maining worth staying for, agreed to elope with her new lover.

The carriage was at the end of the square. My mother, for the first time in her life, got up at six o'clock. Her foot was on the step, and her hand next to Mr Conway's heart, when she remembered that her favourite china monster, and her French dog, were left behind. She insisted on returning—re-entered the house, and was coming down stairs with one under each arm, when she was met by my father and two servants. My father's valet had discovered the flight (I forget how), and awakened his master.

When my father was convinced of his loss, he called for his dressing-gown—searched the garret and the kitchen—looked in the maid's drawers and the cellaret—and finally declared he was distracted. I have heard that the servants were quite melted by his grief, and I do not doubt it in the least, for he was always celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. He was just retiring to vent his grief in his dressing-room, when he met my mother. It must altogether have been an awkward encounter, and indeed, for my father, a remarkably unfortunate occurrence; since Seymour Conway was immensely rich, and the damages would no doubt have been proportionably high. Had they met each other alone, the affair might easily have been settled, and Lady Frances gone off in tranquillity;—those confounded servants are always in the way!

I have observed that the distinguished trait of

people accustomed to good society, is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least; they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it. To render this observation good, and to return to the intended elopement, nothing further was said upon that event. My father introduced Conway to Brookes's, and invited him to dinner twice a-week for a whole twelvemonth.

Not long after this occurrence, by the death of my grandfather, my uncle succeeded to the title and estates of the family. He was, as people rather justly observed, rather an odd man: built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmers' rents; indeed, on account of this and similar eccentricities, he was thought a fool by some, and a madman by others. However, he was not quite destitute of natural feeling; for he paid my father's debts, and established us in the secure enjoyment of our former splendour. But this piece of generosity, or justice, was done in the most unhandsome manner: he obtained a promise from my father to retire from whist, and relinquish the turf; and he prevailed upon my mother to conceive an aversion to diamonds, and an indifference to china monsters.

CHAPTER II.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.—*The Soul's Errand.*

AT ten years old I went to Eton. I had been educated till that period by my mother, who, being distantly related to Lord —— (who had published "Hints upon the Culinary Art"), imagined she possessed an hereditary claim to literary distinction. History was her great *forte* ; for she had read all the historical romances of the day ; and history, accordingly, I had been carefully taught.

I think at this moment I see my mother before me, reclining on her sofa, and repeating to me some story about Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex ; then telling me, in a languid voice, as she sank back with the exertion, of the blessings of a literary taste, and admonishing me never to read above half an hour at a time, for fear of losing my health.

Well, to Eton I went ; and the second day I had been there, I was half killed for refusing, with all the pride of a Pelham, to wash tea-cups. I was rescued

from the clutches of my tyrant by a boy not much bigger than myself, but reckoned the best fighter, for his size, in the whole school. His name was Reginald Glanville ; from that period we became inseparable, and our friendship lasted all the time he stayed at Eton, which was within a year of my own departure for Cambridge.

His father was a baronet, of a very ancient and wealthy family ; and his mother was a woman of some talent and more ambition. She made her house one of the most attractive in London. Seldom seen at large assemblies, she was eagerly sought after in the well-winnowed *soirées* of the elect. Her wealth, great as it was, seemed the least prominent ingredient of her establishment. There was in it no uncalled-for ostentation — no purse-proud vulgarity — no cringing to great, and no patronising condescension to little people ; even the Sunday newspapers could not find fault with her, and the querulous wives of younger brothers could only sneer and be silent.

“It is an excellent connection,” said my mother, when I told her of my friendship with Reginald Glanville, “and will be of more use to you than many of greater apparent consequence. Remember, my dear, that in all the friends you make at present, you look to the advantage you can derive from them hereafter ; that is what we call knowledge of the world, and it is to get the knowledge of the world that you are sent to a public school.”

I think, however, to my shame, that, notwithstand-

ing my mother's instructions, very few prudential considerations were mingled with my friendship for Reginald Glanville. I loved him with a warmth of attachment which has since surprised even myself.

He was of a very singular character: he used to wander by the river in the bright days of summer, when all else were at play, without any companion but his own thoughts; and these were tinged, even at that early age, with a deep and impassioned melancholy. He was so reserved in his manner that it was looked upon as coldness or pride, and was repaid as such by a pretty general dislike. Yet to those he loved, no one could be more open and warm; more watchful to gratify others, more indifferent to gratification for himself; an utter absence of all selfishness, and an eager and active benevolence, were indeed the distinguishing traits of his character. I have seen him endure with a careless good-nature the most provoking affronts from boys much less than himself; but if I, or any other of his immediate friends, was injured or aggrieved, his anger was almost implacable. Although he was of a slight frame, yet early exercise had brought strength to his muscles, and activity to his limbs; while there was that in his courage and will which, despite his reserve and unpopularity, always marked him out as a leader in those enterprises wherein we test as boys the qualities which chiefly contribute to secure hereafter our position amongst men.

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the character of Reginald Glanville—the one who, of all

my early companions, differed the most from myself ; yet the one whom I loved the most, and the one whose future destiny was the most intertwined with my own.

I was in the head class when I left Eton. As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make fifty Latin verses in half an hour ; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones *with it* : I could *read* Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of the Latin version technically called a crib.* I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had been only eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one need never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never *taught* a syllable of English during this period ; as, when I once attempted to read Pope's poems out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called "*a sap* ;" as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions ; and as, whatever schoolmasters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing nowadays by inspiration ; so of everything which relates to English

* It is but just to say that the educational system at public schools is greatly improved since the above was written. And take those great seminaries altogether, it may be doubted whether any institutions more philosophical in theory are better adapted to secure that union of classical tastes with manly habits and honourable sentiments which distinguishes the English gentleman.

literature, English laws, and English history (with the exception of the said story of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex), you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance.

At this age I was transplanted to Cambridge, where I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow-commoner of Trinity. At the end of that time (being of royal descent) I became entitled to an *honorary* degree. I suppose the term is in contradistinction to an *honourable* degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings, after thirty-six months of intense application.

I do not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge. I had a pianoforte in my room, and a private billiard-room at a village two miles off; and between these resources I managed to improve my mind more than could reasonably have been expected. To say truth, the whole place reeked with vulgarity. The men drank beer by the gallon, and ate cheese by the hundredweight—wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang—rode for wagers, and swore when they lost—smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail—their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman—their most delicate amour to leer at the barmaid.*

It will be believed that I felt little regret in quit-

* This, at that time, was a character that could only be applied to the gayest, that is the worst, set at the University—and perhaps now the character may scarcely exist.

ting companions of this description. I went to take leave of our college tutor. "Mr Pelham," said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, "your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grassplats, nor set your dog at the proctor—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication nor the lecture-room in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college."

Thus closed my academical career. He who does not allow that it passed creditably to my teachers, profitably to myself, and beneficially to the world, is a narrow-minded and illiterate man, who knows nothing of the advantages of modern education.

CHAPTER III.

Thus does a false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us.—SHENSTONE.

An open house, haunted with great resort.—BISHOP HALL'S *Satires*.

I LEFT Cambridge in a very weak state of health ; and as nobody had yet come to London, I accepted the invitation of Sir Lionel Garrett to pay him a visit at his country-seat. Accordingly, one raw winter's day, full of the hopes of the reviving influence of air and exercise, I found myself carefully packed up in three greatcoats, and on the high-road to Garrett Park.

Sir Lionel Garrett was a character very common in England, and in describing him I describe the whole species. He was of an ancient family, and his ancestors had for centuries resided on their estates in Norfolk. Sir Lionel, who came to his majority and his fortune at the same time, went up to London at the age of twenty-one, a raw, uncouth sort of young man, with a green coat and lank hair. His friends in town were of that set whose members are *above ton* whenever they do not grasp at its possession, but who, whenever they do, lose at once their aim and their equilibrium, and fall immeasurably below it. I mean that set which I call "*the respectable*," consisting of old peers of an

old school : country gentlemen, who still disdain not to love their wine and to hate the French ; generals who *have served* in the army ; elder brothers who succeed to something besides a mortgage ; and younger brothers who do not mistake their capital for their income. To this set you may add the whole of the baronetage—for I have remarked that baronets hang together like bees or Scotchmen ; and if I go to a baronet's house, and speak to some one whom I have not the happiness to know, I always say, "*Sir John!*"

It was no wonder, then, that to this set belonged Sir Lionel Garrett—no more the youth with a green coat and lank hair, but pinched in and curled out—abounding in horses and whiskers—dancing all night—lounging all day—the favourite of the old ladies, the Philander of the young.

One unfortunate evening Sir Lionel Garrett was introduced to the celebrated Duchess of D——. From that moment his head was turned. Before then, he had always imagined that he was somebody—that he was Sir Lionel Garrett, with a good-looking person and eight thousand a-year ; he now knew that he was nobody, unless he went to Lady G——'s, and unless he bowed to Lady S——. Disdaining all importance derived from himself, it became absolutely necessary to his happiness that all his importance should be derived solely from his acquaintance with others. He cared not a straw that he was a man of fortune, of family, of consequence ; he must be a man of *ton*, or he was an atom, a nonentity, a very worm, and no man. No lawyer at Gray's Inn,

no galley-slave at the oar, ever worked so hard at his task as Sir Lionel Garrett at *his*. *Ton*, to a single man, is a thing attainable enough. Sir Lionel was just gaining the envied distinction, when he saw, courted, and married Lady Harriet Woodstock.

His new wife was of a modern and not very rich family, and striving like Sir Lionel for the notoriety of fashion; but of this struggle he was ignorant. He saw her *admitted* into good society—he imagined she *commanded* it; she was a hanger-on—he believed she was a leader. Lady Harriet was crafty and twenty-four—had no objection to be married, nor to change the name of Woodstock for Garrett. She kept up the baronet's mistake till it was too late to repair it.

Marriage did not bring Sir Lionel wisdom. His wife was of the same turn of mind as himself: they might have been great people in the country—they preferred being little people in town. They might *have* chosen *friends* among persons of respectability and rank—they preferred *being* chosen *as acquaintance* by persons of *ton*. Society was their being's end and aim, and the only thing which brought them pleasure was the pain of attaining it. Did I not say truly that I would describe individuals of a common species? Is there one who reads this who does not recognise that overflowing class of our population, whose members would conceive it an insult to be thought of sufficient rank to be respectable for what they are?—who take it as an honour that they are made by their acquaintance?—who renounce the ease of living for themselves, for the trouble

of living for persons who care not a pin for their existence?—who are wretched if they are not dictated to by others?—and who toil, groan, travail, through the whole course of life, in order to forfeit their independence?

I arrived at Garrett Park just time enough to dress for dinner. As I was descending the stairs after having performed that ceremony, I heard my own name pronounced by a very soft, lisping voice—“Henry Pelham! dear, what a pretty name. Is he handsome?”

“Rather elegant than handsome,” was the unsatisfactory reply, couched in a slow, pompous accent, which I immediately recognised to belong to Lady Harriet Garrett.

“Can we make something of him?” resumed the first voice.

“Something!” said Lady Harriet, indignantly; “he will be Lord Glenmorris! and he is son to Lady Frances Pelham.”

“Ah,” said the lisper, carelessly; “but can he write poetry, and play *proverbes*?”

“No, Lady Harriet,” said I, advancing; “but permit me, through you, to assure Lady Nelthorpe that he can admire those who do.”

“So you know me, then,” said the lisper: “I see we shall be excellent friends:” and, disengaging herself from Lady Harriet, she took my arm, and began discussing persons and things, poetry and china, French plays and music, till I found myself beside her at dinner, and most assiduously endeavouring to silence

her by the superior engrossments of a *béchamelle de poisson*.

I took the opportunity of the pause to survey the little circle of which Lady Harriet was the centre. In the first place there was Mr Davison, a great political economist, a short, dark, corpulent gentleman, with a quiet, serene, sleepy countenance; beside him was a quick, sharp little woman, all sparkle and bustle, glancing a small, grey, prying eye round the table, with a most restless activity: this, as Lady Nelthorpe afterwards informed me, was a Miss Trafford, an excellent person for a Christmas in the country, whom everybody was dying to have: she was an admirable mimic, an admirable actress, and an admirable reciter; made poetry and shoes, and told fortunes by the cards, which *actually came true!*

There was also Mr Wormwood, the *noli-me-tangere* of literary lions—an author who sowed his conversation not with flowers but thorns. Nobody could accuse him of the flattery generally imputed to his species: through the course of a long and varied life, he had never once been known to say a civil thing. He was too much disliked not to be sought after; whatever is once notorious, even for being disagreeable, is sure to be courted. Opposite to him sat the really clever and affectedly pedantic Lord Vincent, one of those persons who have been “*promising young men*” all their lives; who are found till four o’clock in the afternoon in a dressing-gown, with a quarto before them; who go down into the country for six weeks every session, to cram an

impromptu reply ; and who always have a work in the press which is never to be published.

Lady Nelthorpe herself I had frequently seen. She had some reputation for talent, was exceedingly affected, wrote poetry in albums, ridiculed her husband (who was a fox-hunter), and had a particular taste for the fine arts.

There were four or five others of the unknown vulgar, younger brothers, who were good shots and bad matches ; elderly ladies, who lived in Baker Street, and liked long whist ; and young ones, who never took wine, and said "*Sir!*"

I must, however, among this number, except the beautiful Lady Roseville, the most fascinating woman, perhaps, of the day. She was evidently *the* great person there, and, indeed, among all people who paid due deference to *ton*, was always sure to be so everywhere. I have never seen but one person more beautiful. Her eyes were of the deepest blue ; her complexion of the most delicate carnation ; her hair of the richest auburn : nor could even Mr Wormwood detect the smallest fault in the rounded yet slender symmetry of her figure.

Although not above twenty-five, she was in that state in which alone a woman ceases to be a dependant—widowhood. Lord Roseville, who had been dead about two years, had not survived their marriage many months ; that period was, however, sufficiently long to allow him to appreciate her excellence, and to testify his sense of it : the whole of his untailed property, which was very large, he bequeathed to her.

She was very fond of the society of literary persons, though without the pretence of belonging to their order. But her manners constituted her chief attraction ; while they were utterly different from those of every one else, you could not, in the least minutiae, discover in what the difference consisted : this is, in my opinion, the real test of perfect breeding. While you are enchanted with the effect, it should possess so little prominency and peculiarity, that you should never be able to guess the cause.

“Pray,” said Lord Vincent to Mr Wormwood, “have you been to P—— this year ?”

“No,” was the answer.

“I have,” said Miss Trafford, who never lost an opportunity of slipping in a word.

“Well, and did they make you sleep, as usual, at the Crown, with the same eternal excuse, after having brought you fifty miles from town, of small house—no beds—all engaged—inn close by ? Ah, never shall I forget that inn, with its royal name, and its hard beds—

‘Uneasy sleeps a head beneath the Crown!’”

“Ha, ha ! excellent !” cried Miss Trafford, who was always the first in at the death of a pun. “Yes ; indeed they did : poor old Lord Belton, with his rheumatism ; and that immense General Grant, with his asthma ; together with three ‘single men,’ and myself, were safely conveyed to that asylum for the destitute.”

“Ah ! Grant, Grant !” said Lord Vincent, eagerly,

who saw another opportunity of whipping in a pun. "He slept there also the same night I did ; and when I saw his unwieldy person waddling out of the door the next morning, I said to Temple, ' Well, *that's the largest Grant I ever saw from the Crown.*' " *

"Very good," said Wormwood, gravely. "I declare, Vincent, you are growing *quite* witty. You know Jekyl, of course ? Poor fellow, what a really good punster *he was*—not agreeable though—particularly at dinner—no punsters are. Mr Davison, what is that dish next to you ?"

Mr Davison was a great gourmand : "*Salmi de perdreaux aux truffes,*" replied the political economist.

"Truffles !" said Wormwood, "have *you* been eating any ?"

"Yes," said Davison, with unusual energy, "and they are the best I have tasted for a long time."

"Very likely," said Wormwood, with a dejected air. "I am particularly fond of them, but I dare not touch one—truffles are so *very* apoplectic : you, I make no doubt, may eat them in safety."

Wormwood was a tall, meagre man, with a neck a yard long. Davison was, as I have said, short and fat, and made without any apparent neck at all—only head and shoulders, like a cod-fish.

Poor Mr Davison turned perfectly white ; he fidgetted about in his chair ; cast a look of the most deadly fear and aversion at the fatal dish he had been so attentive to before ; and, muttering "apoplectic !" closed

* It was from Mr J. Smith that Lord Vincent purloined this pun.

his lips, and did not open them again all dinner-time.

Mr Wormwood's object was effected. Two people were silenced and uncomfortable, and a sort of mist hung over the spirits of the whole party. The dinner went on and off, like all other dinners; the ladies retired, and the men drank, and talked politics. Mr Davison left the room first, in order to look out the word "truffle," in the Encyclopædia; and Lord Vincent and I went next, "lest (as my companion characteristically observed) that d——d Wormwood should, if we stayed a moment longer, 'send us weeping to our beds.'"

CHAPTER IV.

Oh ! la belle chose que la Poste !*—*Lettres de SEVIGNE.*

Ay—but who is it?—*As You Like It.*

I HAD mentioned to my mother my intended visit to Garrett Park, and the second day after my arrival there came the following letter :—

“MY DEAR HENRY,—I was very glad to hear you were rather better than you had been. I trust you will take great care of yourself. I think flannel waist-coats might be advisable ; and, by the by, they are very good for the complexion. *Apropos* of the complexion : I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you ; you look best in black—which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance in order to do so.

“You know, my dear, that those Garretts are in themselves anything but unexceptionable ; you will, therefore, take care not to be *too* intimate ; it is, however, a very good house : most whom you meet there are worth knowing, for one thing or the other. Remember, Henry, that the acquaintance (*not* the friends) of second or third rate people are always sure to be

* Oh ! what a beautiful thing is the Post Office !

good ; they are not independent enough to receive whom they like—their whole rank is in their guests : you may be also sure that the *ménage* will, in outward appearance at least, be quite *comme il faut*, and for the same reason. Gain as much knowledge *de l'art culinaire* as you can : it is an accomplishment absolutely necessary. You may also pick up a little acquaintance with metaphysics, if you have any opportunity ; that sort of thing is a good deal talked about just at present.

“I hear Lady Roseville is at Garrett Park. You must be particularly attentive to her ; you will probably now have an opportunity *de faire votre cour* that may never again happen. In London she is so much surrounded by all, that she is quite inaccessible to one ; besides, there you will have so many rivals. Without flattery to you, I take it for granted that you are the best-looking and most agreeable person at Garrett Park, and it will, therefore, be a most unpardonable fault if you do not make Lady Roseville of the same opinion. Nothing, my dear son, is like a *liaison* (quite innocent, of course) with a woman of celebrity in the world. In marriage a man lowers a woman to his own rank ; in an *affaire de cœur* he raises himself to hers. I need not, I am sure, after what I have said, press this point any further.

“Write to me and inform me of all your proceedings. If you mention the people who are at Garrett Park, I can tell you the proper line of conduct to pursue with each.

“I am sure that I need not add that I have nothing but your real good at heart, and that I am your very affectionate mother,

“FRANCES PELHAM.

“P.S. Never talk much to young men—remember that it is the women who make a reputation in society.”

“Well,” said I, when I had read this letter, “my mother is very right, and so now for Lady Roseville.”

I went down stairs to breakfast. Miss Trafford and Lady Nelthorpe were in the room, talking with great interest, and, on Miss Trafford’s part, with still greater vehemence.

“So handsome,” said Lady Nelthorpe, as I approached.

“Are you talking of me?” said I.

“Oh, you vanity of vanities!” was the answer. “No, we were speaking of a very romantic adventure which has happened to Miss Trafford and myself, and disputing about the hero of it. Miss Trafford declares he is frightful ; *I* say that he is beautiful. Now, you know, Mr Pelham, as to *you*——”

“There can be but one opinion ;—but the adventure ?”

“Is this !” cried Miss Trafford, in great fright, lest Lady Nelthorpe should, by speaking first, have the pleasure of the narration.—“We were walking, two or three days ago, by the sea-side, picking up shells, and talking about the Corsair, when a large fierce——”

“Man?” interrupted I.

“No, *dog*,” renewed Miss Trafford, “flew suddenly out of a cave, under a rock, and began growling at dear Lady Nelthorpe and me in the most savage manner imaginable. He would certainly have torn us to pieces if a very tall——”

“Not so very tall either,” said Lady Nelthorpe.

“Dear, how you interrupt one,” said Miss Trafford, pettishly; “well, a very short man, then, wrapped up in a cloak——”

“In a greatcoat,” drawled Lady Nelthorpe.

Miss Trafford went on without noticing the emendation——“had not, with incredible rapidity, sprung down the rock and——”

“Called him off,” said Lady Nelthorpe.

“Yes, called him off,” pursued Miss Trafford, looking round for the necessary symptoms of our wonder at this very extraordinary incident.

“What is the most remarkable,” said Lady Nelthorpe, “is, that though he seemed from his dress and appearance to be really a gentleman, he never stayed to ask if we were alarmed or hurt——scarcely even looked at us——”

(“I don’t wonder at *that!*” said Mr Wormwood, who, with Lord Vincent, had just entered the room;)

“——and vanished among the rocks as suddenly as he appeared.”

“Oh, you’ve seen that fellow, have you?” said Lord Vincent: “so have I, and a devilish queer-looking person he is,—

‘The balls of his broad eyes rolled in his head,
 And glared betwixt a yellow and a red ;
 He looked a lion with a gloomy stare,
 And o’er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.’

Well remembered, and better applied—eh, Mr Pelham ?”

“Really,” said I, “I am not able to judge of the application, since I have not seen the hero.”

“Oh, it is admirable !” said Miss Trafford ; “just the description I should have given of him in prose. But pray, where, when, and how did you see him ?”

“Your question is religiously mysterious, *tria juncta in uno*,” replied Vincent ; “but I will answer it with the simplicity of a Quaker. The other evening I was coming home from one of Sir Lionel’s preserves, and had sent the keeper on before in order more undisturbedly to——”

“Con witticisms for dinner,” said Wormwood.

“To make out the meaning of Mr Wormwood’s last work,” continued Lord Vincent. “My shortest way lay through that churchyard about a mile hence, which is such a lion in this ugly part of the country, because it has three thistles and a tree. Just as I got there I saw a man suddenly rise from the earth, where he appeared to have been lying ; he stood still for a moment, and then (evidently not perceiving me) raised his clasped hands to heaven, and muttered some words I was not able distinctly to hear. As I approached nearer to him, which I did with no very pleasant sensations, a large black dog, which, till then, had remained *couchant*, sprang towards me with a loud growl—

‘Sonat hic de nare canina
Litera,’

as Persius has it. I was too terrified to move—

‘Obstupui—steteruntque comæ—’

and I should most infallibly have been converted into dog’s meat, if our mutual acquaintance had not started from his reverie, called his dog by the very appropriate name of Terror, and then, slouching his hat over his face, passed rapidly by me, dog and all. I did not recover the fright for an hour and a quarter. I walked—ye gods, how I *did* walk!—no wonder, by the by, that I *mended* my pace, for, as Pliny says truly—

‘Timor est emendator asperrimus.’” *

Mr Wormwood had been very impatient during this recital, preparing an attack upon Lord Vincent, when Mr Davison, entering suddenly, diverted the assault.

“Good heavens!” said Wormwood, dropping his roll, “how very ill you look to-day, Mr Davison; face flushed—veins swelled—oh, those horrid truffles! Miss Trafford, I’ll trouble you for the salt.”

* Most of the quotations from Latin or French authors, interspersed throughout this work, will be translated for the convenience of the general reader; but exceptions will be made where such quotations (as is sometimes the case when from the mouth of Lord Vincent) merely contain a play upon words, which are pointless out of the language employed, or which only iterate or illustrate, by a characteristic pedantry, the sentence that precedes or follows them.

CHAPTER V.

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

GEORGE WITHERS.

It was great pity, so it was;
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed.

First Part of King Henry IV.

SEVERAL days passed. I had taken particular pains to ingratiate myself with Lady Roseville, and, so far as common acquaintance went, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my success. Anything else, I soon discovered, notwithstanding my vanity (which made no inconsiderable part in the composition of Henry Pelham), was quite out of the question. Her mind was wholly of a different mould from my own. She was like a being, not perhaps of a better, but of another world than myself: we had not one thought or opinion in common; we looked upon things with a totally different vision; I was soon convinced that she was of a nature exactly contrary to what was generally believed—she was anything but the mere mechanical woman of the world. She possessed great sensibility, and even

romance of temper, strong passions, and still stronger imagination ; but over all these deeper recesses of her character the extreme softness and languor of her manners threw a veil which no superficial observer could penetrate. There were times when I could believe that she was inwardly restless and unhappy ; but she was too well versed in the arts of concealment to suffer such an appearance to be more than momentary.

I must own that I consoled myself very easily for my want, in this particular instance, of that usual good fortune which attends me with the divine sex ; the fact was that I had another object in pursuit. All the men at Sir Lionel Garrett's were keen sportsmen. Now, shooting is an amusement I was never particularly partial to. I was first disgusted with that species of rational recreation at a *battue*, where, instead of bagging anything, *I was nearly bagged*, having been inserted, like wine in an ice-pail, in a wet ditch for three hours, during which time my hat had been twice shot at for a pheasant, and my leather gaiters once for a hare ; and to crown all, when these several mistakes were discovered, my intended exterminators, instead of apologising for having shot at me, were quite disappointed at having missed.

Seriously, that same shooting is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for majors in the army, and royal dukes, and that sort of people : *the mere walking* is bad enough ; but embarrassing one's arms, moreover, with a gun, and one's legs with turnip-tops, exposing one's self to the mercy of bad shots and the atrocity of good,

seems to me only a state of painful fatigue, enlivened by the probability of being killed.

This digression is meant to signify that I never joined the single men and double Mantons that went in and off among Sir Lionel Garrett's preserves. I used, instead, to take long walks by myself, and found, like virtue, my own reward in the additional health and strength these diurnal exertions produced me.

One morning chance threw into my way a *bonne fortune*, which I took care to improve. From that time the family of a Farmer Sinclair (one of Sir Lionel's tenants) was alarmed by strange and supernatural noises : one apartment in especial, occupied by a female member of the household, was allowed, even by the clerk of the parish, a very bold man, and a bit of a sceptic, to be haunted ; the windows of that chamber were wont to open and shut, thin airy voices confabulate therein, and dark shapes hover *thereout*, long after the fair occupant had, with the rest of the family, retired to repose. But the most unaccountable thing was the fatality which attended *me*, and seemed to mark me out for an untimely death. *I*, who had so carefully kept out of the way of gunpowder as a sportsman, very narrowly escaped being twice shot as a ghost. This was but a poor reward for a walk more than a mile long, in nights by no means of cloudless climes and starry skies ; accordingly I resolved to "give up the ghost" in earnest rather than in metaphor, and to pay my last visit and adieus to the mansion of Farmer Sinclair. The night on which I exe-

cuted this resolve was rather memorable in my future history.

The rain had fallen so heavily during the day, as to render the road to the house almost impassable, and when it was time to leave, I inquired, with very considerable emotion, whether there was not an easier way to return. The answer was satisfactory, and my last nocturnal visit at Farmer Sinclair's concluded.

CHAPTER VI.

Why sleeps he not, when others are at rest?—BYRON.

ACCORDING to the explanation I had received, the road I was now to pursue was somewhat longer, but much better, than that which I generally took. It was to lead me home through the churchyard of ——, the same, by the by, which Lord Vincent had particularised in his anecdote of the mysterious stranger. The night was clear, but windy : there were a few light clouds passing rapidly over the moon, which was at her full, and shone through the frosty air with all that cold and transparent brightness so peculiar to our northern winters. I walked briskly on till I came to the churchyard ; I could not then help pausing (notwithstanding my total deficiency in all romance) to look for a few moments at the exceeding beauty of the scene around me. The church itself was extremely old, and stood alone and grey, in the rude simplicity of the earliest form of Gothic architecture : two large dark yew-trees drooped on each side over tombs, which, from their size and decorations, appeared to be the last possession of some quondam lords of the soil. To the left, the ground was skirted by a thick and luxuriant

copse of evergreens, in the front of which stood one tall, naked oak, stern and leafless, a very token of desolation and decay ; there were but few gravestones scattered about, and these were, for the most part, hidden by the long wild grass which wreathed and climbed around them. Over all, the blue skies and still moon shed that solemn light, the effect of which, either on the scene or the feelings, it is so impossible to describe.

I was just about to renew my walk when a tall, dark figure, wrapped up like myself in a large French cloak, passed slowly along from the other side of the church, and paused by the copse I have before mentioned. I was shrouded at that moment from his sight by one of the yew-trees : he stood still only for a few moments ; he then flung himself upon the earth, and sobbed, audibly, even at the spot where I was standing. I was in doubt whether to wait longer or to proceed ; my way lay just by him, and it might be dangerous to interrupt so substantial an apparition. However, my curiosity was excited, and my feet were half frozen, two cogent reasons for proceeding ; and, to say truth, I was never very much frightened by anything, dead or alive.

Accordingly I left my obscurity, and walked slowly onwards. I had not got above three paces before the figure arose, and stood erect and motionless before me. His hat had fallen off, and the moon shone full upon his countenance ; it was not the wild expression of intense anguish which dwelt on those hueless and sunken features, nor their quick change to ferocity and defiance,

as his eye fell upon me, which made me start back and feel my heart stand still ! Notwithstanding the fearful ravages graven in that countenance, once so brilliant with the graces of boyhood, I recognised, at one glance, those still noble and striking features. It was Reginald Glanville who stood before me ! I recovered myself instantly ; I threw myself towards him, and called him by his name. He turned hastily ; but I would not suffer him to escape ; I put my hand upon his arm, and drew him towards me. “Glanville !” I exclaimed, “it is I ! it is your old, old friend—Henry Pelham. Good heavens ! have I met you at last, and in such a scene ?”

Glanville shook me from him in an instant, covered his face with his hands, and sank down with one wild cry, which went fearfully through that still place, upon the spot from which he had but just risen. I knelt beside him ; I took his hand ; I spoke to him in every endearing term that I could think of ; and, roused and excited as my feelings were by so strange and sudden a meeting, I felt my tears involuntarily falling over the hand which I held in my own. Glanville turned ; he looked at me for one moment, as if fully to recognise me ; and then, throwing himself in my arms, wept like a child.

It was but for a few minutes that this weakness lasted ; he rose suddenly—the whole expression of his countenance was changed—the tears still rolled in large drops down his cheeks, but the proud, stern character which the features had assumed, seemed to deny

the feelings which that feminine weakness had betrayed.

“Pelham,” he said, “*you* have seen me thus ; I had hoped that no living eye would—this is the last time in which I shall indulge this folly. God bless you—we shall meet again—and this night shall then seem to you like a dream.”

I would have answered, but he turned swiftly, passed in one moment through the copse, and in the next had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

You reach a chilling chamber, where you dread
Damps. CRABBE'S *Borough.*

I COULD not sleep the whole of that night, and the next morning I set off early, with the resolution of discovering where Glanville had taken up his abode ; it was evident from his having been so frequently seen, that it must be in the immediate neighbourhood.

I went first to Farmer Sinclair's ; they had often remarked him, but could give me no other information. I then proceeded towards the coast ; there was a small public-house belonging to Sir Lionel close by the sea-shore ; never had I seen a more bleak and dreary prospect than that which stretched for miles around this miserable cabin. How an innkeeper could live there is a mystery to me at this day—I should have imagined it a spot upon which anything but a seagull or a Scotchman would have starved.

“Just the sort of place, however,” thought I, “to hear something of Glanville.” I went into the house ; I inquired, and heard that a strange gentleman *had* been lodging for the last two or three weeks at a cottage about a mile further up the coast. Thither I bent my steps ; and, after having met two crows, and one

officer on the preventive service, I arrived safely at my new destination.

It was a house a little better, in outward appearance, than the wretched hut I had just left, for I observe in all situations, and in *all* houses, that "the public" is not too well served; but the situation was equally lonely and desolate. The house itself—which belonged to an individual, half-fisherman and half-smuggler—stood in a sort of bay, between two tall, rugged, black cliffs. Before the door hung various nets to dry beneath the genial warmth of a winter's sun; and a broken boat, with its keel uppermost, furnished an admirable habitation for a hen and her family, who appeared to receive *en pension* an old clerico-bachelor-looking raven. I cast a suspicious glance at the last-mentioned personage, which hopped towards me with a very hostile appearance, and entered the threshold with a more rapid step, in consequence of sundry apprehensions of a premeditated assault.

"I understand," said I, to an old, dried, brown female, who looked like a resuscitated red-herring, "that a gentleman is lodging here."

"No, sir," was the answer; "he left us this morning."

The reply came upon me like a shower-bath; I was both chilled and stunned by so unexpected a shock. The old woman, on my renewing my inquiries, took me upstairs to a small, wretched room, to which the damp literally clung. In one corner was a flock-bed, still unmade, and opposite to it, a three-legged stool, a chair,

and an antique carved oak table, a donation perhaps from some squire in the neighbourhood ; on this last were scattered fragments of writing-paper, a cracked cup half full of ink, a pen, and a broken ramrod. As I mechanically took up the latter, the woman said, in a charming *patois*, which I shall translate, since I cannot do justice to the original : “The gentleman, sir, said he came here for a few weeks to shoot ; he brought a gun, a large dog, and a small portmanteau. He stayed nearly a month ; he used to spend all the mornings in the fens, though he must have been but a poor shot, for he seldom brought home anything ; and we fear, sir, that he was rather out of his mind, for he used to go out alone at night, and stay sometimes till morning. However, he was quite quiet, and behaved *to us* like a gentleman ; so it was no business of ours, only my husband does think——”

“Pray,” interrupted I, “why did he leave you so suddenly?”

“Lord, sir, I don’t know ! but he told us for several days past that he should not stay over the week, and so we were not surprised when he left us this morning at seven o’clock. Poor gentleman ! my heart bled for him when I saw him look so pale and ill.”

And here I *did* see the good woman’s eyes fill with tears ; but she wiped them away, and took advantage of the additional persuasion they gave to her natural whine to say, “If, sir, you know of any young gentleman who likes fen-shooting, and wants a nice, pretty, quiet apartment——”

“I will certainly recommend this,” said I.

“You see it at present,” rejoined *the landlady*, “quite in a litter like ; but it is really a sweet place in summer.”

“Charming,” said I, with a cold shiver, hurrying down the stairs, with a pain in my ear and the rheumatism in my shoulder.

“And this,” thought I, “was Glanville’s residence for nearly a month! I wonder he did not exhale into a vapour, or moisten into a green damp.”

I went home by the churchyard. I paused on the spot where I had last seen him. A small gravestone rose above the mound of earth on which he had thrown himself ; it was perfectly simple. The date of the year and month (which showed that many weeks had not elapsed since the death of the deceased) and the initials G.D., made the sole inscription on the stone. Beside this tomb was one of a more pompous description, to the memory of a Mrs Douglas, which had with the simple tumulus nothing in common, unless the initial letter of the surname, corresponding with the latter initial on the neighbouring gravestone, might authorise any connection between them, not supported by that similitude of style usually found in the cenotaphs of the same family : the one, indeed, might have covered the grave of a humble villager—the other, the resting-place of the lady of the manor.

I found, therefore, no clue for the labyrinth of surmise ; and I went home, more vexed and disappointed with my day’s expedition than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

Lord Vincent met me in the hall. "Delighted to see you," said he; "I have just been to ——" (the nearest town), "in order to discover what sort of savages abide there. Great preparations for a ball—all the tallow candles in the town are bespoken—and I heard a most uncivilised fiddle

'Twang short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.'

The one milliner's shop was full of fat squiresses, buying muslin ammunition, to make the *ball go off*; and the attics, even at four o'clock, were thronged with rubicund damsels, who were already, as Shakespeare says of waves in a storm,

'Curling their monstrous heads.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Jusqu'au revoir le ciel vous tienne tous en joie.*—MOLIERE.

I WAS now pretty well tired of Garrett Park. Lady Roseville was going to H——, where I also had an invitation. Lord Vincent meditated an excursion to Paris. Mr Davison had already departed. Miss Trafford had been gone, God knows how long, and I was not at all disposed to be left, like “the last rose of summer,” in single-blessedness at Garrett Park. Vincent, Wormwood, and myself, all agreed to leave on the same day.

The morning of our departure arrived. We sat down to breakfast as usual. Lord Vincent's carriage was at the door; his groom was walking about his favourite saddle-horse.

“A beautiful *mare* that is of yours,” said I, carelessly looking at it, and reaching across the table to help myself to the *pâté de foie gras*.

“Mare!” exclaimed the incorrigible punster, delighted with my mistake; “I thought that you would have been better acquainted with your *propria quæ maribus*.”

* Heaven keep you merry till we meet again.

“Humph!” said Wormwood, “when I look at you I am always at least reminded of the ‘*as in presenti!*’”

Lord Vincent drew up and looked unutterable anger. Wormwood went on with his dry toast, and Lady Roseville, who that morning had, for a wonder, come down to breakfast, good-naturedly took off the bear. Whether or not his ascetic nature was somewhat modified by the soft smiles and softer voice of the beautiful countess, I cannot pretend to say ; but he certainly entered into a conversation with her, not much rougher than that of a less gifted individual might have been. They talked of literature, Lord Byron, conversaziones, and Lydia White.*

“Miss White,” said Lady Roseville, “has not only the best command of language herself, but she gives language to other people. Dinner-parties, usually so stupid, are, at her house, quite delightful. There I have actually seen English people look happy, and one or two even almost natural.”

“Ah!” said Wormwood ; “that is indeed rare. With us everything is assumption. We are still exactly like the English suitor to Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. We take our doublet from one country, our hose from another, and our behaviour everywhere. Fashion with us is like the man in one of Le Sage’s novels, who was constantly changing his servants, and yet had but one suit of livery, which every new-comer, whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, was obliged to wear. We adopt manners, however incongruous and

* Written before the death of that lady.

ill-suited to our nature, and thus we always seem awkward and constrained. But Lydia White's *soirées* are indeed agreeable. I remember the last time I dined there, we were six in number, and though we were not blessed with the company of Lord Vincent, the conversation was without 'let or flaw.' Every one, even S——, said good things."

"Indeed!" cried Lord Vincent; "and pray, Mr Wormwood, what did you say?"

"Why," answered the poet, glancing with a significant sneer over Vincent's somewhat inelegant person, "I thought of your lordship's figure, and said—*grace!*"

"Hem—hem!—'Gratia malorum tam infida est quam ipsi,' as Pliny says," muttered Lord Vincent, getting up hastily, and buttoning his coat.

I took the opportunity of the ensuing pause to approach Lady Roseville and whisper my adieus. She was kind and even warm to me in returning them; and pressed me, with something marvellously like sincerity, to be sure to come and see her directly she returned to London. I soon discharged the duties of my remaining farewells, and in less than half an hour was more than a mile distant from Garrett Park and its inhabitants. I can't say that for one, who, like myself, is fond of being made a great deal of, there is anything very delightful in those visits into the country. It may be all well enough for married people, who, from the mere fact of *being* married, are always entitled to certain consideration, put—for instance—

into a bedroom a little larger than a dog-kennel, and accommodated with a looking-glass that does not distort one's features like a paralytic stroke. But we single men suffer a plurality of evils and hardships in intrusting ourselves to the casualties of rural hospitality. We are thrust up into any attic repository—exposed to the mercy of rats, and the incursions of swallows. Our lavations are performed in a cracked basin, and we are so far removed from human assistance that our very bells sink into silence before they reach half-way down the stairs. But two days before I left Garrett Park, I myself saw an enormous mouse run away with my shaving-soap, without any possible means of resisting the aggression. Oh ! the hardships of a single man are beyond conception ; and what is worse, the very misfortune of being single deprives one of all sympathy. “A single man can do this, and a single man ought to do that, and a single man may be put here, and a single man may be sent there,” are maxims that I have been in the habit of hearing constantly inculcated and never disputed during my whole life ; and so, from our fare and treatment being coarse in all matters, they have at last grown to be all matters in course.

CHAPTER IX.

Therefore to France.—*Henry IV.*

I WAS rejoiced to find myself again in London. I went to my father's house in Grosvenor Square. All the family—viz., he and my mother—were down at H——; and despite my aversion to the country, I thought I might venture as far as Lady ——'s for a couple of days. Accordingly, to H—— I went. That is really a noble house—such a hall—such a gallery! I found my mother in the drawing-room, admiring the picture of his late Majesty. She was leaning on the arm of a tall, fair young man. “Henry,” said she (introducing me to him), “do you remember your old schoolfellow, Lord George Clinton?”

“Perfectly,” said I (though I remembered nothing about him), and we shook hands in the most cordial manner imaginable. By the way, there is no greater bore than being called upon to recollect men with whom one had been at school some ten years back. In the first place, if they were not in one's own set, one most likely scarcely knew them to speak to; and, in the second place, if they *were* in one's own set, they are sure to be entirely opposite to the nature we have

since acquired : for I scarcely ever knew an instance of the companions of one's boyhood being agreeable to the tastes of one's manhood :—a strong proof of the folly of people who send their sons to Eton and Harrow to *form connections*.

Clinton was on the eve of setting out upon his travels. His intention was to stay a year at Paris, and he was full of the blissful expectations the idea of that city had conjured up. We remained together all the evening, and took a prodigious fancy to one another. Long before I went to bed, he had perfectly inoculated me with his own ardour for Continental adventures ; and, indeed, I had half-promised to accompany him. My mother, when I first told her of my travelling intentions, was in despair, but by degrees she grew reconciled to the idea.

“Your health will improve by a purer air,” said she, “and your pronunciation of French is at present anything but correct. Take care of yourself, therefore, my dear son, and pray lose no time in engaging Coulon as your *maître de danse*.”

My father gave me his blessing, and a cheque on his banker. Within three days I had arranged everything with Clinton, and on the fourth I returned with him to London. Thence we set off to Dover—embarked—dined, for the first time in our lives, on French ground—were astonished to find so little difference between the two countries, and still more so at hearing even the little children talk French so well*—proceeded to

* See Addison's *Travels* for this idea.

Abbeville—there poor Clinton fell ill: for several days we were delayed in that abominable town, and then Clinton, by the advice of the doctors, returned to England. I went back with him as far as Dover, and then, impatient at my loss of time, took no rest, night or day, till I found myself at Paris.

Young, well-born, tolerably good-looking, and never utterly destitute of money, nor grudging whatever enjoyment it could procure, I entered Paris with the ability and the resolution to make the best of those *beaux jours* which so rapidly glide from our possession.

CHAPTER X.

Seest thou how gaily my young maister goes?—BISHOP HALL'S *Satires*.
Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.*—LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

I LOST no time in presenting my letters of introduction, and they were as quickly acknowledged by invitations to balls and dinners. Paris was full to excess, and of a better description of English than those who usually overflow that reservoir of the world. My first engagement was to dine with Lord and Lady Bennington, who were among the very few English intimate in the best French houses.

On entering Paris I had resolved to set up "*a character*;" for I was always of an ambitious nature, and desirous of being distinguished from the ordinary herd. After various cogitations as to the particular one I should assume, I thought nothing appeared more likely to be obnoxious to men, and therefore pleasing to women, than an egregious coxcomb: accordingly, I arranged my hair into ringlets, dressed myself with singular plainness and simplicity (a low person, by the by, would have done just the contrary), and, putting on an air of exceeding languor, made my

* Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.

maiden appearance at Lord Bennington's. The party was small, and equally divided between French and English. The former had been all emigrants; and the conversation was chiefly in our own tongue.

I was placed at dinner next to Miss Paulding, an elderly young lady, of some notoriety at Paris, very clever, very talkative, and very conceited. A young, pale, ill-natured-looking man, sat on her left hand; this was Mr Aberton.

"Dear me!" said Miss Paulding, "what a pretty chain that is of yours, Mr Aberton!"

"Yes," said Mr Aberton, "I know it must be pretty, for I got it at Breguet's, with the watch." (How common people always buy their opinions with their goods, and regulate the height of the former by the mere price or fashion of the latter!)

"Pray, Mr Pelham," said Miss Paulding, turning to me, "have you got one of Breguet's watches yet?"

"Watch!" said I; "*do* you think *I* could ever wear a watch? I know nothing so plebeian. What can any one but a man of business, who has nine hours for his counting-house and one for his dinner, ever possibly want to know the time for? 'An assignation,' you will say: true, but—if a man is worth having, he is surely worth waiting for!"

Miss Paulding opened her eyes, and Mr Aberton his mouth. A pretty lively Frenchwoman opposite (Madame d'Anville) laughed, and immediately joined in our conversation, which, on my part, was, during the whole dinner, kept up exactly in the same strain.

Madame d'Anville was delighted, and Miss Paulding astonished. Mr Aberton muttered to a fat, foolish Lord Luscombe, "What a damnation puppy!"—and every one, even to old Madame de G——s, seemed to consider me impertinent enough to become the rage!

As for me, I was perfectly satisfied with the effect I had produced, and I went away the first, in order to give the men an opportunity of abusing me; for whenever the men abuse, the women, to support alike their coquetry and the conversation, think themselves called upon to defend.

The next day I rode into the Champs Elysées. I always valued myself particularly upon my riding, and my horse was both the most fiery and the most beautiful in Paris. The first person I saw was Madame d'Anville. At that moment I was reining in my horse, and conscious, as the wind waved my long curls, that I was looking to the very best advantage; I made my horse bound towards her carriage (which she immediately stopped), and made at once my salutations and my court.

"I am going," said she, "to the Duchess D——'s this evening—it is *her* night—do come."

"I don't know her," said I.

"Tell me your hotel, and I'll send you an invitation before dinner," rejoined Madame d'Anville.

"I lodge," said I, "at the Hotel de ——, Rue de Rivoli, on the second floor at present; next year, I suppose, according to the usual gradations in the life of a *garçon*, I shall be on the third; for here the purse

and the person seem to be playing at see-saw—the latter rises as the former descends.”

We went on conversing for about a quarter of an hour, in which I endeavoured to make the pretty Frenchwoman believe that all the good opinion I possessed of myself the day before, I had that morning entirely transferred to her account.

As I rode home I met Mr Aberton, with three or four other men; with that glaring good-breeding, so peculiar to the English, he instantly directed their eyes towards me in one mingled and concentrated stare. “*N’importe,*” thought I, “they must be devilish clever fellows if they can find a single fault either in my horse or myself.”

CHAPTER XI.

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses,
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses.

GOLDSMITH'S *Epilogue to the Comedy of the Sisters.*

MADAME D'ANVILLE kept her promise—the invitation was duly sent, and accordingly, at half-past ten, to the Rue d'Anjou I drove.

The rooms were already full. Lord Bennington was standing by the door, and close by him, looking exceedingly *distrain*, was my old friend Lord Vincent. They both came towards me at the same moment. "Strive not," thought I, looking at the stately demeanour of the one, and the humorous expression of countenance in the other—"strive not, Tragedy nor Comedy, to engross a Garrick." I spoke first to Lord Bennington, for I knew he would be the sooner despatched, and then for the next quarter of an hour found myself overflowed with all the witticisms poor Lord Vincent had for days been obliged to retain. I made an engagement to dine with him at Véry's the next day, and then glided off towards Madame d'Anville.

She was surrounded with men, and talking to each with that vivacity which, in a Frenchwoman, is so graceful, and in an Englishwoman would be so vulgar. Though her eyes were not directed towards me, she

saw me approach by that instinctive perception which all coquettes possess, and, suddenly altering her seat, made way for me beside her. I did not lose so favourable an opportunity of gaining *her* good graces, and losing those of all the male animals around her. I sank down on the vacant chair, and contrived, with the most unabashed effrontery, and yet with the most consummate dexterity, to make everything that I said pleasing to her, revolting to some one of her attendants. Wormwood himself could not have succeeded better. One by one they dropped off, and we were left alone among the crowd. Then, indeed, I changed the whole tone of my conversation. Sentiment succeeded to satire, and the pretence of feeling to that of affectation. In short, I was so resolved to please that I could scarcely fail to succeed.

In this main object of the evening I was not, however, solely employed. I should have been very undeserving of that character for observation which I flatter myself I peculiarly deserve, if I had not, during the three hours I stayed at Madame D——'s, conned over every person remarkable for anything, from rank to a ribbon. The Duchesse herself was a fair, pretty, clever woman, with manners rather English than French. She was leaning, at the time I paid my respects to her, on the arm of an Italian count, tolerably well known at Paris. Poor O———i ! I hear he is since married. He did not deserve so heavy a calamity !

Sir Henry Millington was close by her, carefully

packed up in his coat and waistcoat. Certainly that man is the best padder in Europe.

“Come and sit by me, Millington,” cried old Lady Oldtown; “I have a good story to tell you of the Duc de ——.”

Sir Henry with difficulty turned round his magnificent head, and muttered out some unintelligible excuse. The fact was, that poor Sir Henry was not that evening *made* to sit down—he had only his *standing-up coat* on! Lady Oldtown—Heaven knows—is easily consoled. She supplied the place of the baronet with a most superbly mustachioed German.

“Who,” said I to Madame d’Anville, “are those pretty girls in white, talking with such eagerness to Mr Aberton and Lord Luscombe?”

“What!” said the Frenchwoman, “have you been ten days in Paris and not been introduced to the Miss Carltons? Let me tell you, that your reputation among your countrymen at Paris depends solely upon their verdict.”

“And upon your favour,” added I.

“Ah!” said she, “you *must* have had your origin in France; you have something about you almost *Parisian*.”

“Pray,” said I (after having duly acknowledged this compliment—the very highest that a Frenchwoman can bestow), “what did you really and candidly think of our countrymen during your residence in England?”

“I will tell you,” answered Madame d’Anville; “they are brave, honest, generous, *mais ils sont demi-barbares!*” *

* But they are half-barbarians.

CHAPTER XII.

Pia mater
Pius quam se sapere, et virtutibus esse priorem
Vult, et ait prope vera.*—HOR. *Sat.*

Vere (*y*) mihi festus atras
Eximet curas.—HOR. *Or.*

THE next morning I received a letter from my mother. “My dear Henry,” began my affectionate and incomparable parent—

“MY DEAR HENRY,—You have now fairly entered the world, and though at your age my advice may be but little followed, my experience cannot altogether be useless. I shall, therefore, make no apology for a few precepts, which I trust may tend to make you a wiser and a better man.

“I hope, in the first place, that you have left your letter at the ambassador’s, and that you will not fail to go there as often as possible. Pay your court in particular to Lady ——. She is a charming person, universally popular, and one of the very few English people

* With sage advice, and many a sober truth,
The pious mother moulds to shape the youth.

HAWKE’S *Paraphrase.*

The application of the second motto rests solely upon an untranslatable play of words.

to whom one may safely be civil. *Apropos* of English civility, you have, I hope, by this time discovered that you have to assume a very different manner with French people from that with our own countrymen : with us, the least appearance of feeling or enthusiasm is certain to be ridiculed everywhere ; but in France, you may venture to seem not quite devoid of all natural sentiments : indeed, if you affect enthusiasm, they will give you credit for genius, and they will place all the qualities of the heart to the account of the head. You know that in England, if you seem desirous of a person's acquaintance, you are sure to lose it ; they imagine you have some design upon their wives or their dinners ; but in France you can never lose by politeness : nobody will call your civility forwardness and pushing. If the Princesse de T——, and the Duchesse de D——, ask you to their houses (which indeed they will, directly you have left your letters), go there two or three times a-week, if only for a few minutes in the evening. It is very hard to be *acquainted* with great French people, but *when* you are, it is your own fault if you are not *intimate* with them.

“ Most English people have a kind of diffidence and scruple at calling in the evening—this is perfectly misplaced : the French are never ashamed of themselves, like us, whose persons, families, and houses are never fit to be seen, unless they are dressed out for a party.

“ Don't imagine that the ease of French manners is at all like what *we* call ease : you must not lounge on your chair—nor put your feet upon a stool—nor forget

yourself for one single moment when you are talking with women.

“ You have heard a great deal about the gallantries of the French ladies ; but remember that they demand infinitely greater attention than English women do ; and that after a month’s incessant devotion, you may lose everything by a moment’s neglect.

“ You will not, my dear son, misinterpret these hints. I suppose, of course, that all your *liaisons* are Platonic.

“ Your father is laid up with the gout, and dreadfully ill-tempered and peevish ; however, I keep out of the way as much as possible. I dined yesterday at Lady Roseville’s : she praised you very much, said your manners were particularly good, and that no one, if he pleased, could be at once so brilliantly original, yet so completely *bon ton*. Lord Vincent is, I understand, at Paris ; though very tiresome with his learning and Latin, he is exceedingly clever and much in vogue ; be sure to cultivate his acquaintance.

“ If you are ever at a loss as to the individual character of a person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one infallible specific—*flattery* ! The quantity and quality may vary according to the exact niceties of art ; but, in any quantity and in any quality, it is more or less acceptable, and therefore certain to please. Only never (or at least very rarely) flatter when other people, besides the one to be flattered, are by ; in that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased.

“ In general, weak minds think only of others, and yet seem only occupied with themselves ; *you*, on the contrary, must appear wholly engrossed with those about you, and yet never have a single idea which does not terminate in yourself : a fool, my dear Henry, flatters himself—a wise man flatters the fool.

“ God bless you, my dear child, take care of your health—don’t forget Coulon ; and believe me your most affectionate mother, “ F. P.”

By the time I had read this letter, and dressed myself for the evening, Vincent’s carriage was at the door. I hate the affectation of keeping people waiting, and went down so quickly that I met his facetious lordship upon the stairs. “ Devilish windy,” said I, as we were getting into the carriage.

“ Yes,” said Vincent ; “ but the moral Horace reminds us of our remedies as well as our misfortune—

‘ Jam *galeam* Pallas, et *ægida*,
Currusque—parat’—

viz. : ‘ Providence that prepares the *gale*, gives us also a greatcoat and a carriage.’ ”

We were not long driving to the Palais Royal. Véry’s was crowded to excess—“ A very low set !” said Lord Vincent (who, being half a Liberal, is of course a thorough aristocrat), looking round at the various English who occupied the apartment.

There was, indeed, a motley congregation ; country esquires ; extracts from the universities ; half-pay officers ; city clerks in frogged coats and mustaches ;

two or three of a better-looking description, but in reality half-swindlers, half-gentlemen: all, in short, fit specimens of that wandering tribe, which spread over the Continent the renown and the ridicule of good old England.

“*Garçon, garçon,*” cried a stout gentleman, who made one of three at the table next to us, “*donnez-nous une sole frite pour un, et des pommes de terre pour trois!*”

“Humph!” said Lord Vincent; “fine ideas of English taste these *garçons* must entertain; men who prefer fried soles and potatoes to the various delicacies they can command here, might, by the same perversion of taste, prefer Bloomfield’s poems to Byron’s. Delicate taste depends solely upon the physical construction; and a man who has it not in cookery, must want it in literature. *Fried sole and potatoes!!* If I had written a volume whose merit was in elegance, I would not show it to such a man!—but he might be an admirable critic upon ‘Cobbett’s Register,’ or ‘Every Man his own Brewer.’”

“Excessively true,” said I; “what shall we order?”

“*D’abord, des huîtres d’Ostende,*” said Vincent, “as to the rest,” taking hold of the carte, “*deliberare utilia mora utilissima est.*” *

We were soon engaged in all the pleasures and pains of a dinner. “*Petimus,*” said Lord Vincent, helping himself to some *poulet à l’Austerlitz*—“*petimus bene vivere,——quod petis, hic est.*” †

* To deliberate on things useful is the most useful delay.

† We seek to *live well*—what you seek is here.

We were not, however, assured of that fact at the termination of dinner. If half the dishes were well conceived and better executed, the other half were proportionably bad. Véry is, indeed, no longer the prince of restaurateurs. The low English who have flocked thither have entirely ruined the place. What waiter — what cook *can* possibly respect men who take no soup, and begin with a *rôti*; who know neither what is good nor what is bad; who eat *rognons* at dinner instead of at breakfast, and fall into raptures over *sauce Robert* and *pieds de cochon*; who cannot tell, at the first taste, whether the beaune is *première qualité*, or the *fricassée* made of yesterday's chicken; who suffer in the stomach after a *champignon*, and die with indigestion of a *truffle*? O! English people, English people! why can you not stay and perish of apoplexy and Yorkshire pudding at home?

By the time we had drunk our coffee it was considerably past nine o'clock, and Vincent had business at the ambassador's before ten; we therefore parted for the night.

"What do you think of Véry's?" said I, as we were at the door.

"Why," replied Vincent, "when I recall the astonishing heat of the place, which has almost sent me to sleep; the exceeding number of times in which that *bécasse* had been re-roasted, and the extortionate length of our bills, I say of Véry's, what Hamlet said of the world, '*Weary, stale, and unprofitable!*'"

CHAPTER XIII.

I would fight with broadswords, and sink point on the first plood drawn like a gentleman's.—*The Chronicles of the Canongate.*

I STROLLED idly along the Palais Royal (which English people, in some silly proverb, call the *capital* of Paris, whereas no French man of any rank, nor French woman of any respectability, is ever seen in its promenades), till, being somewhat curious to enter some of the smaller *cafés*, I went into one of the meanest of them, took up a *Journal des Spectacles*, and called for some lemonade. At the next table to me sat two or three Frenchmen, evidently of inferior rank, and talking very loudly over England and the English. Their attention was soon fixed upon me.

Have you ever observed that if people are disposed to think ill of you, nothing so soon determines them to do so as any act of yours, which, however innocent and inoffensive, differs from their ordinary habits and customs? No sooner had my lemonade made its appearance, than I perceived an increased sensation among my neighbours of the next table. In the first place, lemonade is not much drunk, as you may suppose, among the French in winter; and, in the second,

my beverage had an appearance of ostentation, from being one of the dearest articles I could have called for. Unhappily I dropped my newspaper—it fell under the Frenchmen's table ; instead of calling the *garçon*, I was foolish enough to stoop for it myself. It was exactly under the feet of one of the Frenchmen ; I asked him with the greatest civility to move : he made no reply. I could not, for the life of me, refrain from giving him a slight, very slight push ; the next moment he moved in good earnest ; the whole party sprang up as he set the example. The offended leg gave three terrific stamps upon the ground, and I was immediately assailed by a whole volley of unintelligible abuse. At that time I was very little accustomed to French vehemence, and perfectly unable to reply to the vituperations I received.

Instead of answering them, I therefore deliberated what was best to be done. If, thought I, I walk away, they will think me a coward, and insult me in the streets ; if I challenge them, I shall have to fight with men probably no better than shopkeepers ; if I strike this most noisy amongst them, he *may* be silenced, or he *may* demand satisfaction : if the former, well and good ; if the latter, why I shall have a better excuse for fighting him than I should have now.

My resolution was therefore taken. I was never more free from passion in my life, and it was, therefore, with the utmost calmness and composure that, in the midst of my antagonist's harangue, I raised my hand and—quietly knocked him down.

He rose in a moment. "*Sortons,*" said he, in a low tone; "a Frenchman never forgives a blow!"

At that moment an Englishman, who had been sitting unnoticed in an obscure corner of the *café*, came up and took me aside.

"Sir," said he, "don't think of fighting the man; he is a tradesman in the Rue St Honoré. I myself have seen him behind the counter; remember that '*a ram may kill a butcher.*'"

"Sir," I replied, "I thank you a thousand times for your information. Fight, however, I must, and I'll give you, like the Irishman, my reasons afterwards. Perhaps you will be my second?"

"With pleasure," said the Englishman (a Frenchman would have said, "*with pain!*")

We left the *café* together. My countryman asked them if he should go to the gunsmith's for the pistols.

"Pistols!" said the Frenchman's second; "we will only fight with swords."

"No, no," said my new friend. "'*On ne prend pas le lièvre au tambourin.*' We are the challenged, and therefore have the choice of weapons."

Luckily I overheard this dispute, and called to my second—"Swords or pistols," said I; "it is quite the same to me. I am not bad at either, only *do* make haste."

Swords, then, were chosen, and soon procured. Frenchmen never grow cool upon their quarrels: and as it was a fine, clear, starlight night, we went forthwith to the Bois de Boulogne. We fixed our ground

on a spot tolerably retired, and, I should think, pretty often frequented for the same purpose. I was exceedingly confident, for I knew myself to have few equals in the art of fencing ; and I had all the advantage of coolness, which my hero was a great deal too much in earnest to possess. We joined swords, and in a very few moments I discovered that my opponent's life was at my disposal.

“ *C'est bien,*” thought I ; “ for once I'll behave handsomely.”

The Frenchman made a desperate lunge. I struck his sword from his hand, caught it instantly, and, presenting it to him again, said—

“ I think myself peculiarly fortunate that I may now apologise for the affront I have put upon you. Will you permit my sincerest apologies to suffice ? A man who can so well resent an injury, can forgive one.”

Was there ever a Frenchman not taken by a fine phrase ? My hero received the sword with a low bow—the tears came into his eyes.

“ Sir,” said he, “ you have *twice* conquered.”

We left the spot with the greatest amity and affection, and re-entered, with a profusion of bows, our several *fiacres*.

“ Let me,” I said, when I found myself alone with my second—“ let me thank you most cordially for your assistance ; and allow me to cultivate an acquaintance so singularly begun. I lodge at the Hotel de——, Rue de Rivoli ; my name is Pelham. Yours is——”

“ Thornton,” replied my countryman. “ I will lose

no time in profiting by an offer of acquaintance which does me so much honour."

With these and various other fine speeches we employed the time till I was set down at my hotel ; and my companion, drawing his cloak round him, departed on foot, to fulfil (he said, with a mysterious air) a certain assignation in the Faubourg St Germain.

CHAPTER XIV.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.*—PLINY.

I DO not know a more difficult character to describe than Lord Vincent's. Did I imitate certain writers, who think that the whole art of portraying individual character is to seize hold of some prominent peculiarity, and to introduce this distinguishing trait in all times and in all scenes, the difficulty would be removed. I should only have to present to the reader a man whose conversation was nothing but alternate jest and quotation—a due union of Yorick and Partridge. This would, however, be rendering great injustice to the character I wish to delineate. There were times when Vincent was earnestly engrossed in discussion in which a jest rarely escaped him, and quotation was introduced only as a serious illustration, not as a humorous peculiarity. He possessed great miscellaneous erudition, and a memory perfectly surprising for its fidelity and extent. He was a severe critic, and had a peculiar art of quoting from each author he reviewed, some part that particularly told against him. Like most men, if

* He was a clever and able man—acute, sharp—with abundance of wit, and no less of candour.—COOKE.

in the theory of philosophy he was tolerably rigid, in its practice he was more than tolerably loose. By his tenets you would have considered him a very Cato for stubbornness and sternness; yet was he a very child in his concession to the whim of the moment. Fond of meditation and research, he was still fonder of mirth and amusement; and while he was among the most instructive, he was also the boonest of companions. When alone with me, or with men whom he imagined like me, his pedantry (for, more or less, he always *was* pedantic) took only a jocular tone; with the *savant* or the *bel esprit*, it became grave, searching, and sarcastic. He was rather a contradictor than a favourer of ordinary opinions; and this, perhaps, led him not unoften into paradox: yet was there much soundness, even in his most vehement notions, and the strength of mind which made him think only for himself, was visible in all the productions it created. I have hitherto only given his conversation in one of its moods; henceforth I shall be just enough occasionally to be dull, and to present it sometimes to the reader in a graver tone.

Buried deep beneath the surface of his character was a hidden, yet a restless ambition; but this was perhaps, at present, a secret even to himself. We know not our own characters till time teaches us self-knowledge: if we are *wise*, we may thank ourselves; if we are *great*, we must thank fortune.

It was this insight into Vincent's nature which drew us closer together. I recognised in the man, who as

yet was playing a part, a resemblance to myself, while he, perhaps, saw at times that I was somewhat better than the voluptuary, and somewhat wiser than the coxcomb, which were all that at present it suited me to appear.

In person, Vincent was short, and ungracefully formed—but his countenance was singularly fine. His eyes were dark, bright, and penetrating, and his forehead (high and thoughtful) corrected the playful smile of his mouth, which might otherwise have given to his features too great an expression of levity. He was not positively ill dressed, yet he paid no attention to any external art, except cleanliness. His usual garb was a brown coat, much too large for him, a coloured neck-cloth, a spotted waistcoat, grey trousers, and short gaiters ; add to these gloves of most unsullied doeskin, and a curiously thick cane, and the portrait is complete.

In manners, he was civil or rude, familiar or distant, just as the whim seized him ; never was there any address less common and less artificial. What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners ! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart ! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or even talent, if it fall short of genius—they will more than supply all. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree—viz., he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require—possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but luck and opportunity to become “*great.*”

CHAPTER XV.

Le plaisir de la société entre les amis se cultive par une ressemblance de goût sur ce qui regarde les mœurs, et par quelque différence d'opinions sur les sciences; par là ou l'on s'affermit dans ses sentiments, ou l'on s'exerce et l'on s'instruit par la dispute.*—LA BRUYERE.

THERE was a party at Monsieur de V——e's, to which Vincent and myself were the only Englishmen invited: accordingly, as the Hôtel de V——was in the same street as my hotel, we dined together at my rooms, and walked from thence to the minister's house.

The party was as stiff and formal as such assemblies invariably are, and we were both delighted when we espied Monsieur d'A——, a man of much conversational talent, and some celebrity as an ultra writer, forming a little group in one corner of the room.

We took advantage of our acquaintance with the urbane Frenchman to join his party; the conversation turned almost entirely on literary subjects. Allusion being made to Schlegel's *History of Literature*, and the severity with which he speaks of Helvetius, and

* The pleasure of society amongst friends is cultivated by resemblance of taste as to manners, but some difference of opinion as to mental acquisitions. Thus, while it is confirmed by congeniality of sentiments, it gains exercise and instruction by intellectual discussion.

the philosophers of his school, we began to discuss what harm the free thinkers in philosophy had effected.

“For my part,” said Vincent, “I am not able to divine why we are supposed, in works where there is much truth, and little falsehood, much good, and little evil, to see only the evil and the falsehood, to the utter exclusion of the truth and the good. All men whose minds are sufficiently laborious or acute to love the reading of metaphysical inquiries, will by the *same* labour and acuteness separate the chaff from the corn—the false from the true. It is the young, the light, the superficial who are easily misled by error, and incapable of discerning its fallacy ; but tell me if it is the light, the young, the superficial who are in the habit of reading the abstruse and subtle speculations of the philosopher. No, no ! believe me that it is *the very studies Monsieur Schlegel recommends* which do harm to morality and virtue ; *it is the study of literature itself*, the play, the poem, the novel, which all minds, however frivolous, can enjoy and understand, that constitute the real foes of religion and moral improvement.”

“*Ma foi,*” cried Monsieur de G—— (who was a little writer, and a great reader, of romances), “why, you would not deprive us of the politer literature—you would not bid us shut up our novels, and burn our theatres ?”

“Certainly not !” replied Vincent ; “and it is in this particular that I differ from certain modern philosophers of our own country, for whom, for the most part, I entertain the highest veneration. I would not

deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant : if among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers, I would kill the snake. Thus, who are they that derive from fiction and literature a prejudicial effect ? We have seen already—the light and superficial ?—*but* who are they that derive profit from them ?—they who enjoy well-regulated and discerning minds : who pleasure ?—*all mankind !* Would it not therefore be better, instead of depriving some of profit, and all of pleasure, by banishing poetry and fiction from our Utopia, to correct the minds which find evil, where, if they were properly instructed, they would find good ? Whether we agree with Helvetius, that all men are born with an equal capacity of improvement, or merely go the length with all other metaphysicians, that education can improve the human mind to an extent yet incalculable, it must be quite clear, that we can give sound views, instead of fallacies, and make common truths as easy to discern and adopt as common errors. But if we effect this, which we all allow is so easy, with our children ; if we strengthen their minds, instead of weakening them, and clear their vision, rather than confuse it, from that moment we remove the prejudicial effects of fiction, and just as we have taught them to use a knife without cutting their fingers, we teach them to make use of fiction without perverting it to their prejudice. *What philosopher* was ever hurt by reading the novels of L—, or seeing the comedies of Molière ? You understand me

then, Monsieur de G——; I do, it is true, think that polite literature (as it is termed) is prejudicial to the superficial, but for that reason I would not do away with the literature, I would do away with the superficial.”

“I deny,” said M. d’A——, “that this is so easy a task—you cannot make all *men* wise.”

“No,” replied Vincent; “but you can all *children*, at least to a certain extent. Since you cannot deny the prodigious effects of education, you *must* allow that they will, at least, give common-sense; for, if they cannot do this, they can do nothing. Now, common-sense is all that is necessary to distinguish what is good and evil, whether it be in life or in books: but then your education must not be that of public teaching and private fooling; you must not counteract the effects of common-sense by instilling prejudice, or encouraging weakness; your education may not be carried to the utmost goal, but as far as it does go, you must see that the road is clear. Now, for instance, with regard to fiction, you must not first, as is done in all modern education, admit the disease, and then dose with warm water to expel it: you must not put fiction into your child’s hands, and not give him a single principle to guide his judgment respecting it, till his mind has got wedded to the poison, and too weak, by its long use, to digest the antidote. No; first fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his imagination with love and glory till you can instruct his judgment as to what love and glory

are. Teach him, in short, to *reflect*, before you permit him full indulgence to *imagine*."

Here there was a pause. Monsieur d'A—— looked very ill-pleased, and poor Monsieur de G—— thought that, somehow or other, his romance writing was called into question. In order to soothe them I introduced some subject which permitted a little national flattery; the conversation then turned insensibly on the character of the French people.

"Never," said Vincent, "has there been a character more often described—never one less understood. You have been termed superficial. I think, of all people, that you least deserve the accusation. With regard to the *few*, your philosophers, your mathematicians, your men of science, are consulted by those of other nations, as some of their profoundest authorities. With regard to the *many*, the charge is still more unfounded. Compare your mob, whether of gentlemen or plebeians, to those of Germany, Italy—even England—and I own, in spite of my national prepossessions, that the comparison is infinitely in your favour. The country gentleman, the lawyer, the *petit maître* of England, are proverbially inane and ill-informed. With you, the classes of society that answer to those respective grades, have much information in literature, and often not a little in science. In like manner, your tradesmen and your servants are of better cultivated, and less prejudiced, minds than those ranks in England. The fact is, that *all* with you pretend to be *savans*, and this is the chief reason why you have been censured as shallow.

We see your fine gentleman, or your *petit bourgeois*, give himself the airs of a critic or a philosopher ; and because he is neither a Scaliger nor a Newton, we forget that he is *only* the *bourgeois* or the *petit maître*, and brand all your philosophers and critics with the censure of superficiality, which this shallow individual of a shallow order may justly have deserved. We, the English, it is true, do not expose ourselves thus : our dandies, our tradesmen do not vent second-rate philosophy on the human mind, nor on *les beaux arts* : but why is this ? Not because they are better informed than their correspondent ciphers in France, but because they are much worse informed ; not because they can say a great deal more on the subject, but because they can say nothing at all."

"You do us more than justice," said Monsieur d'A——, "in this instance ; are you disposed to do us justice in another ? It is a favourite propensity of your countrymen to accuse us of heartlessness and want of feeling. Think you that this accusation is deserved ?"

"By no means," replied Vincent. "The same cause that brought on you the erroneous censure we have before mentioned, appears to me also to have created this—viz., a sort of Palais Royal vanity, common to all your nation, which induces you to make as much display at the shop window as possible. You show great cordiality, and even enthusiasm, to strangers : you turn your back on them—you forget them. 'How heartless !' cry we. Not at all ! The English show no cordiality, no enthusiasm to strangers, it is true ; but they

equally turn their backs on them, and equally forget them ! The only respect, therefore, in which they differ from you, is the previous kindness : now, if we are to receive strangers, I can really see no reason why we are not to be as civil to them as possible ; and, so far from imputing the desire to please them to a bad heart, I think it a thousand times more amiable and benevolent than telling them *à l'Anglaise*, by your morosity and reserve, that you do not care a pin what becomes of them. If I am only to walk a mile with a man, why should I not make that mile as pleasant to him as I can : or why, above all, if I choose to be sulky, and tell him to go and be d—d, am I to swell out my chest, colour with conscious virtue, and cry, see what a good heart I have ? * Ah, Monsieur d'A——, since benevolence is inseparable from all morality, it must be clear that there is a benevolence in little things as well as in great, and that he who strives to make his fellow-creatures happy, though only for an instant, is a much better man than he who is indifferent to, or (what is worse) despises it. Nor do I, to say truth, see that kindness to an acquaintance is at all destructive to sincerity to a friend ; on the contrary, I have yet to learn that you are (according to the customs of your country) worse friends, worse husbands, or worse fathers than we are !”

* Mr Pelham, it will be remembered, has prevised the reader that Lord Vincent was somewhat addicted to paradox. His opinions on the French character are to be taken with a certain reserve.—*Author.*

“What!” cried I, “you forget yourself, Vincent. How can the private virtues be cultivated without a coal fire? Is not domestic affection a synonymous term with *domestic hearth*? and where do you find either, except in honest old England?”

“True,” replied Vincent; “and it is certainly impossible for a father and his family to be as fond of each other on a bright day in the Tuileries, or at Versailles, with music and dancing, and fresh air, as they would be in a back parlour, by a smoky hearth, occupied entirely by *le bon père, et la bonne mère*; while the poor little children sit at the other end of the table whispering and shivering, debarred the vent of all natural spirits, for fear of making a noise; and strangely uniting the idea of the domestic hearth with that of a hobgoblin, and the association of dear papa with that of a birch rod.”

We all laughed at this reply, and Monsieur d’A——, rising to depart, said, “Well, well, *milord*, your countrymen are great generalisers in philosophy; they reduce human actions to two grand touchstones. All hilarity, they consider the sign of a shallow mind; and all kindness, the token of a false heart.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Quis sapiens bono
Confidat fragili? *—SENECA.

Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est. †—HOR.

WHEN I first went to Paris, I took a French master to perfect me in the Parisian pronounciation. This "Haberdasher of pronouns" was a person of the name of Margot. He was a tall, solemn man, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity. He would have been inestimable as an undertaker. His hair was of a pale yellow; you would have thought it had caught a bilious complaint from his complexion; the latter was, indeed, of so sombre a saffron, that it looked as if ten livers had been forced into a jaundice in order to supply its colour. His forehead was high, bald, and very narrow. His cheekbones were extremely prominent, and his cheeks so thin, that they seemed happier than Pyramus and Thisbe, and kissed each other inside without any separation or division. His face was as sharp and almost as long as an inverted pyramid, and was garnished on either side by a miserable half-starved

* What wise man confides in the fragile?

† Grammarians dispute, and the matter is still under consideration of the judge.

whisker, which seemed scarcely able to maintain itself amidst the general symptoms of atrophy and decay. This charming countenance was supported by a figure so long, so straight, so shadowy, that you might have taken it for the Monument in a consumption !

But the chief characteristic of the man was the utter and wonderful gravity I have before spoken of. You could no more have coaxed a smile out of his countenance than you could out of the poker ; and yet Monsieur Margot was by no means a melancholy man. He loved his joke, and his wine, and his dinner, just as much as if he had been of a fatter frame ; and it was a fine specimen of the practical antithesis, to hear a good story, or a jovial expression, leap friskily out of that long, curved mouth ; it was at once a paradox and a bathos—it was the mouse coming out of its hole in Ely Cathedral.

I said that this gravity was M. Margot's most especial characteristic. I forgot ;—he had two others equally remarkable ; the one was an ardent admiration for the chivalrous, the other an ardent admiration for himself. Both of these are traits common enough in a Frenchman, but in Monsieur Margot their excesses rendered them *uncommon*. He was a most ultra specimen of *le chevalier amoureux*, a mixture of Don Quixote and the Duc de Lauzun. Whenever he spoke of the present tense, even *en professeur*, he always gave a sigh to the preterite, and an anecdote of Bayard : whenever he conjugated a verb, he paused to tell me that the favourite one of his female pupils was *je t'aime*.

In short, he had tales of his own good fortune, and of other people's brave exploits, which, without much exaggeration, were almost as long, and had perhaps as little substance, as himself; but the former was his favourite topic: to hear him, one would have imagined that his face, in borrowing the sharpness of the needle, had borrowed also its attraction;—and then the prettiness of Monsieur Margot's modesty!

“It is very extraordinary,” said he, “very extraordinary, for I have no time to give myself up to those affairs: it is not, monsieur, as if I had your leisure to employ all the little preliminary arts of creating *la belle passion*. *Non, monsieur*, I go to church, to the play, to the Tuileries, for a brief relaxation—and *me voilà partout accablé* with my good fortune. I am not handsome, monsieur, at least, not *very*; it is true, that I have expression, a certain *air noble* (my first cousin, monsieur, is the Chevalier *de Margot*), and, above all, *soul* in my physiognomy; the women love soul, monsieur—something intellectual and spiritual always attracts them; yet my success certainly is singular.”

“*Bah! monsieur*,” replied I; “with dignity, expression, and soul, how could the heart of any Frenchwoman resist you? No, you do yourself injustice. It was said of Cæsar, that he was great without an effort; much more, then, may Monsieur Margot be happy without an exertion.”

“Ah, monsieur!” rejoined the Frenchman, still looking

“As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesbro' dancing with the gout.”

“Ah, monsieur, there is a depth and truth in your remarks, worthy of Montaigne. As it is impossible to account for the caprices of women, so it is impossible for ourselves to analyse the merit they discover in us ; but, monsieur, hear me—at the house where I lodge there is an English lady *en pension*. *Eh bien, monsieur*, you guess the rest ; she has taken a caprice for me, and this very night she will admit me to her apartment. She is very handsome—*Ah, qu'elle est belle ! une jolie petite bouche, une denture éblouissante, un nez tout à fait grec*, in fine, quite a *bouton de rose*.”

I expressed my envy at Monsieur Margot's good fortune, and when he had sufficiently dilated upon it, he withdrew. Shortly afterwards Vincent entered—“I have a dinner invitation for both of us to-day,” said he ; “you will come ?”

“Most certainly,” replied I ; “but who is the person we are to honour ?”

“A Madame Laurent,” replied Vincent ; “one of those ladies only found at Paris, who live upon anything rather than their income. She keeps a tolerable table, haunted with Poles, Russians, Austrians, and idle Frenchmen, *peregrinæ gentis amœnum hospitium*. As yet she has not the happiness to be acquainted with any Englishmen (though she boards one of our countrywomen), and (as she is desirous of making her fortune as soon as possible) she is very anxious of having that honour. She has heard vast reports of our wealth and wisdom, and flatters herself that we are so many ambulatory Indies : in good truth a Frenchwoman

thinks she is never in want of a fortune as long as there's a rich fool in the world.

'Stultitiam patiuntur opes,'

is her hope ; and

'Ut tu *fortunam*, sic nos te, Celse, feremus,'

is her motto."

"Madame Laurent !" repeated I ; " why, surely that is the name of Monsieur Margot's landlady."

" I hope not," cried Vincent, " for the sake of our dinner ; he reflects no credit on her good cheer—

'Who eats fat dinners, should himself be fat.'"

" At all events," said I, " we can try the good lady for once. I am very anxious to see a countrywoman of ours, probably the very one you speak of, whom M. Margot eulogises in glowing colours, and who has, moreover, taken a violent fancy for my solemn preceptor. What think you of that, Vincent ?"

" Nothing extraordinary," replied Vincent ; " the lady only exclaims with the moralist—

'Love, virtue, valour, yea, all human charms,
Are shrunk and centred *in that heap of bones*.
Oh ! there are wondrous beauties in the *grave* !'"

I made some punning rejoinder, and we sallied out to earn an appetite in the Tuileries for Madame Laurent's dinner.

At the hour of half-past five we repaired to our engagement. Madame Laurent received us with the most evident satisfaction, and introduced us forthwith to our countrywoman. She was a pretty, fair, shrewd-

looking person, with an eye and lip which, unless it greatly belied her, showed her much more inclined to be merry and wise than honest and true.

Presently Monsieur Margot made his appearance. Though very much surprised at seeing me, he did not appear the least jealous of my attentions to his *inamorata*. Indeed, the good gentleman was far too much pleased with himself to be susceptible to the suspicions common to less fortunate lovers. At dinner I sat next to the pretty Englishwoman, whose name was Green.

“Monsieur Margot,” said I, “has often spoken to me of you before I had the happiness of being personally convinced how true and unexaggerated were his sentiments.”

“Oh !” cried Mrs Green, with an arch laugh, “you are acquainted with Monsieur Margot, then ?”

“I have that honour,” said I. “I receive from him every morning lessons both in love and languages. He is perfect master of both.”

Mrs Green burst out laughing.

“*Ah, le pauvre professeur !*” cried she. “He is too absurd !”

“He tells me,” said I, gravely, “that he is quite *accablé* with his *bonnes fortunes*—possibly he flatters himself that even you are not perfectly inaccessible to his addresses.”

“Tell me, Mr Pelham,” said the fair Mrs Green, “can you pass by this street about half-past twelve to-night ?”

“I will make a point of doing so,” replied I, not a little surprised by the question.

“Do,” said she, “and now let us talk of old England.”

When we went away I told Vincent of my appointment.

“What !” said he, “eclipse Monsieur Margot ! Impossible !”

“You are right,” replied I, “nor is it my hope ; there is some trick afloat to which we may as well be spectators.”

“With all my heart !” answered Vincent ; “let us go till then to the Duchesse de G——.” I assented, and we drove to the Rue de ——.

The Duchesse de G—— was a fine relic of the *ancien régime*—tall and stately, with her own grey hair *crêpé*, and surmounted by a high cap of the most dazzling *blonde*. She had been one of the earliest emigrants, and had stayed for many months with my mother, whom she professed to rank amongst her dearest friends. The duchesse possessed to perfection that singular *mélange* of ostentation and ignorance which was so peculiar to the ante-revolutionists. She would talk of the last tragedy with the emphatic tone of a connoisseur, in the same breath that she would ask, with Marie Antoinette, why the poor people were so clamorous for *bread*, when they might buy such nice cakes for two-pence a-piece ? “To give you an idea of the Irish,” said she one day to an inquisitive marquess, “know that they *prefer* potatoes to mutton !”

Her *soirées* were among the most agreeable at Paris—she united all the rank and talent to be found in the ultra party, for she professed to be quite a female Mæcenas ; and whether it was a mathematician or a romance-writer, a naturalist or a poet, she held open house for all, and conversed with each with equal fluency and self-satisfaction.

A new play had just been acted, and the conversation, after a few preliminary *hoverings*, settled upon it.

“ You see,” said the duchesse, “ that *we* have actors, *you* authors ; of what avail is it that you boast of a Shakespeare, since your *Liseton*, great as he is, cannot be compared with our Talma ? ”

“ And yet,” said I, preserving my gravity with a pertinacity which nearly made Vincent and the rest of our compatriots assembled lose theirs, “ Madame must allow that there is a striking resemblance in their persons and the sublimity of their acting ? ”

“ *Pour ça, j'en conviens,*” replied this *critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. “ *Mais cependant Liseton n'a pas la nature, l'âme, la grandeur de Talma !* ” *

“ And will you then allow us *no* actors of merit ? ” asked Vincent.

“ *Mais oui !—dans le genre comique, par exemple votre buffo Kean met dix fois plus d'esprit et de drollerie dans ses rôles que La Porte.* ” †

“ The impartial and profound judgment of madame

* I grant that ; but Liston, however, has not the nature, the soul, the grandeur of Talma.

† Yes, in comedy, for instance, your Kean has ten times more vivacity and drollery than La Porte.

admits of no further discussion on this point," said I. "What does she think of the present state of our dramatic *literature*?"

"Why," replied madame, "you have many great poets; but when they write for the stage they lose themselves entirely: your Valter Scote's play of Robe Roi is very inferior to his novel of the same name."

"It is a great pity," said I, "that Byron did not turn his 'Childe Harold' into a tragedy—it has so much *energy, action—variety!*"

"Very true," said madame, with a sigh; "but the tragedy is, after all, only suited to our nation—we alone carry it to perfection."

"Yet," said I, "*Goldoni* wrote a few fine tragedies."

"*Eh bien!*" said madame, "one rose does not constitute a garden!"

And satisfied with this remark, *la femme savante* turned to a celebrated traveller to discuss with him the chance of discovering the North Pole.

There were one or two clever Englishmen present; Vincent and I joined them.

"Have you met the Persian prince yet?" said Sir George Lynton to me; "he is a man of much talent, and great desire of knowledge. He intends to publish his observations on Paris, and I suppose we shall have an admirable supplement to Montesquieu's *Lettres Persannes!*"

"I wish we had," said Vincent; "there are few better satires on a civilised country than the observations of visitors less polished; while on the contrary the

civilised traveller, in describing the manners of the American barbarian, instead of conveying ridicule upon the visited, points the sarcasm on the visitor; and Tacitus could not have thought of a finer or nobler satire on the Roman luxuries than that insinuated by his treatise on the German simplicity."

"What," said Monsieur d'E—— (an intelligent *ci-devant émigré*)—"what political writer is *generally* esteemed as your best?"

"It is difficult to say," replied Vincent, "since with so many parties we have many idols; but I think I might venture to name Bolingbroke as *among* the most popular. Perhaps, indeed, it would be difficult to select a name more frequently quoted and discussed than his; and yet his political works are not very valuable from political knowledge:—they contain many lofty sentiments, and many beautiful yet scattered truths; but they were written when legislation, most debated, was least understood, and ought to be admired rather as excellent for the day than admirable in themselves. The life of Bolingbroke would convey a juster moral than all his writings: and the author who gives us a full and impartial memoir of that extraordinary man, will have afforded both to the philosophical and political literature of England one of its greatest desiderata."

"It seems to me," said Monsieur d'E——, "that your national literature is peculiarly deficient in biography—am I right in my opinion?"

"Indubitably!" said Vincent; "we have not a single work that can be considered a model in biography (ex-

cepting, *perhaps*, Middleton's *Life of Cicero*. This brings on a remark I have often made in distinguishing your philosophy from ours. It seems to me that you who excel so admirably in biography, memoirs, comedy, satirical observation on peculiar classes, and pointed aphorisms, are fonder of considering man in his relation to society and the active commerce of the world, than in the more abstracted and metaphysical operations of the mind. *Our* writers, on the contrary, love to indulge rather in abstruse speculations on their species—to regard man in an abstract and isolated point of view, and to see him *think* alone in his chamber, while you prefer beholding him *act* with the multitude in the world."

"It must be allowed," said Monsieur d'E——, "that if this be true, our philosophy is the most useful, though yours may be the most profound."

Vincent did not reply.

"Yet," said Sir George Lynton, "there will be a disadvantage attending your writings of this description, which, by diminishing their general *applicability*, diminish their general *utility*. Works which treat upon man in his relation to society, can only be strictly applicable so long as that relation to society treated upon continues. For instance, the play which satirises a particular class, however deep its reflections and accurate its knowledge upon the subject satirised, must necessarily be obsolete when the class itself has become so. The political pamphlet, admirable for one state, may be absurd in another; the novel which exactly

delineates the present age may seem strange and unfamiliar to the next ; and thus works which treat of men relatively, and not man *in se*, must often confine their popularity to the age and even the country in which they were written. While, on the other hand, the work which treats of man himself, which seizes, discovers, analyses the human mind, as it is, whether in the ancient or the modern, the savage or the European, must evidently be applicable, and consequently useful, to all times and all nations. He who discovers the circulation of the blood, or the origin of ideas, must be a philosopher to every people who have veins or ideas ; but he who even most successfully delineates the manners of one country, or the actions of one individual, is only the philosopher of a single country, or a single age. If, Monsieur d'E——, you will condescend to consider this, you will see perhaps that the philosophy which treats of man in his relations is *not* so useful, because neither so permanent nor so invariable, as that which treats of man in himself." *

I was now somewhat weary of this conversation, and

* Yet Hume holds the contrary opinion to this, and considers a good comedy more durable than a system of philosophy. Hume is right, if by a system of philosophy is understood a pile of guesses, false but plausible, set up by one age to be destroyed by the next. Ingenuity cannot rescue error from oblivion ; but the moment Wisdom has discovered Truth, she has obtained immortality.—But is Hume right when he suggests that there may come a time when Addison will be read with delight, but Locke be utterly forgotten ? For my part, if the two were to be matched for posterity, I think the odds would be in favour of Locke. I very much doubt whether five hundred years hence Addison will be read at all, and I am quite sure that, a thousand years hence, Locke will not be forgotten.

though it was not yet twelve, I seized upon my appointment as an excuse to depart. Accordingly, I rose for that purpose. "I suppose," said I to Vincent, "that you will not leave your discussion?"

"Pardon me," said he, "amusement is quite as profitable to a man of sense as metaphysics. *Allons.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

I was in this terrible situation when the basket stopped.
Oriental Tales—"History of the Basket."

WE took our way to the street in which Madame Laurent resided. Meanwhile suffer me to *get rid of myself*, and to introduce you, dear Reader, to my friend, Monsieur Margot, the whole of whose adventures were subsequently detailed to me by the garrulous Mrs Green.

At the hour appointed he knocked at the door of my fair countrywoman, and was carefully admitted. He was attired in a dressing-gown of sea-green silk, in which his long, lean, hungry body looked more like a starved pike than anything human.

"Madame," said he, with a solemn air, "I return you my best thanks for the honour you have done me—behold me at your feet!"—and so saying, the lean lover gravely knelt down on one knee.

"Rise, sir," said Mrs Green, "I confess that you have won my heart; but that is not all—you have yet to show that you are worthy of the opinion I have formed of you. It is not, Monsieur Margot, your person that has won me—no! it is your chivalrous and

noble sentiments. Prove that these are genuine, and you may command all from my admiration."

"In what manner shall I prove it, madame?" said Monsieur Margot, rising, and gracefully drawing his sea-green gown more closely round him.

"By your courage, your devotion, and your gallantry! I ask but one proof—you can give it me on the spot. You remember, monsieur, that in the days of romance a lady threw her glove upon the stage on which a lion was exhibited, and told her lover to pick it up. Monsieur Margot, the trial to which I shall put you is less severe. Look," and Mrs Green threw open the window—"look, I throw my glove out into the street—descend for it."

"Your commands are my law," said the romantic Margot. "I will go forthwith;" and so saying, he went to the door.

"Hold, sir!" said the lady, "it is not by that simple manner that you are to descend—you must go the same way as my glove, *out of the window.*"

"Out of the window, madame!" said Monsieur Margot, with astonished solemnity; "that is impossible, because this apartment is three stories high, and consequently I shall be dashed to pieces."

"By no means," answered the dame; "in that corner of the room there is a basket, to which (already foreseeing your determination) I have affixed a rope; by that basket you shall descend. See, monsieur, what expedients a provident love can suggest."

"H—e—m!" said, very slowly, Monsieur Margot

by no means liking the airy voyage imposed upon him ; “but the rope may break, or your hand may suffer it to slip.”

“Feel the rope,” cried the lady, “to satisfy you as to your doubt ; and, as to the second, can you—*can* you imagine that my affections would not make me twice as careful of your person as of my own ? Fie ! ungrateful Monsieur Margot ! fie !”

The melancholy chevalier cast a rueful look at the basket. “Madame,” said he, “I own that I am very averse to the plan you propose : suffer me to go downstairs in the ordinary way ; your glove can be as easily picked up whether your adorer goes out of the door or the window. It is only, madame, when ordinary means fail, that we should have recourse to the extraordinary.”

“Begone, sir !” exclaimed Mrs Green—“begone ! I now perceive that your chivalry was only a pretence. Fool that I was to love you as I have done !—fool that I was to imagine a hero where I now find a ——”

“Pause, madame, I will obey you—my heart is firm—see that the *rope* is !——”

“Gallant Monsieur Margot !” cried the lady : and going to her dressing-room, she called her woman to her assistance. The rope was of the most unquestionable thickness, the basket of the most capacious dimensions. The former was fastened to a strong hook, and the latter lowered.

“I go, madame,” said Monsieur Margot, feeling the rope ; “but it really is a most dangerous exploit.”

“Go, monsieur ! and St Louis befriend you.”

“Stop !” said Monsieur Margot, “let me fetch my coat : the night is cold, and my dressing-gown thin.”

“Nay, nay, my chevalier,” returned the dame, “I love you in that gown ; it gives you an air of grace and dignity quite enchanting.”

“It will give me my death of cold, madame,” said Monsieur Margot, earnestly.

“Bah !” said the Englishwoman ; “what knight ever feared cold ? Besides, you mistake ; the night is warm, and you look so handsome in your gown.”

“Do I ?” said the vain Monsieur Margot, with an iron expression of satisfaction. “If that is the case, I will mind it less ; but may I return by the door ?”

“Yes,” replied the lady ; “you see that I do not require too much from your devotion—enter.”

“Behold me !” said the French master, inserting his body into the basket, which immediately began to descend.

The hour and the police of course made the street empty ; the lady’s handkerchief waved in token of encouragement and triumph. When the basket was within five yards of the ground, Mrs Green cried to her lover, who had hitherto been elevating his serious countenance towards her, in sober, yet gallant sadness—

“Look, look, monsieur—straight before you.”

The lover turned round, as rapidly as his habits would allow him, and at that instant the window was shut, the light extinguished, and the basket arrested. There stood Monsieur Margot, upright in the basket, and there stopped the basket, motionless in the air !

What were the exact reflections of Monsieur Margot, in that position, I cannot pretend to determine, because he never favoured me with them ; but about an hour afterwards, Vincent and I (who had been delayed on the road), strolling up the street, according to our appointment, perceived, by the dim lamps, some opaque body leaning against the wall of Madame Laurent's house, at about the distance of fifteen feet from the ground.

We hastened our steps towards it ; a measured and serious voice, which I well knew, accosted us—

“For God's sake, gentlemen, procure me assistance. I am the victim of a perfidious woman, and expect every moment to be precipitated to the earth.”

“Good heavens !” said I, “surely it is Monsieur Margot whom I hear. What are you doing there ?”

“Shivering with cold,” answered Monsieur Margot, in a tone tremulously slow.

“But what are you *in* ? for I can see nothing but a dark substance.”

“I am in a basket,” replied Monsieur Margot, “and I should be very much obliged to you to let me out of it.”

“Well—indeed,” said Vincent (for *I* was too much engaged in laughing to give a ready reply), “your *Château-Margot* has but a cool cellar. But there are some things in the world easier said than done. How are we to remove you to a more desirable place ?”

“Ah,” returned Monsieur Margot, “*how* indeed ! There is, to be sure, a ladder in the porter's lodge long

enough to deliver me ; but then, think of the gibes and jeers of the porter !—it will get wind—I shall be ridiculed, gentlemen—I shall be ridiculed—and, what is worse, I shall lose my pupils.”

“ My good friend,” said I, “ you had better lose your pupils than your life ; and the daylight will soon come, and then, instead of being ridiculed by the porter, you will be ridiculed by the whole street ! ”

Monsieur Margot groaned. “ Go then, my friend,” said he, “ procure the ladder ? Oh, those she-devils !—what *could* make me such a fool ! ”

Whilst Monsieur Margot was venting his spleen in a scarcely articulate mutter, we repaired to the lodge, knocked up the porter, communicated the *accident*, and procured the ladder. However, an observant eye had been kept upon our proceedings, and the window above was reopened, though so silently that I only perceived the action. The porter, a jolly, bluff, hearty-looking fellow, stood grinning below with a lantern, while we set the ladder (which only just reached the basket) against the wall.

The chevalier looked wistfully forth, and then, by the light of the lantern, we had a fair view of his ridiculous figure. His teeth chattered woefully, and the united cold without, and anxiety within, threw a double sadness and solemnity upon his withered countenance. The night was very windy, and every instant a rapid current seized the unhappy sea-green vesture, whirled it in the air, and threw it, as if in scorn, over the very face of the miserable professor. The constant recur-

rence of this sportive irreverence of the gales—the high sides of the basket, and the trembling agitation of the inmate, never too agile, rendered it a work of some time for Monsieur Margot to transfer himself from the basket to the ladder. At length, he had fairly got out one thin, shivering leg.

“Thank Heaven !” said the pious professor—when at that instant the thanksgiving was checked, and, to Monsieur Margot’s inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the basket rose five feet from the ladder, leaving its tenant with one leg dangling out, like a flag from a balloon.

The ascent was too rapid to allow Monsieur Margot even time for an exclamation, and it was not till he had had sufficient leisure in his present elevation to perceive all its consequences, that he found words to say, with the most earnest tone of thoughtful lamentation, “One could not have foreseen this !—it is really extremely distressing—would to Heaven that I could get my leg in, or my body out !”

While we were yet too convulsed with laughter to make any comment upon the unlooked-for ascent of the luminous Monsieur Margot, the basket descended with such force as to dash the lantern out of the hand of the porter, and to bring the professor so precipitously to the ground that all the bones in his skin rattled audibly.

“*Mon Dieu !*” said he, “I am done for ! Be witness how inhumanly I have been murdered.”

We pulled him out of the basket, and carried him between us into the porter’s lodge. But the woes of

Monsieur Margot were not yet at their termination. The room was crowded. There was Madame Laurent—there was the German count, whom the professor was teaching French—there was the French viscount, whom he was teaching German—there were all his fellow-lodgers, the ladies whom he had boasted *of*, the men he had boasted *to*. Don Juan, in the infernal regions, could not have met with a more unwelcome set of old acquaintances that Monsieur Margot had the happiness of opening his bewildered eyes upon in the porter's lodge.

“What!” cried they all, “Monsieur Margot, is that you who have been frightening us so? We thought the house was attacked. The Russian general is at this very moment loading his pistols; lucky for you that you did not *choose* to stay longer in that situation. Pray, monsieur, what could induce you to exhibit yourself so, in your dressing-gown too, and the night so cold? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?”

All this, and infinitely more, was levelled against the miserable professor, who stood shivering with cold and fright; and turning his eyes first on one and then on another, as the exclamations circulated round the room.

“I do assure you——” at length he began.

“No, no,” cried one, “it is of no use explaining now!”

“*Mais, Messieurs——*” querulously recommenced the unhappy Margot.

“Hold your tongue!” exclaimed Madame Laurent, “you have been disgracing my house.”

“*Mais, Madame, écoutez-moi—*”

“No, no,” cried the German, “we saw you—we saw you.”

“*Mais, Monsieur le Comte—*”

“Fie, fie!” cried the Frenchman.

“*Mais, Monsieur le Vicomte—*”

At this every mouth was opened, and the patience of Monsieur Margot being by this time exhausted, he flew into a violent rage; his tormentors pretended an equal indignation, and at length he fought his way out of the room, as fast as his shattered bones would allow him, followed by the whole body, screaming, and shouting, and scolding, and laughing after him.

The next morning passed without my usual lesson from Monsieur Margot; that was natural enough; but when the next day, and the next, rolled on, and brought neither Monsieur Margot nor his excuse, I began to be uneasy for the poor man. Accordingly I sent to Madame Laurent's to inquire after him: judge of my surprise at hearing that he had, early the day after his adventure, left his lodgings with his small possession of books and clothes, leaving only a note to Madame Laurent, enclosing the amount of his debt to her, and that none had since seen or heard of him.

From that day to this I have never once beheld him. The poor professor lost even the little money due to him for his lessons—so true is it, that in a man of Monsieur Margot's temper, even interest is a subordinate passion to vanity!

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true,
It is good to be off with the old love
Before you be on with the new.—*Song.*

ONE morning when I was riding to the Bois de Boulogne (the celebrated place of assignation), in order to meet Madame d'Anville, I saw a lady on horseback, in the most imminent danger of being thrown. Her horse had taken fright at an English tandem, *or its driver*, and was plunging violently; the lady was evidently much frightened, and lost her presence of mind more and more every moment. A man who was with her, and who could scarcely manage his own horse, appeared to be exceeding desirous, but perfectly unable, to assist her; and a great number of people were looking on, doing nothing, and saying, "*Mon Dieu*, how dangerous!"

I have always had a great horror of being a hero in scenes, and a still greater antipathy to "*females in distress.*" However, so great is the effect of sympathy upon the most hardened of us, that I stopped for a few moments, first to look on, and secondly to assist. Just

when a moment's delay might have been dangerous, I threw myself off my horse, seized hers with one hand, by the rein which she no longer had the strength to hold, and assisted her with the other to dismount. When all the peril was over, monsieur, her companion, managed also to find his legs ; and I did not, I confess, wonder at his previous delay when I discovered that the lady in danger was his wife. *He* gave me a profusion of thanks, and *she* made them more than complimentary by the glance which accompanied them. Their carriage was in attendance at a short distance behind. The husband went for it—I remained with the lady.

“Mr Pelham,” she said, “I have heard much of you from my friend Madame d’Anville, and have long been anxious for your acquaintance. I did not think I should commence it with so great an obligation.”

Flattered by being already known by name, and a subject of previous interest, you may be sure that I tried every method to improve the opportunity I had gained ; and when I handed my new acquaintance into her carriage, my pressure of her hand was somewhat more than slightly returned.

“Shall you be at the English ambassador’s to-night ?” said the lady, as they were about to shut the door of the carriage.

“Certainly, if *you* are to be there,” was my answer.

“We shall meet then,” said madame, and her look *said more*.

I rode into the *Bois*, and giving my horse to my

servant as I came near Passy, where I was to meet Madame d'Anville, I proceeded thither on foot. I was just in sight of the spot, and indeed of my *innamorata*, when two men passed, talking very earnestly; they did not remark me, but what individual could ever escape *my* notice? The one was Thornton; the other—who could he be? Where had I seen that pale and remarkable countenance before? I looked again. I was satisfied that I was mistaken in my first thought; the hair was of a completely different colour. “No, no,” said I, “it is not he: yet how like!”

I was *distract* and absent during the whole time I was with Madame d'Anville. The face of Thornton's companion haunted me like a dream; and, to say the truth, there were also moments when the recollection of my new engagement for the evening made me tired with that which I was enjoying the troublesome honour of keeping.

Madame d'Anville was not slow in perceiving the coldness of my behaviour. Though a Frenchwoman, she was rather grieved than resentful.

“You are growing tired of me, my friend,” she said; “and when I consider your youth and temptations, I cannot be surprised at it—yet, I own, that this thought gives me much greater pain than I could have supposed.”

“Bah! *ma belle amie*,” cried I, “you deceive yourself—I adore you—I shall always adore you; but it's getting very late!”

Madame d'Anville sighed, and we parted. “She is

not half so pretty or agreeable as she was," thought I, as I mounted my horse, and remembered my appointment at the ambassador's.

I took unusual pains with my appearance that evening, and drove to the ambassador's hotel, in the Rue Faubourg St Honoré, full half an hour earlier than I had ever done before. I had been some time in the rooms without discovering my heroine of the morning. The Duchess of H——n passed by.

"What a wonderfully beautiful woman!" said Mr Howard de Howard, a lean gentleman, who valued himself on his ancestors, to Mr Aberton.

"Ay," answered Aberton; "but to my taste, the Duchesse de Perpignan is quite equal to her—do you know *her*?"

"No—yes!" said Mr Howard de Howard; "that is, not exactly—not well." An Englishman never owns that he does not know a duchess.

"Hem!" said Mr Aberton, thrusting his large hand through his lank light hair.—"Hem—could one do anything, do you think, in that quarter?"

"I should think *one* might, with a tolerable person!" answered the spectral aristocrat, looking down at a pair of most shadowy supporters.

"Pray," said Aberton, "what do you think of Miss ——? they say she is an heiress."

"Think of her!" said Mr Howard de Howard, who was as poor as he was thin, "why, I *have* thought of her!"

"They say that fool Pelham makes up to her."

(Little did Mr Aberton imagine, when he made this remark, that I was close behind him.)

“I should not imagine that was true,” said the secretary ; “ he is so occupied with Madame d’Anville.”

“Pooh !” said Aberton, dictatorially, “*she* never had anything to say to him.”

“Why are you so sure ?” said Mr Howard de Howard.

“Why—because he never showed any notes from her, nor ever even said he had a *liaison* with her !”

“Ah ! that is quite enough !” said Mr Howard de Howard. “But, is not that the Duchesse de Perpignan ?”

Mr Aberton turned, and so did I—our eyes met—his fell—well they might, after his courteous epithet to my name ; however, I had far too good an opinion of myself to care one straw about his ; besides, at that moment, I was wholly lost in my surprise and pleasure, in finding that this Duchesse de Perpignan was no other than my acquaintance of the morning. She caught my gaze, and smiled as she bowed. “Now,” thought I, as I approached her, “let us see if we cannot eclipse Mr Aberton.”

All love-making is just the same, and therefore I shall spare the reader my conversation that evening. When he recollects that it was Henry Pelham who was the gallant, I am persuaded that he will be pretty certain as to the success.

CHAPTER XIX.

*Alea sequa vorax species certissima furti
Non contenta bonis, animum quoque perfida mergit ;—
Furca, furax—infamis, iners, furiosa, ruina.*—PETR. Dial.*

I DINED the next day at the Frères Provençaux : an excellent restaurateur's, by the by, where one gets irreproachable *gibier*, and meets few English.† After dinner I strolled into the various gambling-houses with which the Palais Royal abounds.

In one of these the crowd and heat were so great that I should immediately have retired if I had not been struck with the intense expression of interest in the countenance of one of the spectators at the *rouge-et-noir* table. He was a man about forty years of age ; his complexion was dark and sallow ; the features prominent, and what are generally called handsome ; but there was a certain sinister expression in his eyes and mouth, which rendered the effect of his physiognomy

* Gaming, that direst felon of the breast,
Steals more than fortune from its wretched thrall,
Spreads o'er the soul the inert devouring pest,
And gnaws, and rots, and taints, and ruins all.

Paraphrase.

† Mr Pelham could not say as much for the *Frères Provençaux* at present !

rather disagreeable than prepossessing. At a small distance from him, and playing, with an air which, in its carelessness and *nonchalance*, formed a remarkable contrast to the painful anxiety of the man I have just described, sat Mr Thornton.

At first sight these two appeared to be the only Englishmen present beside myself. I was more struck by seeing the former in that scene than I was at meeting Thornton there ; for there was something distinguished in the mien of the stranger, which suited far worse with the appearance of the place than the air and dress of my *ci-devant* second.

“What! another Englishman?” thought I, as I turned round and perceived a thick, rough greatcoat, which could possibly belong to no Continental shoulders. The wearer was standing directly opposite the seat of the swarthy stranger ; his hat was slouched over his face ; I moved, in order to get a clearer view of his countenance. It was the same person I had seen with Thornton that morning. Never to this moment have I forgotten the stern and ferocious expression with which he was gazing upon the keen and agitated features of the gambler opposite. In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements ; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions.

This man neither played, nor spoke, nor moved. He appeared utterly insensible of every feeling in common with those around. There he stood, wrapped

in his own dark and inscrutable thoughts, never, for one instant, taking his looks from the varying countenance which did not observe their gaze, nor altering the withering character of their almost demoniacal expression. I could not tear myself from the spot. I felt chained by some mysterious and undefinable interest. My attention was first diverted into a new channel by a loud exclamation from the dark-visaged gambler at the table : it was the first he had uttered, notwithstanding his anxiety ; and, from the deep, thrilling tone in which it was expressed, it conveyed a keen sympathy with the overcharged feelings which it burst from.

With a trembling hand he took from an old purse the few napoleons that were still left there. He set them all at one hazard on the *rouge*. He hung over the table with a drooping lip ; his hands were tightly clasped in each other ; his nerves seemed strained into the last agony of excitation. I ventured to raise my eyes upon the gaze, which I *felt* must still be upon the gambler—there it was, fixed and stern as before !—but it now conveyed a deeper expression of joy than it had hitherto assumed ; yet a joy so malignant and fiendish, that no look of mere anger or hatred could have equally chilled my heart. I dropped my eyes. I redoubled my attention to the cards—the last two were to be turned up. A moment more !—the fortune was to the *noir*. The stranger had lost ! He did not utter a single word. He looked with a vacant eye on the long mace with which the marker had swept away his last hopes with

his last coin, and then, rising, left the room, and disappeared.

The other Englishman was not long in following him. He uttered a short low laugh, unheard, perhaps, by any one but myself ; and, pushing through the atmosphere of *sacres !* and *mille tonnerres !* which filled that pandemonium, strode quickly to the door. I felt as if a load had been taken from my bosom when he was gone.

CHAPTER XX.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*—HOR. *Ars Poet.*

I WAS loitering over my breakfast the next morning, and thinking of the last night's scene, when Lord Vincent was announced.

“How fares the gallant Pelham?” said he, as he entered the room.

“Why, to say the truth,” I replied, “I am rather under the influence of blue devils this morning, and your visit is like a sunbeam in November.”

“A bright thought,” said Vincent, “and I shall make you a very pretty little poet soon; publish you in a neat octavo, and dedicate you to Lady D——e. Pray, by the by, have you ever read her plays? You know they were only privately printed?”

“No,” said I (for in good truth, had his lordship interrogated me touching any other literary production, I should have esteemed it a part of my present character to return the same answer).

“No!” repeated Vincent; “permit me to tell you that you must never seem ignorant of any work *not* published. To be admired, one must always know what other people don't—and then one has full liberty

* The appropriate justice sorts each shade and hue,
And gives to each the exact proportion due.—*Paraphrase.*

to sneer at the value of what other people *do* know. Renounce the threshold of knowledge. There, every new proselyte can meet you. Boast of your acquaintance with the sanctum, and not one in ten thousand can dispute it with you. Have you read Monsieur de C——'s pamphlet ?”

“Really,” said I, “I have been so busy !”

“*Ah, mon ami !*” cried Vincent, “the greatest sign of an idle man is to complain of being busy. But you have had a loss : the pamphlet is good. C——, by the way, has an extraordinary, though not an expanded mind : it is like a citizen's garden near London ; a pretty parterre here, and a Chinese pagoda there ; an oak-tree in one corner, and a mushroom bed in the other ; and, above all, a Gothic Ruin opposite the bay-window ! You may traverse the whole in a stride ; it is the four quarters of the globe in a mole-hill. Yet everything is good in its kind ; and is neither without elegance nor design in its arrangement.”

“What do you think,” said I, “of the Baron de ——, the minister of —— ?”

“Of him ?” replied Vincent—

‘His soul

Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.’

It is dark and bewildered—full of dim visions of the ancient *régime*—it is a bat hovering about the cells of an old abbey. Poor, *antique* little soul ! but I will say nothing more about it—

‘For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small’

as the soul of the Baron de —— ?”

Finding Lord Vincent so disposed to the biting mood, I immediately directed his *rabies* towards Mr Aberton.

“Aberton,” said Vincent, in answer to my question, if he knew that amiable young gentleman ; “yes ! a sort of man who, speaking of the best society, says *we*—who sticks his *best* cards on his chimney-piece, and writes himself *billets-doux* from duchesses. A duodecimo of ‘precious conceits,’ bound in calf-skin—I know the man well ; does he not dress decently, Pelham ?”

“His clothes *are* well made,” said I, candidly.

“Ah !” said Vincent, “I should think he went to the best tailor, and said, ‘Give me a collar like Lord So and So’s ;’ one who would not dare to have a new waistcoat till it had been authoritatively patronised, and who took his fashions, like his follies, from the best proficient. Such fellows are always too ashamed of themselves not to be proud of their clothes ;—like the Chinese mariners, they burn incense *before the needle!*”

“And Mr Howard de Howard,” said I, laughing, “what do you think of him ?”

“What ! the thin Eupatrid ?” cried Vincent. “He is the mathematical definition of a straight line—*length without breadth*. His inseparable friend, Mr Aberton, was running up the Rue St Honoré yesterday in order to catch him, and when I saw him chasing the meagre apparition, I said to Bennington, ‘I have found out the real Peter Schlemil!’ ‘Whom ?’ asked his grave lordship, with serious *naïveté*. ‘Mr Aberton,’ said I ;

‘don’t you see him *running after his shadow?*’ But the pride of the lean thing is so amusing! He is fifteenth cousin to the duke, and so his favourite exordium is, ‘Whenever I succeed to the titles of my ancestors.’ It was but the other day, that he heard two or three silly young men discussing church and state, and they began by talking irreligion—(Mr Howard de Howard is too unsubstantial not to be spiritually inclined)—however he only fidgeted in his chair. They then proceeded to be exceedingly disloyal. Mr Howard de Howard fidgeted again. They then passed to vituperations on the aristocracy;—this the attenuated pomposity (*magni nominis umbra*) could brook no longer. He rose up, cast a severe look on the abashed youths, and thus addressed them—‘Gentlemen, I have sat by in silence, and heard my king derided, and my God blasphemed; but now when you attack the aristocracy, I can no longer refrain from noticing so obviously intentional an insult. *You have become personal.*’”

“Pray, Vincent,” said I, after a short pause, “did you ever meet with a Mr Thornton at Paris?”

“Thornton, Thornton,” said Vincent, musingly; “what, Tom Thornton?”

“I should think, very likely,” I replied; “just the sort of man who would be Tom Thornton—has a broad face, with a colour, and wears a spotted neckcloth; Tom—what could his name be but Tom?”

“Is he about five-and-thirty?” asked Vincent, “rather short, and with reddish-coloured hair and whiskers?”

“Precisely,” said I ; “are not all Toms alike ?”

“Ah,” said Vincent, “I know him well ; he is a clever, shrewd fellow, but a most unmitigated rascal. He is the son of a steward in Lancashire, and received an attorney’s education ; but being a humorous, noisy fellow, he became a great favourite with his father’s employer, who was a sort of Mécenas to cudgel-players, boxers, and horse-jockeys. At his house Thornton met many persons of rank, but of a taste similar to their host’s : and they, mistaking his vulgar coarseness for honesty, and his quaint proverbs for wit, admitted him into their society. It was with one of them that I have seen him. I believe of late, that his character has been of a very different odour : and whatever has brought him among the English at Paris—those white-washed abominations—those ‘innocent blacknesses,’ as Charles Lamb calls chimney-sweepers, it does not argue well for his professional occupations. I should think, however, that he manages to *live* here ; for wherever there are English fools, there are fine pickings for an English rogue.”

“Ay,” said I, “but are there enough fools here to feed the rogues ?”

“Yes, because rogues are like spiders, and eat each other when there is nothing else to catch ; and Tom Thornton is safe as long as the ordinary law of nature lasts, that the greater knave preys on the lesser—for there cannot possibly be a greater knave than he is ! If you have made his acquaintance, my dear Pelham, I advise you most soberly to look to yourself, for if he

doth not steal, beg, or borrow of you, Mr Howard de Howard will grow fat, and even Mr Aberton cease to be a fool. And now, most noble Pelham, farewell. *Il est plus aisé d'être sage pour les autres que de l'être pour soi-même.*"*

* It is more easy to be wise for others than for one's self.

CHAPTER XXI.

This is a notable couple—and have met
But for some secret knavery.—*The Tanner of Tyburn.*

I HAD NOW been several weeks in Paris, and I was not altogether dissatisfied with the manner in which they had been spent. I had enjoyed myself to the utmost, while I had, as much as possible, combined profit with pleasure—viz., if I went to the opera in the evening, I learned to dance in the morning; if I drove to a *soirée* at the Duchesse de Perpignan's, it was not till I had fenced an hour at the *Salon des Assaults d'Armes*; in short, I took the greatest pains to complete my education.—I wish all young men who frequented the Continent for that purpose could say the same!

One day (about a week after the conversation with Vincent, recorded in my last chapter) I was walking slowly along one of the paths in the Jardin des Plantes meditating upon the various excellences of the Rocher de Cancale and the Duchesse de Perpignan, when I perceived a tall man, with a thick rough coat, of a dark colour (which I recognised long before I did the face of the wearer), emerging from an intersecting path. He stopped a few moments, and looked round as if expecting some one. Presently a woman, apparently

about thirty, and meanly dressed, appeared in an opposite direction. She approached him; they exchanged a few words, and then, the woman taking his arm, they struck into another path, and were soon out of sight. I suppose that the reader has already discovered that this man was Thornton's companion in the Bois de Boulogne, and the hero of the gaming-house in the Palais Royal. I could not have supposed that so noble a countenance, even in its frowns, could ever have wasted its smiles upon a mistress of the low station to which the woman who had met him evidently belonged. However, we all have our little foibles, as the Frenchman said, when he boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin.

I myself was, at that time, the sort of person that is always taken by a pretty face, however coarse may be the garments which set it off; and although I cannot say that I ever stooped so far as to become amorous of a chamber-maid, yet I could be tolerably lenient to any man under thirty who did. As a proof of this gentleness of disposition, ten minutes after I had witnessed so unsuitable a *rencontre*, I found myself following a pretty little *grisette* into a small sort of *cabaret*, which was, at the time I spoke of (and most probably still is), in the midst of the gardens. I sat down, and called for my favourite drink of lemonade; the little *grisette*, who was with an old woman, possibly her mother, and *un beau gros garçon*, probably her lover, sat opposite, and began, with all the ineffable coque-

tries of her country, to divide her attention between the said *garçon* and myself. Poor fellow, he seemed to be very little pleased by the significant glances exchanged over his right shoulder, and at last, under pretence of screening her from the draught of the opened window, placed himself exactly between us. This, however ingenious, did not at all answer his expectations ; for he had not sufficiently taken into consideration that *I* also was endowed with the power of locomotion ; accordingly I shifted my chair about three feet, and entirely defeated the countermarch of the enemy.

But this flirtation did not last long ; the youth and the old woman appeared very much of the same opinion as to its impropriety ; and accordingly, like experienced generals, resolved to conquer by a retreat ; they drank up their orgeat—paid for it—placed the wavering regiment in the middle, and quitted the field. I was not, however, of a disposition to break my heart at such an occurrence, and I remained by the window, drinking my lemonade, and muttering to myself, “After all, women are a bore !”

On the outside of the *cabaret*, and just under my window, was a bench, which, for a certain number of *sous*, one might appropriate to the entire and unparticipated use of one’s self and party. An old woman (so at least I suppose by her voice, for I did not give myself the trouble of looking,—though, indeed, as to that matter, it might have been the shrill treble of Mr Howard de Howard !) had been hitherto engrossing

this settlement with some gallant or other. In Paris, no woman is too old to get an *amant*, either by love or money. This couple soon paired off, and was immediately succeeded by another. The first tones of the man's voice, low as they were, made me start from my seat. I cast one quick glance before I resumed it. The new pair were the Englishman I had before noted in the garden, and the female companion who had joined him.

"Two hundred pounds, you say?" muttered the man; "we must have it all."

"But," returned the woman, in the same whispered voice, "he says that he will never touch another card."

The man laughed. "Fool," said he, "the passions are not so easily quelled—how many days is it since he had this remittance from England!"

"About three," replied the woman.

"And is it absolutely the very last remnant of his property?"

"The last."

"I am then to understand that when this is spent there is nothing between him and beggary!"

"Nothing," said the woman with a half-sigh.

The man laughed again, and then rejoined, in an altered tone, "Then, then will this parching thirst be quenched at last. I tell you, woman, that it is many months since I have known a day—night—hour, in which my life has been as the life of other men. My whole soul has been melted down into one burning, burning thought. Feel this hand—ay, you may well

start—but what is the fever of the frame to that within?”

Here the voice sank so low as to be inaudible. The woman seemed as if endeavouring to soothe him; at length she said—

“But poor Tyrrell—you will not, surely, suffer him to starve, to die of actual want, abandoned and alone!”

“Alone! no!” cried her companion, fiercely. “When the last agonies shall be upon that man—when, sick with weariness, pain, disease, hunger, he lies down to die—when the death-gurgle is in the throat, and the eye swims beneath the last dull film—when remembrance peoples the chamber with hell, and his cowardice would falter forth its dastard recantation to Heaven—*then—may I be there!*”

There was a long pause, only broken by the woman’s sobs, which she appeared endeavouring to stifle. At last the man rose, and in a tone so soft that it seemed literally like music, addressed her in the most endearing terms. She soon yielded to their persuasion, and replied to them with interest.

“Spite of the stings of my remorse,” she said, “as long as I lose not you, I will lose life, honour, hope, even soul itself!”

They both quitted the spot as she said this.

CHAPTER XXII.

At length the treacherous snare was laid,
Poor Pug was caught—to town conveyed ;
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room !—GAY'S *Fables*.

I WAS sitting alone a morning or two after this adventure, when Bedos, entering, announced *une dame*.

This *dame* was a fine tall thing, dressed out like a print in the *Magasin des Modes*. She sat herself down, threw up her veil, and, after a momentary pause, asked me if I liked my apartment ?

“Very much,” said I, somewhat surprised at the nature of the interrogatory.

“Perhaps you would wish it altered in some way ?” rejoined the lady.

“*Non—mille remerciemens !*” said I ; “you are very good to be so interested in my accommodation.”

“Those curtains might be better arranged—that sofa replaced with a more elegant one,” continued my new superintendent.

“Really,” said I, “I am too, too much flattered. Perhaps you would like to have my rooms altogether ; if so, make at least no scruple of saying it.”

“Oh, no,” replied the lady ; “I have no objection to your staying here.”

“You are too kind,” said I, with a low bow.

There was a pause of some moments—I took advantage of it.

“I think, madame, I have the honour of speaking to—to—to——”

“The mistress of the hotel,” said the lady, quietly. “I merely called to ask you how you did, and hope you were well accommodated.”

“Rather late, considering I have been six weeks in the house,” thought I, revolving in my mind various reports I had heard of my present visitor’s disposition to gallantry. However, seeing it was all over with me, I resigned myself, with the patience of a martyr, to the fate that I foresaw. I rose, approached her chair, took her hand (very hard and thin it was too), and thanked her with a most affectionate squeeze.

“I have seen much English !” said the lady, for the first time speaking in our language.

“Ah,” said I, giving another squeeze.

“You are a handsome *garçon*,” renewed the lady.

“I am so,” I replied.

At that moment Bedos entered, and whispered that Madame d’Anville was in the anteroom.

“Good Heavens !” said I, knowing her jealousy of disposition, “what is to be done ? Oblige me, madame,” seizing the unfortunate mistress of the hotel, and, opening the door to the back entrance—“There,” said I, “you can easily escape. *Bon jour*.”

• Hardly had I closed the door, and put the key in my pocket, before Madame d’Anville entered.

“Is it by your order that your servant keeps me waiting in your anteroom?” said she, haughtily.

I endeavoured to make my peace; but all my complaisance was in vain—she was jealous of my intimacy with the Duchesse de Perpignan, and glad of any excuse to vent her pique. Fortunately, however, she was going to the Luxembourg; and my only chance of soothing her anger was to accompany her.

Down-stairs, therefore, we went, and drove to the Luxembourg; I gave Bedos, before my departure, various little commissions, and told him he need not be at home till the evening. Long before the expiration of an hour, Madame d’Anville’s ill-humour had given me an excuse for affecting it myself. Tired to death of her, and panting for release, I took a high tone—complained of her ill-temper, and her want of love—spoke rapidly—waited for no reply, and, leaving her at the Luxembourg, proceeded forthwith to Galignani’s, like a man just delivered from a strait-waistcoat.

Leave me now, for a few minutes, in the reading-room at Galignani’s, and return to the mistress of the hotel, whom I had so unceremoniously thrust out of my *salon*. The passage into which she had been put communicated by one door with my rooms, and by another with the staircase. Now, it so happened that Bedos was in the habit of locking the latter door, and keeping the key; the other egress, it will be remembered, I myself had secured; so that the unfortunate mistress of the hotel was no sooner turned into this passage, than she found herself in a sort of dungeon,

ten feet by five, and surrounded, like Eve in Paradise, by a whole creation—not of birds, beasts, and fishes, but of brooms, brushes, linen for the laundress, and—a wood basket ! What she was to do in this dilemma was utterly inconceivable ; scream, indeed, she might, but then the shame and ridicule of being discovered in so equivocal a situation, were somewhat more than our discreet landlady could endure. Besides, such an *exposé* might be attended with a loss the good woman valued more than reputation—viz., lodgers ; for the possessors of the two best floors were both Englishwomen of a certain rank ; and my landlady had heard such accounts of our national virtue, that she feared an instantaneous emigration of such inveterate prudes, if her screams and situation reached their ears.

Quietly then, and soberly, did the good lady sit, eyeing the brooms and brushes as they grew darker and darker with the approach of the evening, and consoling herself with the certainty that her release must eventually take place.

Meanwhile, to return to myself—I found Lord Vincent at Galignani's, carefully looking over “Choice Extracts from the best English Authors.”

“ Ah, my good fellow ! ” said he, “ I am delighted to see you : I made such a capital quotation just now : the young Benningtons were drowning a poor devil of a puppy ; the youngest (to whom the mother belonged) looked on with a grave, earnest face, till the last kick was over, and then burst into tears. ‘ Why do you cry so ? ’ said I. ‘ Because it was so cruel in us to drown the

poor puppy!’ replied the juvenile Philocunos. ‘Pooh!’ said I; ‘*Quid juvat errores mersâ jam puppe fateri?*’ Was it not good?—you remember it in Claudian, eh, Pelham? Think of its being thrown away on those Latinless young lubbers! Have you seen anything of Mr Thornton lately?”

“No,” said I, “I’ve not; but I am determined to have that pleasure soon.”

“You will do as you please,” said Vincent, “but you will be like the child playing with edged tools.”

“I am not a child,” said I, “so the simile is not good. He must be the devil himself, or a Scotchman at least, to take *me* in.”

Vincent shook his head. “Come and dine with me at the Rocher,” said he; “we are a party of six—choice spirits all.”

“*Volontiers*; but we can stroll in the Tuileries first, if you have no other engagement.”

“None,” said Vincent, putting his arm in mine.

After an hour’s walk, Vincent suddenly recollected that he had a commission of a very important nature in the Rue J. J. Rousseau. This was—to *buy a monkey*. “It is for Wormwood,” said he, “who has written me a long letter, describing its qualities and qualifications. I suppose he wants it for some practical joke—some embodied bitterness—Heaven forbid I should thwart him in so charitable a design!”

“Amen,” said I; and we proceeded together to the monkey-fancier. After much deliberation, we at last decided upon the most hideous animal I ever beheld—

it was of a—no, I will not attempt to describe it—it would be quite impossible ! Vincent was so delighted with our choice, that he insisted upon carrying it away immediately.

“Is it quite quiet ?” I asked.

“*Comme un oiseau,*” said the man.

We called a *fiacre*—paid for Monsieur Jocko, and drove to Vincent’s apartments ; there we found, however, that his valet had gone out and taken the key.

“Hang it,” said Vincent, “it does not signify ! We’ll carry *le petit-monsieur* with us to the Rocher.”

Accordingly we all *three* once more entered the *fiacre*, and drove to the celebrated restaurateur’s of the Rue Mont Orgueil. O, blissful recollections of that dinner ! how at this moment you crowd upon my delighted remembrance ! Lonely and sorrowful as I now sit, digesting with many a throe the iron thews of a British beef-steak—*more Anglico*—immeasurably tough—I see the grateful apparitions of *escalopes de saumon* and *laitances de carpes* rise in a gentle vapour before my eyes ! breathing a sweet and pleasant odour, and contrasting the dream-like delicacies of their hue and aspect, with the dire and dure realities which now weigh so heavily on the region below my heart ! And thou, most beautiful of all—thou evening star of *entremets*—thou that delightest in truffles, and gloriest in a dark cloud of sauces—exquisite *foie gras* !—Have I forgotten thee ? Do I not, on the contrary, see thee—smell thee—taste thee—and almost die with rapture of thy possession ? What though the goose, of which

thou art a part, has, indeed, been roasted alive by a slow fire, in order to increase thy divine proportions—yet has not our *Almanach*—the *Almanach des Gourmands*—truly declared that the goose rejoiced amid all her tortures—because of the glory that awaited her? Did she not, in prophetic vision, behold her enlarged and ennobled *foie* dilate into *pâtés* and steam into *sautés*—the companion of truffles—the glory of dishes—the delight—the treasure—the transport of gourmands! O, exalted among birds—apotheosised goose, did not thy heart exult even when thy liver parched and swelled within thee, from that most agonising death; and didst thou not, like the Indian at the stake, triumph in the very torments which alone could render thee illustrious?

After dinner we grew exceedingly merry. Vincent punned and quoted; we laughed and applauded; and our burgundy went round with an alacrity to which every new joke gave an additional impetus. Monsieur Jocko was by no means the dullest of the party; he cracked his nuts with as much grace as we did our jests, and grinned and chattered as facetiously as the best of us. After coffee we were all so pleased with one another, that we resolved not to separate, and accordingly we adjourned to my rooms, Jocko and all, to find new revelries and grow brilliant over Curaçoa punch.

We entered my *salon* with a roar, and set Bedos to work at the punch forthwith. Bedos, that Ganymede of a valet, had himself but just arrived, and was un-

locking the door as we entered. We soon blew up a glorious fire, and our spirits brightened in proportion. Monsieur Jocko sat on Vincent's knee — "*Ne monstrum*," as he classically termed it. One of our com-potatoes was playing with it. Jocko grew suddenly in earnest—a grin—a scratch, and a bite, were the work of a moment.

"*Ne quid nimis*—now," said Vincent, gravely, instead of endeavouring to soothe the afflicted party, who grew into a towering passion. Nothing but Jocko's absolute disgrace could indeed have saved his life from the vengeance of the sufferer.

"Whither shall we banish him?" said Vincent.

"Oh," I replied, "put him out in that back passage; the outer door is shut; he'll be quite safe;" and to the passage he was therefore immediately consigned.

It was in this place, the reader will remember, that the hapless *dame du château* was at that very instant in "*durance vile*." Unconscious of this fact, I gave Bedos the key, he took the condemned monkey, opened the door, thrust Jocko in, and closed it again. Meanwhile we resumed our merriment.

"*Nunc est bibendum*," said Vincent, as Bedos placed the punch on the table. "Give us a toast, Dartmore."

Lord Dartmore was a young man, with tremendous spirits, which made up for wit. He was just about to reply, when a loud shriek was heard from Jocko's place of banishment; a sort of scramble ensued, and the next moment the door was thrown violently open, and in rushed the terrified landlady, screaming like a sea-gull,

and bearing Jocko aloft upon her shoulders, from which "bad eminence" he was grinning and chattering with the fury of fifty devils. She ran twice round the room, and then sank on the floor in hysterics, feigned or real. We lost no time in hastening to her assistance; but the warlike Jocko, still sitting upon her, refused to permit one of us to approach. There he sat, turning from side to side, showing his sharp, white teeth, and uttering from time to time the most menacing and diabolical sounds.

"What the deuce shall we do?" cried Dartmore.

"*Do?*" said Vincent, who was convulsed with laughter, and yet endeavouring to speak gravely; "why, watch like L. Opimius, '*ne quid respublica detrimenti caperet.*'"

"By Jove, Pelham, he will scratch out the lady's *beaux yeux*," cried the good-natured Dartmore, endeavouring to seize the monkey by the tail, for which he very narrowly escaped with an unmutilated visage. But the man who had before suffered by Jocko's ferocity, and whose breast was still swelling with revenge, was glad of so favourable an opportunity and excuse for wreaking it. He seized the poker, made three strides to Jocko, who set up an ineffable cry of defiance—and with a single blow split the skull of the unhappy monkey in twain. It fell with one convulsion on the ground and gave up the ghost.

We then raised the unfortunate landlady, placed her on the sofa, and Dartmore administered a plentiful potation of the Curaçoa punch. By slow degrees she

revived, gave three most doleful suspirations, and then, starting up, gazed wildly around her. Half of us were still laughing—my unfortunate self among the number; this the enraged landlady no sooner perceived than she imagined herself the victim of some preconcerted villany. Her lips trembled with passion—she uttered the most dreadful imprecations; and had I not retired into a corner, and armed myself with the dead body of Jocko, which I wielded with exceeding valour, she might, with the simple weapons with which nature had provided her hands, have for ever demolished the loves and graces that abide in the face of Henry Pelham.

When at last she saw that nothing hostile was at present to be effected, she drew herself up, and giving Bedos a tremendous box on the ear, as he stood grinning beside her, marched out of the room.

We then again rallied around the table, more than ever disposed to be brilliant, and kept up till daybreak a continued fire of jests upon the heroine of the passage: “*cum quâ,*” as Vincent happily observed, “*clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis!*”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Show me not thy painted beauties,
These impostures I defy.—GEORGE WITHERS.

The cave of Falri smelt not more delicately;—on every side appeared the marks of drunkenness and gluttony. At the upper end of the cave the sorcerer lay extended, &c.—*Mirglip the Persian, in the "Tales of the Genii."*

I WOKE the next morning with an aching head and feverish frame. Ah, those midnight carousals, how glorious they would be if there were *no* next morning! I took my *sauterne* and soda-water in my dressing-room; and, as indisposition always makes me meditative, I thought over all I had done since my arrival at Paris. I had become (*that*, Heaven knows, I *soon* manage to do) rather a talked-of and noted character. It is true that I was everywhere abused—one found fault with my neckcloth—another with my mind—the lank Mr Aberton declared that I put my hair in papers, and the stuffed Sir Henry Millington said I was a thread-paper myself. One blamed my riding—a second my dancing—a third wondered how any woman *could* like me, and a fourth said that no woman *ever* could.

On one point, however, all—friends and foes—were alike agreed—viz. that I was a consummate puppy, and

excessively well satisfied with myself. Perhaps they were not much mistaken there. Why is it, by the by, that to be pleased with one's self is the surest way of offending everybody else? If any one, male or female, an evident admirer of his or her own perfections, enter a room, how perturbed, restless, and unhappy every individual of the offender's sex instantly becomes; for them not only enjoyment, but tranquillity is over, and if they could annihilate the unconscious victim of their spleen, I fully believe no Christian toleration would come in the way of that last extreme of animosity. For a coxcomb there is no mercy—for a coquette no pardon. They are, as it were, the dissenters of society—no crime is too bad to be imputed to them; they do not believe the religion of others—they set up a deity of their own vanity—all the orthodox vanities of others are offended. Then comes the bigotry—the stake—the *auto-da-fé* of scandal. What, alas! is so implacable as the rage of vanity? What so restless as its persecution? Take from a man his fortune, his house, his reputation, but flatter his vanity in each, and he will forgive you. Heap upon him benefits, fill him with blessings: but irritate his self-love, and you have made the very best man ungrateful. He will sting you if he can: you cannot blame him; you yourself have instilled the venom. This is one reason why you must rarely reckon upon gratitude in conferring an obligation. It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive—solicit even—favours, than

accord them ; for the vanity of the *obliger* is always flattered—that of the *obligee* rarely.

Well, this is an unforeseen digression : let me return. I had mixed, of late, very little with the English. My mother's introductions had procured me the *entrée* of the best French houses ; and to them, therefore, my evenings were usually devoted. Alas ! that was a happy time, when my carriage used to await me at the door of the Rocher de Cancale, and then whirl me to a succession of visits, varying in their degree and nature as the whim prompted : now to the brilliant *soirées* of Madame de ——, or to the *appartement au troisième* of some less celebrated daughter of dissipation and *écarté* ;—now to the literary conversaciones of the Duchesse de D——s, or the Vicomte d'——, and then to the feverish excitement of the gambling-house. Passing from each with the appetite for amusement kept alive by variety ; finding in none a disappointment, and in every one a welcome ; full of the health which supports, and the youth which colours all excess or excitement, I drained, with an unsparing lip, whatever enjoyment that enchanting metropolis could afford.

I have hitherto said but little of the Duchesse de Perpignan ; I think it necessary now to give some account of that personage. Ever since the evening I had met her at the ambassador's, I paid her the most unceasing attentions. I soon discovered that she had a curious sort of *liaison* with one of the *attachés*—a short, ill-made gentleman, with high shoulders and a pale face,

who wore a blue coat and buff waistcoat, wrote bad verses, and thought himself handsome. All Paris said she was excessively enamoured of this youth. As for me, I had not known her four days before I discovered that she could not be excessively enamoured of anything but an oyster *pâté* and Lord Byron's *Corsair*. Her mind was the most marvellous *mélange* of sentiment and its opposite. In her amours she was Lucretia herself ; in her epicurism Apicius would have yielded to her. She was pleased with sighs, but she adored suppers. She would leave everything for her lover, except her dinner. The *attaché* soon quarrelled with her, and I was installed into the Platonic honours of his office.

At first I own that I was flattered by her choice, and though she was terribly exacting of my *petits soins*, I managed to keep up her affection, and, what is still more wonderful, my own, for the better part of a month. What then cooled me was the following occurrence :—

I was in her boudoir one evening, when her *femme de chambre* came to tell us that the duc was in the passage. Notwithstanding the innocence of our attachment, the duchesse was in a violent fright ; a small door was at the left of the ottoman, on which we were sitting. "Oh, no, no, not there," cried the lady ; but I, who saw no other refuge, entered it forthwith, and before she could ferret me out, the duc was in the room.

In the meanwhile, I amused myself by examining the wonders of the new world into which I had so abruptly immersed : on a small table before me, was

deposited a remarkably-constructed nightcap ; I examined it as a curiosity ; on each side was placed *une petite côtelette de veau cru*, sewed on with green-coloured silk (I remember even the smallest minutiae) ; a beautiful golden wig (the duchesse never liked me to play with her hair) was on a block close by, and on another table was a set of teeth, *d'une blancheur éblouissante*. In this manufactory of a beauty I remained for a quarter of an hour ; at the end of that time, the abigail (the duchesse had the grace to disappear) released me, and I flew down the stairs like a spirit from purgatory.

From that moment the duchesse honoured me with her most deadly abhorrence. Equally silly and wicked, her schemes of revenge were as ludicrous in their execution as remorseless in their design : at one time I narrowly escaped poison in a cup of coffee—at another she endeavoured to stab me to the heart with a paper-cutter.

Notwithstanding my preservation from these attacks, my fair enemy had resolved on my destruction, and another means of attempting it still remained, which the reader will yet have the pleasure of learning.

Mr Thornton had called upon me twice, and twice I had returned the visit, but neither of us had been at home to benefit by these reciprocities of politeness. His acquaintance with my mysterious hero of the gambling house and the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the keen interest I took, in spite of myself, in that unaccountable person, whom I was persuaded I had seen before in some very different scene, and under very different circum-

stances, made me desirous to improve an acquaintance which, from Vincent's detail, I should otherwise have been anxious to avoid. I therefore resolved to make another attempt to find him at home ; and my headache being somewhat better, I took my way to his apartments in the Faubourg St Germain.

I love that *quartier*!—if ever I go to Paris again I shall reside there. It is a different world from the streets usually known to and tenanted by the English—*there*, indeed, you are among the French, the fossilised remains of the old *régime*—the very houses have an air of desolate yet venerable grandeur—you never pass by the white and modern mansion of a *nouveau riche* ; all, even to the ruggedness of the *pavé*, breathes a haughty disdain of innovation—you cross one of the numerous bridges, and you enter into another time—you are inhaling the atmosphere of a past century ; no flaunting *boutique*, French in its trumpery, English in its prices, stares you in the face : no stiff coats and unnatural gaits are seen *anglicising* up the melancholy streets. Vast hotels, with their gloomy frontals, and magnificent contempt of comfort ; shops, such as shops might have been in the aristocratic days of Louis Quatorze, ere British contamination made them insolent and dear ; public edifices, still eloquent of the superb charities of *le grand monarque* ; carriages with their huge bodies and ample decorations ; horses, with their Norman dimensions and undocked honours ; men, on whose more high though not less courteous demeanour, the Revolution seems to have wrought no demo-

cratic plebeianism—all strike on the mind with a vague and nameless impression of antiquity; a something solemn even in gaiety, and faded in pomp, appears to linger over all you behold; there are the Great French People unadulterated by change, unsullied with the commerce of the vagrant and various tribes that throng their mighty mart of enjoyments.

The strangers who fill the *quartiers* on this side the Seine pass not there; between them and *the* Faubourg there is a gulf; the very skies seem different—your own feelings, thoughts—nature itself—alter, when you have passed that Styx which divides the wanderers from the habitants; your spirits are not so much damped, as tinged, refined, ennobled by a certain inexpressible awe—you are girt with the stateliness of eld, and you tread the gloomy streets with the dignity of a man who is recalling the splendours of an ancient court where he once did homage.*

I arrived at Thornton's chambers in the Rue St Dominique. "*Monsieur est-il chez lui?*" said I to the ancient portress, who was reading one of Crebillon's novels.

"*Oui, monsieur, au quatrième,*" was the answer. I turned to the dark and unclean staircase, and, after incredible exertion and fatigue, arrived at last at the elevated abode of Mr Thornton.

"*Entrez,*" cried a voice, in answer to my rap. I obeyed the signal, and found myself in a room of toler-

* It was in 1827 that this was first published; the glory (by this time) has probably left *the* faubourg.

able dimensions and multiplied utilities. A decayed silk curtain of a dingy blue, drawn across a recess, separated the *chambre à coucher* from the *salon*. It was at present only half-drawn, and did not, therefore, conceal the mysteries of the den within ; the bed was still unmade, and apparently of no very inviting cleanliness ; a red handkerchief, that served as a nightcap, hung pendent from the foot of the bed ; at a little distance from it, more towards the pillow, were a shawl, a parasol, and an old slipper. On a table which stood between the two dull, filmy windows, were placed a cracked bowl, still reeking with the lees of gin-punch, two bottles half full, a mouldy cheese, and a salad-dish ; on the ground beneath the table lay two huge books, and a woman's bonnet.

Thornton himself sat by a small consumptive fire, in an easy-chair ; another table, still spread with the appliances of breakfast—viz., a coffee-pot, a milk-jug, two cups, a broken loaf, and an empty dish—mingled with a pack of cards, *one* dice, and an open book *de mauvais goût*, stood immediately before him.

Everything around bore some testimony of low debauchery ; and the man himself, with his flushed and sensual countenance, his unwashed hands, and the slovenly rakishness of his whole appearance, made no unfitting representation of the *genius loci*.

All that I have described, together with a flitting shadow of feminine appearance, escaping through another door, my quick eye discovered in the same instant that I made my salutation.

Thornton rose, with an air half-careless and half-abashed, and expressed, in more appropriate terms than his appearance warranted, his pleasurable surprise at seeing me at last. There was, however, a singularity in his conversation which gave it an air both of shrewdness and vulgarity. This was, as may before have been noted, a profuse intermixture of proverbs, some stale, some new, some sensible enough, and all savouring of a vocabulary carefully eschewed by every man of ordinary refinement in conversation.

“I have but a small tenement,” said he, smiling; “but, thank Heaven, at Paris a man is not made by his lodgings. Small house, small care. Few *garçons* have indeed a more sumptuous apartment than myself.”

“True,” said I; “and if I may judge by the bottles on the opposite table, and the bonnet beneath it, you find that no abode is too humble or too exalted for the solace of the senses.”

“Fore Gad, you are in the right, Mr Pelham,” replied Thornton, with a loud, coarse, chuckling laugh, which, more than a year’s conversation could have done, let me into the secrets of his character. “I care not a rush for the decorations of the table, so that the cheer be good; nor for the gewgaws of the head-dress, so long as the face is pretty—‘the taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.’ Do you go much to Madame B——’s, in the Rue Grétry—eh, Mr Pelham?—ah, I’ll be bound you do.”

“No,” said I, with a loud laugh, but internal shiver; “but you know where to find *le bon vin et les jolies*

filles. As for me, I am still a stranger in Paris, and amuse myself but very indifferently."

Thornton's face brightened. "I tell you what, my good fellow—I beg pardon—I mean Mr Pelham—I can show you the best sport in the world, if you can only spare me a little of your time—this very evening, perhaps?"

"I fear," said I, "I am engaged all the present week; but I long for nothing more than to cultivate an acquaintance seemingly *so exactly to my own taste*."

Thornton's grey eyes twinkled. "Will you breakfast with me on Saturday?" said he.

"I shall be *too* happy," I replied.

There was now a short pause. I took advantage of it. "I think," said I, "I have seen you once or twice with a tall, handsome man, in a loose greatcoat of very singular colour. Pray, if not impertinent, who is he? I am sure I have seen him before in England."

I looked full upon Thornton as I said this; he changed colour, and answered my gaze with a quick glance from his small, glittering eye, before he replied, "I scarcely know who you mean, my acquaintance is so large and miscellaneous at Paris. It might have been Johnson, or Smith, or Howard, or anybody in short."

"It is a man nearly six feet high," said I, "thin, and remarkably well made, of a pale complexion, light eyes, and very black hair, mustaches, and whiskers. I saw him with you once in the Bois de Boulogne, and once in a hall in the Palais Royal. Surely, *now* you will recollect who he is?"

Thornton was evidently disconcerted.

“Oh!” said he, after a short pause, and another of his peculiarly quick, sly glances—“Oh, *that* man: I have known him a very short time. What *is* his name?—let *me* see!” and Mr Thornton affected to look down in a complete reverie of dim remembrances.

I saw, however, that from time to time his eye glanced up to me with a restless, inquisitive expression, and as instantly retired.

“Ah,” said I, carelessly, “I think I know who he is?”

“Who?” cried Thornton, eagerly, and utterly off his guard.

“And yet,” I pursued, without noticing the interruption, “it scarcely can be—the colour of the hair is so very different.”

Thornton again appeared to relapse into his recollections.

“War—Warbur—ah! I have it now!” cried he, “Warburton—that’s it—that’s the name—is it the one you supposed, Mr Pelham?”

“No,” said I, apparently perfectly satisfied. “I was quite mistaken. Good-morning, I did not think it was so late. On Saturday, then, Mr Thornton—*au plaisir!*”

“A cunning dog!” said I to myself, as I left the apartments. “However, *on peut être trop fin*. I shall have him yet.”

The surest way to make a dupe, is to let your victim suppose you are his.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Voilà de l'érudition.*—*Les Femmes Savantes.*

I FOUND, on my return, covered with blood, and foaming with passion, my inestimable valet—Bedos !

“What’s the matter ?” said I.

“Matter !” repeated Bedos, in a tone almost inarticulate with rage ; and then, rejoicing at the opportunity of unbosoming his wrath, he poured out a vast volley of *ivrognes* and *carognes*, against our *dame du château*, of monkey reminiscence. With great difficulty I gathered at last, from his vituperations, that the enraged landlady, determined to wreak her vengeance on some one, had sent for him into her *appartement*, accosted him with a smile, bade him sit down, regaled him with cold *vol-au-vent*, and a glass of Curaçoa, and, while he was felicitating himself on his good fortune, slipped out of the room ; presently, three tall fellows entered with sticks.

“We’ll teach you,” said the biggest of them—“we’ll teach you to lock up ladies for the indulgence of your vulgar amusement ;” and, without one other word, they fell upon Bedos with incredible zeal and vigour.

* There’s erudition for you.

The valiant valet defended himself, tooth and nail, for some time, for which he only got the more soundly belaboured. In the meanwhile the landlady entered, and, with the same gentle smile as before, begged him to make no ceremony, to proceed with his present amusement, and, when he was tired with the exercise, hoped he would refresh himself with another glass of Curaçoa.

“It was this,” said Bedos, with a whimper, “which hurt me the most, to think that she should serve me so cruelly, after I had eaten so plentifully of the *vol-au-vent*; envy and injustice I can bear, but treachery stabs me to the heart.”

When these threshers of men were tired, the lady satisfied, and Bedos half dead, they suffered the unhappy valet to withdraw; the mistress of the hotel giving him a note, which she desired, with great civility, that he would transmit to me on my return. This, I found, enclosed my bill, and informed me that, my month being out on the morrow, she had promised my rooms to a particular friend, and begged I would, therefore, have the *bonté* to choose another apartment.

“Carry my luggage forthwith,” said I, “to the Hôtel de Mirabeau:” and that very evening I changed my abode.

I was engaged that day to a literary dinner at the Marquis d’Al——; and, as I knew I should meet Vincent, I felt some pleasure in repairing to my entertainer’s hotel. They were just going to dinner as I entered. A good many English were of the party. The good-natured, in all senses of the word, Lady ——, who

always affected to pet me, cried aloud, “Pelham, *mon joli petit mignon*, I have not seen you for an age—do give me your arm.”

Madame d’Anville was just before me, and, as I looked at her, I saw that her eyes were full of tears ; my heart smote me for my late inattention, and, going up to her, I only nodded to Lady —— and said, in reply to her invitation, “*Non, perfide*, it is *my* turn to be cruel *now*. Remember your flirtation with Mr Howard de Howard.”

“Pooh !” said Lady ——, taking Lord Vincent’s arm, “your jealousy does indeed rest upon ‘*a trifle light as air*.’”

“Do you forgive me ;” whispered I to Madame d’Anville, as I handed her to the *salle à manger*.

“Does not love forgive everything?” was her answer.

“At least,” thought I, “it never talks in those pretty phrases !”

The conversation soon turned upon books. As for me, I rarely at that time took a share in those discussions ; indeed, I have long laid it down as a rule, that when your fame, or your notoriety, is once established, you never gain by talking to more than one person at a time. If you don’t shine, you are a fool—if you do, you are a bore. You must become either ridiculous or unpopular—either hurt your own self-love by stupidity, or that of others by wit. I therefore sat in silence, looking exceedingly edified, and now and then muttering “good !” “true !” Thank Heaven, however, the suspension of one faculty only increases the

vivacity of the others ; my eyes and ears always watch like sentinels over the repose of my lips. Careless and indifferent as I seem to all things, nothing ever escapes me : I have two peculiarities which serve me, it may be, instead of talent ; *I observe, and I remember.*

“ You have seen Jouy’s *Hermite de la Chaussée d’Antin* ? ” said our host to Lord Vincent.

“ I have, and think meanly of it. There is a perpetual aim at something pointed, which as perpetually merges into something dull. He is like a bad swimmer, strikes out with great force, makes a confounded splash, and never gets a yard the further for it. It is a great effort *not to sink*. Indeed, Monsieur d’A——, your literature is at a very reduced ebb ;—bombastic in the drama—shallow in philosophy—mawkish in poetry, your writers in the present day seem to think, with Boileau—

‘ Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire. ’ *

“ Surely,” cried Madame d’Anville, “ you will allow De la Martine’s poetry to be beautiful ? ”

“ I allow it,” said he, “ to be among the best you have ; and I know very few lines in your language equal to the two first stanzas in his *Meditation on Napoleon*, or to those exquisite verses called *Le Lac* ; but *you* will allow also, that he wants originality and nerve. His thoughts are pathetic, but not deep ; he whines, but sheds no tears. He has, in his imitation of Lord Byron, reversed the great miracle ; instead of turning water into wine, he has turned wine into water.

* Often of all our ills the worst is reason.

Besides, he is so unpardonably obscure. He thinks, with Bacchus (you remember, D'A——, the line in Euripides, which I will *not* quote), that 'there is something august in the shades;' but he has applied this thought wrongly—in his obscurity there is nothing sublime—it is the background of a Dutch picture. It is only a red herring, or an old hat which he has invested with such pomposity of shadow and darkness."

"But his verses are *so* smooth," said Lady ——.

"Ah!" answered Vincent.

"Quand la rime enfin se trouve au bout des vers,
Qu'importe que le reste y soit mis de travers.'"*

"*Helas!*" said the Viscount d'A——, an author of no small celebrity himself; "I agree with you—we shall never again see a Voltaire or a Rousseau."

"There is but little justice in those complaints, often as they are made," replied Vincent. "You may not, it is true, see a Voltaire or a Rousseau, but you will see their equals. Genius can never be exhausted by one individual. In our country the poets, after Chaucer in the fifteenth century, complained of the decay of their art—they did not anticipate Shakespeare. In Hayley's time, who ever dreamt of the ascension of Byron! Yet Shakespeare and Byron came like the bridegroom 'in the dead of night;' and you have the same probability of producing—not indeed another Rousseau, but a writer to do equal honour to your literature."

"I think," said Lady ——, "that Rousseau's *Julie*

* No matter what the stuff, if good the rhyme—

The rubble stands cemented with the lime.—*Paraphrase.*

is over-rated. I had heard so much of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* when I was a girl, and been so often told that it was destruction to read it, that I bought the book the very day after I was married. I own to you that I could not get through it."

"I am not surprised at it," answered Vincent; "but Rousseau is not the less a genius for all that. There is no plot in his novel to bear out the style, and he himself is right when he says, 'this book will suit few readers.' One letter would delight every one—four volumes of them are a surfeit—it is the *toujours perdrix*. But the chief beauty of that wonderful conception of an impassioned and meditative mind is to be found in the inimitable manner in which the thoughts are embodied, and in the tenderness, the truth, the profundity of the thoughts themselves. When Lord Edouard says, '*c'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie,*'* he inculcates, in one simple phrase, a profound and unanswerable truth. It is in these remarks that nature is chiefly found in the writings of Rousseau. Too much engrossed in himself to be deeply skilled in the *characters* of others, that very *self-study* had yet given him a knowledge of the more hidden recesses of the heart. He could perceive at once the motive and the cause of actions, but he wanted the patience to trace the elaborate and winding progress of their effects. He saw the passions in their home, but he could not follow them abroad. He knew *mankind* in the general,

* It is the path of the passions which has conducted me to philosophy.

but not *men* in the detail. Thus, when he makes an aphorism, or reflection, it comes home at once to you as true ; but when he would *analyse* that reflection—when he argues, reasons, and attempts to prove, you reject him as unnatural, or you refute him as false. It is then that he partakes of that *manie commune* which he imputes to other philosophers, ‘*de nier ce qui est, et d’expliquer ce qui n’est pas.*’* *

There was a short pause. “I think,” said Madame d’Anville, “that it is in those reflections which you admire so much in Rousseau, that our authors in general excel.”

“You are right,” said Vincent, “and for this reason—with you men of letters are nearly always men of the world. Hence their quick perceptions are devoted to human beings as well as to books. They make observations acutely, and embody them with grace ; but it is worth remarking, that the same cause which produced the aphorism, frequently prevents its being profound. These literary *gens du monde* have the tact to observe, but not the patience, perhaps not the time, to investigate. They make the maxim, but they never explain to you the train of reasoning which led to it. Hence they are more brilliant than true. An English writer will seldom dare to make a maxim, involving, perhaps, in two lines, one of the most important of moral problems, without bringing pages to support his dictum. A French essayist leaves it wholly to itself. He tells you neither how he came by his reasons, nor

* To deny that which is, and explain that which is not.

their conclusion : *le plus fou souvent est le plus satisfait.** Consequently, if less tedious than the English, your reasoners are more dangerous, and ought rather to be considered as models of terseness than of reflection. A man might learn to *think* sooner from your writers, but he will learn to *think justly* sooner from ours. Many observations of La Bruyère and Rochefoucault—the latter especially—have obtained credit for truth solely from their point. They possess exactly the same merit as the very sensible—permit me to add—very *French* line in Corneille :—

‘Ma plus douce espérance est de perdre l’espoir.’†

The marquess took advantage of the silence which followed Vincent’s criticism, to rise from the table. We all (except Vincent, who took leave) adjourned to the *salon*. “*Qui est cet homme là ?*” said one, “*comme il est épris de lui-même !*” “How silly he is,” cried another—“How ugly,” said a third. “What a taste in literature—such a talker—such shallowness, and such assurance—not worth the answering—could not slip in a word—disagreeable, revolting, awkward, slovenly,” were the most complimentary opinions bestowed upon the unfortunate Vincent. The old railed at his *mauvais goût*, and the young at his *mauvais cœur*, for the former always attribute whatever does not correspond with their sentiments, to a perversion of taste ; and the lat-

* He who has the least sense is the most satisfied.

† My sweetest hoping is to forfeit hope.

ter, whatever does not come up to their enthusiasm, to a depravity of heart.

As for me, I went home, enriched with two new observations; first, that one may not speak of anything relative to a foreign country as one would if one were a native. National censures become particular affronts. Secondly, that those who know mankind in theory seldom know it in practice; the very wisdom that conceives a rule is accompanied with the abstraction or the vanity which destroys it. I mean that the philosopher of the cabinet is often too diffident to put into action his observations, or too eager for display to conceal their design. Lord Vincent values himself upon his *science du monde*. He has read much upon men, he has reflected more; he lays down aphorisms to govern or to please them. He goes into society; he is cheated by the one half, and the other half he offends. The sage in the cabinet is but a fool in the *salon*; and the most consummate men of the world are those who have considered the least on it.

CHAPTER XXV.

Falstaff.—What money is in my purse?

Page.—Seven groats and twopence.—*Second Part of Henry IV.*

En iterum Crispinus !

THE next day a note was brought me, which had been sent to my former lodgings in the Hôtel de Paris ; it was from Thornton.

“MY DEAR SIR” (it began),—“I am very sorry that particular business will prevent me the pleasure of seeing you at my rooms on Saturday. I hope to be more fortunate some other day. I should be glad to introduce you, the first opportunity, to my friends in the Rue Grétry, for I like obliging my countrymen. I am sure, if you were to go there, you would cut and come again—one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

“I beg you to accept my repeated excuses, and remain, dear Sir, your very obedient servant,

“THOMAS THORNTON.

“Rue St Dominique,

“Friday Morning.”

The letter produced in me many and manifold cogitations. What could possibly have induced Mr Tom

Thornton, rogue as he was, to postpone thus, of his own accord, the plucking of a pigeon, which he had such good reason to believe he had entrapped? There was evidently no longer the same avidity to cultivate my acquaintance as before ; in putting off our appointment with so little ceremony, he did not even fix a day for another meeting. What had altered his original designs towards me ? for if Vincent's account were true, it was natural to suppose that he wished to profit by any acquaintance he might form with me, and therefore such an acquaintance his own interest would induce him to continue and confirm.

Either, then, he no longer had the same necessity for a dupe, or he no longer imagined I should become one. Yet neither of these suppositions was probable. It was not likely that he should grow suddenly honest or suddenly rich ; nor had I, on the other hand, given him any reason to suppose I was a jot more wary than any other individual he might have imposed upon. On the contrary, I had appeared to seek his acquaintance with an eagerness which said but little for my knowledge of the world. The more I reflected the more I should have been puzzled, had I not connected his present backwardness with his acquaintance with the stranger, whom he termed Warburton. It is true that I had no reason to suppose so : it was a conjecture wholly unsupported, and, indeed, against my better sense ; yet, from some unanalysed associations, I could not divest myself of the supposition.

“ I will soon see,” thought I ; and wrapping myself

in my cloak, for the day was bitterly cold, I bent my way to Thornton's lodgings. I could not explain to myself the deep interest I took in whatever was connected with (the so-called) Warburton, or whatever promised to discover more clearly any particulars respecting him. His behaviour in the gambling-house; his conversation with the woman in the Jardin des Plantes; and the singular circumstance, that a man of so very aristocratic an appearance should be connected with Thornton, and only seen in such low scenes and with such low society, would not have been sufficient so strongly to occupy my mind, had it not been for certain dim recollections and undefinable associations that his appearance when present, and my thoughts of him when absent, perpetually recalled.

As, engrossed with meditations of this nature, I was passing over the Pont Neuf, I perceived the man whom Warburton had so earnestly watched in the gambling-house, and whom my conjectures identified with the "Tyrrell," who had formed the subject of conversation in the Jardin des Plantes, pass slowly before me. There was an appearance of great exhaustion in his swarthy and strongly-marked countenance. He walked carelessly on, neither looking to the right nor the left, with that air of thought and abstraction common to all men in the habit of indulging any engrossing and exciting passion.

We were just on the other side of the Seine, when I perceived the woman of the Jardin des Plantes approach. Tyrrell (for that, I afterwards discovered, was

really his name) started as she came near, and asked her, in a tone of some asperity, where she had been? As I was but a few paces behind, I had a clear, full view of the woman's countenance. She was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Her features were decidedly handsome, though somewhat too sharp and aquiline. Her eyes were light and rather sunken; and her complexion bespoke somewhat of the paleness and languor of ill-health. On the whole, the expression of her face, though decided, was not unpleasing, and when she returned Tyrrell's rather rude salutation, it was with a smile, which made her, for the moment, absolutely beautiful.

"Where have I been to?" she said, in answer to his interrogatory; "why, I went to look at the New Church, which they told me was so *superbe*."

"Methinks," replied the man, "that ours are not precisely the circumstances in which such spectacles are amusing."

"Nay, Tyrrell," said the woman, as, taking his arm, they walked on together a few paces before me, "nay, we are quite rich now to what we have been; and, if you *do* play again, our two hundred pounds may swell into a fortune. Your losses have brought you skill, and you may now turn them into actual advantages."

Tyrrell did not reply exactly to these remarks, but appeared as if debating with himself. "Two hundred pounds—twenty already gone!—in a few months all will have melted away. What is it then now but a

respite from starvation?—but with luck it may become a competence.”

“And why not have luck? many a fortune has been made with a worse beginning,” said the woman.

“True, Margaret,” pursued the gambler, “and even without luck, our fate can only commence a month or two sooner—better a short doom than a lingering torture.”

“What think you of trying some new game where you have more experience, or where the chances are greater than in that of *rouge-et-noir*?” asked the woman. “Could you not make something out of that tall, handsome man, who, Thornton says, is so rich?”

“Ah, if one could!” sighed Tyrrell, wistfully. “Thornton tells me that he has won thousands from him, and that they are mere drops in his income. Thornton is a good, easy, careless fellow, and might let me into a share of the booty; but then, in what games can I engage him?”

Here I passed this well-suited pair, and lost the remainder of their conversation. “Well,” thought I, “if this precious personage does starve at last, he will most richly deserve it, partly for his designs on the stranger, principally for his opinion of Thornton. If he were a knave only, one might pity him; but a knave and a fool both are a combination of evil for which there is no intermediate purgatory of opinion—nothing short of utter damnation.”

I soon arrived at Mr Thornton’s abode. The same

old woman, poring over the same novel of Crebillon, made me the same reply as before ; and, accordingly, again I ascended the obscure and rugged stairs, which seemed to indicate that the road to vice is not so easy as one generally supposes. I knocked at the door, and, receiving no answering acknowledgment, opened it at once. The first thing I saw was the dark rough coat of Warburton ; that person's back was turned to me, and he was talking with some energy to Thornton (who lounged idly in a chair, with one ungartered leg thrown over the elbow).

“Ah, Mr Pelham,” exclaimed the latter, starting from his not very graceful position, “it gives me great pleasure to see you—Mr Warburton, Mr Pelham—Mr Pelham, Mr Warburton.”

My new-made and mysterious acquaintance drew himself up to his full height, and bowed very slightly to my own acknowledgment of the introduction. A low person would have thought him rude. I only supposed him ignorant of the world. No man of the world is uncivil. He turned round, after this stiff condescension, and sank down on the sofa, with his back towards me.

“I was mistaken,” thought I, “when I believed him to be above such associates as Thornton—they are well matched.”

“My dear sir,” said Thornton, “I am very sorry I could not see you to breakfast—a particular engagement prevented me—*verbum sap.* Mr Pelham, you take me, I suppose—black eyes, white skin, and such

an ankle!" and the fellow rubbed his great hands and chuckled.

"Well," said I, "I cannot blame you, whatever may be my loss—a dark eye and a straight ankle are powerful excuses. What says Mr Warburton to them?" and I turned to the object of my interrogatory.

"Really," he answered, dryly (but in a voice that struck me as feigned and artificial), and without moving from his uncourteous position, "Mr Thornton only can judge of the niceties of his peculiar tastes, or the justice of his general excuses."

Mr Warburton said this in a sarcastic bitter tone. Thornton bit his lips—more, I should think, at the manner than the words—and his small grey eyes sparkled with a malignant and stern expression, which suited the character of his face far better than the careless levity which his glances usually denoted.

"They are no such great friends after all," thought I; "and now let me change my attack.—Pray," I asked, "among all your numerous acquaintances at Paris did you ever meet with a Mr Tyrrell?"

Warburton started from his chair, and as instantly reseated himself. Thornton eyed me with one of those peculiar looks which so strongly reminded me of a dog in deliberation whether to bite or run away.

"I do know a Mr Tyrrell," he said, after a short pause.

"What sort of a person is he?" I asked with an indifferent air—"a great gamester, is he not!"

"He does slap it down on the colours now and then,

replied Thornton. "I hope you don't know him, Mr Pelham !"

"Why?" said I, evading the question. "His character is not affected by a propensity so common, unless, indeed, you suppose him to be more a gambler than a gamester—viz., more acute than unlucky."

"Heaven forbid that I should say any such thing," replied Thornton ; "you won't catch an old lawyer in such imprudence."

"The greater the truth, the greater the libel," said Warburton, with a sneer.

"No," resumed Thornton, "I know nothing against Mr Tyrrell—*nothing!* He *may be* a very good man, and I believe he is ; but as a friend, Mr Pelham" (and Mr Thornton grew quite affectionate), "I advise you to have as little as possible to do *with that sort of people.*"

"Truly," said I, "you have now excited my curiosity. Nothing, you know, is half so inviting as mystery."

Thornton looked as if he had expected a very different reply ; and Warburton said, in an abrupt tone—

"Whoever enters an unknown road in a fog may easily lose himself."

"True," said I ; "but that very chance is more agreeable than a road where one knows every tree ! Danger and novelty are more to my taste than safety and sameness. Besides, as I rarely gamble myself, I can lose little by an acquaintance with those who do."

Another pause ensued—and finding I had got all from Mr Thornton and his uncourteous guest that I was likely to do, I took my hat and my departure.

“I do not know,” thought I, “whether I have profited much by this visit. Let me consider. In the first place, I have not ascertained why I was put off by Mr Thornton—for as to his excuse, it could only have availed one day, and had he been anxious for my acquaintance, he would have named another. I have, however, discovered, first, that he does not wish me to form any connection with Tyrrell; secondly, from Warburton’s sarcasm and his glance of reply, that there is but little friendship between those two, whatever be the *intimacy*; and, thirdly, that Warburton, from his *dorsal* positions, so studiously preserved, either wished to be uncivil or unnoticed.” The latter, after all, was the most probable supposition; and, upon the whole, I felt more than ever convinced that he was the person I suspected him to be.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Tell how the fates my giddy course did guide,
The inconstant turns of every changing hour.

Pierce Gaveston, by M. DRAYTON.

Je me retire donc.—Adieu, Paris, adieu !—BOILEAU.

WHEN I returned home, I found on my table the following letter from my mother :—

“MY DEAR HENRY,—I am rejoiced to hear you are so well entertained at Paris—that you have been so often to the D——s and C——s ; that Coulon says you are his best pupil—that your favourite horse is so much admired—and that you have only exceeded your allowance by £1000. With some difficulty I have persuaded your uncle to transmit you an order for £1500, which will, I trust, make up all your deficiencies.

“You must not, my dear child, be so extravagant for the future, and for a very good reason—viz., I do not see how you can. Your uncle, I fear, will not again be so generous, and your father cannot assist you. You will therefore see more clearly than ever the necessity of marrying an heiress : there are only two in England (the daughters of gentlemen) worthy of you—the most

deserving of these has £100,000 a-year, the other has £10,000. The former is old, ugly, and very ill-tempered ; the latter tolerably pretty and agreeable, and just of age ; but you will perceive the impropriety of even thinking of her till we have tried the other. I am going to ask both to my Sunday *soirées*, where I never admit any single men, so that *there*, at least, you will have no rivals.

“And now, my dear son, before I enter into a subject of great importance to you, I wish to recall to your mind that pleasure is never an end, but a means—viz., that in your horses and amusements at Paris—your visits and your *liaisons*—you have always, I trust, remembered that these were only so far desirable as the methods of shining in society. I have now a new scene on which you are to enter, with very different objects in view, and where any pleasures you may find have nothing the least in common with those you at present enjoy.

“I know that this preface will not frighten you, as it might many silly young men. Your education has been too carefully attended to, for you to imagine that any step can be rough or unpleasant which raises you in the world.

“To come at once to the point. One of the seats in your uncle’s borough of Buyemall is every day expected to be vacated ; the present member, Mr Toolington, cannot possibly live a week, and your uncle is very desirous that you should fill the vacancy which Mr Toolington’s death will create. Though I called it

Lord Glenmorris's borough, yet it is not entirely at his disposal, which I think very strange, since my father, who was not half so rich as your uncle, could send two members to Parliament without the least trouble in the world—but I don't understand these matters. Possibly your uncle (poor man !) does not manage them well. However, he says no time is to be lost. You are to return immediately to England, and come down to his house in ——shire. It is supposed you will have some contest, but be certain eventually to come in.

“ You will also, in this visit to Lord Glenmorris, have an excellent opportunity of securing his affection ; you know it is some time since he saw you, and the greater part of his property is unentailed. If you come into the House, you must devote yourself wholly to it, and I have no fear of your succeeding ; for I remember, when you were quite a child, how well you spoke, ‘ My name is Norval,’ and ‘ Romans, countrymen, and lovers,’ &c. I heard Mr Canning speak the other day, and I think his voice is quite like yours. In short, I make no doubt of seeing you in the Ministry in a very few years.

“ You see, my dear son, that it is absolutely necessary you should set out immediately. You will call on Lady ——, and you will endeavour to make firm friends of the most desirable among your present acquaintance ; so that you may be on the same footing you are now, should you return to Paris. This a little civility will easily do ; nobody (as I before observed),

except in England, ever loses by politeness ;—by the by, that last word is one you must never use, it is too *Gloucester Place like*.

“ You will also be careful, in returning to England, to make very little use of French phrases ; no vulgarity is more displeasing. I could not help being exceedingly amused by a book written the other day, which professes to give an accurate description of good society. Not knowing what to make us say in English, the author has made us talk nothing but French. I have often wondered what common people think of us, since in their novels they always affect to portray us so different from themselves. I am very much afraid we are in all things exactly like them, except in being more simple and unaffected. The higher the rank, indeed, the less pretence, because there is less to pretend *to*. This is the chief reason why our manners are better than low persons’ ; ours are more natural, because they imitate no one else ; theirs are affected, because they think to imitate ours ; and whatever is evidently borrowed becomes vulgar. Original affectation is sometimes good *ton*—imitated affectation, always bad.

“ Well, my dear Henry, I must now conclude this letter, already too long to be interesting. I hope to see you about ten days after you receive this ; and if you can bring me a Cashmere shawl, it would give me great pleasure to see your taste in its choice. God bless you, my dear son.—Your very affectionate,

“ FRANCES PELHAM.

“P.S.—I hope you go to church sometimes : I am sorry to see the young men of the present day so irreligious ; it is very bad taste ! Perhaps you could get my old friend, Madame de ——, to choose the Cashmere ;—take care of your health.”

This letter, which I read carefully twice over, threw me into a most serious meditation. My first feeling was regret at leaving Paris, my second was a certain exultation at the new prospects so unexpectedly opened to me. The great aim of a philosopher is to reconcile every disadvantage by some counterbalance of good ; where he cannot create this, he should imagine it. I began, therefore, to consider less what I should lose than what I should gain, by quitting Paris. In the first place, I was tolerably tired of its amusements : no business is half so fatiguing as pleasure. I longed for a change ; behold, a change was at hand ! Then, to say truth, I was heartily glad of a pretence of escaping from a numerous cohort of *folles amours*, with Madame d’Anville at the head ; and the very circumstance which men who play the German flute and fall in love would have considered the most vexatious, I regarded as the most consolatory.

My mind being thus relieved from its primary regret at my departure, I now suffered it to look forward to the advantages of my return to England. My love of excitement and variety made an election, in which I was to have both the importance of the contest and

the certainty of the success, a very agreeable object of anticipation.

I was also by this time wearied with my attendance upon women, and eager to exchange it for the ordinary objects of ambition to men ; and my vanity whispered that my success in the one was no unfavourable omen of my prosperity in the other. On my return to England, with a new scene and a new motive for conduct, I resolved that I would commence a different character from that I had hitherto assumed. How far I kept this resolution the various events hereafter to be shown will testify. For myself, I felt that I was now about to enter a more crowded scene upon a more elevated ascent ; and my previous experience of human nature was sufficient to convince me that my safety required a more continual circumspection, and my success a more dignified bearing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Je noterai cela, madame, dans mon livre.—MOLIERE.

I AM not one of those persons who are many days in deciding what may be effected in one. “On the third day from this,” said I to Bedos, “at half-past nine in the morning, I shall leave Paris for England.”

“Oh, my poor wife!” said the valet, “she will break her heart if I leave her.”

“Then stay,” said I. Bedos shrugged his shoulders.

“I prefer being with monsieur to all things.”

“What! even to your wife?” The courteous rascal placed his hand to his heart and bowed. “You shall not suffer by your fidelity—you shall take your wife with you.”

The conjugal valet’s countenance fell. “No,” he said—“no; he could not take advantage of monsieur’s generosity.”

“I insist upon it—not another word.”

“I beg a thousand pardons of monsieur; but—but my wife is very ill, and unable to travel.”

“Then, in that case, so excellent a husband cannot think of leaving a sick and destitute wife.”

“Poverty has no law : if I consulted my heart, and stayed, I should starve, *et il faut vivre.*” *

“*Je n’en vois pas la nécessité,*” † replied I, as I got into my carriage. That repartee, by the way, I cannot claim as my own ; it is the very unanswerable answer of a judge to an expostulating thief.

I made the round of reciprocal regrets, according to the orthodox formula. The Duchesse de Perpignan was the last (Madame d’Anville I reserved for another day) ; that virtuous and wise personage was in the boudoir of reception. I glanced at the fatal door as I entered. I have a great aversion, after anything has once happened and fairly subsided, to make any allusion to its former existence. I never, therefore, talked to the duchess about our ancient *égaremens*. I spoke, this morning, of the marriage of one person, the death of another, and, lastly, the departure of my individual self.

“When do you go ?” she said, eagerly.

“In two days ; my departure will be softened, if I can execute any commissions in England for madame.”

“None,” said she ; and then in a low tone (that none of the idlers, who were always found at her morning *levées*, should hear), she added, “you will receive a note from me this evening.”

I bowed, changed the conversation, and withdrew. I dined in my own rooms, and spent the evening in looking over the various *billets-doux* received during my *séjour* at Paris.

* One must live.

† I don’t see the necessity of that,

“Where shall I put all these locks of hair?” asked Bedos, opening a drawer full.

“Into my scrap-book.”

“And all these letters?”

“Into the fire.”

I was just getting into bed when the Duchesse de Perpignan’s note arrived ; it was as follows :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—For that word, so doubtful in our language, I may at least call you in *your own*. I am unwilling that you should leave this country with those sentiments you now entertain of me unaltered ; yet I cannot imagine any form of words of sufficient magic to change them. Oh ! if you knew how much I am to be pitied ; if you could look for one moment into this lonely and blighted heart ; if you could trace, step by step, the progress I have made in folly and sin, you would see how much of what you now condemn and despise I have owed to circumstances, rather than to the vice of my disposition. I was born a beauty, educated a beauty, owed fame, rank, power to beauty ; and it is to the advantages I have derived from person that I owe the ruin of my mind. You have seen how much I now derive from art ; I loathe myself as I write that sentence ; but no matter : from that moment you loathed me too. You did not take into consideration that I had been living on excitement all my youth, and that in my maturer years I could not relinquish it. I had reigned by my attractions, and I thought every art preferable to re-

signing my empire ; but, in feeding my vanity, I had not been able to stifle the dictates of my heart. Love is so natural to a woman, that she is scarcely a woman who resists it ; but in me it has been a sentiment, not a passion.

“Sentiment, then, and vanity, have been my seducers. I said that I owed my errors to circumstances, not to nature. You will say that, in confessing love and vanity to be my seducers, I contradict this assertion. You are mistaken. I mean, that though vanity and sentiment were in me, yet the scenes in which I have been placed, and the events which I have witnessed, gave to those latent currents of action a wrong and a dangerous direction. I was formed *to love* ; for one whom I did love I could have made every sacrifice. I married a man I hated, and I only learned the depths of my heart when it was too late.

“Enough of this ; you will leave this country : we shall never meet again—never ! You may return to Paris, but I shall then be no more ; *n’importe*—I shall be unchanged to the last. *Je mourrai en reine.*

“As a latest pledge of what I have felt for you, I send you the enclosed chain and ring ; as a latest favour, I request you to wear them for six months, and, above all, for two hours in the Tuileries to-morrow. You will laugh at this request ; it seems idle and romantic—perhaps it is so. Love has many exaggerations in sentiment, which reason would despise. What wonder, then, that mine, above that of all others, should conceive them ? You will not, I know, deny this request.

Farewell!—in this world we shall never meet again.
Farewell ! E. P.”

“A most sensible effusion,” said I to myself, when I had read this billet; “and yet, after all, it shows more feeling and more character than I could have supposed she possessed.” I took up the chain; it was of Maltese workmanship—not very handsome, nor, indeed, in any way remarkable, except for a plain hair ring which was attached to it, and which I found myself unable to take off without breaking. “It is a very singular request,” thought I, “but then it comes from a very singular person; and as it rather partakes of adventure and intrigue I shall at all events appear in the Tuileries to-morrow, *chained and ringed.*”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thy incivility shall not make me fail to do what becomes me : and since thou hast more valour than courtesy, I for thee will hazard that life which thou wouldst take from me.—*Cassandra*, “*elegantly done into English by Sir Charles Cotterell.*”

ABOUT the usual hour for the promenade in the Tuileries I conveyed myself thither. I set the chain and ring in full display, rendered still more conspicuous by the dark-coloured dress which I always wore. I had not been in the gardens ten minutes before I perceived a young Frenchman, scarcely twenty years of age, look with a very peculiar air at my new decorations. He passed and repassed me, much oftener than the alternations of the walk warranted ; and at last, taking off his hat, said in a low tone, that he wished much for the honour of exchanging a few words with me in private. I saw at the first glance that he was a gentleman, and accordingly withdrew with him among the trees, in the more retired part of the garden.

“Permit me,” said he, “to inquire how that ring and chain came into your possession ?”

“Monsieur,” I replied, “you will understand me, when I say that the honour of another person is implicated in my concealment of that secret.”

“Sir,” said the Frenchman, colouring violently, “I have seen them before—in a word, they belong to me !”

I smiled—my young hero fired at this. “*Oui, monsieur,*” said he, speaking very loud, and very quick, “they belong to *me*, and I insist upon your immediately restoring them, or vindicating your claim to them by arms.”

“You leave me but one answer, monsieur,” said I ; “I will find a friend to wait upon you immediately. Allow me to inquire your address ?” The Frenchman, who was greatly agitated, produced a card. We bowed and separated.

I was glancing over the address I held in my hand, which was—*C. de Vautran, Rue de Bourbon, Numéro*——, when my ears were saluted with—

“Now do you know me?—*thou* shouldst be Alonso.”

I did not require the faculty of sight to recognise Lord Vincent. “My dear fellow,” said I, “I am rejoiced to see you !” and thereupon I poured into his ear the particulars of my morning adventure. Lord Vincent listened to me with much apparent interest, and spoke very unaffectedly of his readiness to serve me, and his regret at the occasion.

“Pooh !” said I, “a duel in France is not like one in England ; the former is a matter of course ; a trifle of common occurrence ; one makes an engagement to fight, in the same breath as an engagement to dine ; but the latter is a thing of state and solemnity—long faces—early rising—and will-making. But *do* get this

business over as soon as you can, that we may dine at the Rocher afterwards."

"Well, my dear Pelham," said Vincent, "I cannot refuse you my services ; and as I suppose Monsieur *de Vautran* will choose swords, I venture to augur everything from your skill in that species of weapon. It is the first time I have ever interfered in affairs of this nature, but I hope to get well through the present.

'Nobilis ornatur lauro collega *secundo*,'

as Juvenal says : *au revoir*," and away went Lord Vincent, half forgetting all his late anxiety for my life in his paternal pleasure for the delivery of his quotation.

Vincent is the only punster I ever knew with a good heart. No action, to that race in general, is so serious an occupation as the play upon words ; and the remorseless habit of murdering a phrase, renders them perfectly obdurate to the simple death of a friend. I walked through every variety the straight paths of the Tuileries could afford, and was beginning to get exceedingly tired, when Lord Vincent returned. He looked very grave, and I saw at once that he was come to particularise the circumstances of the last extreme. "*The Bois de Boulogne—pistols—in one hour*," were the three leading features of his detail.

"Pistols !" said I ; "well, be it so. I would rather have had swords, for the young man's sake as much as my own ; but thirteen paces and a steady aim will settle the business as soon. We will try a bottle of the Chambertin to-day, Vincent." The punster smiled

faintly, and for once in his life made no reply. We walked gravely and soberly to my lodgings for the pistols, and then proceeded to the engagement as silently as philosophers should do.

The Frenchman and his second were on the ground first. I saw that the former was pale and agitated—not, I think, from fear, but passion. When we took our ground, Vincent came to me, and said, in a low tone, “For Heaven’s sake, suffer me to accommodate this, if possible !”

“It is not in *our* power,” said I, receiving the pistol. I looked steadily at De Vautran, and took my aim. His pistol, owing, I suppose, to the trembling of his hand, went off a moment sooner than he had anticipated—the ball grazed my hat. My aim was more successful—I struck him in the shoulder—the exact place I had intended. He staggered a few paces, but did not fall.

We hastened towards him—his cheek assumed a still more livid hue as I approached—he muttered some half-formed curses between his teeth, and turned from me to his second.

“You will inquire whether Monsieur de Vautran is satisfied,” said I to Vincent, and retired to a short distance.

“His second,” said Vincent (after a brief conference with that person), “replies to my question, that Monsieur de Vautran’s wound has left him, for the present, no alternative.” Upon this answer I took Vincent’s arm, and we returned forthwith to my carriage.

“I congratulate you most sincerely on the event of this duel,” said Vincent. “Monsieur de M——” (De Vautran’s second) “informed me, when I waited on him, that your antagonist was one of the most celebrated pistol-shots in Paris, and that a lady with whom he had been long in love, made the death of the chain-bearer the price of her favours. Devilish lucky for you, my good fellow, that his hand trembled so ; but I did not know *you* were so good a shot.”

“Why,” I answered, “I am *not* what is vulgarly termed ‘a crack shot’—I cannot split a bullet on a penknife ; but I am sure of a target somewhat smaller than a man : and my hand is as certain in the field as it is in the practice-yard.”

“*Le sentiment de nos forces les augmente,*” * replied Vincent. “Shall I tell the coachman to drive to the Rocher ?”

* The conviction of our forces augments them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Here's a kind host, that makes the invitation,
To your own cost, to his *fort bonne collation*.

WYCHERLY'S *Gent. Dancing Master*.

Vous pouvez bien juger que je n'aurai pas grande peine à me consoler d'une chose dont je me suis déjà consolé tant de fois.—*Lettres de Boileau*.

As I was walking home with Vincent from the Rue Montorgueil, I saw, on entering the Rue St Honoré, two figures before us ; the tall and noble stature of the one I could not for a moment mistake. They stopped at the door of an hotel, which opened in that noiseless manner so peculiar to the *conciergerie* of France. I was at the door the moment they disappeared, but not before I had caught a glance of the dark locks and pale countenance of Warburton—my eye fell upon the number of the hotel.

“Surely,” said I, “I have been in that house before.”

“Likely enough,” growled Vincent, who was gloriously drunk. “It is a house of twofold utility—you may play with cards or coquet with women, which you please.”

At these words I remembered the hotel and its inmates immediately. It belonged to an old nobleman, who, though on the brink of the grave, was still grasping at the good things on the margin. He lived with

a pretty and clever woman, who bore the name and honours of his wife. They kept up two *salons*, one *pour le petit souper*, and the other *pour le petit jeu*. You saw much *écarté* and more love-making, and lost your heart and your money with equal facility. In a word, the marquis and his *jolie petite femme* were a wise and prosperous couple, who made the best of their lives, and lived decently and honourably upon other people.

“*Allons, Pelham!*” cried Vincent, as I was still standing at the door in deliberation; “how much longer will you keep me to congeal in this ‘eager and nipping air’—‘*Quamdiu patientiam nostram abutêre, Catilina.*’”

“Let us enter,” said I. “I have the run of the house, and we may find——”

“Some young vices—some fair iniquities,” interrupted Vincent, with a hiccup—

“‘Leade on, good fellowe,’ quoth Robin Hood,
‘Leade on, I do bid thee.’”

And with these words the door opened in obedience to my rap, and we mounted to the marquis’s tenement *au première*.

The room was pretty full—the *soi-disante* marquise was flitting from table to table—betting at each, and coquetting with all; and the marquis himself, with a moist eye and a shaking hand, was affecting the Don Juan with the various Elviras and Annas with which his *salon* was crowded. Vincent was trying to follow me through the crowd, but his confused vision and unsteady footing led him from one entanglement to another, till he was quite unable to proceed. A tall

corpulent Frenchman, six feet by five, was leaning (*a great and weighty objection*) just before him, utterly occupied in the vicissitudes of an *écarté* table, and unconscious of Vincent's repeated efforts, first on one side, and then on the other, to pass him.

At last, the perplexed wit, getting more irascible as he grew more bewildered, suddenly seized the vast encumbrance by the arm, and said to him in a sharp, querulous tone, "Pray, monsieur, why are you like the lote-tree in Mahomet's seventh heaven?"

"*Sir!*" cried the astonished Frenchman.

"Because," continued Vincent, answering his own enigma—"because, *beyond you there is no passing!*"

The Frenchman (one of that race who always forgives anything for a *bon mot*) smiled, bowed, and drew himself aside. Vincent steered by, and, joining me, hiccuped out, "*Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.*"

Meanwhile I had looked round the room for the objects of my pursuit: to my great surprise I could not perceive them. They may be in the other room, thought I, and to the other room I went; the supper was laid out, and an old *bonne* was quietly helping herself to some sweetmeat. All *other* human beings (if, indeed, an old woman can be called a human being!) were, however, invisible, and I remained perfectly bewildered as to the non-appearance of Warburton and his companion. I entered the gaming-room once more—I looked round in every corner—I examined every face—but in vain; and with a feeling of disappointment very disproportioned to my loss, I took Vincent's arm, and we withdrew.

The next morning I spent with Madame d'Anville. A Frenchwoman easily consoles herself for the loss of a lover—she converts him into a friend, and thinks herself (nor is she much deceived) benefited by the exchange. We talked of our grief in maxims, and bade each other adieu in antitheses. Ah! it is a pleasant thing to drink with Alcidonis (in Marmontel's Tale) of the rose-coloured phial—to sport with the fancy, not to brood over the passion of youth. There is a time when the heart, from very tenderness, runs over, and (so much do our virtues as well as vices flow from our passions) there is, perhaps, rather hope than anxiety for the future in that excess. Then, if Pleasure errs, it errs through heedlessness, not design; and Love, wandering over flowers, “proffers honey, but bears *not* a sting.” Ah! happy time! in the lines of one who can so well translate feeling into words—

“Fate has not darkened thee—Hope has not made
The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade;
Nothing is known of those wearing fears
Which will shadow the light of *our* after years.”

The Improvisatrice.

Pardon this digression—not much, it must be confessed, in my ordinary strain—but let me, dear reader, very seriously advise thee not to judge of me yet. When thou hast got to the end of my book, if thou dost condemn it or its hero—why “I will let thee alone” (as honest Dogberry advises) “till thou art sober; and if thou make me not then the better answer, thou art not the man I took thee for.”

CHAPTER XXX.

It must be confessed, that flattery comes mightily easily to one's mouth in the presence of royalty.—*Letters of Stephen Montague.*

'Tis he.—How came he thence—what doth he here?—*Lara.*

I HAD received for that evening (my last at Paris) an invitation from the Duchesse de B——. I knew that the party was to be small, and that very few besides the royal family would compose it. I had owed the honour of this invitation to my intimacy with the ——s, the great friends of the duchesse, and I promised myself some pleasure in the engagement.

There were but eight or nine persons present when I entered the royal chamber. The most distinguished of these I recognised immediately as the ——. He came forward with much grace as I approached, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me.

“You were presented, I think, about a month ago,” added the ——, with a smile of singular fascination; “I remember it well.”

I bowed low to this compliment.

“Do you propose staying long at Paris?” continued the ——.

“I protracted,” I replied, “my departure solely for

the honour this evening affords me. In so doing, please your —, I have followed the wise maxim of keeping the greatest pleasure to the last.”

The royal chevalier bowed to my answer with a smile still sweeter than before, and began a conversation with me which lasted for several minutes. I was much struck with the ——’s air and bearing. They possess great dignity, without any affectation of its assumption. He speaks peculiarly good English, and the compliment of addressing me in that language was therefore as judicious as delicate. His observations owed little to his rank; they would have struck you as appropriate, and the air which accompanied them pleased you as graceful even in a simple individual. Judge, then, if they charmed me in the ——. The upper part of his countenance is prominent and handsome, and his eyes have much softness of expression. His figure is slight and particularly well knit; perhaps he is altogether more adapted to strike in private than in public with effect. Upon the whole, he is one of those very few persons of great rank whom you would have pride in knowing as an equal, and have pleasure in acknowledging as a superior.*

As the —— paused, and turned with great courtesy

* The sketch of these unfortunate members of an exiled and illustrious family may not be the less interesting from the reverses which, since the first publication of this work, placed the Orleans family on the Bourbon throne. As for the erring Charles X., he was neither a great monarch nor a wise man, but he was, in air, grace, and manner, the most thorough-bred gentleman I ever met.—*H. P.*

to the Duc de ——, I bowed my way to the Duchesse de B——. That personage, whose liveliness and piquancy of manner always make one wish for one's own sake that her rank was less exalted, was speaking with great volubility to a tall, stupid-looking man, one of the ministers, and smiled most graciously upon me as I drew near. She spoke to me of our national amusements. "You are not," said she, "so fond of dancing as we are."

"We have not the same exalted example to be at once our motive and our model," said I, in allusion to the duchesse's well-known attachment to that accomplishment. The Duchesse d'A—— came up as I said this, and the conversation flowed on evenly enough till the ——'s whist-party was formed. His partner was Madame de la R——, the heroine of La Vendée. She was a tall and very stout woman, singularly lively and entertaining, and appeared to possess both the moral and the physical energy to accomplish feats still more noble than those she performed.

I soon saw that it would not do for me to stay very long. I had already made a favourable impression, and in such cases it is my constant rule immediately to retire. Stay, if it be whole hours, until you *have* pleased, but leave the moment *after* your success. A great genius should not linger too long either in the *salon* or the world. He must quit each with *éclat*. In obedience to this rule, I no sooner found that my court had been effectually made than I rose to withdraw.

"You will return soon to Paris?" said the Duchesse de B——.

“I cannot resist it,” I replied. “*Mon corps reviendra pour chercher mon cœur.*”

“We shall not forget you,” said the duchesse.

“Your royal highness has *now* given me my only inducement *not* to return,” I answered, as I bowed out of the room.

It was much too early to go home : at that time I was too young and restless to sleep till long after midnight ; and while I was deliberating in what manner to pass the hours, I suddenly recollected the hotel in the Rue St Honoré, to which Vincent and I had paid so unceremonious a visit the night before. Impressed with the hope that I might be more successful in meeting Warburton than I had been, I ordered the coachman to drive to the abode of the old Marquis ——.

The *salon* was as crowded as usual. I lost a few napoleons at *écarté* in order to pay my *entrée*, and then commenced a desultory flirtation with one of the fair decoys. In this occupation my eye and my mind frequently wandered. I could not divest myself of the hope of once more seeing Warburton before my departure from Paris, and every reflection which confirmed my suspicions of his identity redoubled my interest in his connection with Tyrrell and the vulgar *débauché* of the Rue St Dominique. I was making some languid reply to my Cynthia of the minute, when my ear was suddenly greeted by an English voice. I looked round, and saw Thornton in close conversation with a man whose back was turned to me, but whom I rightly conjectured to be Tyrrell.

“ Oh! he'll be here soon,” said the former, “ and we'll *bleed him* regularly to-night. It is very singular that you who play so much better should not have *floored* him yesterday evening.”

Tyrrell replied in a tone so low as to be inaudible, and a minute afterwards the door opened, and Warburton entered. He came up instantly to Thornton and his companion; and after a few words of ordinary salutation, Warburton said, in one of those modulated and artificial tones so peculiar to himself, “ I am sure, Tyrrell, that you must be eager for your revenge. To lose to such a mere tyro as myself is quite enough to double the pain of defeat and the desire of retaliation.”

I did not hear Tyrrell's reply, but the trio presently moved towards the door, which till then I had not noticed, and which was probably the entrance to our hostess's *boudoir*. The *soi-disante* marquise opened it herself, for which kind office Thornton gave her a leer and a wink, characteristic of his claims to gallantry. When the door was again closed upon them, I went up to the marquise, and, after a few compliments, asked whether the room *Messieurs les Anglais* had entered was equally open to all guests.

“ Why,” said she, with a slight hesitation, “ those gentlemen play for higher stakes than we usually do here, and one of them is apt to get irritated by the advice and expostulations of the lookers-on; and so, after they had played a short time in the *salon* last night, Monsieur Thornton, a very old friend of mine” (here the lady looked down), “ asked me permission to

occupy the inner room ; and as I knew him so well, I could have no scruple in obliging him."

"Then, I suppose," said I, "that as a stranger I have not permission to intrude upon them?"

"Shall I inquire?" answered the marquise.

"No!" said I, "it is not worth while;" and accordingly I reseated myself, and appeared once more occupied in saying *des belles choses* to my kind-hearted neighbour. I could not, however, with all my dissimulation, sustain a conversation from which my present feelings were so estranged, for more than a few minutes; and I was never more glad than when my companion, displeased with my inattention, rose, and left me to my own reflections.

What could Warburton (if he were the person I suspected) gain by the disguise he had assumed? He was too rich to profit by any sums he could win from Tyrrell, and too much removed from Thornton's station in life to derive any pleasure or benefit from his acquaintance with that person. His dark threats of vengeance in the Jardin des Plantes, and his reference to the two hundred pounds Tyrrell possessed, gave me, indeed, some clue as to his real object; but then—why this disguise? Had he known Tyrrell before, in his proper semblance, and had anything passed between them, which rendered this concealment now expedient?—this, indeed, seemed probable enough; but was Thornton intrusted with the secret?—and if revenge was the object, was that low man a partaker in its execution?—or was he not, more probably, playing the traitor to both? As for Tyrrell himself, his own de-

signs upon Warburton were sufficient to prevent pity for any fall into the pit he had digged for others.

Meanwhile, time passed on, the hour grew late, and the greater part of the guests were gone ; still I could not tear myself away ; I looked from time to time at the door with an indescribable feeling of anxiety. I longed, yet dreaded for it to open ; I felt as if my own fate were in some degree implicated in what was then agitating within, and I could not resolve to depart until I had formed some conclusions on the result.

At length the door opened ; Tyrrell came forth ; his countenance was perfectly hueless, his cheek was sunk and hollow ; the excitement of two hours had been sufficient to render it so. I observed that his teeth were set, and his hand clenched, as they are when we idly seek, by the strained and extreme tension of the nerves, to sustain the fever and the agony of the mind. Warburton and Thornton followed him ; the latter with his usual air of reckless indifference—his quick rolling eye glanced from the marquis to myself, and, though his colour changed slightly, his nod of recognition was made with its wonted impudence and ease ; but Warburton passed on, like Tyrrell, without noticing or heeding anything around. He fixed his large bright eye upon the figure which preceded him without once altering its direction, and the extreme beauty of his features, which not all the dishevelled length of his hair and whiskers could disguise, was lighted up with a joyous but savage expression, which made me turn away almost with a sensation of fear.

Just as Tyrrell was leaving the room, Warburton put his hand upon his shoulder—"Stay," said he, "I am going your way, and will accompany you." He turned round to Thornton (who was already talking with the marquis) as he said this, and waved his hand, as if to prevent his following; the next moment, Tyrrell and himself had left the room.

I could not now remain longer. I felt a feverish restlessness, which impelled me onwards. I quitted the *salon*, and was on the staircase before the gamesters had descended. Warburton was, indeed, but a few steps before me; the stairs were but very dimly lighted by one expiring lamp; he did not turn round to see me, and was probably too much engrossed to hear me.

"You may yet have a favourable reverse," said he to Tyrrell.

"Impossible!" replied the latter, in a tone of such deep anguish that it thrilled me to the very heart. "I am an utter beggar—I have nothing in the world—I have no expectation but to starve!"

While he was saying this, I perceived by the faint and uncertain light that Warburton's hand was raised to his own countenance.

"Have you *no* hope—no spot wherein to look for comfort?—is beggary your absolute and only possible resource from famine!" he replied, in a low and suppressed tone.

At that moment we were just descending into the courtyard. Warburton was but one step behind Tyrrell: the latter made no answer; but as he passed from

the dark staircase into the clear moonlight of the court, I caught a glimpse of the big tears which rolled heavily and silently down his cheeks. Warburton laid his hand upon him.

“Turn!” he cried, suddenly; “your cup is not yet full—look upon me—and *remember!*”

I pressed forward—the light shone full upon the countenance of the speaker—the dark hair was gone—my suspicions were true—I discovered at one glance the bright locks and lofty brow of Reginald Glanville. Slowly Tyrrell gazed, as if he were endeavouring to repel some terrible remembrance which gathered with every instant more fearfully upon him, until, as the stern countenance of Glanville grew darker and darker in its mingled scorn and defiance, he uttered one low cry, and sank senseless upon the earth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.—SHAKESPEARE.

What, ho ! for England !—IBID.

I HAVE always had an insuperable horror of being placed in what the vulgar call a *predicament*. In a predicament I was most certainly placed at the present moment. A man at my feet in a fit—the cause of it having very wisely disappeared, devolving upon me the charge of watching, recovering, and conducting home the afflicted person—made a concatenation of disagreeable circumstances, as much unsuited to the temper of Henry Pelham as his evil fortune could possibly have contrived.

After a short pause of deliberation I knocked up the porter, procured some cold water, and bathed Tyrrell's temples for several moments before he recovered. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked carefully round with a fearful and suspicious glance. "Gone—gone," he muttered; "ay—what did he here at such a moment?—vengeance—for what? I could not tell it would have killed her—let him thank his own folly. I do not fear; I defy his malice." And with these words Tyrrell sprang to his feet.

“Can I assist you to your home?” said I; “you are still unwell—pray suffer me to have that pleasure.”

I spoke with some degree of warmth and sincerity; the unfortunate man stared wildly at me for a moment before he replied. “Who,” said he, at last—“who speaks to *me*—the lost, the guilty, the ruined—in the accents of interest and kindness?”

I placed his arm in mine, and drew him out of the yard into the open street. He looked at me with an eager and wistful survey, and then, by degrees, appearing to recover his full consciousness of the present and recollection of the past, he pressed my hand warmly, and after a short silence, during which we moved on slowly towards the Tuileries, he said—“Pardon me, sir, if I have not sufficiently thanked you for your kindness and attention. I am now quite restored; the close room in which I have been sitting for so many hours, and the feverish excitement of play, acting upon a frame much debilitated by ill-health, occasioned my momentary indisposition. I am now, I repeat, quite recovered, and will no longer trespass upon your goodness.”

“Really,” said I, “you had better not discard my services yet. Do suffer me to accompany you home.”

“Home!” muttered Tyrrell, with a deep sigh; “no—no!” and then, as if recollecting himself, he said, “I thank you, sir, but—but——”

I saw his embarrassment, and interrupted him.

“Well, if I cannot assist you any further, I will take

your dismissal. I trust we shall meet again under auspices better calculated for improving acquaintance."

Tyrrell bowed, once more pressed my hand, and we parted. I hurried on up the long street towards my hotel.

When I had got several paces beyond Tyrrell, I turned back to look at him. He was standing in the same place in which I had left him. I saw by the moonlight that his face and hands were raised towards heaven. It was but for a moment: his attitude changed while I was yet looking, and he slowly and calmly continued his way in the same direction as myself. When I reached my chambers I hastened immediately to bed, but not to sleep: the extraordinary scene I had witnessed; the dark and ferocious expression of Glanville's countenance, so strongly impressed with every withering and deadly passion; the fearful and unaccountable remembrance that had seemed to gather over the livid and varying face of the gamester; the mystery of Glanville's disguise; the intensity of a revenge so terribly expressed, together with the restless and burning anxiety I felt—not from idle curiosity, but, from my early and intimate friendship for Glanville, to fathom its cause—all crowded upon my mind with a feverish confusion that effectually banished repose.

It was with that singular sensation of pleasure which none but those who have passed frequent nights in restless and painful agitation can recognise, that I saw

the bright sun penetrate through my shutters, and heard Bedos move across my room.

“What hour will monsieur have the post-horses ?” said that praiseworthy valet.

“At eleven,” answered I, springing out of bed with joy at the change of scene which the very mention of my journey brought before my mind.

I was turning listlessly, as I sat at breakfast, over the pages of *Galignan's Messenger*, when the following paragraph caught my attention :—

“It is rumoured among the circles of the Faubourg that a duel was fought on ——, between a young Englishman and Monsieur D—— ; the cause of it is said to be the pretensions of both to the beautiful Duchesse de P——, who, if report be true, cares for neither of the gallants, but lavishes her favours upon a certain *attaché* to the English embassy.”

“Such,” thought I, “are the materials for all human histories. Every one who reads will eagerly swallow this account as true : if an author were writing the memoirs of the court, he would compile his facts and scandal from this very collection of records ; and yet, though so near the truth, how totally false it is ! Thank Heaven, however, that at least I am not suspected of the degradation of the duchess's love :—to fight for her may make me seem a fool—to be loved by her would constitute me a villain.”

“The horses, sir !” said Bedos ; and “The bill, sir !” said the *garçon*. Alas that *those* and *that* should be coupled together, and that we can never take our

departure without such awful witnesses of our sojourn! Well—to be brief—the bill for once *was* discharged—the horses snorted—the carriage-door was opened—I entered—Bedos mounted behind—crack went the whips—off went the steeds, and so terminated my adventures at dear Paris.

CHAPTER XXXII.

O, cousin, you know him—the fine gentleman they talk of so much in town.—WYCHERLY'S *Dancing Master*.

By the bright days of my youth, there is something truly delightful in the quick motion of four, ay, or even two post-horses! In France, where one's steeds are none of the swiftest, the pleasures of travelling are not quite so great as in England; still, however, to a man who is tired of one scene—panting for another—in love with excitement, and yet not wearied of its pursuit—the turnpike road is more grateful than the easiest chair ever invented, and the little prison we entitle a carriage more cheerful than the state-rooms of Devonshire House.

We reached Calais in safety, and in good time, the next day.

“Will monsieur dine in his rooms, or at the *table d'hôte*?”

“In his rooms, of course,” said Bedos, indignantly deciding the question. A French valet's dignity is always involved in his master's.

“You are too good, Bedos,” said I; “I shall dine at the *table d'hôte*—whom have you there in general?”

“Really,” said the *garçon*, “we have such a swift succession of guests that we seldom see the same faces two days running. We have as many changes as an English administration.”

“You are facetious,” said I.

“No,” returned the *garçon*, who was a philosopher as well as a wit—“no, my digestive organs are very weak, and *par conséquence*, I am naturally melancholy—*Ah, ma foi, très triste!*” and with these words the sentimental plate-changer placed his hand—I can scarcely say whether on his heart or his stomach—and sighed bitterly!

“How long,” said I, “does it want to dinner?” My question restored the *garçon* to himself.

“Two hours, monsieur—two hours,” and, twirling his *serviette* with an air of exceeding importance, off went my melancholy acquaintance to compliment new customers, and complain of his digestion.

After I had arranged my toilette, yawned three times, and drank two bottles of soda-water, I strolled into the town. As I was sauntering along leisurely enough, I heard my name pronounced behind me. I turned, and saw Sir Willoughby Townshend, an old baronet of an antediluvian age—a fossil witness of the wonders of England before the deluge of French manners swept away ancient customs, and created, out of the wrecks of what had been, a new order of things, and a new race of mankind.

“Ah! my dear Mr Pelham, how are you? and the worthy Lady Frances, your mother, and your excellent

father, all well?—I'm delighted to hear it. Russelton," continued Sir Willoughby, turning to a middle-aged man, whose arm he held, "you remember Pelham—true Whig—great friend of Sheridan's?—let me introduce his son to you. Mr Russelton, Mr Pelham; Mr Pelham, Mr Russelton."

At the name of the person thus introduced to me, a thousand recollections crowded upon my mind; the contemporary and rival of Napoleon—the autocrat of the great world of fashion and cravats—the mighty genius before whom aristocracy hath been humbled and *ton* abashed—at whose nod the haughtiest *noblesse* of Europe had quailed—who had introduced, by a single example, starch into neckcloths, and had fed the pampered appetite of his boot-tops on champagne—whose coat and whose friend were cut with an equal grace—and whose name was connected with every triumph that the world's great virtue of audacity could achieve—the illustrious, the immortal Russelton stood before me! I recognised in him a congenial, though a superior spirit, and I bowed with a profundity of veneration with which no other human being has ever inspired me.

Mr Russelton seemed pleased with my evident respect, and returned my salutation with a mock dignity which enchanted me. He offered me his disengaged arm; I took it with transport, and we all three proceeded up the street.

"So," said Sir Willoughby—"so, Russelton, you like your quarters here; plenty of sport among the

English, I should think : you have not forgot the art of quizzing ; eh, old fellow ? ”

“ Even if I had,” said Mr Russelton, speaking very slowly, “ the sight of Sir Willoughby Townshend would be quite sufficient to refresh my memory. Yes,” continued the venerable wreck, after a short pause—“ yes, I like my residence pretty well ; I enjoy a calm conscience, and a clean shirt : what more can man desire ? I have made acquaintance with a tame parrot, and I have taught it to say, whenever an English fool with a stiff neck and a loose swagger passes him, ‘ True Briton—true Briton.’ I take care of my health, and reflect upon old age. I have read *Gil Blas* and the *Whole Duty of Man* ; and, in short, what with instructing my parrot and improving myself, I think I pass my time as creditably and decorously as the Bishop of Winchester, or my Lord of A—— himself. So you have just come from Paris, I presume, Mr Pelham ? ”

“ I left it yesterday.”

“ Full of those horrid English, I suppose ; thrusting their broad hats and narrow minds into every shop in the Palais Royal—winking their dull eyes at the damsels of the counter, and manufacturing their notions of French into a higgler for *sous*. Oh ! the monsters !—they bring on a bilious attack whenever I think of them : the other day one of them accosted me, and talked me into a nervous fever about patriotism and roast pigs : luckily I was near my own house, and reached it before the thing became fatal : but only think, had I wandered too far when he met me ! at my

time of life, the shock would have been too great ; I should certainly have perished in a fit. I hope, at least, they would have put the cause of my death in my epitaph—‘ Died of an Englishman, John Russelton, Esq., aged,’ &c. Pah ! You are not engaged, Mr Pelham ; dine with me to-day ; Willoughby and his umbrella are coming.”

“ *Volontiers,*” said I, “ though I was going to make observations on men and manners at the *table d’hôte* of my hotel.”

“ I am most truly grieved,” replied Mr Russelton, “ at depriving you of so much amusement. With me you will only find some tolerable Lafitte, and an anomalous dish my *cuisinière* calls a mutton-chop. It will be curious to see what variation in the monotony of mutton she will adopt to-day. The first time I ordered ‘ a chop,’ I thought I had amply explained every necessary particular ; a certain portion of flesh, and a gridiron : at seven o’clock, up came a *côtelette panée ! Faute de mieux,* I swallowed the composition, drowned as it was in a most pernicious sauce. I had one hour’s sleep, and the nightmare, in consequence. The next day, I imagined no mistake *could* be made : sauce was strictly prohibited ; all extra ingredients laid under a most special veto, and a natural gravy gently recommended : the cover was removed, and lo ! a breast of mutton, all bone and gristle, like the dying gladiator ! This time my heart was too full for wrath ; I sat down and wept ! To-day will be the third time I shall make the experiment, if French cooks will consent to let one starve upon nature. For my part, I have no sto-

mach left now for art: I wore out my digestion in youth, swallowing Jack St Leger's suppers, and Sheridan's promises to pay. Pray, Mr Pelham, did you try Staub when you were at Paris?"

"Yes; and thought him one degree better than Stultz, whom, indeed, I have long condemned, as fit only for minors at Oxford, and majors in the infantry."

"True," said Russelton, with a very faint smile at a pun, somewhat in his own way, and levelled at a tradesman, of whom he was, perhaps, a little jealous—"true; Stultz aims at making *gentlemen*, not *coats*; there is a degree of aristocratic pretension in his stitches, which is vulgar to an appalling degree. You can tell a Stultz coat anywhere, which is quite enough to damn it: the moment a man's known by an invariable cut, and that not original, it ought to be all over with him. Give me the man who makes the tailor, not the tailor who makes the man."

"Right, by Jove!" cried Sir Willoughby, who was as badly dressed as one of Sir E——'s dinners. "Right; just my opinion. I have always told my Schneiders to make my clothes neither in the fashion nor out of it; to copy no other man's coat, and to cut their cloth according to my natural body, not according to an isosceles triangle. Look at this coat for instance;" and Sir Willoughby Townshend made a dead halt, that we might admire his garment the more accurately.

"Coat!" said Russelton, with an appearance of the most *naïve* surprise; and taking hold of the collar, suspiciously, by the finger and thumb—"coat, Sir Willoughby! do you call *this thing a coat*?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

J'ai toujours cru que le bon n'étoit que le *beau* mis en action —ROUSSEAU.

SHORTLY after Russelton's answer to Sir Willoughby's eulogistic observations on his own attire, I left those two worthies till I was to join them at dinner: it wanted three hours yet to that time, and I repaired to my quarters to bathe and write letters. I scribbled one to Madame D'Anville, full of antitheses and maxims, sure to charm her; another to my mother, to prepare her for my arrival; and a third to Lord Vincent, giving him certain commissions at Paris, which I had forgotten personally to execute.

My pen is not that of a ready writer; and what with yawning, stretching, and putting pen to paper, it was time to bathe and dress before my letters were completed. I set off to Russelton's abode in high spirits, and fully resolved to make the most of a character so original.

It was a very small room in which I found him: he was stretched in an easy-chair before the fireplace, gazing complacently at his feet, and apparently occupied in anything but listening to Sir Willoughby Townshend, who was talking with great vehemence about politics and the corn-laws. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there was a small fire on the hearth, which,

aided by the earnestness of his efforts to convince his host, put poor Sir Willoughby into a most intense perspiration. Russelton, however, seemed enviably cool, and hung over the burning wood like a cucumber on a hotbed. Sir Willoughby came to a full stop by the window, and, gasping for breath, attempted to throw it open.

“What are you doing? for Heaven’s sake, what are you doing?” cried Russelton, starting up: “do you mean to kill me?”

“Kill you!” said Sir Willoughby, quite aghast.

“Yes; kill me? is it not quite cold enough already in this d—d seafaring place, without making my only retreat, humble as it is, a theatre for thorough draughts? Have I not had the rheumatism in my left shoulder, and the ague in my little finger, these last six months? and must you now terminate my miserable existence at one blow, by opening that abominable lattice? Do you think, because your great frame, fresh from the Yorkshire wolds, and compacted of such materials that one would think, in eating your beeves, you had digested their hide into skin—do you think, because your limbs might be cut up into planks for a seventy-eight, and warranted waterproof without pitch because of the density of their pores—do you think, because you are as impervious as an araphorostic shoe, that I, John Russelton, am equally impenetrable, and that you are to let easterly winds play about my room like children, begetting rheums and asthmas, and all manner of catarrhs? I do beg, Sir Willoughby Townshend, that you will suffer me to die a more natural and civilised death;”

and so saying, Russelton sank down into his chair, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion.

Sir Willoughby, who remembered the humorist in all his departed glory, and still venerated him as a temple where the deity yet breathed, though the altar was overthrown, made to this extraordinary remonstrance no other reply than a long *whiff*, and a "Well, Russelton, damme but you're a queer fellow."

Russelton now turned to me, and invited me, with a tone of the most ladylike languor, to sit down near the fire. As I am naturally of a chilly disposition, and fond, too, of beating people in their own line, I drew a chair close to the hearth, declared the weather was very cold, and requested permission to ring the bell for some more wood. Russelton stared for a moment, and then, with a politeness he had not deigned to exert before, approached his chair to mine, and began a conversation, which, in spite of his bad witticisms and peculiarity of manner, I found singularly entertaining.

Dinner was announced, and we adjourned to another room:—poor Sir Willoughby, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and breathing like a pug in a phthisis—groaned bitterly, when he discovered that this apartment was smaller and hotter than the one before. Russelton immediately helped him to some scalding soup—and said, as he told the servant to hand Sir Willoughby the cayenne, "You will find this, my dear Townshend, a very sensible *potage* for this severe season."

Dinner went off tamely enough, with the exception of "our fat friend's" agony, which Russelton enjoyed most luxuriously. The threatened mutton-chops did

not make their appearance, and the dinner, though rather too small, was excellently cooked, and better arranged. With the dessert the poor baronet rose, and, pleading sudden indisposition, tottered out of the door.

When he was gone, Russelton threw himself back in his chair, and laughed for several minutes with a low chuckling sound, till the tears ran down his cheek.

After a few jests at Sir Willoughby, our conversation turned upon other individuals. I soon saw that Russelton was a soured and disappointed man; his remarks on people were all sarcasms—his mind was overflowed with a suffusion of ill-nature—he bit as well as growled: No man of the world ever, I am convinced, becomes a real philosopher in retirement. People who have been employed for years upon trifles have not the greatness of mind which could alone make them indifferent to what they have coveted all their lives, as most enviable and important.

“Have you read ——’s memoirs?” said Mr Russelton. “No! Well, I imagined every one had at least dipped into them. I have often had serious thoughts of dignifying my own retirement, by the literary employment of detailing my adventures in the world. I think I could throw a new light upon things and persons, which my contemporaries will shrink back like owls at perceiving.”

“Your life,” said I, “must indeed furnish matter of equal instruction and amusement.”

“Ay,” answered Russelton; “amusement to the fools, but instruction to the knaves. I am, indeed, a lamentable example of the fall of ambition. I brought

starch into all the neckcloths in England, and I end by tying my own at a three-inch looking-glass at Calais. You are a young man, Mr Pelham, about to commence life, probably with the same views as (though greater advantages than) myself; perhaps, in indulging my egotism, I shall not weary without recompensing you.

“I came into the world with an inordinate love of glory, and a great admiration of the original; these propensities might have made me a Shakespeare—they did more, they made me a Russelton! When I was six years old, I cut my jacket into a coat, and turned my aunt’s best petticoat into a waistcoat. I disdained at eight the language of the vulgar, and when my father asked me to fetch his slippers, I replied, that my soul swelled beyond the limits of a lackey’s. At nine, I was self-inoculated with propriety of ideas. I rejected malt with the air of his majesty, and formed a violent affection for maraschino; though starving at school, I never took twice of pudding, and paid sixpence a-week out of my shilling to have my shoes blacked. As I grew up my notions expanded. I gave myself, without restraint, to the ambition that burnt within me—I cut my old friends, who were rather envious than emulous of my genius, and I employed three tradesmen to make my gloves—one for the hand, a second for the fingers, and a third for the thumb! These two qualities made me courted and admired by a new race—for the great secrets of being courted are to shun others, and seem delighted with yourself. The latter is obvious enough;

who the deuce *should* be pleased with you, if you are not pleased with yourself?

“Before I left college, I fell in love. Other fellows, at my age, in such a predicament would have whined—shaved only twice a-week, and written verses. I did none of the three—the last indeed I tried, but, to my infinite surprise, I found my genius was not universal. I began with

‘Sweet nymph, for whom I wake my muse.’

“For this, after considerable hammering, I could only think of the rhyme ‘*shoes*’—so I began again,—

‘Thy praise demands much softer lutes.’

And the fellow of this verse terminated like myself in ‘boots.’ Other efforts were equally successful—‘bloom’ suggested to my imagination no rhyme but ‘perfume!’—‘despair’ only reminded me of my ‘hair,’—and ‘hope’ was met, at the end of the second verse, by the inharmonious antithesis of ‘*soap*.’ Finding, therefore, that my *forte* was not in the Pierian line, I redoubled my attention to my dress; I *coated* and *cravatted* with all the attention the very inspiration of my rhymes seemed to advise;—in short, I thought the best pledge I could give my Dulcinea of my passion for her person would be to show her what affectionate veneration I could pay to my own.

“My mistress could not withhold from me her admiration, but she denied me her love. She confessed Mr Russelton was the best dressed man at the Univer-

sity, and had the whitest hands ; and two days after this avowal, she ran away with a great rosy-cheeked extract from Leicestershire.

“ I did not blame her ; I pitied her too much—but I made a vow never to be in love again. In spite of all advantages I kept my oath, and avenged myself on the species for the insult of the individual.

“ Before I commenced a part which was to continue through life, I considered deeply on the humours of the spectators. I saw that the character of the more fashionable of the English was servile to rank, and yielding to pretension—they admire you for your acquaintance, and cringe to you for your conceit. The first thing, therefore, was to know great people—the second, to control them. I dressed well, and had good horses—that was sufficient to make me sought by the young of my own sex. I talked scandal, and was never abashed—that was more than enough to make me admired among the matrons of the other. It is single men, and married women, to whom are given the St Peter’s keys of Society. I was soon admitted into its heaven—I was more—I was one of its saints. I became imitated as well as initiated. I was the rage—the lion. Why?—was I better—was I richer—was I handsomer—was I cleverer, than my kind? No, no” (and here Russelton ground his teeth with a strong and wrathful expression of scorn); “and had I been all—had I been a very concentration and monopoly of all human perfections, they would not have valued me at half the price they *did* set on me. It was—I will tell you the simple secret, Mr Pelham—it was because

I *trampled on them*, that, like crushed herbs, they sent up a grateful incense in return.

“Oh! it was balm to my bitter and loathing temper, to see those who would have spurned *me* from them, if they dared, writhe beneath my lash, as I withheld or inflicted it at will. I was the magician who held the great spirits that longed to tear me to pieces, by one simple spell which a superior hardihood had won me—and, by Heaven, I did not spare to exert it.

“Well, well, this is but an idle recollection now! all human power, says the proverb of every language, is but of short duration. Alexander did not conquer kingdoms for ever; and Russelton’s good fortune deserted him at last. Napoleon died in exile, and so shall I; but we have both had our day, and mine was the brightest of the two, for it had no change till the evening. I am more happy than people would think, for *je ne suis pas souvent où mon corps est*—I live in a world of recollections, I trample again upon coronets and ermine, the glories of the small great! I give once more laws which no libertine is so hardy as not to feel exalted in adopting; I hold my court, and issue my fiats; I am like the madman, and out of the very straws of my cell I make my subjects and my realm; and when I wake from these bright visions, and see myself an old, deserted man, forgotten, and decaying inch by inch in a foreign village, I can at least summon sufficient of my ancient regality of spirit not to sink beneath the reverse. If I am inclined to be melancholy, why, I extinguish my fire, and imagine I have

demolished a duchess. I steal up to my solitary chamber, to renew again, in my sleep, the phantoms of my youth ; to carouse with princes ; to legislate for nobles ; and to wake in the morning” (here Russelton’s countenance and manner suddenly changed to an affectation of methodistical gravity), “and thank Heaven that I have still a coat to my stomach as well as to my back, and that I am safely delivered of such villanous company ; ‘to forswear sack and live cleanly,’ during the rest of my sublunary existence.”

After this long detail of Mr Russelton’s, the conversation was but dull and broken. I could not avoid indulging a reverie upon what I had heard, and my host was evidently still revolving the recollections his narration had conjured up ; we sat opposite each other for several minutes, as abstracted and distracted as if we had been a couple two months married ; till at last I rose and tendered my adieus. Russelton received them with his usual coldness, but more than his usual civility, for he followed me to the door.

Just as they were about to shut it, he called me back. “Mr Pelham,” said he—“Mr Pelham, when you come back this way, do look in upon me, and—as you will be going a good deal into society, *just find out what people say of my manner of life !*” *

* It will be perceived by those readers who are kind or patient enough to reach the conclusion of this work, that Russelton is specified as one of my few *dramatis personæ*, of which only the *first* outline is taken from real life, and from a very noted personage ; all the rest—all, indeed, which forms and marks the character thus briefly delineated—is drawn solely from imagination.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An old worshipful gentleman, that had a great estate,
And kept a brave old house at a hospitable rate.—*Old Song.*

I THINK I may, without much loss to the reader, pass in silence over my voyage the next day to Dover. (Horrible reminiscence !) I may also spare him an exact detail of all the inns and impositions between that seaport and London ; nor will it be absolutely necessary to the plot of this history, to linger over every milestone between the Metropolis and Glenmorris Castle, where my uncle and my mother were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the candidate to be.

It was a fine bright evening when my carriage entered the park. I had not seen the place for years ; and I felt my heart swell with something like family pride, as I gazed on the magnificent extent of hill and plain that opened upon me, as I passed the ancient and ivy-covered lodge. Large groups of trees, scattered on either side, seemed, in their own antiquity, the witness of that of the family which had given them existence. The sun set on the waters which lay gathered in a lake at the foot of the hill, breaking the waves into unnumbered sapphires, and tinging the dark firs that over-

spread the margin with a rich and golden light that put me excessively in mind of the Duke of ——'s livery!

When I descended at the gate, the servants, who stood arranged in an order so long that it almost startled me, received me with a visible gladness and animation, which showed me, at one glance, the old-fashioned tastes of their master. Who in these days ever inspires his servants with a single sentiment of regard or interest for himself or his whole race? That tribe one never, indeed, considers as possessing a life separate from their services to us : beyond that purpose of existence we know not even if they exist. As Providence made the stars for the benefit of earth, so it made servants for the use of gentlemen ; and, as neither stars nor servants appear except when we want them, so I suppose they are in a sort of suspense from *being*, except at those important and happy moments.

To return—for if I have any fault, it is too great a love for abstruse speculation and reflection—I was formally ushered through a great hall, hung round with huge antlers and rusty armour, through a lesser one, supported by large stone columns, and without any other adornment than the arms of the family ; then through an anteroom, covered with tapestry, representing the gallantries of King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba ; and lastly into the apartment honoured by the august presence of Lord Glenmorris. That personage was dividing the sofa with three spaniels and a setter ; he rose hastily when I was

announced, and then checking the first impulse which hurried him, perhaps, into an unseemly warmth of salutation, held out his hand with a stately air of kindly protection, and while he pressed mine, surveyed me from head to foot, to see how far my appearance justified his condescension.

Having, at last, satisfied himself, he proceeded to inquire after the state of my appetite. He smiled benignantly when I confessed that I was excessively well prepared to testify its capacities (the first idea of all kind-hearted, old-fashioned people, is to stuff you), and, silently motioning to the grey-headed servant who stood in attendance, till, receiving the expected sign, he withdrew, Lord Glenmorris informed me that dinner was over for every one but myself; that for me it would be prepared in an instant; that Mr Toolington had expired four days since; that my mother was, at that moment, canvassing for me; and that my own electioneering qualities were to open their exhibition with the following day.

After this communication there was a short pause. "What a beautiful place this is!" said I, with great enthusiasm. Lord Glenmorris was pleased with the compliment, simple as it was.

"Yes," said he, "it is, and I have made it still more so than you have yet been able to perceive."

"You have been planting, probably, on the other side of the park?"

"No," said my uncle, smiling; "Nature had done everything for this spot when I came to it, but one;

and the addition of that one ornament is the only real triumph which art ever can achieve."

"What is it?" asked I; "oh, I know—water."

"You are mistaken," answered Lord Glenmorris; "it is the ornament of—*happy faces*."

I looked up to my uncle's countenance in sudden surprise. I cannot explain how I was struck with the expression which it wore: so calmly bright and open!—it was as if the very daylight had settled there.

"You don't understand this at present, Henry," said he, after a moment's silence; "but you will find it, of all rules for the improvement of property, the easiest to learn. Enough of this now. Were you not in despair at leaving Paris?"

"I should have been, some months ago; but when I received my mother's summons, I found the temptations of the Continent very light in comparison with those held out to me here."

"What, have you already arrived at that great epoch, when vanity casts off its *first* skin, and ambition succeeds to pleasure? Why—but thank Heaven that you have lost my moral—your dinner is announced."

Most devoutly *did* I thank Heaven, and most earnestly did I betake myself to do honour to my uncle's hospitality.

I had just finished my repast when my mother entered. She was, as you might well expect from her maternal affection, quite overpowered with joy, *first*, at

finding my hair grown so much darker, and, *secondly*, at my looking so well. We spent the whole evening in discussing the great business for which I had been summoned. Lord Glenmorris promised me money, and my mother advice ; and I, in my turn, enchanted them, by promising to make the best use of both.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Cor. Your good voice, sir—what say you?

2d Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.—*Coriolanus.*

THE borough of Buyemall had long been in undisputed possession of the Lords of Glenmorris, till a rich banker, of the name of Lufton, had bought a large estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Glenmorris Castle. This event, which was the precursor of a mighty revolution in the borough of Buyemall, took place in the first year of my uncle's accession to his property. A few months afterwards, a vacancy in the borough occurring, my uncle procured the nomination of one of his own political party. To the great astonishment of Lord Glenmorris, and the great gratification of the burghers of Buyemall, Mr Lufton offered himself in opposition to the Glenmorris candidate. In this age of enlightenment, innovation has no respect for the most sacred institutions of antiquity. The burghers, for the only time since their creation as a body, were cast first into doubt, and secondly into rebellion. The Lufton faction, *horresco referens*, were triumphant, and the rival candidate was returned. From that hour the borough of Buyemall was open to all the world.

My uncle, who was a good easy man, and had some

strange notions of free representation and liberty of election, professed to care very little for this event. He contented himself, henceforward, with exerting his interest for one of the members, and left the other seat entirely at the disposal of the line of Lufton, which, from the time of the first competition, continued peaceably to monopolise it.

During the last two years, my uncle's candidate, the late Mr Toolington, had been gradually dying of a dropsy, and the Luftons had been so *particularly* attentive to the honest burghers, that it was shrewdly suspected a bold push was to be made for the other seat. During the last month these doubts were changed into certainty. Mr Augustus Leopold Lufton, eldest son to Benjamin Lufton, Esq., had publicly declared his intention of starting at the decease of Mr Toolington ; against this personage behold myself armed and arrayed.

Such is, in brief, the history of the borough, up to the time in which I was to take a prominent share in its interests and events.

On the second day after my arrival at the castle, the following advertisement appeared at Buyemall :—

“ TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH
OF BUYEMALL.

“ GENTLEMEN,—In presenting myself to your notice, I advance a claim not altogether new and unfounded. My family have for centuries been residing amongst you, and exercising that interest which reciprocal con-

fidence and good offices may fairly create. Should it be my good fortune to be chosen your representative, you may rely upon my utmost endeavours to deserve that honour. One word upon the principles I espouse : they are those which have found their advocates among the wisest and the best ; they are those which, hostile alike to the encroachments of the crown and the licentiousness of the people, would support the real interests of both. Upon these grounds, gentlemen, I have the honour to solicit your votes ; and it is with the sincerest respect for your ancient and honourable body, that I subscribe myself your very obedient servant, HENRY PELHAM.

“ Glenmorris Castle,” &c. &c.

Such was the first public signification of my intentions ; it was drawn up by Mr Sharpon, our lawyer, and considered by our friends as a masterpiece ; for, as my mother sagely observed, it did not commit me in a single instance—espoused no principle, and yet professed principles which all parties would allow were the best.

At the first house where I called, the proprietor was a clergyman of good family, who had married a lady from Baker Street : of course the Reverend Combermere St Quintin and his wife valued themselves upon being “ *genteel*.” I arrived at an unlucky moment ; on entering the hall a dirty footboy was carrying a yellow-ware dish of potatoes into the back room. Another Ganymede (a sort of footboy-major), who opened the door, and who was still *settling himself into his coat*, which he had slipped on at my tintinnabulary

summons, ushered me with a mouth full of bread and cheese into this said back room. I gave up everything as lost when I entered, and saw the lady helping her youngest child to some ineffable trash, which I have since heard is called "blackberry pudding." Another of the tribe was bawling out, with a loud, hungry tone—"A tatoes, pa!" The father himself was carving for the little group, with a napkin stuffed into the top button-hole of his waistcoat, and the mother, with a long bib, plentifully bespatted with congealing gravy, and the nectarian liquor of the "blackberry pudding," was sitting with a sort of presiding complacency on a high stool, like Juno on Olympus, enjoying rather than stilling the confused hubbub of the little domestic deities who ate, clattered, spattered, and squabbled around her.

Amidst all this din and confusion, the candidate for the borough of Buyemall was ushered into the household privacy of the *genteel* Mr and Mrs St Quintin. Up started the lady at the sound of my name. The Rev. Combermere St Quintin seemed frozen into stone. The plate between the youngest child and the blackberry-pudding stood as still as the sun in Ajalon. The morsel between the mouth of the elder boy and his fork had a respite from mastication. The Seven Sleepers could not have been spell-bound more suddenly and completely.

"Ah," cried I, advancing eagerly, with an air of serious and yet abrupt gladness; "how lucky that I should find you all at luncheon. I was up and had

finished breakfast so early this morning that I am half famished. Only think how fortunate, Hardy" (turning round to one of the members of my committee, who accompanied me); "I was just saying what would I not give to find Mr St Quintin at luncheon. Will you allow me, madam, to make one of your party?"

Mrs St Quintin coloured and faltered, and muttered out something which I was fully resolved *not* to hear. I took a chair, looked round the table, not *too* attentively, and said—"Cold veal; ah! ah! nothing I like so much. May I trouble you, Mr St Quintin?—Hollo, my little man, let's see if you can't give me a potato. There's a brave fellow. How old are you, my young hero?—to look at your mother, I should say two, to look at *you*, six."

"He is four next May," said his mother, colouring, and this time, *not* painfully.

"Indeed?" said I, surveying him earnestly; and then, in a graver tone, I turned to the Rev. Combermere with—"I think you have a branch of your family still settled in France. I met a St Quintin (the Duc de Poitiers) abroad."

"Yes," said Mr Combermere—"yes, the name is still in Normandy, but I was not aware of the title."

"No!" said I, with surprise; "and yet" (with another look at the boy), "it is astonishing how long family likenesses last. I was a great favourite with all the duc's children. Do you know, I must trouble you for some more veal, it is so very good, and I am so very hungry."

“How long have you been abroad?” said Mrs St Quintin, who had slipped off her bib, and smoothed her ringlets; for which purpose I had been most adroitly looking in an opposite direction the last three minutes.

“About seven or eight months. The fact is, that the Continent only does for us English people to see—not to inhabit; and yet, there are some advantages there, Mr St Quintin!—among others, that of the due respect ancient birth is held in. Here, you know, ‘money makes the man,’ as the vulgar proverb has it?”

“Yes,” said Mr St Quintin, with a sigh, “it is really dreadful to see those upstarts rising around us, and throwing everything that is respectable and ancient into the background. Dangerous times these, Mr Pelham—dangerous times; nothing but innovation upon the most sacred institutions. I am sure, Mr Pelham, that your principles must be decidedly against these new-fashioned doctrines, which lead to nothing but anarchy and confusion—absolutely nothing.”

“I’m delighted to find you so much of my opinion!” said I. “I cannot endure anything *that leads to anarchy and confusion.*”

Here Mr Combermere glanced at his wife,—who rose, called to the children, and, accompanied by them, gracefully withdrew.

“Now then,” said Mr Combermere, drawing his chair nearer to me—“now, Mr Pelham, we can discuss these matters. Women are no politicians,”—and at this sage aphorism, the Rev. Combermere laughed a low solemn laugh, which could have come from no

other lips. After I had joined in this grave merriment for a second or two I hemmed thrice, and, with a countenance suited to the subject and the host, plunged at once *in medius res*.

“Mr St Quintin,” said I, “you are already aware, I think, of my intention of offering myself as a candidate for the borough of Buyemall. I could not think of such a measure without calling upon you, the very first person, to solicit the honour of your vote.” Mr Combermere looked pleased, and prepared to reply. “You are the very first person I called upon,” repeated I.

Mr Combermere smiled. “Well, Mr Pelham,” said he, “our families have long been on the most intimate footing.”

“Ever since,” cried I—“ever since Henry the Seventh’s time have the houses of St Quintin and Glenmorris been allied ! Your ancestors, you know, were settled in the country before ours, and my mother assures me that she has read, in some old book or another, a long account of your forefather’s kind reception of mine at the castle of St Quintin. I *do* trust, sir, that we have done nothing to forfeit a support so long afforded us.”

Mr St Quintin bowed in speechless gratification ; at length he found voice. “But your principles, Mr Pelham ?”

“Quite yours, my dear sir, *quite against anarchy and confusion*.”

“But the Catholic question, Mr Pelham ?”

“Oh ! the Catholic question,” repeated I, “is a question of great importance ; it won’t be carried—no,

Mr St Quintin, no, it won't be carried ; how *did* you think, my dear sir, that I could, in so great a question, act against my conscience ?”

I said this with warmth, and Mr St Quintin was either too convinced or too timid to pursue so dangerous a topic any further. I blessed my stars when he paused, and, not giving him time to think of another piece of debatable ground, continued,—“ Yes, Mr St Quintin, I called upon you the very first person. Your rank in the country, your ancient birth, to be sure, demanded it ; but *I* only considered the long, long time the St Quintins and Pelhams had been connected.”

“ Well,” said the Rev. Combermere—“ well, Mr Pelham, you shall have my support ; and I wish, from my very heart, all success to a young gentleman of such excellent principles.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

More voices !

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chosen him ?

Cit. He has our voices, sir !—*Coriolanus.*

FROM Mr Combermere St Quintin's we went to a bluff, hearty, radical wine-merchant, whom I had very little probability of gaining ; but my success with the clerical Armado had inspirited me, and I did not suffer myself to fear, though I could scarcely persuade myself to hope. How exceedingly impossible it is, in governing men, to lay down positive rules, even where we know the temper of the individual to be gained ! “ You must be very stiff and formal with the St Quintins,” said my mother. She was right in the general admonition ; and had I found them all seated in the best drawing-room, Mrs St Quintin in her best attire, and the children on their best behaviour, I should have been as stately as Don Quixote in a brocade dressing-gown ; but finding them in such dishabille, I could not affect too great a plainness and almost coarseness of bearing, as if I had never been accustomed to anything more refined than I found there ; nor might I, by any appearance of pride in myself, put them in mind of the wound *their* own pride had received. The difficulty was to blend with this

familiarity a certain respect, just the same as a French ambassador might have testified towards the august person of George the Third, had he found his majesty at dinner at one o'clock, over mutton and turnips.

In overcoming this difficulty I congratulated myself with as much zeal and fervour as if I had performed the most important victory; for, whether it be innocent or sanguinary, in war or at an election, there is no triumph so gratifying to the viciousness of human nature, as the conquest of our fellow-beings.

But I must return to my wine-merchant, Mr Briggs. His house was at the entrance of the town of Buyemall; it stood enclosed in a small garden flaming with crocuses and sunflowers, and exhibiting an arbour to the right, where, in the summer evenings, the respectable owner might be seen, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, in order to give that just and rational liberty to the subordinate parts of the human commonwealth, which the increase of their consequence, after the hour of dinner, naturally demands. Nor, in those moments of dignified ease, was the worthy burgher without the divine inspirations of complacent contemplation which the weed of Virginia bestoweth. There, as he smoked and puffed, and looked out upon the bright crocuses, and meditated over the dim recollections of the hesternal journal, did Mr Briggs revolve in his mind the vast importance of the borough of Buyemall to the British empire, and the vast importance of John Briggs to the borough of Buyemall.

When I knocked at the door, a prettyish maid-ser-

vant opened it with a smile and a glance which the vender of wine might probably have taught her himself after too large potations of his own spirituous manufactures. I was ushered into a small parlour—where sat, sipping brandy-and-water, a short, stout, *monosyllabic* sort of figure, corresponding in outward shape to the name of *Briggs*—even unto a very nicety.

“Mr Pelham,” said this gentleman, who was dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat, buff-coloured inexpressibles, with long strings, and gaiters of the same hue and substance as the breeches—“Mr Pelham, pray be seated—excuse my rising ; I’m like the bishop in the story, Mr Pelham, too old to rise ;” and Mr Briggs grunted out a short, quick, querulous, “he—he—he,” to which, of course, I replied to the best of my cachinatory powers.

No sooner, however, did I begin to laugh, than Mr Briggs stopped short—eyed me with a sharp, suspicious glance—shook his head, and pushed back his chair at least four feet from the spot it had hitherto occupied. Ominous signs, thought I—I must sound this gentleman a little further, before I venture to treat him as the rest of his species.

“You have a nice situation here, Mr Briggs?” said I.

“Ah, Mr Pelham, and a nice vote too, which is somewhat more to your purpose, I believe.”

“Why,” said I, “Mr Briggs, to be frank with you, I do call upon you for the purpose of requesting your vote ; give it me, or not, just as you please. You may be sure I shall not make use of the vulgar electioneering

arts to coax gentlemen out of their votes. I ask you for yours as one freeman solicits another : if you think my opponent a fitter person to represent your borough, give your support to him in Heaven's name : if not, and you place your confidence in me, I will, at least, endeavour not to betray it."

"Well done, Mr Pelham," exclaimed Mr Briggs : "I love candour—you speak just after my own heart ; but you must be aware that one does not like to be bamboozled out of one's right of election, by a smooth-tongued fellow, who sends one to the devil the moment the election is over—or still worse, to be frightened out of it by some stiff-necked proud coxcomb, with his pedigree in his hand, and his acres in his face, thinking he does you a marvellous honour to ask you at all. Sad times these for this free country, Mr Pelham, when a parcel of conceited paupers, like Parson Quinny (as I call that reverend fool, Mr Combermere St Quintin), imagine they have a right to dictate to warm, honest men, who can buy their whole family out and out. I tell you what, Mr Pelham, we shall never do anything for this country till we get rid of those landed aristocrats, with their ancestry and humbug. I hope you're of my mind, Mr Pelham."

"Why," answered I, "there is certainly nothing so respectable in Great Britain as our commercial interest. A man who makes himself is worth a thousand men made by their forefathers."

"Very true, Mr Pelham," said the wine-merchant, advancing his chair to me ; and then, laying a short,

thickset finger upon my arm, he looked up in my face with an investigating air, and said :—“ Parliamentary Reform—what do you say to that ? you’re not an advocate for ancient abuses, and modern corruption, I hope, Mr Pelham ? ”

“ By no means,” cried I, with an honest air of indignation—“ I have a conscience, Mr Briggs, I have a conscience as a public man, no less than as a private one ! ”

“ Admirable ! ” cried my host.

“ No,” I continued, glowing as I proceeded—“ no, Mr Briggs ; I disdain to talk too much about my principles before they are tried ; the proper time to proclaim them is when they have effected some good by being put into action. I won’t supplicate your vote, Mr Briggs, as my opponent may do ; there must be a mutual confidence between my supporters and myself. When I appear before you a second time, you will have a right to see how far I have wronged that trust reposed in me as your representative. Mr Briggs, I dare say it may seem rude and impolitic to address you in this manner ; but I am a plain, blunt man, and I disdain the vulgar arts of electioneering, Mr Briggs.”

“ Give us your fist, sir,” cried the wine-merchant, in a transport—“ give us your fist ; I promise you my support, and I am delighted to vote for a *young gentleman of such excellent principles.* ”

So much, dear reader, for Mr Briggs, who became from that interview my stanchest supporter. I will not linger longer upon this part of my career : the above con-

versations may serve as a sufficient example of my electioneering qualifications ; and so I shall merely add, that after the due quantum of dining, drinking, spouting, lying, equivocating, bribing, rioting, head-breaking, promise-breaking, and—thank the god Mercury, who presides over elections—*chairing* of successful candidateship, I found myself fairly chosen member for the borough of Buyemall !*

* It is fortunate that Mr Pelham's election was not for a rotten borough ; so that the satire of this chapter is not yet obsolete nor unsalutary. Parliamentary Reform has not terminated the tricks of canvassing—and Mr Pelham's descriptions are as applicable now as when first written. All personal canvassing is but for the convenience of cunning--the opportunity for manner to disguise principle. Public meetings, in which expositions of opinion must be clear, and will be cross-examined, are the only legitimate mode of canvass. The English begin to discover this truth ; may these scenes serve to quicken their apprehension.—*The Author.*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Political education is like the keystone to the arch—the strength of the whole depends upon it.—*Encycl. Brit. Sup. Art. Education.*

I WAS sitting in the library of Glenmorris Castle, about a week after all the bustle of contest and the *éclat* of victory had begun to subside, and quietly *dallying* with the dry toast, which constituted then, and does to this day, my ordinary breakfast, when I was accosted by the following speech from my uncle:—

“Henry, your success has opened to you a new career: I trust you intend to pursue it?”

“Certainly,” was my answer.

“But you know, my dear Henry, that though you have great talents, which, I confess, I was surprised in the course of the election to discover, yet they want that careful cultivation, which, in order to shine in the House of Commons, they must receive. *Entre nous*, Henry, a little reading would do you no harm.”

“Very well,” said I; “suppose I begin with Walter Scott’s novels; I am told they are extremely entertaining.”

“True,” answered my uncle, “but they don’t contain the most accurate notions of history, or the sound-

est principles of political philosophy in the world. What did you think of doing to-day, Henry?"

"*Nothing!*" said I, very innocently.

"I should conceive that to be a usual answer of yours, Henry, to any similar question."

"I think it is," replied I, with great *naïveté*.

"Well, then, let us have the breakfast things taken away, and do *something* this morning."

"Willingly," said I, ringing the bell.

The table was cleared, and my uncle began his examination. Little, poor man, had he thought, from my usual bearing, and the character of my education, that in general literature there were few subjects on which I was not to the full as well read as himself. I enjoyed his surprise, when, little by little, he began to discover the extent of my information; but I was mortified to find it was *only* surprise, *not* delight.

"You have," said he, "a considerable store of learning; far more than I could possibly have imagined you possessed; but it is *knowledge, not learning*, in which I wish you to be skilled. I would rather, in order to gift you with the former, that you were more destitute of the latter. The object of education is to instil *principles* which are hereafter to guide and instruct us; *facts* are only desirable so far as they illustrate those principles; principles ought therefore to precede facts! What then can we think of a system which reverses this evident order, overloads the memory with facts, and those of the most doubtful description, while it leaves us entirely in the dark with regard to the prin-

principles which could alone render this heterogeneous mass of any advantage or avail? Learning, without knowledge, is but a bundle of prejudices; a lumber of inert matter set before the threshold of the understanding to the exclusion of common sense. Pause for a moment, and recall those of your contemporaries who are generally considered well-informed; tell me if their information has made them a whit the *wiser*; if not, it is only sanctified ignorance. Tell me if names with them are not a sanction for opinion; quotations, the representatives of axioms? All they have learned only serves as an excuse for all they are ignorant of. In one month, I will engage that you shall have a juster and deeper insight into wisdom, than they have been all their lives acquiring: the great error of education is to fill the mind *first* with antiquated authors, and then to try the principles of the present day by the authorities and maxims of the past. We will pursue, for our plan, the exact reverse of the ordinary method. We will learn the doctrines of the day, as the first and most necessary step, and we will then glance over those which have passed away, as researches rather curious than useful.

“You see this very small pamphlet; it is a paper by Mr Mill upon Government. We will know this thoroughly, and when we have done so, we may rest assured that we have a far more accurate information upon the head and front of all political knowledge, than two-thirds of the young men whose cultivation of mind you have usually heard panegyrised.”

So saying, my uncle opened the pamphlet. He pointed out to me its close and mathematical reasoning, in which no flaw could be detected, nor deduction controverted ; and he filled up, as we proceeded, from the science of his own clear and enlarged mind, the various parts which the political logician had left for reflection to complete. My uncle had this great virtue of an *expositor*, that he never *over-explained* ; he never made a parade of his lecture, nor confused what was simple by unnecessary comment.

When we broke off our first day's employment, I was quite astonished at the new light which had gleamed upon me. I felt like Sinbad the sailor, when, in wandering through the cavern in which he had been buried alive, he caught the first glimpse of the bright day. Naturally eager in everything I undertook, fond of application, and addicted to reflect over the various bearings of any object that once engrossed my attention, I made great advance in my new pursuit. After my uncle had brought me to be thoroughly conversant with certain and definite principles, we proceeded to illustrate them from fact. For instance, when we had finished the *Essay upon Government*, we examined into the several Constitutions of England, British America, and France ; the three countries which pretend the most to excellence in their government : and we were enabled to perceive and judge the defects and merits of each, because we had, *previously* to our examination, established certain rules, by which they were to be investigated and tried. Here my sceptical

indifference to facts was my chief reason for readily admitting knowledge. I had no prejudices to contend with ; no obscure notions gleaned from the past : no popular maxims cherished as truths. Everything was placed before me as before a wholly impartial inquirer—freed from all the decorations and delusions of sects and parties : every argument was stated with logical precision—every opinion referred to a logical test. Hence, in a very short time, I owned the justice of my uncle's assurance, as to the comparative concentration of knowledge. We went over the whole of Mill's admirable articles in the *Encyclopædia*, over the more popular works of Bentham, and thence we plunged into the recesses of political economy. I know not why this study has been termed uninteresting. No sooner had I entered upon its consideration, than I could scarcely tear myself from it. Never from that moment to this have I ceased to pay it the most constant attention, not so much as a study as an amusement ; but at that time my uncle's object was not to make me a profound political economist. "I wish," said he, "merely to give you an acquaintance with the principles of the science ; not that you may be entitled to boast of knowledge, but that you may be enabled to avoid ignorance ; not that you may discover truth, but that you may detect error. Of all sciences, political economy is contained in the fewest books, and yet is the most difficult to master ; because all its higher branches require earnestness of reflection, proportioned to the scantiness of reading. Ricardo's work, together

with some conversational enlargement on the several topics he treats of, will be enough for our present purpose. I wish, *then*, to show you how inseparably allied is the great science of public policy with that of private morality. And this, Henry, is the grandest object of all. Now to our *present* study."

Well, gentle reader (I love, by the by, as you already perceive, that old-fashioned courtesy of addressing you)—well, to finish this part of my life, which, as it treats rather of my attempts at reformation than my success in error, must begin to weary you exceedingly, I acquired, more from my uncle's conversation than the books we read, a sufficient acquaintance with the elements of knowledge to satisfy myself, and to please my instructor. And I must say, in justification of my studies and my tutor, that I derived one benefit from them which has continued with me to this hour—viz., I obtained a clear knowledge of moral principle. Before that time, the little ability I possessed only led me into acts, which, I fear, most benevolent reader, thou hast already sufficiently condemned; my good feelings—for I was not naturally bad—never availed me the least when present temptation came into my way. I had no guide but passion; no rule but the impulse of the moment. What else could have been the result of my education? If I was immoral, it was because I was never taught morality. Nothing, perhaps, is less innate than virtue. I own that the lessons of my uncle did not work miracles—that, living in the world, I have not separated myself from its

errors and its follies : the vortex was too strong—the atmosphere too contagious ; but I have at least avoided the crimes into which my temper would most likely have driven me. I ceased to look upon the world as a game one was to play fairly, if possible—but where a little cheating was readily allowed : I no longer divorced the interests of other men from my own : if I endeavoured to blind them, it was neither by unlawful means, nor for a purely selfish end :—if—but come, Henry Pelham, thou hast praised thyself enough for the present ; and, after all, thy future adventures will best tell if thou art really amended.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.—HOR.

“MY dear child,” said my mother to me affectionately, “you must be very much bored here. To say truth, I am so myself. Your uncle is a very good man, but he does not make his house pleasant; and I have lately been very much afraid that he should convert you into a mere bookworm; after all, my dear Henry, you are quite clever enough to trust to your own ability. Your great geniuses never read.”

“True, my dear mother,” said I, with a most unequivocal yawn, and depositing on the table Mr Bentham on *Popular Fallacies*—“true, and I am quite of your opinion. Did you see in the *Post* of this morning how full Cheltenham was?”

“Yes, Henry; and now you mention it, I don’t think you could do better than to go there for a month or two. As for me, I must return to your father, whom I left at Lord H——’s: a place, *entre nous*, very little more amusing than this—but then one does get one’s *écarté* table, and that dear Lady Roseville, your old acquaintance, is staying there.”

“Well,” said I, musingly, “suppose we take our de-

parture the beginning of next week !—our way will be the same as far as London, and the plea of attending you will be a good excuse to my uncle for proceeding no farther in these confounded books.”

“ *C'est une affaire finie,*” replied my mother, “and I will speak to your uncle myself.”

Accordingly, the necessary disclosure of our intentions was made. Lord Glenmorris received it with proper indifference, so far as my mother was concerned ; but expressed much pain at *my* leaving him so soon. However, when he found I was not so much gratified as honoured by his wishes for my longer *séjour*, he gave up the point with a delicacy that enchanted me.

The morning of our departure arrived. Carriage at the door—bandboxes in the passage—breakfast on the table—myself in my greatcoat—my uncle in his great chair. “ My dear boy,” said he, “ I trust we shall meet again soon : you have abilities that may make you capable of effecting much good to your fellow-creatures ; but you are fond of the world, and, although not averse to application, devoted to pleasure, and likely to pervert the gifts you possess. At all events, you have now learned, both as a public character and a private individual, the difference between good and evil. Make but this distinction : that whereas, in political science, the rules you have learned may be fixed and unerring, yet the application of them must vary with time and circumstance. We must bend, temporise, and frequently withdraw, doctrines which, invariable in their truth, the prejudices of the time will not invariably allow, and

even relinquish a faint hope of obtaining a great good for the certainty of obtaining a lesser ; yet in the science of private morals, which relate for the main part to ourselves individually, we have no right to deviate one single iota from the rule of our conduct. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation ; honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course—stern and uncompromising—in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven in the Mohammedan creed ;—if we swerve but a single hair's-breadth, we are irrevocably lost.”

At this moment my mother joined us, with a “ Well, my dear Henry, everything is ready—we have no time to lose.”

My uncle rose, pressed my hand, and left in it a pocket-book, which I afterwards discovered to be most satisfactorily furnished. We took an edifying and affectionate farewell of each other, passed through the two rows of servants, drawn up in martial array, along the great hall, and I entered the carriage, and *went off* with the rapidity of a novel upon “fashionable life.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Dic—si grave non est—
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.—HOR.

I DID not remain above a day or two in town. I had never seen much of the humours of a watering-place, and my love of observing character made me exceedingly impatient for that pleasure. Accordingly, the first bright morning I set off for Cheltenham. I was greatly struck with the entrance to that town: it is to these watering-places that a foreigner should be taken, in order to give him an adequate idea of the magnificent opulence and universal luxury of England. Our country has in every province what France only has in Paris—a capital, consecrated to gaiety, idleness, and enjoyment. London is both too busy in one class of society, and too pompous in another, to please a foreigner, who has not excellent recommendations to private circles. But at Brighton, Cheltenham, Hastings, Bath, he may, as at Paris, find all the gaieties of society without knowing a single individual.

My carriage stopped at the — Hotel. A corpulent and stately waiter, with gold buckles to a pair of very tight pantaloons, showed me upstairs. I found myself in a tolerable room facing the street, and garnished with

two pictures of rocks and rivers, with a comely flight of crows, hovering in the horizon of both, as natural as possible—only they were a little larger than the trees. Over the chimney-piece, where I had fondly hoped to find a looking-glass, was a grave print of General Washington, with one hand stuck out like the spout of a teapot. Between the two windows (unfavourable position!) was an oblong mirror, to which I immediately hastened, and had the pleasure of seeing my complexion catch the colour of the curtains that overhung the glass on each side, and exhibit the pleasing *rurality* of a pale green.

I shrank back aghast, turned, and beheld the waiter. Had I seen myself in a glass delicately shaded by rose-hued curtains, I should gently and smilingly have said, "Have the goodness to bring me the bill of fare." As it was, I growled out, "Bring me the bill."

The stiff waiter bowed solemnly, and withdrew slowly. I looked round the room once more, and discovered the additional adornments of a tea-urn and a book. "Thank Heaven," thought I, as I took up the latter, "it can't be one of Jeremy Bentham's." No! it was the *Cheltenham Guide*. I turned to the head of amusements—"Dress-ball at the Rooms every ——" some day or other—which of the seven I utterly forget; but it was the same as that which witnessed my first arrival in the small drawing-room of the —— Hotel.

"Thank Heaven!" said I to myself, as Bedos entered with my things, and was ordered immediately to have all in preparation for "the dress-ball at the rooms,"

at the hour of half-past ten. The waiter entered with the bill. "Soups, chops, cutlets, steaks, roast joints, &c. &c.—*lion, birds.*"

"Get some soup," said I, "a slice or two of lion, and half-a-dozen birds."

"Sir," said the solemn waiter, "you can't have less than a whole lion, and we have only two birds in the house."

"Pray," asked I, "are you in the habit of supplying your larder from Exeter 'Change, or do you breed lions here like poultry?"

"Sir," answered the grim waiter, never relaxing into a smile, "we have lions brought us from the country every day."

"What do you pay for them?" said I.

"About three-and-sixpence a-piece, sir."

"Humph! market in Africa over-stocked," thought I.

"Pray, how do you dress an animal of that description?"

"Roast and stuff him, sir, and serve him up with currant jelly."

"What! like a hare!"

"A lion *is* a hare, sir."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, it is a hare!—but we call it a lion, because of the game laws."

"Bright discovery," thought I; "they have a new language in Cheltenham; nothing's like travelling to enlarge the mind. And the birds," said I, aloud, "are neither humming-birds nor ostriches, I suppose?"

“No, sir; they are partridges.”

“Well, then, give me some soup, a cutlet, and a ‘bird,’ as you term it, and be quick about it.”

“It shall be done with despatch,” answered the pompous attendant and withdrew.

Is there, in the whole course of this pleasant and varying life, which young gentlemen and ladies write verses to prove same and sorrowful—is there in the whole course of it one half hour really and genuinely disagreeable?—if so, it is the half hour before dinner at a strange inn. Nevertheless, by the help of philosophy and the window, I managed to endure it with great patience; and, though I was famishing with hunger, I pretended the indifference of a sage, even when the dinner was at length announced. I coquetted a whole minute with my napkin before I attempted the soup, and I helped myself to the potatory food with a slow dignity that must have perfectly won the heart of the solemn waiter. The soup was a little better than hot water, and the sharp-sauced cutlet than leather and vinegar; howbeit, I attacked them with the vigour of an Irishman, and washed them down with a bottle of the worst liquor ever dignified with the *venerabile nomen* of claret. The bird was tough enough to have passed for an ostrich in miniature; and I felt its ghost hopping about the stomachic sepulchre to which I consigned it, the whole of that evening, and a great portion of the next day, when a glass of Curaçoa laid it at rest.

After this splendid repast, I flung myself back on

my chair, with the complacency of a man who has dined well, and dozed away the time till the hour of dressing.

“Now,” thought I, as I placed myself before my glass, “shall I gently please, or sublimely astonish the ‘fashionables’ of Cheltenham?—Ah, bah! the latter school is vulgar; Byron spoilt it. Don’t put out that chain, Bedos—I wear—the black coat, waistcoat, and trousers. Brush my hair as much *out* of curl as you can, and give an air of graceful negligence to my *tout ensemble*.”

“*Oui, monsieur, je comprends,*” answered Bedos.

I was soon dressed, for it is the *design*, not the *execution*, of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. *Action* cannot be too prompt. A chair was called, and Henry Pelham was conveyed to the rooms.

CHAPTER XL.

Now see, prepared to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dressed youths advance ;
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppressed.

Art of Dancing.

Page.—His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.—*Richard III.*

UPON entering, I saw several heads rising and sinking to the tune of “Cherry ripe.” A whole row of stiff necks, in cravats of the most unexceptionable length and breadth, were just before me. A tall thin young man, with dark wiry hair brushed on one side, was drawing on a pair of white Woodstock gloves, and affecting to look round the room with the supreme indifference of *bon ton*.

“Ah, Ritson,” said another young Cheltenhamian to him of the Woodstock gauntlets, “havn’t you been dancing yet ?”

“No, Smith, ’pon honour !” answered Mr Ritson ; “it is so overpoweringly hot ; no fashionable man dances now ;—*it isn’t the thing.*”

“Why,” replied Mr Smith, who was a good-natured looking person, with a blue coat and brass buttons, and a gold pin in his neckcloth—“why, they dance at Almack’s, don’t they ?”

“No, 'pon honour,” murmured Mr Ritson — “no, they just walk a quadrille, or *spin a waltz*, as my friend, Lord Bobadob, calls it ; nothing more—no, hang dancing, 'tis *so vulgar*.”

A stout, red-faced man, about thirty, with wet auburn hair, a marvellously fine waistcoat, and a badly-washed frill, now joined Messrs Ritson and Smith.

“Ah, Sir Ralph,” cried Smith, “how d'ye do ? been hunting all day, I suppose ?”

“Yes, old cock,” replied Sir Ralph ; “been after the brush till I am quite done up ; such a glorious run ! By G—, you should have seen my grey mare, Smith ; by G—, she's a glorious fencer.”

“You don't hunt, do you, Ritson ?” interrogated Mr Smith.

“Yes, I do,” replied Mr Ritson, affectedly playing with his Woodstock glove—“yes, but I only hunt in Leicestershire with my friend, Lord Bobadob ; 'tis not the thing to hunt anywhere else.”

Sir Ralph stared at the speaker with mute contempt ; while Mr Smith, like the ass between the hay, stood balancing betwixt the opposing merits of the baronet and the beau. Meanwhile, a smiling, nodding, affected female thing, in ringlets and flowers, flirted up to the trio.

“Now, reely, Mr Smith, you should deence ; a feeshionable young man, like you—I don't know what the young leedies will say to you.” And the fair seducer laughed bewitchingly.

“You are very good, Mrs Dollimore,” replied Mr Smith, with a blush and a low bow; “but Mr Ritson tells me it is not *the thing* to dance.”

“Oh,” cried Mrs Dollimore, “but then he’s seech a naughty, conceited creature—don’t follow his example, Meester Smith;” and again the good lady laughed immoderately.

“Nay, Mrs Dollimore,” said Mr Ritson, passing his hand through his abominable hair, “you are too severe; but tell me, Mrs Dollimore, is the Countess —— coming here?”

“Now, reely, Mr Ritson, *you*, who are the pink of feeshion, ought to know better than I can; but I hear so.”

“Do you know the countess?” said Mr Smith, in respectful surprise, to Ritson.

“Oh, very well,” replied the Coryphæus of Cheltenham, swinging his Woodstock glove to and fro; “I have often *danced* with her at Almack’s.”

“Is she a good deencer?” asked Mrs Dollimore.

“O, capital,” responded Mr Ritson; “she’s such a nice genteel little figure.”

Sir Ralph, apparently tired of this “feeshionable” conversation, swaggered away.

“Pray,” said Mrs Dollimore, “who is that gentleman?”

“Sir Ralph Rumford,” replied Smith, eagerly; “a particular friend of mine at Cambridge.”

“I wonder if he’s going to make a long steey?” said Mrs Dollimore.

“Yes, I believe so,” replied Mr Smith, “if we make it agreeable to him.”

“You must positively introduce him to me,” said Mrs Dollimore.

“I will, with great pleasure,” said the good-natured Mr Smith.

“Is Sir Ralph *a man of fashion?*” inquired Mr Ritson.

“He’s a baronet!” emphatically pronounced Mr Smith.

“Ah!” replied Ritson, “but he may be a man of rank without being a man of fashion.”

“True,” lisped Mrs Dollimore.

“I don’t know,” replied Smith, with an air of puzzled wonderment, “but he has £7000 a-year.”

“Has he, indeed?” cried Mrs Dollimore, surprised into her natural tone of voice; and at that moment a young lady, ringleted and flowered like herself, joined her, and accosted her by the endearing appellation of “Mamma.”

“Have you been dancing, my love?” inquired Mrs Dollimore.

“Yes, ma; with Captain Johnson.”

“Oh,” said the mother, with a toss of her head; and, giving her daughter a significant push, she walked away with her to another end of the room, to talk about Sir Ralph Rumford and his seven thousand pounds a-year.

“Well!” thought I, “odd people these; let us enter a little farther into this savage country.” In

accordance with this reflection, I proceeded towards the middle of the room.

“Who’s that?” said Mr Smith, in a loud whisper as I passed him.

“’Pon honour,” answered Ritson, “I don’t know; but he’s a deuced neat-looking fellow.”

“Thank you, Mr Ritson,” said my vanity; “you are not so offensive after all.”

I paused to look at the dancers; a middle-aged, respectable-looking gentleman was beside me. Common people, after they have passed forty, grow social. My neighbour hemmed twice, and made preparation for speaking. “I may as well encourage him,” was my reflection; accordingly I turned round with a most good-natured expression of countenance.

“A fine room this, sir,” said the man immediately.

“Very,” said I, with a smile, “and extremely well filled.”

“Ah, sir,” answered my neighbour, “Cheltenham is not as it used to be some fifteen years ago. I have seen as many as one thousand two hundred and fifty persons within these walls” (certain people are always so d—d particularising): “ay, sir,” pursued my *laudator temporis acti*, “and half the peerage here into the bargain.”

“Indeed!” quoth I, with an air of surprise suited to the information I received; “but the society is very good still, is it not?”

“Oh, very *genteel*,” replied the man; “but not so

dashing as it used to be." (Oh! these two horrid words! low enough to suit even the author of "——.")

"Pray," asked I, glancing at Messrs Ritson and Smith, "do you know who those gentlemen are?"

"Extremely well!" replied my neighbour; "the tall young man is Mr Ritson; his mother has a house in Baker Street, and gives quite *elegant* parties. He's a most *genteel* young man; but such an insufferable coxcomb."

"And the other?" said I.

"Oh! he's a Mr Smith; his father was an eminent brewer, and is lately dead, leaving each of his sons thirty thousand pounds; the young Smith is a *knowing hand*, and wants to spend his money with spirit. He has a great passion for '*high life*,' and therefore attaches himself much to Mr Ritson, who is *quite that way inclined*."

"He could not have selected a better model," said I.

"True," rejoined my Cheltenham Asmodeus, with *naïve* simplicity; "but I hope he won't adopt his *conceit* as well as his *elegance*."

"I shall die," said I to myself, "if I talk with this fellow any longer," and I was just going to glide away, when a tall, stately dowager, with two lean, scraggy daughters, entered the room; I could not resist pausing to inquire who they were.

My friend looked at me with a very altered and disrespectful air at this interrogation. "*Who?*" said he; "why, the Countess of Babbleton and her two daugh-

ters, the Honourable Lady Jane Babel, and the Honourable Lady Mary Babel. They are the great people of Cheltenham," pursued he, "and it's a *fine thing* to get into their set."

Meanwhile Lady Babbleton and her two daughters swept up the room, bowing and nodding to the riven ranks on each side, who made their salutations with the most profound respect. My experienced eye detected in a moment that Lady Babbleton, in spite of her title and her stateliness, was exceedingly the reverse of good *ton*, and the daughters (who did not resemble the scrag of mutton, *but its ghost*) had an appearance of sour affability, which was as different from the manners of proper society as it possibly could be.

I wondered greatly who and what they were. In the eyes of the Cheltenhamians they were *the* countess and her daughters; and any further explanation would have been deemed quite superfluous; further explanation I was, however, determined to procure, and was walking across the room in profound meditation as to the method in which the discovery should be made, when I was startled by the voice of Sir Lionel Garrett: I turned round, and, to my inexpressible joy, beheld that worthy baronet.

"Bless me, Pelham," said he, "how delighted I am to see you. Lady Harriet, here's your old favourite, Mr Pelham."

Lady Harriet was all smiles and pleasure. "Give me your arm," said she; "I must go and speak to Lady Babbleton—odious woman!"

“Do, my dear Lady Harriet,” said I, “explain to me *what* Lady Babbleton was.”

“Why—she was a milliner, and took in the late lord, who was an idiot.—*Voilà tout !*”

“Perfectly satisfactory,” replied I.

“Or, short and sweet, as Lady Babbleton would say,” replied Lady Harriet, laughing.

“In antithesis to her daughters, who are long and sour.”

“Oh, you satirist !” said the affected Lady Harriet (who was only three removes better than the Cheltenham countess) ; “but tell me, how long have you been at Cheltenham ?”

“About four hours and a half !”

“Then you don’t know any of the lions here ?”

“None, except” (I added to myself) “the lion I had for dinner.”

“Well, let me despatch Lady Babbleton, and I’ll then devote myself to being your nomenclator.”

We walked up to Lady Babbleton, who had already disposed of her daughters, and was sitting in solitary dignity at the end of the room.

“My dear Lady Babbleton,” cried Lady Harriet, taking both the hands of the dowager, “I am so glad to see you ; and how well you are looking ; and your charming daughters, how are they ?—sweet girls !—and how long have you been here ?”

“We have only just come,” replied the *ci-devant* milliner, half rising and rustling her plumes in stately agitation, like a nervous parrot ; “we must conform to modern *ours*, Lady *Arriet* ; though, for my part, I like

the old-fashioned plan of dining early, and finishing one's gaieties before midnight ; but I set the fashion of good *ours* as well as I can. I think it's a duty *we* owe to society, Lady *Arriet*, to encourage morality by our own example. What else do we have rank for ?" And, so saying, the counter-countess drew herself up with a most edifying air of moral dignity.

Lady Harriet looked at me, and perceiving that my eye said "go on," as plainly as eye could possibly speak, she continued—"Which of the wells do you attend, Lady Babbleton ?"

"All," replied the patronising dowager. "I like to encourage the poor people here ; I've no notion of being proud because one has a title, Lady *Arriet*."

"No," rejoined the worthy helpmate of Sir Lionel Garret ; "everybody talks of your condescension, Lady Babbleton ; but are you not afraid of letting yourself down by going everywhere ?"

"Oh," answered *the countess*, "I admit very few into my set *at home*, but I *go out promiscuously* ;" and then, looking at me, she said, in a whisper, to Lady Harriet, "Who is that nice young gentleman ?"

"Mr Pelham," replied Lady Harriet ; and, turning to me, formally introduced us to each other.

"Are you any relation," asked the dowager, "to Lady Frances Pelham ?"

"Only her son," said I.

"Dear me," replied Lady Babbleton, "how odd ; what a nice *elegant* woman she is ! She does not go much out, does she ? I don't often meet her."

“I should not think it likely that your ladyship did meet her much. She does not visit *promiscuously*.”

“Every rank has its duty,” said Lady Harriet, gravely ; “your mother, Mr Pelham, may confine her circle as much as she pleases ; but the high rank of Lady Babbleton requires greater condescension ; just as the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester go to many places where you and I would not.”

“Very true !” said the innocent dowager ; “and that’s a very sensible remark ! Were you at Bath last winter, Mr Pelham ?” continued the countess, whose thoughts wandered from subject to subject in the most *rudderless* manner.

“No, Lady Babbleton, I was unfortunately at a less distinguished place.”

“What was that ?”

“Paris !”

“Oh, indeed ! I’ve never been abroad ; I don’t think persons of a certain rank should leave England ; they should stay at home and encourage their own manufactories.”

“Ah !” cried I, taking hold of Lady Babbleton’s shawl, “what a pretty Manchester pattern this is.”

“Manchester pattern !” exclaimed the petrified peeress ; “why, it is real Cachemire : you don’t think I wear anything English, Mr Pelham ?”

“I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons. I am no judge of dress ; but to return—I am quite of your opinion, *that we ought to encourage our own manufactories*, and not go abroad : but one cannot stay long on .

the Continent, even if one is decoyed there. One soon longs for home again."

"Very sensibly remarked," rejoined Lady Babbleton; "that's what I call true patriotism and morality. I wish all the young men of the present day were like you. Oh, dear!—here's a great favourite of mine coming this way—Mr Ritson!—do you know him? Shall I introduce you?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed I—frightened out of my wits and my manners. "Come, Lady Harriet, let us rejoin Sir Lionel;" and, 'swift at the word,' Lady Harriet retook my arm, nodded her adieu to Lady Babbleton, and withdrew with me to an obscurer part of the room.

Here we gave way to our laughter for some time—"Is it possible!" exclaimed I, starting up—"can that be Tyrrell?"

"What's the matter with the man?" cried Lady Harriet.

I quickly recovered my presence of mind, and re-seated myself. "Pray forgive me, Lady Harriet," said I; "but I think, nay, I am sure, I see a person I once met under very particular circumstances. Do you observe that dark man in deep mourning, who has just entered the room, and is now speaking to Sir Ralph Rumford?"

"I do—it is Sir John Tyrrell!" replied Lady Harriet: "he only came to Cheltenham yesterday. His is a very singular history."

"What is it?" said I, eagerly.

“Why! he was the only son of a younger branch of the Tyrrells; a very old family, as the name denotes. He was a great deal in a certain *roué* set, for some years, and was celebrated for his gallantries. His fortune was, however, perfectly unable to satisfy his expenses; he took to gambling, and lost the remains of his property. He went abroad, and used to be seen at the low gaming-houses at Paris, earning a very degraded and precarious subsistence; till, about three months ago, two persons, who stood between him and the title and estates of the family, died, and most unexpectedly he succeeded to both. They say that he was found in the most utter penury and distress, in a small cellar at Paris; however that may be, he is now Sir John Tyrrell, with a very large income, and, in spite of a certain coarseness of manner, probably acquired by the low company he latterly kept, he is very much liked, and even admired, by the few good people in the society of Cheltenham.”

At this moment Tyrrell passed us; he caught my eye, stopped short, and coloured violently. I bowed; he seemed undecided for a moment as to the course he should adopt; it was *but* for a moment. He returned my salutation with great appearance of cordiality; shook me warmly by the hand; expressed himself delighted to meet me; inquired where I was staying, and said he should certainly call upon me. With this promise he glided on, and was soon lost among the crowd.

“Where did you meet him?” said Lady Harriet.

“At Paris.”

“What ! was he in decent society there ?”

“I don't know,” said I. “Good-night, Lady Harriet ;” and, with an air of extreme lassitude, I took my hat and vanished from that motley mixture of the *fashionably* low and the vulgarly *genteel*!

CHAPTER XLI.

Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath unto bondage
Drawn my too diligent eyes.

But you, oh! you,
So perfect and so peerless, are create
Of every creature's best.—SHAKESPEARE.

THOU wilt easily conceive, my dear reader, who hast been in my confidence throughout the whole of this history, and whom, though as yet thou hast cause to esteem me but lightly, I already love as my familiar and my friend—thou wilt easily conceive my surprise at meeting so unexpectedly with my old hero of the gambling-house. I felt indeed perfectly stunned at the shock of so singular a change in his circumstances since I had last met him. My thoughts reverted immediately to that scene, and to the mysterious connection between Tyrrell and Glanville. How would the latter receive the intelligence of his enemy's good fortune? was his vengeance yet satisfied, or through what means could it now find vent?

A thousand thoughts similar to these occupied and distracted my attention till morning, when I summoned Bedos into the room to read me to sleep. He opened

a play of Monsieur Delavigne's, and at the beginning of the second scene I was in the land of dreams.

I woke about two o'clock ; dressed, sipped my chocolate, and was on the point of arranging my hat to the best advantage, when I received the following note :—

“ MY DEAR PELHAM,—*Me tibi commendo.* I heard this morning, at your hotel, that you were here ; my heart was a house of joy at the intelligence. I called upon you two hours ago ; but, like Antony, ‘ you revel long o' nights.’ Ah, that I could add with Shakespeare, that you were ‘ notwithstanding *up.*’ I have just come from Paris, that *umbilicus terræ*, and my adventures since I saw you, for your private satisfaction, ‘ because I love you, I will let you know ;’ but you must satisfy me with a meeting. Till you do, ‘ the mighty gods defend you !’

VINCENT.”

The hotel from which Vincent dated this epistle was in the same street as my own caravanseraï, and to this hotel I immediately set off. I found my friend sitting before a huge folio, which he in vain endeavoured to persuade me that he seriously intended to read. We greeted each other with the greatest cordiality.

“ But how,” said Vincent, after the first warmth of welcome had subsided—“ how shall I congratulate you upon your new honours ? I was not prepared to find you grown from a *roué* into a senator.

“As it pleases the gods. But, good heavens, Vincent, what a beautiful girl!”

Vincent turned. “*O Dea certè,*” murmured he, and stopped.

The object of our exclamations was standing by a corner shop, apparently waiting for some one within. Her face, at the moment I first saw her, was turned full towards me. Never had I seen any countenance half so lovely. She was apparently about twenty; her hair was of the richest chestnut, and a golden light played through its darkness, as if a sunbeam had been caught in those luxuriant tresses, and was striving in vain to escape. Her eyes were of light hazel, large, deep, and *shaded into softness* (to use a modern expression) by long and very dark lashes. Her complexion alone would have rendered her beautiful, it was so clear—so pure; the blood blushed beneath it, like roses under a clear stream; if, in order to justify my simile, roses would have the complacency to grow in such a situation. Her nose was of that fine and accurate mould that one so seldom sees, except in the Grecian statues, which unites the clearest and most decided outline with the most feminine delicacy and softness: and the short curved arch which descended from thence to her mouth, was so fine—so *airily* and exquisitely formed, that it seemed as if Love himself had modelled the bridge which led to his most beautiful and fragrant island. On the right side of the mouth was one dimple, which corresponded so exactly with every smile and movement of those rosy lips, that you might

have sworn the shadow of each passed there ; it was like the rapid changes of an April heaven reflected upon a valley. She was somewhat, but not much, taller than the ordinary height ; and her figure, which united all the first freshness and youth of the girl with the more luxuriant graces of the woman, was rounded and finished so justly, that the eye could glance over the whole without discovering the least harshness or unevenness, or atom to be added or subtracted. But over all these was a light, a glow, a pervading spirit, of which it is impossible to convey the faintest idea. You should have seen her by the side of a shaded fountain on a summer's day. You should have watched her amidst music and flowers, and she might have seemed to you like the fairy that presided over both. So much for poetical description—it is not my *forte* !

“What think you of her, Vincent ?” said I.

“I say, with Theocritus, in his epithalamium of Helen——”

“Say no such thing,” said I ; “I will not have her presence profaned by any helps from your memory.”

At that moment the girl turned round abruptly, and re-entered the stationer's shop, at the door of which she had been standing.

“Let us enter,” said Vincent : “I want some sealing-wax.”

I desired no second invitation : we marched into the shop. My Armida was leaning on the arm of an old lady. She blushed deeply when she saw us enter ;

and, as ill-luck would have it, the old lady concluded her purchases the moment after, and they withdrew.

“ ‘Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalleled ! ’ ”

justly observed my companion.

I made no reply. All the remainder of that day I was absent and reserved ; and Vincent, perceiving that I no longer laughed at his jokes, nor smiled at his quotations, told me I was sadly changed for the worse, and pretended an engagement, to rid himself of an auditor so obtuse.

CHAPTER XLII.

Tout notre mal vient de ne pouvoir être seuls ; de là le jeu, le luxe, la dissipation, le vin, les femmes, l'ignorance, la médisance, l'envie, l'oubli de soi-même et de Dieu.—LA BRUYERE.

THE next day I resolved to call upon Tyrrell, seeing that he had not yet kept his promise of anticipating me, and being very desirous not to lose any opportunity of improving my acquaintance with him ; accordingly, I sent my valet to make inquiries as to his abode. I found that he lodged in the same hotel as myself ; and having previously ascertained that he was at home, I was ushered by the head waiter into the gamester's apartment.

He was sitting by the fire in a listless, yet thoughtful attitude. His muscular and rather handsome person was indued in a dressing-gown of rich brocade, thrown on with a slovenly *nonchalance*. His stockings were about his heels, his hair was dishevelled, and the light, streaming through the half-drawn window-curtains, rested upon the grey flakes with which its darker luxuriance was interspersed ; and the cross light in which he had the imprudence or misfortune to sit, fully developed the deep wrinkles which years and dissipation had planted round his eyes and mouth. I

was quite startled at the *oldness* and haggardness of his appearance.

He rose gracefully enough when I was announced ; and no sooner had the waiter retired than he came up to me, shook me warmly by the hand, and said, " Let me thank you *now* for the attention you formerly showed me, when I was less able to express my acknowledgments. I shall be proud to cultivate your intimacy."

I answered him in the same strain, and in the course of conversation made myself so entertaining, that he agreed to spend the remainder of the day with me. We ordered our horses at three and our dinner at seven, and I left him till the former were ready, in order to allow him time for his toilet.

During our ride we talked principally on general subjects—on the various differences of France and England, on horses, on wines, on women, on politics—on all things except that which had created our acquaintance. His remarks were those of a strong, ill-regulated mind, which had made experience supply the place of the reasoning faculties ; there was a looseness in his sentiments, and a licentiousness in his opinions, which startled even me (used as I had been to rakes of all schools) ; his philosophy was of that species which thinks that the best maxim of wisdom is—to despise. Of men he spoke with the bitterness of hatred ; of women, with the levity of contempt. France had taught him its debaucheries, but not the elegance which refines them : if his sentiments were low, the

language in which they were clothed was meaner still : and that which makes the morality of the upper classes, and which no criminal is supposed to be hardy enough to reject—that religion which has no scoffers, that code which has no impugners, *that honour* among gentlemen which constitutes the moving principle of the society in which they live—he seemed to imagine, even in its most fundamental laws, was an authority to which nothing but the inexperience of the young and the credulity of the romantic could accede.

Upon the whole, he seemed to me a “bold, bad man,” with just enough of intellect to teach him to be a villain, without that higher degree which shows him that it is the worst course for his interest ; and just enough of daring to make him indifferent to the dangers of guilt, though it was not sufficient to make him conquer and control them. For the rest, he loved trotting better than cantering—piqued himself upon being manly—wore doeskin gloves—drank port wine *par préférence*, and considered beef-steaks and oyster-sauce as the most delicate dish in the bill of fare. I think now, reader, you have a tolerably good view of his character.

After dinner, when we were discussing the second bottle, I thought it would not be a bad opportunity to question him upon his acquaintance with Glanville. His countenance fell directly I mentioned that name. However, he rallied himself. “Oh,” said he, “you mean the *soi-disant* Warburton. I knew him some years back—he was a poor silly youth, half mad, I

believe, and particularly hostile to me, owing to some foolish disagreement when he was quite a boy."

"What was the cause?" said I.

"Nothing—nothing of any consequence," answered Tyrrell; and then added, with an air of coxcombry, "I believe I was more fortunate than he in a certain intrigue. Poor Glanville is a little romantic, you know. But enough of this now; shall we go to the rooms?"

"With pleasure," said I; and to the rooms we went.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Veteres revocavit artes.—HOR.

Since I came hither I have heard strange news.—*King Lear.*

Two days after my long conversation with Tyrrell, I called again upon that worthy. To my great surprise he had left Cheltenham. I then strolled to Vincent ; I found him lolling on his sofa, surrounded, as usual, with books and papers.

“Come in, Pelham,” said he, as I hesitated at the threshold—“come in. I have been delighting myself with Plato all the morning ; I scarcely know what it is that enchants us so much with the ancients. I rather believe, with Schlegel, that it is that air of perfect repose—the stillness of a deep soul, which rests over their writings. Whatever would appear commonplace amongst us, has with them I know not what of sublimity and pathos. Triteness seems the profundity of truth—wildness, the daring of a luxuriant imagination. The fact is that, in spite of every fault, you see through all the traces of original thought : there is a contemplative grandeur in their sentiments, which seems to have nothing borrowed in its meaning or its dress. Take, for instance, this fragment of Mimnermus on the shortness of life ; what subject can seem more

tame?—what less striking than the feelings he expresses?—and yet throughout every line there is a melancholy depth and tenderness which it is impossible to define. Of all English writers who partake the most of this spirit of conveying interest and strength to sentiments and subjects neither novel in themselves, nor adorned in their arrangement, I know none that equal Byron: it is indeed the chief beauty of that extraordinary poet. Examine *Childe Harold* accurately, and you will be surprised to discover how very little of real depth or novelty there often is in the reflections which seem most deep and new. You are enchained by the vague but powerful beauty of the style; the strong impress of originality which breathes throughout. Like the oracle of Dodona, he makes the forests his tablets, and writes his inspirations upon the leaves of the trees; but the source of that inspiration you cannot tell; it is neither the truth nor the beauty of his sayings which you admire, though you fancy that it is: it is the mystery which accompanies them.”

“Pray,” said I, “do you not imagine that one great cause of this spirit of which you speak, and which seems to be nothing more than a thoughtful method of expressing all things, even to trifles, was the great loneliness to which the ancient poets and philosophers were attached? I think (though I have not your talent for quoting) that Cicero calls ‘the consideration of nature the food of the mind,’ and the mind which, in solitude, is confined necessarily to a few objects, meditates more closely upon those it embraces: the

habit of this meditation enters and pervades the system, and whatever afterwards emanates from it is tinged with the thoughtful and contemplative colours it has received."

"Wonderful!" cried Vincent; "how long have you learnt to read Cicero, and talk about the mind?"

"Ah," said I, "I am perhaps less ignorant than I affect to be: it is *now* my object to be a dandy; hereafter I may aspire to be an orator, a wit, a scholar, or a Vincent. You will see then that there have been many odd quarters of an hour in my life less unprofitably wasted than you imagine."

Vincent rose in a sort of nervous excitement, and then, reseating himself, fixed his dark bright eyes steadfastly upon me for some moments; his countenance all the while assuming a higher and graver expression than I had ever before seen it wear.

"Pelham," said he, at last, "it is for the sake of moments like these, when your better nature flashes out, that I have sought your society and your friendship. I, too, am not wholly what I appear: the world may yet see that Halifax was not the only statesman whom the pursuits of literature had only formed the better for the labours of business. Meanwhile, let me pass for the pedant and the bookworm: like a sturdier adventurer than myself, 'I bide my time.'—Pelham, this will be a busy session! shall you prepare for it?"

"Nay," answered I, relapsing into my usual tone of languid affectation; "I shall have too much to do in attending to Stultz, and Nugee, and Tattersall, and

Baxter, and a hundred other occupiers of spare time. Remember, this is my first season in London since my majority."

Vincent took up the newspaper with evident chagrin; however, he was too theoretically the man of the world long to show his displeasure. "Parr—Parr—again," said he; "how they stuff the journals with that name! Heaven knows I venerate learning as much as any man; but I respect it for its uses, and not for itself. However, I will not quarrel with his reputation—it is but for a day. Literary men, who leave nothing but their name to posterity, have but a short twilight of posthumous renown. *A propos*, do you know my pun upon Parr and the major?"

"Not I," said I, "*Majora canamus!*"

"Why, Parr and I, and two or three more, were dining once at poor T. M——'s, the author of *The Indian Antiquities*. Major ——, a great traveller, entered into a dispute with Parr about Babylon; the doctor got into a violent passion, and poured out such a heap of quotations on his unfortunate antagonist, that the latter, stunned by the clamour and terrified by the Greek, was obliged to succumb. Parr turned triumphantly to me. 'What is your opinion, my lord?' said he—'who is in the right?'

"*Adversis MAJOR—PAR secundis,*" answered I.

"Vincent," I said, after I had expressed sufficient admiration at his pun—"Vincent, I begin to be weary of this life; I shall accordingly pack up my books and myself, and go to Malvern Wells, to live quietly till I

think it time for London. After to-day you will, therefore, see me no more."

"I cannot," answered Vincent, "contravene so laudable a purpose, however I may be the loser." And, after a short and desultory conversation, I left him once more to the tranquil enjoyment of his Plato. That evening I went to Malvern, and there I remained in a monotonous state of existence, dividing my time equally between my mind and my body, and forming myself into that state of contemplative reflection which was the object of Vincent's admiration in the writings of the ancients.

Just when I was on the point of leaving my retreat, I received an intelligence which most materially affected my future prospects. My uncle, who had arrived at the sober age of fifty without any apparent designs of matrimony, fell suddenly in love with a lady in his immediate neighbourhood, and married her, after a courtship of three weeks.

"I should not," said my poor mother, very generously, in a subsequent letter, "so much have minded his marriage, if the lady had not thought proper to become in the family way; a thing which I do and always shall consider a most unwarrantable encroachment on your rights."

I will confess that, on first hearing this news, I experienced a bitter pang; but I reasoned it away. I was already under great obligations to my uncle, and I felt it a very unjust and ungracious assumption on my part to affect anger at conduct I had no right to question,

or mortification at the loss of pretensions I had so equivocal a privilege to form. A man of fifty has, *perhaps*, a right to consult his own happiness, almost as much as a man of thirty; and if he attracts by his choice the ridicule of those whom he has never obliged, it is at least from those persons he *has* obliged that he is to look for countenance and defence.

Fraught with these ideas, I wrote to my uncle a sincere and warm letter of congratulation. His answer was, like himself, kind, affectionate, and generous; it informed me that he had already made over to me the annual sum of one thousand pounds; and that in case of his having a lineal heir, he had, moreover, settled upon me, after his death, two thousand a-year. He ended by assuring me that his only regret at marrying a lady who in *all* respects was, above *all* women, calculated to make him happy, was his unfeigned reluctance to deprive me of a station, which (he was pleased to say) I not only deserved, but should adorn.

Upon receiving this letter I was sensibly affected with my uncle's kindness; and so far from repining at his choice, I most heartily wished him every blessing it could afford him, even though an heir to the titles of Glenmorris were one of them.

I protracted my stay at Malvern some weeks longer than I had intended: the circumstance which had wrought so great a change in my fortune, wrought no less powerfully on my character. I became more thoughtfully and solidly ambitious. Instead of wasting my time in idle regrets at the station I had lost, I

rather resolved to carve out for myself one still lofty and more universally acknowledged. I determined to exercise to their utmost the little ability and knowledge I possessed; and while the increase of income, derived from my uncle's generosity, furnished me with what was necessary for my luxury, I was resolved that it should not encourage me in the indulgence of my indolence.

In this mood, and with these intentions, I repaired to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.—HOR.

And look always that they be shape,
What garment that thou shalt make
Of him that can best do
With all that pertaineth thereto.—*Rom. of the Rose.*

How well I can remember the feelings with which I entered London and took possession of the apartments prepared for me at Mivart's! A year had made a vast alteration in my mind: I had ceased to regard pleasure for its own sake; I rather coveted its enjoyments as the great sources of worldly distinction. I was not the less a coxcomb than heretofore, nor the less fastidious in my horses and my dress; but I viewed these matters in a light wholly different from that in which I had hitherto regarded them. Beneath all the carelessness of my exterior, my mind was close, keen, and inquiring; and under all the affectations of foppery and the levity of manner I veiled an ambition the most extensive in its objects, and a resolution the most daring in the accomplishment of its means.

I was still lounging over my breakfast, on the second morning of my arrival, when Mr ——, the tailor, was announced.

“Good morning, Mr Pelham ; happy to see you returned. Do I disturb you too early? shall I wait on you again?”

“No, Mr ——, I am ready to receive you. You may renew my measure.”

“We are a very good figure, Mr Pelham—very good figure,” replied the Schneider, surveying me from head to foot while he was preparing his measure ; “we want a little assistance, though ; we must be padded well here ; we must have our chest thrown out, and have an additional inch across the shoulders ; we must live for effect in this world, Mr Pelham ; a *leetle* tighter round the waist, eh?”

“Mr ——,” said I, “you will take, first, my exact measure ; and, secondly, my exact instructions. Have you done the first?”

“We are done now, Mr Pelham,” replied my *man-maker*, in a slow, solemn tone.

“You will have the goodness, then, to put no stuffing of any description in my coat ; you will *not* pinch me an iota tighter across the waist than is natural to that part of my body ; and you will please, in your infinite mercy, to leave me as much after the fashion in which God made me as you possibly can.”

“But, sir, we *must* be padded ; we are much too thin ; all the gentlemen in the Life Guards are padded, sir.”

“Mr ——,” answered I, “you will please to speak of *us* with a separate and not a collective pronoun ; and you will let me for once have my clothes such as

a gentleman—who, I beg of you to understand, is not a Life Guardsman—can wear without being mistaken for a Guy Fawkes on a fifth of November.”

Mr —— looked very discomfited: “We shall not be liked, sir, when we are made—we shan’t, I assure you. I will call on Saturday at eleven o’clock. Good morning, Mr Pelham; we shall never be done justice to, if we do not live for effect; good morning, Mr Pelham.”

And here, as I am weary of tailors, let me reflect a little upon that divine art of which they are the professors. Alas for the instability of all human sciences! A few short months ago, in the first edition of this memorable work, I laid down rules for costume the value of which fashion begins already to destroy. The thoughts which I shall now embody shall be out of the reach of that great innovator, and applicable not to one age, but to all. To the sagacious reader, who has already discovered what portions of this work are writ in irony—what in earnest—I fearlessly commit these maxims; beseeching him to believe, with Sterne, that “everything is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out!”

MAXIMS.

I. Do not require your dress so much to fit as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be exalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being *too* natural.

II. Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things genius ; in small things, folly.

III. Always remember that you dress to fascinate others, not yourself.

IV. Keep your mind free from all violent affections at the hour of the toilet. A philosophical serenity is perfectly necessary to success. Helvetius says justly, that our errors arise from our passions.

V. Remember that none but those whose courage is unquestionable can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Spartans were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

VI. Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice ; that which naturally belongs to women should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery when we invest it with a sentiment.

VII. To *win* the affection of your mistress, appear negligent in your costume—to *preserve* it, assiduous : the first is a sign of the *passion* of love ; the second, of its *respect*.

VIII. A man must be a profound calculator to be a consummate dresser. One must not dress the same whether one goes to a minister or a mistress, an avaricious uncle or an ostentatious cousin : there is no diplomacy more subtle than that of dress.

IX. Is the great man whom you would conciliate a coxcomb ?—go to him in a waistcoat like his own. “Imitation,” says the author of *Lacon*, “is the sincerest flattery.”

X. The handsome may be showy in dress, the plain should study to be unexceptionable ; just as in great men we look for something to admire—in ordinary men we ask for nothing to forgive.

XI. There is a study of dress for the aged as well as for the young. Inattention is no less indecorous in one than the other ; we may distinguish the taste appropriate to each, by the reflection that youth is made to be loved—age to be respected.

XII. A fool may dress gaudily, but a fool cannot dress well—for to dress well requires judgment ; and Rochefoucault says with truth, “ *On est quelquefois un sot avec de l'esprit, mais on ne l'est jamais avec du jugement.*”

XIII. There may be more pathos in the fall of a collar or the curl of a lock than the shallow think for. Should we be so apt as we are now to compassionate the misfortunes, and to forgive the insincerity of Charles I., if his pictures had portrayed him in a bob-wig and a pig-tail ? Vandyke was a greater sophist than Hume.

XIV. The most graceful principle of dress is neatness—the most vulgar is preciseness.

XV. Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

XVI. Dress so that it may never be said of you, “ What a well-dressed man ! ”—but, “ What a gentlemanlike man ! ”

XVII. Avoid many colours, and seek by some one prevalent and quiet tint to sober down the others. Apelles used only four colours, and always subdued those which were more florid by a darkening varnish.

XVIII. Nothing is superficial to a deep observer ! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. “ In what part of that letter,” said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, “ did you discover irresolution ? ”—“ In its *ns* and *gs* ! ” was the answer.

XIX. A very benevolent man will never shock the feelings of others by an excess either of inattention or display ; you may doubt, therefore, the philanthropy both of a sloven and a fop.

XX. There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be malevolence in a diamond-ring.

XXI. Inventions in dressing should resemble Addison’s definitions of fine writing, and consist of “ refinements which are natural without being obvious.”

XXII. He who esteems trifles for themselves is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher.

CHAPTER XLV.

Tantôt, Monseigneur le Marquis à cheval—

Tantôt, Monsieur du Mazin de bout !

L'Art de se Promener à Cheval.

MY cabriolet was at the door, and I was preparing to enter, when I saw a groom managing with difficulty a remarkably fine and spirited horse. As at that time I was chiefly occupied with the desire of making as perfect a stud as my fortune would allow, I sent my cab-boy (*vulgò* Tiger) to inquire of the groom whether the horse was to be sold, and to whom it belonged.

“It was not to be disposed of,” was the answer ;
“and it belonged to Sir Reginald Glanville.”

The name thrilled through me ; I drove after the groom, and inquired Sir Reginald Glanville’s address. His house, the groom informed me, was at No. — Pall Mall. I resolved to call that day, but as the groom said that he was rarely at home till late in the afternoon, I drove first to Lady Roseville’s to talk about Almack’s and the *beau monde*, and be initiated into the newest scandal and satire of the day.

Lady Roseville was at home. I found the room half full of women. The beautiful countess was one of the few persons extant who admit people of a morn-

ing. She received me with marked kindness. Seeing that ——, who was esteemed among his friends the handsomest man of the day, had risen from his seat next to Lady Roseville in order to make room for me, I negligently and quietly dropped into it, and answered his grave and angry stare at my presumption with my very sweetest and most condescending smile. Heaven be praised ! the handsomest man of the day is never the chief object in the room when Henry Pelham and his guardian angel—termed, by his enemies, his *self-esteem*—once enter it.

I rattled on through a variety of subjects till Lady Roseville at last said, laughingly, “I see, Mr Pelham, that you have learned, at least, the art of making the *frais* of the conversation since your visit to Paris.”

“I understand you,” answered I ; “you mean that I talk too much : it is true — I own the offence ; nothing is so unpopular. Even I, the civilest, best-natured, most unaffected person in all Europe, am almost disliked, positively disliked, for that sole and simple crime. Ah ! the most beloved man in society is that deaf and dumb person, *comment s'appelle-t-il ?*”

“Yes,” said Lady Roseville, “Popularity is a goddess best worshipped by negatives ; and the fewer claims one has to be admired, the more pretensions one has to be beloved.”

“Perfectly true, in general,” said I—“for instance, I make the rule, and you the exception. I, a perfect paragon, am hated because I am one ; you, a perfect paragon, are idolised in spite of it. But tell me, what

literary news is there? I am tired of the trouble of idleness, and, in order to enjoy a little dignified leisure, intend to set up as a *savant*."

"Oh, Lady C—— — is going to write a 'Commentary on Ude;' and Madame de Genlis a 'Proof of the Apocrypha.' The Duke of N——e is publishing a 'Treatise on Toleration;' and Lord L—— an 'Essay on Self-Knowledge.' As for news more remote, I hear that the Dey of Algiers is finishing an 'Ode to Liberty,' and the College of Caffraria preparing a volume of 'Voyages to the North Pole!'"

"Now," said I, "if I retail this information with a serious air, I will lay a wager that I find plenty of believers; for fiction, uttered solemnly, is much more like probability than truth uttered doubtfully:—else how do the priests of Brama and Mahomet live?"

"Ah! now you grow too profound, Mr Pelham!"

"*C'est vrai*—but——"

"Tell me," interrupted Lady Roseville, "how it happens that you, who talk eruditely enough upon matters of erudition, should talk so lightly upon matters of levity?"

"Why," said I, rising to depart, "very great minds are apt to think that all which they set *any* value upon is of equal importance. Thus Hesiod—who, you know, was a capital poet, though rather an imitator of Shenstone—tells us that God bestowed valour on some men, and on others a genius for dancing. It was reserved for me, Lady Roseville, to unite the two perfections. Adieu!"

“ Thus,” said I, when I was once more alone—“ thus do we ‘ play the fools with the time,’ until Fate brings that which is better than folly ; and, standing idly upon the sea-shore till we can catch the favouring wind which is to waft the vessel of our destiny to enterprise and fortune, amuse ourselves with the weeds and the pebbles which are within our reach !”

CHAPTER XLVI.

There was a youth who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and grey before his time ;
Nor any could the restless grief unravel
Which burned within him, withering up his prime,
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.—P. B. SHELLEY.

FROM Lady Roseville's I went to Glanville's house. He was at home. I was ushered into a beautiful apartment, hung with rich damask, and interspersed with a profusion of mirrors. Beyond, to the right of this room, was a small closet, fitted up with books. This room, evidently a favourite retreat, was adorned at close intervals with girandoles of silver and mother-of-pearl ; the handles of the doors were of the same material.

This closet opened upon a spacious and lofty saloon, the walls of which were covered with the masterpieces of Flemish and Italian art. Through this apartment I was led by the obsequious and bowing valet into a fourth room, in which, negligently robed in his dressing-gown, sat Reginald Glanville. "Good heavens," thought I, as I approached him, "can this be the man who made his residence, by choice, in a miserable hovel, exposed to all the damps, winds, and vapours that the prolific generosity of an English heaven ever begot?"

Our meeting was cordial in the extreme. Glanville, though still pale and thin, appeared in much better health than I had yet seen him since our boyhood. He was, or affected to be, in the most joyous spirits ; and when his blue eye lighted up in answer to the merriment of his lips, and his noble and glorious cast of countenance shone out as if it had never been clouded by grief or passion, I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen so perfect a specimen of masculine beauty, at once physical and intellectual.

“My dear Pelham,” said Glanville, “let us see a great deal of each other : I live very much alone : I have an excellent cook sent me over from France by the celebrated gourmand, Maréchal de ——. I dine every day exactly at eight, and never accept an invitation to dine elsewhere. My table is always laid for three, and you will therefore be sure of finding a dinner here every day you have no better engagement. What think you of my taste in pictures ?”

“I have only to say,” answered I, “that since I am so often to dine with you, I hope your taste in wines will be one-half as good.”

“We are all,” said Glanville, with a faint smile—“we are all, in the words of the true old proverb, ‘children of a larger growth.’ Our first toy is love—our second, display, according as our ambition prompts us to exert it. Some place it in horses, some in honours, some in feasts, and some—*voici un exemple*—in furniture or pictures. So true it is, Pelham, that our earliest longings are the purest : in love, we covet goods

for the sake of the one beloved; in display, for our own: thus, our first stratum of mind produces fruit for others; our second becomes niggardly, and bears only sufficient for ourselves. But enough of my morals—will you drive me out, if I dress quicker than you ever saw man dress before?”

“No,” said I; “for I make it a rule never to drive out a badly-dressed friend; take time, and I will let you accompany me.”

“So be it, then. Do you ever read? if so, my books are made to be opened, and you may toss them over while I am at my toilet. Look! here are two works—one of poetry, one on the Catholic Question—both dedicated to me. Seymour—my waistcoat. See what it is to furnish a house differently from other people; one becomes a *bel esprit* and a Mecænas immediately. Believe me, if you are rich enough to afford it, that there is no passport to fame like eccentricity. Seymour—my coat. I am at your service, Pelham. Believe hereafter that one may dress well in a short time!”

“*One* may do it, but not *two—allons!*”

I observed that Glanville was dressed in the deepest mourning, and imagined, from that circumstance, and his accession to the title I heard applied to him for the first time, that his father was only just dead. In this opinion I was soon undeceived. He had been dead for some years. Glanville spoke to me of his family:—“To my mother,” said he, “I am particularly anxious to introduce you; of my sister I say nothing; I expect you to be surprised with her. I love her more

than anything on earth *now* ;” and as Glanville said this, a paler shade passed over his face.

We were in the park—Lady Roseville passed us—we both bowed to her ; as she returned our greeting, I was struck with the deep and sudden blush which overspread her countenance. “That can’t be for *me*?” thought I. I looked towards Glanville ; his countenance had recovered its serenity, and was settled into its usual proud, but not displeasing, calmness of expression.

“Do you know Lady Roseville well?” said I.

“Very,” answered Glanville, laconically, and changed the conversation. As we were leaving the park through Cumberland Gate we were stopped by a blockade of carriages ; a voice, loud, harsh, and vulgarly *accented*, called out to Glanville by his name. I turned, and saw Thornton.

“For Heaven’s sake, Pelham, drive on,” cried Glanville ; “let me for once escape that atrocious plebeian.”

Thornton was crossing the road towards us ; I waved my hand to him civilly enough (for I never cut anybody), and drove rapidly through the other gate, without appearing to notice his design of speaking to us.

“Thank Heaven !” said Glanville, and sank back in a reverie, from which I could not awaken him till he was set down at his own door.

When I returned to Mivart’s, I found a card from Lord Dawton, and a letter from my mother.

“MY DEAR HENRY” (began the letter),—“Lord Dawton having kindly promised to call upon you per-

sonally with this note, I cannot resist the opportunity that promise affords me of saying how desirous I am that you should cultivate his acquaintance. He is, you know, among the most prominent leaders of the Opposition : and should the Whigs, by any possible chance, ever come into power, he would have a great chance of becoming prime minister. I trust, however, that you will not adopt that side of the question. The Whigs are a horrid set of people (*politically* speaking), vote for the Roman Catholics, and never get into place : they give very good dinners, however, and till you have decided upon your politics, you may as well make the most of them. I hope, by the by, that you will see a great deal of Lord Vincent : every one speaks highly of his talents ; and only two weeks ago, he said, publicly, that he thought you the most promising young man, and the most naturally clever person, he had ever met. I hope that you will be attentive to your parliamentary duties ; and—oh, Henry, be sure that you see Cartwright the dentist as soon as possible.

“I intend hastening to London three weeks earlier than I had intended, in order to be useful to you. I have written already to dear Lady Roseville, begging her to *introduce* you at Lady C——’s and Lady —— ; the only places worth going to at present. They tell me there is a horrid, vulgar, ignorant book come out about —— . As you ought to be well versed in modern literature, I hope you will read it, and give me your opinion. Adieu, my dear Henry, ever your affectionate mother,

FRANCES PELHAM.”

I was still at my solitary dinner when the following note was brought me from Lady Roseville :—

“DEAR MR PELHAM,—Lady Frances wishes Lady C—— to be made acquainted with you ; this is her night, and I therefore enclose you a card. As I dine at —— House, I shall have an opportunity of making your *éloge* before your arrival. Yours sincerely,

“C. ROSEVILLE.”

I wonder, thought I, as I made my toilet, whether or not Lady Roseville is enamoured of her new correspondent? I went very early, and before I retired, my vanity was undeceived. Lady Roseville was playing at *écarté* when I entered. She beckoned to me to approach. I did. Her antagonist was Mr Bedford, a natural son of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and one of the best-natured and best-looking dandies about town : there was, of course, a great crowd round the table. Lady Roseville played incomparably ; bets were high in her favour. Suddenly her countenance changed—her hand trembled—her presence of mind forsook her. She lost the game. I looked up and saw just opposite to her, but apparently quite careless and unmoved, Reginald Glanville. We had only time to exchange nods, for Lady Roseville rose from the table, took my arm, and walked to the other end of the room in order to introduce me to my hostess.

I spoke to her a few words, but she was absent and inattentive ; my penetration required no farther proof

to convince me that she was not wholly insensible to the attractions of Glanville. Lady —— was as civil and silly as the generality of Lady Blanks are ; and feeling very much bored, I soon retired to an obscurer corner of the room. Here Glanville joined me.

“It is but seldom,” said he, “that I come to these places ; to-night my sister persuaded me to venture forth.”

“Is she here ?” said I.

“She is,” answered he ; “she has just gone into the refreshment-room with my mother ; and when she returns I will introduce you.”

While Glanville was yet speaking, three middle-aged ladies, who had been talking together with great vehemence for the last ten minutes, approached us.

“Which is he ?—which is he ?” said two of them, in no inaudible accents.

“This,” replied the third ; and, coming up to Glanville, she addressed him, to my great astonishment, in terms of the most hyperbolical panegyric.

“Your work is wonderful ! wonderful !” said she.

“Oh ! quite—quite !” echoed the other two.

“I can’t say,” recommenced the *Coryphæa*, “that I like the moral—at least not quite ; no, not quite.”

“Not quite,” repeated her coadjutrices.

Glanville drew himself up with his most stately air, and after three profound bows, accompanied by a smile of the most unequivocal contempt, he turned on his heel and sauntered away.

“Did your grace *ever* see such a bear?” said one of the echoes.

“Never,” said the duchess, with a mortified air; “but I will have him yet. How handsome he is for an author?”

I was descending the stairs in the last state of *ennui*, when Glanville laid his hand on my shoulder.

“Shall I take you home?” said he: “my carriage has just drawn up.”

I was too glad to answer in the affirmative.

“How long have you been an author?” said I, when we were seated in Glanville’s carriage.

“Not many days,” he replied. “I have tried one resource after another—all—all in vain. Oh, God! that for me there *could* exist such a blessing as *fiction*! Must I be ever the martyr of one burning, lasting, indelible *truth*!”

Glanville uttered these words with a peculiar wildness and energy of tone: he then paused abruptly for a minute, and continued with an altered voice—

“Never, my dear Pelham, be tempted by any inducement into the pleasing errors of print; from that moment you are public property; and the last monster at Exeter ’Change has more liberty than you: but here we are at Mivart’s. Adieu—I will call on you tomorrow, if my wretched state of health will allow me.”

And with these words we parted.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Ambition is a lottery, where, however uneven the chances, there are *some* prizes ; but in dissipation, *every* one draws a blank.—*Letters of Stephen Montague.*

THE season was not far advanced before I grew heartily tired of what are *nicknamed* its gaieties ; I shrank by rapid degrees into a very small orbit, from which I rarely moved. I had already established a certain reputation for eccentricity, fashion, and, to my great astonishment, also for talent ; and my pride was satisfied with finding myself universally run after, whilst I indulged my inclinations by rendering myself universally scarce. I saw much of Vincent, whose varied acquirements and great talents became more and more perceptible, both as my own acquaintance with him increased, and as the political events with which that year was pregnant called forth their exertion and display. I went occasionally to Lady Roseville's, and was always treated rather as a long-known friend than an ordinary acquaintance ; nor did I undervalue this distinction, for it was part of her pride to render her house not only as splendid, but as agreeable, as her command over society enabled her to effect.

At the House of Commons my visits would have been

duly paid, but for one trifling occurrence, upon which, as it is a very sore subject, I shall dwell as briefly as possible. I had scarcely taken my seat, before I was forced to relinquish it. My unsuccessful opponent, Mr Lufton, preferred a petition against me, for what he called undue means. Heaven knows what he meant ; I am sure the House did not, for they turned me out, and declared Mr Lufton duly elected.

Never was there such a commotion in the Glenmorris family before. My uncle was seized with the gout in his stomach, and my mother shut herself up with *Tre-maine* and one china monster for a whole week. As for me, though I writhed at heart, I bore the calamity philosophically enough in external appearance ; nor did I the less busy myself in political matters : with what address and success, good or bad, I endeavoured to supply the loss of my parliamentary influence the reader will see, when it suits the plot of this history to touch upon such topics.

Glanville I saw continually. When in tolerable spirits, he was an entertaining, though never a frank nor a communicative, companion. His conversation then was lively, yet without wit, and sarcastic, though without bitterness. It abounded also in philosophical reflections and terse maxims, which always brought improvement, or, at the worst, allowed discussion. He was a man of even vast powers—of deep thought—of luxuriant, though dark imagination, and of great miscellaneous, though perhaps ill-arranged, erudition. He was fond of paradoxes in reasoning, and supported them

with a subtlety and strength of mind, which Vincent, who admired him greatly, told me he had never seen surpassed. He was subject, at times, to a gloom and despondency, which seemed almost like aberration of intellect. At those hours he would remain perfectly silent, and apparently forgetful of my presence, and of every object around him.

It was only then, when the play of his countenance was vanished, and his features were still and set, that you saw in their full extent the dark and deep traces of premature decay. His cheek was hollow and hueless, his eye dim, and of that visionary and glassy aspect which is never seen but in great mental or bodily disease, and which, according to the superstitions of some nations, implies a mysterious and unearthly communion of the soul with the beings of another world. From these trances he would sometimes start abruptly, and renew any conversation broken off before, as if wholly unconscious of the length of his reverie. At others, he would rise slowly from his seat and retire into his own apartment, from which he never emerged during the rest of the day.

But the reader must bear in mind that there was nothing artificial or affected in his musings, of whatever complexion they might be ; nothing like the dramatic brown studies, and quick starts, which young gentlemen, in love with Lara and Lord Byron, are apt to practise. There never, indeed, was a character that possessed less cant of any description. His work,

which was a singular, wild tale—of mingled passion and reflection—was, perhaps, of too original, certainly of too abstract a nature, to suit the ordinary novel readers of the day. It did not acquire popularity for itself, but it gained great reputation for the author. It also inspired every one who read it with a vague and indescribable interest to see and know the person who had composed so singular a work.

This interest he was the first to laugh at, and to disappoint. He shrank from all admiration and from all sympathy. At the moment when a crowd assembled round him, and every ear was bent to catch the words, which came alike from so beautiful a lip and so strange and imaginative a mind, it was his pleasure to utter some sentiment totally different from his written opinions, and utterly destructive of the sensation he had excited. But it was very rarely that he exposed himself to these “trials of an author.” He went out little to any other house but Lady Roseville’s, and it was seldom more than once a-week that he was seen even there. Lonely, and singular in mind and habits, he lived in the world like a person occupied by a separate object, and possessed of a separate existence from that of his fellow-beings. He was luxurious and splendid, beyond all men, in his habits, rather than his tastes. His table groaned beneath a weight of silver, too costly for the daily service even of a prince ; but he had no pleasure in surveying it. His wines and viands were of the most exquisite description ; but he scarcely tasted them. Yet, what may seem inconsistent, he was averse

to all ostentation and show in the eyes of others. He admitted very few into his society—no one so intimately as myself. I never once saw more than three persons at his table. He seemed, in his taste for the arts, in his love of literature, and his pursuit after fame, to be, as he himself said, eternally endeavouring to forget and eternally brought back to remembrance.

“I pity that man even more than I admire him,” said Vincent to me, one night when we were walking home from Glanville’s house. “His is, indeed, the disease *nullâ medicabilis herbâ*. Whether it is the past or the present that afflicts him—whether it is the memory of past evil, or the satiety of present good, he has taken to his heart the bitterest philosophy of life. He does not reject its blessings—he gathers them around him, but as a stone gathers moss—cold, hard, unsoftened by the freshness and the greenness which surround it. As a circle can only touch a circle in one place, everything that life presents to him, wherever it comes from—to whatever portion of his soul it is applied—can find but one point of contact; and that is the soreness of affliction; whether it is the *oblivio* or the *otium* that he requires, he finds equally that he is for ever in want of one treasure:—‘*neque gemmis neque purpurâ venale nec auro.*’”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Mons. Jourdain. Etes-vous fou de l'aller quereller—lui qui entend la tierce et la quarte, et qui sait tuer un homme par raison démonstrative?

Le Maître à Danser. Je me moque de sa raison démonstrative, de sa tierce et de sa quarte.—MOLIERE.

“HOLLO, my good friend ; how are you ? d—d glad to see you in England,” vociferated a loud, clear, good-humoured voice, one cold morning, as I was shivering down Brook Street into Bond Street. I turned and beheld Lord Dartmore, of “Rocher de Cancale” memory. I returned his greeting with the same cordiality with which it was given ; and I was forthwith saddled with Dartmore’s arm, and dragged up Bond Street, into that borough of all noisy, riotous, unrefined good fellows, yclept ——’s Hotel.

Here we were soon plunged into a small, low apartment, which Dartmore informed me was his room, and which was crowded with a score of the most stalwart youths that I ever saw out of a marching regiment.

Dartmore was still gloriously redolent of Oxford : his companions were all extracts from Christchurch ; and his favourite occupations were boxing and hunting—scenes at the Fives’ Courts—nights in the Cider Cellar—and mornings at Bow Street. Figure to yourself a fitter companion for the hero and writer of these ad-

ventures ! The table was covered with boxing-gloves, single-sticks, two ponderous pair of dumb-bells, a large pewter pot of porter, and four foils ; one snapped in the middle.

“ Well,” cried Dartmore, to two strapping youths, with their coats off, “ which was the conqueror ? ”

“ Oh, it is not yet decided,” was the answer ; and forthwith the bigger one hit the lesser a blow with his boxing-glove, heavy enough to have felled Ulysses, who, if I recollect aright, was rather “ *a game blood* ” in such encounters.

This slight salute was forthwith the prelude to an encounter, which the whole train crowded round to witness ; — I, among the rest, pretending an equal ardour, and an equal interest, and hiding, like many persons in a similar predicament, a most trembling spirit beneath a most valorous exterior.

When the match (which terminated in favour of the lesser champion) was over, “ Come, Pelham,” said Dartmore, “ let me take up the gloves with you ? ”

“ You are too good ! ” said I, for the first time using my drawing-room drawl. A wink and a grin went round the room.

“ Well, then, will you fence with Staunton, or play at single-stick with me ? ” said the short, thick, bullying, impudent, vulgar Earl of Calton.

“ Why,” answered I, “ I am a poor hand at the foils, and a still worse at the sticks ; but I have no objection to exchange a cut or two at the latter with Lord Calton.”

“No, no !” said the good-natured Dartmore ;—“no ! Calton is the best stick-player I ever knew ;” and then whispering me, he added, “and the hardest hitter—and he never spares, either.”

“Really,” said I aloud, in my most affected tone, “it is a great pity, for I am excessively delicate ; but as I said I would engage him, I don’t like to retract. Pray let me look at the hilt : I hope the basket is strong : I would not have my knuckles wrapped for the world—now for it. I’m in a deuced fright, Dartmore ;” and so saying, and inwardly chuckling at the universal pleasure depicted in the countenances of Calton and the bystanders, who were all rejoiced at the idea of the “dandy being drubbed,” I took the stick, and pretended great awkwardness and lack of grace in the position I chose.

Calton placed himself in the most scientific attitude, assuming at the same time an air of *hauteur* and *nonchalance*, which seemed to call for the admiration it met.

“Do we allow hard hitting ?” said I.

“Oh ! by all means,” answered Calton, eagerly.

“Well,” said I, settling my own *chapeau*, “had not you better put on your hat ?”

“Oh, no,” answered Calton, imperiously ; “I can take pretty good care of my head ;” and with these words we commenced.

I remained at first nearly upright, not availing myself in the least of my superiority in height, and only acting on the defensive. Calton played well enough

for a gentleman ; but he was no match for one who had, at the age of thirteen, beat the Life Guardsmen at Angelo's. Suddenly, when I had excited a general laugh at the clumsy success with which I warded off a most rapid attack of Calton's, I changed my position, and keeping Calton at arm's length till I had driven him towards a corner, I took advantage of a haughty imprudence on his part, and, by a common enough move in the game, drew back from a stroke aimed at my limbs, and suffered the whole weight of my weapon to fall so heavily upon his head, that I felled him to the ground in an instant.

I was sorry for the severity of the stroke the moment after it was inflicted ; but never was punishment more deserved. We picked up the discomfited hero, and placed him on a chair to recover his senses ; meanwhile I received the congratulations of the conclave with a frank alteration of manner which delighted them ; and I found it impossible to get away till I had promised to dine with Dartmore, and spend the rest of the evening in the society of his friends.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Heroes mischievously gay,
Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
Flushed as they are with folly, youth, and wine.

JOHNSON'S *London*.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te—his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.—SHAKESPEARE.

I WENT a little after seven o'clock to keep my dinner engagement at ——'s ; for very young men are seldom unpunctual at dinner. We sat down, six in number, to a repast at once incredibly bad and ridiculously extravagant ; turtle without fat—venison without flavour—champagne with the taste of a gooseberry, and hock with the properties of a pomegranate.* Such is the constant habit of young men ; they think anything expensive is necessarily good, and they purchase poison at a dearer rate than the most *medicine-loving* hypochondriac in England !

Of course, all the knot declared the dinner was superb ; called in the master to eulogise him in person, and made him, to his infinite dismay, swallow a bumper of his own hock. Poor man ! they mistook his reluctance for his diffidence, and forced him to wash it away

* Which is *not* an astringent fruit.

in another potation. With many a wry face of grateful humility, he left the room, and we then proceeded to pass the bottle with the *suicidal* determination of defeated Romans. You may imagine that we were not long in arriving at the devoutly-wished-for consummation of comfortable inebriety ; and with our eyes reeling, our cheeks burning, and our brave spirits full ripe for a quarrel, we sallied out at eleven o'clock, vowing death, dread, and destruction to all the sober portion of his majesty's subjects.

We came to a dead halt in Arlington Street, which, as it was the quietest spot in the neighbourhood, we deemed a fitting place for the arrangement of our forces. Dartmore, Staunton (a tall, thin, well-formed, silly youth), and myself marched first, and the remaining three followed. We gave each other the most judicious admonitions as to the propriety of conduct, and then, with a shout that alarmed the whole street, we renewed our way. We passed on safely enough till we got to Charing Cross, having only been thrice upbraided by the watchmen, and once threatened by two carmen of prodigious size, to whose wives or sweethearts we had, to our infinite peril, made some gentle overtures. When, however, we had just passed the Opera Colonnade, we were accosted by a bevy of buxom Cyprians, as merry and as drunk as ourselves. We halted for a few minutes in the midst of the kennel, to confabulate with our new friends, and a very amicable and intellectual conversation ensued. Dartmore was an adept in the art of slang, and he found himself

fairly matched by more than one of the fair and gentle creatures by whom we were surrounded. Just, however, as we were all in high glee, Staunton made a trifling discovery, which turned the merriment of the whole scene into strife, war, and confusion. A bouncing lass, whose hands were as ready as her charms, had quietly helped herself to a watch which Staunton wore, *à la mode*, in his waistcoat pocket. Drunken as the youth was at that time, and dull as he was at all others, he was not without the instinctive penetration with which all human bipeds watch over their individual goods and chattels. He sprang aside from the endearments of the syren, grasped her arm, and in a voice of querulous indignation, accused her of the theft.

“ Then rose the cry of women—shrill
As shriek of goshawk on the hill.”

Never were my ears so stunned. The angry authors in the adventures of Gil Blas were nothing to the disputants in the kennel at Charing Cross ; we rowed, swore, slanged, with a Christian meekness and forbearance which would have rejoiced Mr Wilberforce to the heart, and we were already preparing ourselves for a more striking engagement, when we were most unwelcomely interrupted by the presence of three watchmen.

“ Take away this—this—d—d woman,” hiccuped out Staunton ; “ she has sto—len—(hiccup)—my—watch ”—(hiccup).

“ No such thing, watchman,” hallooed out the accused, “ the b—— counter-skipper never *had* any watch ! he only filched a twopenny-halfpenny gilt

chain out of his master, Levy, the pawnbroker's window, and stuck it in his *eel-skin* to make a show : ye did, ye pitiful, lanky-chopped son of a dog-fish, ye did."

"Come, come," said the watchman, "move on, move on."

"You be d—d for a Charley!" said one of our gang.

"Ho! ho! master jackanapes, I shall give you a cooling in the watch-house if you tips us any of your jaw. I daresay the young *oman* here is quite right about ye, and ye never had any watch at all, at all."

"You are a liar!" cried Staunton: "and you are all in with each other like a pack of rogues as you are."

"I'll tell you what, young gemman," said another watchman,* who was a more potent, grave, and reverend signor than his comrades, "if you do not move on instantly and let these decent young *omen* alone, I'll take you all up before Sir Richard."

"Charley, my boy," said Dartmore, "did you ever get thrashed for impertinence?"

The last-mentioned watchman took upon himself the reply to this interrogatory by a very summary proceeding: he collared Dartmore, and his companions did the same kind office to us. This action was not committed with impunity: in an instant two of the moon's minions, staffs, lanterns, and all, were measuring their length at the foot of their namesake of royal memory; the remaining Dogberry was, however, a tougher

* The reader will remember that this work was written before the institution of the New Police.

assailant ; he held Staunton so firmly in his gripe, that the poor youth could scarcely breathe out a faint and feeble d—ye of defiance, and with his disengaged hand he made such an admirable use of his rattle, that we were surrounded in a trice.

As when an ant-hill is invaded, from every quarter and crevice of the mound arise and pour out an angry host, of whose previous existence the unwary assailant had not dreamt ; so from every lane, and alley, and street, and crossing, came fast and far the champions of the night.

“Gentlemen,” said Dartmore, “we must fly ; *sauve qui peut.*” We wanted no stronger admonition, and accordingly, all of us who were able, set off with the utmost velocity with which God had gifted us. I have some faint recollection that I myself headed the flight. I remember well that I dashed *up* the Strand, and dashed *down* a singular little shed, from which emanated the steam of tea, and a sharp querulous scream of “All hot—all hot ; a penny a-pint.” I see, now, by the dim light of retrospection, a vision of an old woman in the kennel, and a pewter pot of mysterious ingredients precipitated into a greengrocer’s shop, “*te virides inter lauros,*” as Vincent would have said. On we went, faster and faster, as the rattle rang in our ears and the tramp of the enemy echoed after us in hot pursuit.

“The *devil* take the hindmost,” said Dartmore, breathlessly (as he kept up with me).

“The watchman has saved his majesty the trouble,”

answered I, looking back and seeing one of our friends in the clutch of the pursuers.

“On, on!” was Dartmore’s only reply.

At last, after innumerable perils, and various immersements into back passages, and courts, and alleys, which, like the chicaneries of law, preserved and befriended us, in spite of all the efforts of justice, we fairly found ourselves in safety in the midst of a great square.

Here we paused, and, after ascertaining our individual safeties, we looked round to ascertain the sum total of the general loss. Alas! we were woefully shorn of our beams—we were reduced one-half: only three out of the six survived the conflict and the flight.

“Half,” said the companion of Dartmore and myself, whose name was Tringle, and who was a dabbler in science, of which he was not a little vain, “half is less worthy than the whole; but the half is more worthy than nonentity.”

“An axiom,” said I, “not to be disputed; but now that we are safe, and have time to think about it, are you not slightly of opinion that we behaved somewhat scurvily to our better half, in leaving it so quietly in the hands of the Philistines?”

“By no means,” answered Dartmore. “In a party, whose members make no pretensions to sobriety, it would be too hard to expect that persons who are scarcely capable of taking care of themselves, should take care of other people. No; we have in all these exploits only the one maxim of self-preservation.”

“Allow me,” said Tringle, seizing me by the coat, “to explain it to you on scientific principles. You will find, in hydrostatics, that the attraction of cohesion is far less powerful in fluids than in solids—viz., that persons who have been converting their ‘solid flesh’ into wine-skins, cannot stick so close to one another as when they are sober.”

“Bravo, Tringle !” cried Dartmore ; “and now, Pelham, I hope your delicate scruples are, after so luminous an *éclaircissement*, set at rest for ever.”

“You have convinced me,” said I : “let us leave the unfortunates to their fate and Sir Richard ; what is now to be done ?”

“Why, in the first place,” answered Dartmore, “let us reconnoitre. Does any one know this spot ?”

“Not I,” said both of us. We inquired of an old fellow, who was tottering home under the same Bacchanalian auspices as ourselves, and found we were in Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

“Which shall we do ?” asked I, “stroll home ; or parade the streets, visit the Cider-Cellar, and the Finish, and kiss the first lass we meet in the morning bringing her charms and carrots to Covent Garden Market ?”

“The latter,” cried Dartmore and Tringle, “without doubt.”

“Come, then,” said I, “let us investigate Holborn, and dip into St Giles’s, and then find our way into some more known corner of the globe.”

“Amen !” said Dartmore, and accordingly we renewed our march. We wound along a narrow lane,

tolerably well known, I imagine, to the gentlemen of the quill, and entered Holborn. There was a beautiful still moon above us, which cast its light over a drowsy stand of hackney coaches, and shed a "silver sadness" over the thin visages and sombre vestments of two guardians of the night, who regarded us, we thought, with a very ominous aspect of suspicion.

We strolled along, leisurely enough, till we were interrupted by a miserable-looking crowd, assembled round a dull, dingy, melancholy shop, from which gleamed a solitary candle, whose long, spinster-like wick was flirting away with an east wind at a most unconscionable rate. Upon the haggard and worn countenances of the bystanders was depicted one general and sympathising expression of eager, envious, wistful anxiety, which predominated so far over the various characters of each, as to communicate something of a likeness to all. It was an impress of such a seal as you might imagine, not the arch-fiend, but one of his subordinate shepherds, would have set upon each of his flock.

Amid this crowd I recognised more than one face which I had often seen in my equestrian lounges through town, peering from the shoulders of some intrusive, ragamuffin, wagesless lackey, and squealing out of its wretched, unpampered mouth, the everlasting query of "*Want your oss held, Sir?*" The rest were made up of unfortunate women of the vilest and most ragged description, aged itinerants, with features seared with famine, bleared eyes, dropping jaws, shivering limbs, and all the mortal signs of hopeless and aidless,

and, worst of all, breadless infirmity. Here and there an Irish accent broke out in the oaths of national impatience, and was answered by the shrill, broken voice of some decrepit but indefatigable votaries of pleasure—(*Pleasure !*) but the chief character of the meeting was *silence* ;—silence, eager, heavy, engrossing ; and, above them all, shone out the quiet moon, so calm, so holy, so breathing of still happiness and unpolluted glory, as if it never looked upon the traces of human passion, and misery, and sin. We stood for some moments contemplating the group before us, and then, following the steps of an old, withered crone, who, with a cracked cup in her hand, was pushing her way through the throng, we found ourselves in that dreary pandemonium, at once the origin and the refuge of humble vices—a *Gin-shop*.

“Poor devils,” said Dartmore, to two or three of the nearest and eagerest among the crowd, “come in, and I will treat you.”

The invitation was received with a promptness which must have been the most gratifying compliment to the inviter ; and thus Want, which is the mother of Invention, does not object, now and then, to a bantling by Politeness.

We stood by the counter while our *protégés* were served, in silent observation. In low vice, to me, there is always something too gloomy, almost too *fearful* for light mirth ; the contortions of the madman are stronger than those of the fool, but one does not laugh at them ; the sympathy is for the cause—not the effect.

Leaning against the counter at one corner, and fixing his eyes deliberately and unmovingly upon us, was a man about the age of fifty, dressed in a costume of singular fashion, apparently pretending to an antiquity of taste correspondent with that of the material. This person wore a large cocked-hat, set rather jauntily on one side, and a black coat, which seemed an *omnium gatherum* of all abominations that had come in its way for the last ten years, and which appeared to advance equal claims (from the manner it was made and worn) to the several dignities of the art military and civil, the *arma* and the *toga*:—from the neck of the wearer hung a blue ribbon of amazing breadth, and of a very surprising assumption of newness and splendour, by no means in harmony with the other parts of the *tout ensemble*; this was the guardian of an eye-glass of block tin, and of dimensions correspondent with the size of the ribbon. Stuck under the right arm, and shaped fearfully like a sword, peeped out the hilt of a very large and sturdy-looking stick, “in war a weapon, in peace a support.”

The features of the man were in keeping with his garb; they betokened an equal mixture of the traces of poverty, and the assumption of the dignities reminiscent of a better day. Two small light-blue eyes were shaded by bushy and rather imperious brows, which lowered from under the hat, like Cerberus out of his den. These, at present, wore the dull, fixed stare of habitual intoxication, though we were not long in discovering that they had not yet forgotten to sparkle with all the

quickness, and more than the roguery, of youth. His nose was large, prominent, and aristocratic ; nor would it have been ill-formed, had not some unknown cause pushed it a little nearer towards the left ear than would have been thought, by an equitable judge of beauty, fair to the pretensions of the right. The lines in the countenance were marked as if in iron, and, had the face been perfectly composed, must have given to it a remarkably stern and sinister appearance ; but at that moment there was an arch leer about the mouth, which softened, or at least altered, the expression the features habitually wore.

“ Sir,” said he (after a few minutes of silence)—“ sir,” said he, approaching me, “ will you do me the honour to take a pinch of snuff ? ” and so saying, he tapped a curious copper box, with a picture of his late majesty upon it.

“ With great pleasure,” answered I, bowing low, “ since the act is a prelude to the pleasure of your acquaintance.”

My gentleman of the gin-shop opened his box with an air, as he replied—“ It is but seldom that I meet, in places of this description, gentlemen of the exterior of yourself and your friends. I am not a person very easily deceived by the outward man. Horace, sir, could not have included *me* when he said *specie decipimur*. I perceive that you are surprised at hearing me quote Latin. Alas ! sir, in my wandering and various manner of life I may say, with Cicero and Pliny, that the study of letters has proved my greatest con-

solation. ‘*Gaudium mihi,*’ says the latter author, ‘*et solatium in literis: nihil tam lætum quod his non lætius, nihil tam triste quod non per has sit minus triste.*’ G—d—n ye, you scoundrel, give me my gin! aren’t you ashamed of keeping a gentleman of my fashion so long waiting?”

This was said to the sleepy dispenser of the spirituous potations, who looked up for a moment with a dull stare, and then replied, “Your money first, Mr Gordon—you owe us sevenpence halfpenny already.”

“Blood and confusion! speakest thou to me of halfpence! Know that thou art a mercenary varlet; yes, knave, mark that, a mercenary varlet.” The sleepy Ganymede replied not, and the wrath of Mr Gordon subsided into a low, interrupted, internal muttering of strange oaths, which rolled and grumbled, and rattled in his throat, like distant thunder.

At length he cheered up a little—“Sir,” said he, addressing Dartmore, “it is a sad thing to be dependent on these low persons; the wise among the ancients were never so wronged as when they panegyrised poverty: it is the wicked man’s tempter, the good man’s perdition, the proud man’s curse, the melancholy man’s halter.”

“You are a strange old cock,” said the unsophisticated Dartmore, eyeing him from head to foot; “there’s half-a-sovereign for you.”

The blunt blue eyes of Mr Gordon sharpened up in an instant; he seized the treasure with an avidity of which, the minute after, he seemed somewhat ashamed;

for he said, playing with the coin in an idle, indifferent manner—"Sir, you show a consideration, and, let me add, sir, a delicacy of feeling, unusual at your years. Sir, I shall repay you at my earliest leisure, and in the meanwhile allow me to say, that I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance."

"Thank ye, old boy," said Dartmore, putting on his glove before he accepted the offered hand of his new friend, which, though it was tendered with great grace and dignity, was of a marvellously dingy and soapless aspect.

"Harkye, you d—d son of a gun!" cried Mr Gordon, abruptly turning from Dartmore, after a hearty shake of the hand, to the man at the counter—"Harkye! give me change for this half-sovereign, and be d—d to you—and then tip us a double gill of your best; you whey-faced, liver-drenched, pence-griping, belly-griping, pauper-cheating, sleepy-souled Arismanes of bad spirits. Come, gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do, I'll take you to my club; we are a rare knot of us, there—all choice spirits; some of them are a little uncouth, it is true, but we are not all born Chesterfields. Sir, allow me to ask the favour of your name?"

"Dartmore."

"Mr Dartmore, you are a gentleman. Hallo! you *Liquorpond-street of a scoundrel*—having nothing of liquor but the name, you narrow, nasty, pitiful alley of a fellow, with a kennel for a body, and a sink for a soul; give me my change and my gin, you scoundrel! Humph, is that all right, you Procrustes of the coun-

ter, chopping our lawful appetites down to your rascally standard of sevenpence halfpenny? Why don't you take a motto, you Paynim dog? Here's one for you—'Measure for measure, and the devil to pay!' Humph, you pitiful toadstool of a trader, you have no more spirit than an empty water-bottle; and when you go to h—ll, they'll use you to cool the bellows. I say, you rascal, why are you worse off than the devil in a hip-bath of brimstone?—because, you knave, the devil then would only be half d—d, and you're d—d all over!—Come, gentlemen, I am at your service."

CHAPTER L.

The history of a philosophical vagabond, pursuing novelty, and losing content.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

WE followed our strange friend through the crowd at the door, which he elbowed on either side with the most aristocratic disdain, perfectly regardless of their jokes at his dress and manner ; he no sooner got through the throng, than he stopped short (though in the midst of the kennel) and offered us his arm. This was an honour of which we were by no means desirous ; for, to say nothing of the shabbiness of Mr Gordon's exterior, there was a certain odour in his garments which was possibly less displeasing to the wearer than to his acquaintance. Accordingly we pretended not to notice this invitation, and merely said we would follow his guidance.

He turned up a narrow street, and after passing some of the most ill-favoured alleys I ever had the happiness of beholding, he stopped at a low door ; here he knocked twice, and was at last admitted by a slipshod, yawning wench, with red arms and a profusion of sandy hair. This Hebe, Mr Gordon greeted with a loving kiss, which the kissee resented in a very unequivocal strain of disgustful reproach.

“Hush! my Queen of Clubs; my Sultana Sootina!” said Mr Gordon; “hush! or these gentlemen will think you in earnest. I have brought three new customers to the club.”

This speech somewhat softened the incensed Hourii of Mr Gordon’s Paradise, and she very civilly asked us to enter.

“Stop!” said Mr Gordon, with an air of importance, “I must just step in and ask the gentlemen to admit you;—merely a form—for a word from me will be quite sufficient.” And so saying, he vanished for about five minutes. On his return, he said, with a cheerful countenance, that we were free of the house, but that we must pay a shilling each as the customary fee. This sum was soon collected, and quietly inserted in the waistcoat pocket of our chaperon, who then conducted us up the passage into a small back room, where were sitting about seven or eight men, enveloped in smoke and moistening the fever of the Virginian plant with various preparations of malt. On entering, I observed Mr Gordon deposit, at a sort of bar, the sum of threepence, by which I shrewdly surmised he had gained the sum of two and ninepence by our admission. With a very arrogant air, he proceeded to the head of the table, sat himself down with a swagger, and called out, like a lusty roisterer of the true kidney, for a pint of purl and a pipe. Not to be out of fashion, we ordered the same articles of luxury.

After we had all commenced a couple of puffs at our pipes, I looked round at our fellow-guests: they seemed

in a very poor state of body, as might naturally be supposed ; and in order to ascertain how far the condition of the mind was suited to that of the frame, I turned round to Mr Gordon, and asked him in a whisper to give us a few hints as to the genus and characteristics of the individual components of his club. Mr Gordon declared himself delighted with the proposal, and we all adjourned to a separate table at the corner of the room, where Mr Gordon, after a deep draught at the purl, thus began :—

“ You observe yon thin, meagre, cadaverous animal, with rather an intelligent and melancholy expression of countenance—his name is Chitterling Crabtree : his father was an eminent coal-merchant, and left him £10,000. Crabtree turned politician. When fate wishes to ruin a man of moderate abilities and moderate fortune, she makes him an orator. Mr Chitterling Crabtree attended all the meetings at the Crown and Anchor—subscribed to the aid of the suffering friends of freedom—harangued, argued, sweated, wrote—was fined and imprisoned—regained his liberty, and married—his wife loved a community of goods no less than her spouse, and ran *off* with one citizen, while he was running on to the others. Chitterling dried his tears ; and contented himself with the reflection, that ‘ in a proper state of things,’ such an event could not have occurred.

“ Mr Crabtree’s money and life were now half gone. One does not subscribe to the friends of freedom and spout at their dinners for nothing. But the worst drop was yet in the cup. An undertaking of the most spirited

and promising nature was conceived by the chief of the friends, and the dearest familiar of Mr Chitterling Crabtree. Our worthy embarked his fortune in a speculation so certain of success;—crash went the speculation, and off went the friend—Mr Crabtree was ruined. He was not, however, a man to despair at trifles. What were bread, meat, and beer to the champion of equality! He went to the meeting that very night: he said he gloried in his losses—they were for the cause: the whole conclave rang with shouts of applause, and Mr Chitterling Crabtree went to bed happier than ever. I need not pursue his history farther; *you see him here*—*verbum sat*. He spouts at the ‘Ciceronian,’ for half-a-crown a-night, and to this day subscribes sixpence a-week to the cause of ‘liberty and enlightenment all over the world.’”

“By Heaven!” cried Dartmore, “he is a fine fellow, and my father shall do something for him.”

Gordon pricked up his ears, and continued,—“Now for the second person, gentlemen, whom I am about to describe to you. You see that middle-sized stout man, with a slight squint, and a restless, lowering, cunning expression?”

“What! him in the kerseymere breeches and green jacket?” said I.

“The same,” answered Gordon. “His real name, when he does not travel with an *alias*, is Job Jonson. He is one of the most remarkable rogues in Christendom; he is so noted a cheat, that there is not a pick-pocket in England who would keep company with him

if he had anything to lose. He was the favourite of his father, who intended to leave him all his fortune, which was tolerably large. He robbed him one day on the high-road: his father discovered it and disinherited him. He was placed at a merchant's office, and rose, step by step, to be head clerk, and intended son-in-law. Three nights before his marriage, he broke open the till, and was turned out of doors the next morning. If you were going to do him the greatest favour in the world, he could not keep his hands out of your pocket till you had done it. In short, he has rogued himself out of a dozen fortunes and a hundred friends, and managed, with incredible dexterity and success, to cheat himself into beggary and a pot of beer."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I think a sketch of your own life must be more amusing than that of any one else: am I impertinent in asking for it?"

"Not at all," replied Mr Gordon; "you shall have it in as few words as possible."

"I was born a gentleman, and educated with some pains; they told me I was a genius, and it was not very hard to persuade me of the truth of the assertion. I wrote verses to a wonder—robbed orchards according to military tactics—never played at marbles without explaining to my competitors the theory of attraction—and was the best informed, most mischievous little rascal in the whole school. My family were in great doubt what to do with so prodigious a wonder; one said the law, another the church, a third talked of

diplomacy, and a fourth assured my mother, that if I could but be introduced at court, I should be lord chamberlain in a twelvemonth. While my friends were deliberating, I took the liberty of deciding; I enlisted, in a fit of loyal valour, in a marching regiment; my friends made the best of a bad job, and bought me an ensigncy.

“I recollect I read Plato the night before I went to battle; the next morning they told me I ran away I am sure it was a malicious invention, for if I had, I should have recollected it; whereas, I was in such a confusion that I cannot remember a single thing that happened in the whole course of that day. About six months afterwards I found myself out of the army and in jail; and no sooner had my relations released me from the latter predicament than I set off on my travels. At Dublin I lost my heart to a rich widow (as I thought); I married her, and found her as poor as myself. Heaven knows what would have become of me, if I had not taken to drinking; my wife scorned to be outdone by me in anything; she followed my example, and at the end of a year I followed her to the grave. Since then I have taken warning, and been scrupulously sober. — Betty, my love, another pint of purl.

“I was now once more a freeman in the prime of my life; handsome, as you see, gentlemen, and with the strength and spirit of a young Hercules. Accordingly I dried my tears, turned marker by night at a gambling-house, and buck by day, in Bond Street (for

I returned to London). I remember well one morning, that his present majesty was pleased, *en passant*, to admire my buckskins—*tempora mutantur*. Well, gentlemen, one night at a brawl in our *salon*, my nose met with a rude hint to move to the right. I went in a great panic to the surgeon, who mended the matter by moving it to the left. There, thank God ! it has rested in quiet ever since. It is needless to tell you the nature of the quarrel in which this accident occurred ; however, my friends thought it necessary to remove me from the situation I then held. I went once more to Ireland, and was introduced to ‘ a friend of freedom.’ I was poor ; that circumstance is quite enough to make a patriot. They sent me to Paris on a secret mission, and when I returned, my friends were in prison. Being always of a free disposition, I did not envy them their situation : accordingly I returned to England. Halting at Liverpool, with a most debilitated purse, I went into a silversmith’s shop to brace it, and about six months afterwards I found myself on a marine excursion to Botany Bay. On my return from that country I resolved to turn my literary talents to account. I went to Cambridge, wrote declamations, and translated Virgil at so much a-sheet. My relations (thanks to my letters, neither few nor far between) soon found me out ; they allowed me (they do so still) half-a-guinea a-week ; and upon this and my declamations I manage to exist. Ever since, my chief residence has been at Cambridge. I am a universal favourite with both graduates and under-gradu-

ates. I have reformed my life and my manners, and have become the quiet, orderly person you behold me. Age tames the fiercest of us—

‘Non sum qualis eram.’

“Betty, bring me my purl, and be d—d to you.

“It is now vacation time, and I have come to town with the idea of holding lectures on the state of education. Mr Dartmore, your health. Gentlemen, yours. My story is done,—and I hope you will pay for the purl.” *

* Poor Jemmy Gordon—thou art no more ! The stones of Cambridge no longer prate of thy whereabouts !—Death hath removed thee ;—may it *not* be to that bourne where alone thy oaths can be outdone ! He was indeed a singular character, that Jemmy Gordon, as many a generation of Cantabs can attest !—His long stick and his cocked-hat —and his tattered Lucretius, and his mighty eye-glass, how familiarly do they intermingle with our recollections of Trinity and of Trumpington Streets ! If I have rightly heard, his death was the consequence of a fractured limb. Laid by the leg in a lofty attic, his spirit was not tamed ;—the noises he made were astounding to the last. The grim foe carried him off in a whirlwind of slang ! I do not say, “*Peace* to his manes,” for quiet would be the worst hell that could await him : and heaven itself would be torture to Jemmy Gordon if he were not allowed to swear in it ! Noisiest of reprobates, fare thee well !—*H. P.*

CHAPTER LI.

I hate a drunken rogue.—*Twelfth Night.*

WE took an affectionate leave of Mr Gordon, and found ourselves once more in the open air; the smoke and the purl had contributed greatly to the continuance of our inebriety, and we were as much averse to bed as ever. We conveyed ourselves, laughing and rioting all the way, to a stand of hackney-coaches. We entered the head of the flock, and drove to Piccadilly. It set us down at the corner of the Haymarket.

“Past two!” cried the watchman, as we sauntered by him.

“You lie, you rascal!” said I, “you have passed *three* now.”

We were all merry enough to laugh at this sally; and seeing a light gleam from the entrance of the Royal Saloon, we knocked at the door, and it was opened unto us. We sat down at the only spare table in the place, and looked round at the smug and *varmint* citizens with whom the room was filled.

“Hollo, waiter!” cried Tringle, “some red wine-negus. I know not why it is, but the devil himself

could never cure me of thirst. Wine and I have a most chemical attraction for each other. You know that we always estimate the force of attraction between bodies by the force required to separate them !”

While we were all three as noisy and nonsensical as our best friends could have wished us, a new stranger entered, approached, looked round the room for a seat, and seeing none, walked leisurely up to our table and accosted me with a—“ Ha ! Mr Pelham, how d’ye do ? Well met ; by your leave I will sip my grog at your table. No offence I hope—more the merrier, eh ?—Waiter, a glass of hot brandy-and-water—not too weak. D’ye hear ?”

Need I say that this pithy and pretty address proceeded from the mouth of Mr Tom Thornton ? He was somewhat more than half drunk, and his light prying eyes twinkled dizzily in his head. Dartmore, who was, and is, the best-natured fellow alive, hailed the signs of his intoxication as a sort of freemasonry, and made way for him beside himself. I could not help remarking that Thornton seemed singularly less sleek than heretofore : his coat was out at the elbows, his linen was torn and soiled ; there was not a vestige of the vulgar spruceness about him which was formerly one of his most prominent characteristics. He had also lost a great deal of the florid health formerly visible in his face ; his cheeks seemed sunk and haggard, his eyes hollow, and his complexion sallow and squalid, in spite of the flush which intemperance spread over it at the moment. However, he was in

high spirits, and soon made himself so entertaining, that Dartmore and Tringle grew charmed with him.

As for me, the antipathy I had to the man sobered and silenced me for the rest of the night ; and finding that Dartmore and his friend were eager for an introduction to some female friends of Thornton's, whom he mentioned in terms of high praise, I tore myself from them, and made the best of my way home.

CHAPTER LII.

Illi mors gravis incubat
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.—SENECA.

Nous serons par nos lois les juges des ouvrages.
Les Femmes Savantes.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire ;
Flames turn to frost,
And, ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there, where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

JASPER MAYNE.

VINCENT called on me the next day. “I have news for you,” said he, “though somewhat of a lugubrious nature. *Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque!* You remember the Duchesse de Perpignan?”

“I should think so,” was my answer.

“Well, then,” pursued Vincent, “she is no more. Her death was worthy of her life. She was to give a brilliant entertainment to all the foreigners at Paris: the day before it took place, a dreadful eruption broke out on her complexion. She sent for the doctors in despair. ‘Cure me against to-morrow,’ she said, ‘and name your own reward.’ ‘Madame, it is impossible

to do so with safety to your health.' ' *Au diable* with your health !' said the duchesse ; ' what is health to an eruption ?' The doctors took the hint ; an external application was used—the duchesse woke in the morning as beautiful as ever—the entertainment took place—she was the Armida of the scene. Supper was announced. She took the arm of the —— ambassador, and moved through the crowd amidst the audible admiration of all. She stopped for a moment at the door ; all eyes were upon her. A fearful and ghastly convulsion passed over her countenance, her lips trembled, she fell on the ground with the most terrible contortions of face and frame. They carried her to bed. She remained for some days insensible ; when she recovered, she asked for a looking-glass. Her whole face was drawn on one side ; not a wreck of beauty was left ; that night she poisoned herself !”

I cannot express how shocked I was at this information. Much as I had cause to be disgusted with the conduct of that unhappy woman, I could find in my mind no feeling but commiseration and horror at her death ; and it was with great difficulty that Vincent persuaded me to accept an invitation to Lady Roseville's for the evening, to meet Glanville and himself.

However, I cheered up as the night came on ; and, though my mind was still haunted with the tale of the morning, it was neither in a musing nor a melancholy mood that I entered the drawing-room at Lady Roseville's—"So runs the world away !”

Glanville was there in his customary mourning.

“Pelham,” he said, when he joined me, “do you remember at Lady ——’s, one night, I said I would introduce you to my sister? I had no opportunity then, for we left the house before she returned from the refreshment-room. May I do so now?”

I need not say what was my answer. I followed Glanville into the next room; and, to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, discovered in his sister the beautiful, the never-forgotten stranger I had seen at Cheltenham.

For once in my life I was embarrassed—my bow would have shamed a major in the line, and my stuttered and irrelevant address an alderman in the presence of his majesty. However, a few moments sufficed to recover me, and I strained every nerve to be as agreeable as possible.

After I had conversed with Miss Glanville for some time, Lady Roseville joined us. Stately and Juno-like as was that charming personage in general, she relaxed into a softness of manner to Miss Glanville that quite won my heart. She drew her to a part of the room, where a very animated and chiefly literary conversation was going on—and I, resolving to make the best of my time, followed them, and once more found myself seated beside Miss Glanville. Lady Roseville was on the other side of my beautiful companion; and I observed that, whenever she took her eyes from Miss Glanville, they always rested upon her brother, who, in the midst of the disputation and the disputants, sat silent, gloomy, and absorbed.

The conversation turned upon Scott's novels ; thence on novels in general ; and finally on the particular one of *Anastatius*.

“It is a thousand pities,” said Vincent, “that the scene of that novel is so far removed from us. But it is a great misfortune for Hope that—

‘To *learning* he narrowed his mind,
And gave up to the *East* what was meant for mankind.’

One often loses, in admiration at the knowledge of peculiar costume, the deference one would have paid to the masterly grasp of universal character.”

“It must require,” said Lady Roseville, “an extraordinary combination of mental powers to produce a perfect novel.”

“One so extraordinary,” answered Vincent, “that, though we have one perfect epic poem, and several which pretend to perfection, we have not one perfect novel in the world.* *Gil Blas* approaches more nearly to perfection than any other ; but it must be confessed that there is a want of dignity, of moral rectitude, and of what I may term moral beauty, throughout the whole book. If an author could combine the various excellences of Scott and Le Sage with a greater and more metaphysical knowledge of morals than either, we might expect from him the perfection we have not yet discovered since the days of Apuleius.”

“Speaking of morals,” said Lady Roseville, “do you not think every novel should have its distinct object,

* For *Don Quixote* is not what Lord Vincent terms a *novel*—viz., the actual representation of real life.

and inculcate, throughout, some one peculiar moral, such as many of Marmontel's and Miss Edgeworth's?"

"No!" answered Vincent; "every good novel has one great end—the same in all—viz., the increasing our knowledge of the heart. It is thus that a novel-writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in showing us more accurately the nature of ourselves and species, has done science, and consequently virtue, the most important benefit; *for every truth is a moral.* This great and universal end, I am led to imagine, is rather crippled than extended by the rigorous attention to the *one* isolated moral you mention.

"Thus Dryden, in his *Essay on the Progress of Satire*, very rightly prefers Horace to Juvenal, so far as *instruction* is concerned; because the miscellaneous satires of the former are directed against every vice—the more confined ones of the latter (for the most part) only against *one*. All mankind is the field the novelist should cultivate—all truth the moral he should strive to bring home. It is in occasional dialogue, in desultory maxims, in deductions from events, in analysis of character, that he should benefit and instruct. It is not enough—and I wish a certain novelist who has lately arisen would remember this—it is not enough for a writer to have a good heart, amiable sympathies, and what are termed high feelings, in order to shape out a moral, either true in itself or beneficial in its inculcation. Before he touches his tale, he should be thoroughly acquainted with the intricate science of morals, and the metaphysical, as well as the more open

operations of the mind. If his knowledge is not deep and clear, his love of the good may only lead him into error ; and he may pass off the prejudices of a susceptible heart for the precepts of virtue. Would to Heaven that people would think it necessary to be instructed before they attempt to instruct ! ‘ *Dire simplement que la vertu est vertu parcequ’elle est bonne en son fonds, et le vice tout au contraire, ce n’est pas les faire connoître.*’ For me, if I were to write a novel, I would first make myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer of men and manners. Secondly, I would, after having thus noted effects by action in the world, trace the causes by books and meditation in my closet. It is then, and not till then, that I would study the lighter graces of style and decoration ; nor would I give the rein to invention, till I was convinced that it would create neither monsters of men, nor falsities of truth. For my vehicles of instruction or amusement, I would have people as they are—neither worse nor better ; and the moral they should convey should be rather through jest or irony, than gravity and seriousness. There never was an imperfection corrected by portraying perfection ; and if levity and ridicule be said so easily to allure to sin, I do not see why they should not be used in defence of virtue. Of this we may be sure, that as laughter is a distinct indication of the human race, so there never was a brute mind or a savage heart that loved to indulge in it.” *

* The Sage of Malmesbury expresses a very different opinion of the philosophy of laughter, and, for my part, I think his doctrine,

Vincent ceased.

“Thank you, my lord,” said Lady Roseville, as she took Miss Glanville’s arm and moved from the table. “For once you have condescended to give us your own sense, and not other people’s ; you have scarce made a single quotation.”

“Accept,” answered Vincent, rising—

“ ‘Accept a miracle instead of wit.’ ”

in great measure, though not altogether, true. See Hobbes *On Human Nature*, and the answer to him in Campbell’s *Rhetoric*.--
AUTHOR.

CHAPTER LIII.

Oh ! I love !—Methinks
This world of love is fit for all the world,
And that, for gentle hearts, another name
Should speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
P. B. SHELLEY.

For me, I ask no more than honour gives—
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
SHAKESPEARE.

CALLOUS and worldly as I may seem from the tone of these memoirs, I can say safely that one of the most delicious evenings I ever spent was the first of my introduction to Miss Glanville. I went home intoxicated with a subtle spirit of enjoyment that gave a new zest and freshness to life. Two little hours seemed to have changed the whole course of my thoughts and feelings.

There was nothing about Miss Glanville like a heroine—I hate your heroines. She had none of that “modest ease,” and “quiet dignity,” of which certain writers speak with such applause. Thank Heaven, *she was alive!* She had great sense, but the playfulness of a child; extreme rectitude of mind, but with the tenderness of a gazelle: if she laughed, all her countenance, lips, eyes, forehead, cheeks, laughed too: “Paradise seemed opened in her face:” if she looked grave, it was such a lofty and *upward*, yet sweet and gentle gravity,

that you might (had you been gifted with the least imagination) have supposed, from the model of her countenance, a new order of angels between the cherubim and seraphim, the angel of Love and Wisdom. She was not, perhaps, quite so silent in society as my individual taste would desire ; but when she spoke, it was with a propriety of thought and diction which made me lament when her voice had ceased. It was as if something beautiful in creation had stopped suddenly.

Enough of this now. I was lazily turning (the morning after Lady Roseville's) over some old books, when Vincent entered. I observed that his face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy. He looked carefully round the room, and then, approaching his chair towards mine, said, in a low tone—

“Pelham, I have something of importance on my mind which I wish to discuss with you ; but let me entreat you to lay aside your usual levity, and pardon me if I say affectation ; meet me with the candour and plainness which are the real distinctions of your character.”

“My Lord Vincent,” I replied, “there are in your words a depth and solemnity which pierce me, through one of N——’s best stuffed coats, even to the very heart. I will hear you as you desire, from the alpha to the omega of your discourse.”

“My dear friend,” said Vincent, “I have often seen that, in spite of all your love of pleasure, you have your mind continually turned towards higher and

graver objects ; and I have thought the better of your talents and of your future success, for the little parade you make of the one, and the little care you appear to pay to the other : for

‘ ‘Tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition’s ladder.’

I have also observed that you have of late been much to Lord Dawton’s ; I have even heard that you have been twice closeted with him. It is well known that that person entertains hopes of leading the Opposition to the *grata arva* of the Treasury benches ; and notwithstanding the years in which the Whigs have been out of office, there are some persons who pretend to foresee the chance of a coalition between them and Mr Gaskell, to whose principles it is also added that they have been gradually assimilating.”

Here Vincent paused a moment, and looked full at me. I met his eye with a glance as searching as his own. His look changed, and he continued.

“Now listen to me, Pelham : such a coalition never can take place. You smile : I repeat it. It is my object to form a third party ; perhaps, while the two great sects ‘anticipate the cabinet designs of fate,’ there may suddenly come by a third, ‘to whom the whole shall be referred.’ Say that you think it not impossible that you may join us, and I will tell you more.”

I paused for three minutes before I answered Vincent. I then said—“I thank you very sincerely for your proposal : tell me the names of two of your designed party and I will answer you.”

“Lord Lincoln and Lord Lesborough.”

“What!” said I—“the Whig, who says in the Upper House, that whatever may be the distresses of the people, they shall not be gratified at the cost of one of the despotic privileges of the aristocracy! Go to!—I will have none of him. As to Lesborough, he is a fool and a boaster, who is always puffing his own vanity with the windiest pair of oratorical bellows that ever were made by air and brass, for the purpose of sound and smoke, ‘signifying nothing.’ Go to!—I will have none of him either.”

“You are right in your judgment of my *confrères*,” answered Vincent; “but we must make use of bad tools for good purposes.”

“No—no!” said I; “the commonest carpenter will tell you the reverse.”

Vincent eyed me suspiciously. “Look you!” said he; “I know well that no man loves, better than you, place, power, and reputation. Do you grant this?”

“I do,” was my reply.

“Join with us; I will place you in the House of Commons immediately: if we succeed, you shall have the first and the best post I can give you. Now—‘under which king, Bezonian? speak or die!’”

“I answer you in the words of the same worthy you quote,” said I—“‘A foutra for thine office.’—Do you know, Vincent, that I have, strange as it may seem to you, such a thing as a conscience? It is true, I forget it now and then; but in a public capacity, the recollection of others would put me very soon in mind of it.

I know your party well. I cannot imagine—forgive me—one more injurious to the country, nor one more revolting to myself ; and I do positively affirm that I would sooner feed my poodle on paunch and liver, instead of cream and fricassee, than be an instrument in the hands of men like Lincoln and Lesborough ; who talk much, who perform nothing—who join ignorance of every principle of legislation to indifference for every benefit to the people :—who are full of ‘ wise saws,’ but empty of ‘ modern instances ’—who level upwards, and trample downwards—and would only value the ability you are pleased to impute to me, in the exact proportion that a sportsman values the ferret, that burrows for his pleasure, and destroys for his interest. Your *party* can’t stand.”

Vincent turned pale. “ And how long,” said he, “ have you learnt ‘ the principles of legislation,’ and this mighty affection for the ‘ benefit of the people ? ’ ”

“ Ever since,” said I, coldly, “ I learnt *any* thing ! The first piece of *real* knowledge I ever gained was, that my interest was incorporated with that of the beings with whom I had the chance of being cast : if I injure them, I injure myself : if I can do them any good, I receive the benefit in common with the rest. Now, as I have a great love for that personage who has now the honour of addressing you, I resolved to be honest for his sake. So much for my affection for the benefit of the people. As to the little knowledge of the principles of legislation, on which you are kind enough to compliment me, look over the books

on this table, or the writings in this desk, and know that, ever since I had the misfortune of parting from you at Cheltenham, there has not been a day in which I have spent less than six hours reading and writing on that sole subject. But enough of this. Will you ride to-day?"

Vincent rose slowly—

“ ‘Gli arditi,’ ” said he, “ ‘tuoi voti
Già noti mi sono,
Ma invano a quel trono,
Tu aspiri con me :
Trema per te !’ ”

“ ‘*Io trema,*’ ” I replied, out of the same opera—
“ ‘*Io trema—di te !*’ ”

“ Well,” answered Vincent, and his fine high nature overcame his momentary resentment and chagrin at my rejection of his offer—“ well, I honour you for your sentiments, though they are opposed to my own. I may depend on your secrecy ? ”

“ You may,” said I.

“ I forgive you, Pelham,” rejoined Vincent : “ we part friends.”

“ Wait one moment,” said I, “ and pardon me, if I venture to speak in the language of caution to one in every way superior to myself. No one (I say this with a safe conscience, for I never flattered my friend in my life, though I have often adulated my enemy)—no one has a greater admiration for your talents than myself ; I desire eagerly to see you in the station most fit for their display ; pause one moment before you link yourself not only to a party, but to principles that cannot

stand. You have only to exert yourself, and you may either lead the Opposition or be among the foremost in the administration. Take something certain rather than what is doubtful ; or at least stand alone :—such is my belief in your powers, if fairly tried, that if you were not united to those men, I would promise you faithfully to stand or fall by you alone, even if we had not through all England another soldier to our standard ; but——”

“I thank you, Pelham,” said Vincent, interrupting me : “till we meet in public as enemies, we are friends in private—I desire no more. Farewell.”

CHAPTER LIV.

Il vaut mieux employer notre esprit à supporter les infortunes qui nous arrivent, qu'à prévoir celles qui nous peuvent arriver.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

No sooner had Vincent departed than I buttoned my coat and sallied out through a cold easterly wind to Lord Dawton's. It was truly said by the political quoter, that I had been often to that nobleman's, although I have not thought it advisable to speak of my political adventures hitherto. I have before said that I was ambitious; and the sagacious have probably already discovered that I was somewhat less ignorant than it was my usual pride and pleasure to appear. I had established, among my uncle's friends, a reputation for talent; and no sooner had I been personally introduced to Lord Dawton than I found myself courted by that personage in a manner equally gratifying and uncommon. When I lost my seat in Parliament, Dawton assured me that, before the session was over, I should be returned for one of his boroughs; and though my mind revolted at the idea of *becoming dependent* on any party, I made little scruple of promising *conditionally* to *ally* myself to his. So far had affairs gone, when I was honoured with Vincent's proposal. I found Lord Dawton in his library with the Marquess

of Clandonald (Lord Dartmore's father, and, from his rank and property, classed among the highest, as, from his vanity and restlessness, he was among the most active members of the Opposition). Clandonald left the room when I entered. Few men in office are wise enough to trust the young ; as if the greater zeal and sincerity of youth did not more than compensate for its appetite for the gay, or its thoughtlessness of the serious.

When we were alone, Dawton said to me, "We are in great despair at the motion upon the —, to be made in the Lower House. We have not a single person whom we can depend upon for the sweeping and convincing answer we ought to make ; and though we should at least muster our full force in voting, our whipper-in, poor —, is so ill that I fear we shall make but a very pitiful figure."

"Give me," said I, "full permission to go forth into the highways and byways, and I will engage to bring a whole legion of dandies to the House door. I can go no farther ; your other agents must do the rest."

"Thank you, my dear young friend," said Lord Dawton, eagerly ; "thank you a thousand times : we must really get you in the House as soon as possible ; you will serve us more than I can express."

I bowed, with a sneer I could not repress. Dawton pretended not to observe it. "Come," said I, "my lord, we have no time to lose. I shall meet you, perhaps, at Brookes's to-morrow evening, and report to you respecting my success."

Lord Dawton pressed my hand warmly, and followed me to the door.

“He is the best premier we could have,” thought I; “but he deceives himself, if he thinks Henry Pelham will play the jackall to his lion. He will soon see that I shall keep for myself what he thinks I hunt for him.” I passed through Pall Mall, and thought of Glanville. I knocked at his door: he was at home. I found him leaning his cheek upon his hand, in a thoughtful position; an open letter was before him.

“Read that,” he said, pointing to it.

I did so. It was from the agent to the Duke of —, and contained his nomination to an Opposition borough.

“A new toy, Pelham,” said he, faintly smiling; “but a little longer, and they will all be broken—the *rattle* will be the last.”

“My dear, dear Glanville,” said I, much affected, “do not talk thus; you have everything before you.”

“Yes,” interrupted Glanville, “you are right, for everything left for me is in the grave. Do you imagine that I can taste one of the possessions which fortune has heaped upon me—that I have one healthful faculty, one sense of enjoyment, among the hundred which other men are ‘heirs to?’ When did you ever see me for a moment happy? I live, as it were, on a rock, barren and herbless and sapless, and cut off from all human fellowship and intercourse. I had only a single object left to live for, when you saw me at Paris; I

have gratified that, and the end and purpose of my existence is fulfilled. Heaven is merciful ; but a little while, and this feverish and unquiet spirit shall be at rest."

I took his hand and pressed it.

"Feel," said he, "this dry, burning skin ; count my pulse through the variations of a single minute, and you will cease either to pity me, or to speak to me of life. For months I have had, night and day, a wasting—wasting fever, of brain and heart and frame ; the fire works well, and the fuel is nearly consumed."

He paused, and we were both silent. In fact, I was shocked at the fever of his pulse, no less than affected at the despondency of his words. At last I spoke to him of medical advice.

"'Canst thou,'" he said, with a deep solemnity of voice and manner, "'administer to a mind diseased—pluck from the memory ——' Ah ! away with the quotation and the reflection." And he sprang from the sofa, and, going to the window, opened it and leaned out for a few moments in silence. When he turned again towards me, his manner had regained its usual quiet. He spoke about the important motion approaching on the ——, and promised to attend ; and then, by degrees, I led him to talk of his sister.

He mentioned her with enthusiasm. "Beautiful as Helen is," he said, "her face is the very faintest reflection of her mind. Her habits of thought are so pure that every impulse is a virtue. Never was there a person to whom goodness was so easy. Vice seems something

so opposite to her nature that I cannot imagine it possible for her to sin."

"Will you not call with me at your mother's?" said I. "I am going there to-day."

Glanville replied in the affirmative, and we went at once to Lady Glanville's in Berkeley Square. We were admitted into his mother's boudoir. She was alone with Miss Glanville. Our conversation soon turned from commonplace topics to those of a graver nature; the deep melancholy of Glanville's mind imbued all his thoughts, when he once suffered himself to express them.

"Why," said Lady Glanville, who seemed painfully fond of her son—"why do you not go more into the world? You suffer your mind to prey upon itself, till it destroys you. My dear, dear son, how very ill you seem!"

Ellen, whose eyes swam in tears as they gazed upon her brother, laid her beautiful hand upon his, and said, "For my mother's sake, Reginald, do take more care of yourself: you want air, and exercise, and amusement."

"No," answered Glanville, "I want nothing but occupation; and, thanks to the Duke of ——, I have now got it. I am chosen member for ——."

"I am *too* happy," said the proud mother; "you will now be all I have ever predicted for you;" and in her joy at the moment she forgot the hectic of his cheek and the hollowness of his eye.

"Do you remember," said Reginald, turning to

his sister, “those beautiful lines in my favourite, Ford—

‘Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
 And shadows soon decaying. On the stage
 Of my mortality my youth has acted
 Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
 By varied pleasures—sweetened in the mixture,
 But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
 With every sensuality our giddiness
 Doth frame an idol, are inconstant friends
 When any troubled passion makes us halt
 On the unguarded castle of the mind.’ ”

“Your verses,” said I, “are beautiful even to me, who have no soul for poetry, and never wrote a line in my life. But I love not their philosophy. In all sentiments that are impregnated with melancholy and instil sadness as a moral, I question the wisdom and dispute the truth. There is no situation in life which we cannot sweeten or embitter, at will. If the past is gloomy, I do not see the necessity of dwelling upon it. If the mind can make one vigorous exertion, it can another : the same energy you put forth in acquiring knowledge would also enable you to baffle misfortune. Determine not to think upon what is painful ; resolutely turn away from everything that recalls it ; bend all your attention to some new and engrossing object : do this, and you defeat the past. You smile, as if this were impossible ; yet it is not an iota more so than to tear one’s self from a favourite pursuit, and addict one’s self to an object unwelcome to one at first. This the mind does continually through life : so can it also do

the other, if you will but make an equal exertion. Nor does it seem to me natural to the human heart to look *much* to the past; all its plans, its projects, its aspirations, are for the future; it is *for* the future, and *in* the future, that we live. Our very passions, when most agitated, are most anticipative. Revenge, avarice, ambition, love, the desire of good and evil, are all fixed and pointed to some distant goal; to look backwards, is like walking backwards—against our proper formation: the mind does not readily adopt the habit, and when once adopted, it will readily return to its natural bias. Oblivion is, therefore, a more easily obtained boon than we imagine. Forgetfulness of the past is purchased by increasing our anxiety for the future.”

I paused for a moment, but Glanville did not answer me; and, encouraged by a look from Ellen, I continued—“You remember that, according to an old creed, if we were given memory as a curse, we were also given hope as a blessing. Counteract the one by the other. In my own life I have committed many weak, perhaps many wicked actions; I have chased away their remembrance, though I have transplanted their warning to the future. As the body involuntarily avoids what is hurtful to it, without tracing the association to its first experience, so the mind insensibly shuns what has formerly afflicted it, even without palpably recalling the remembrance of the affliction.

“The Roman philosopher placed the secret of human happiness in the one maxim—‘not to admire.’ I never could exactly comprehend the sense of the moral: my

maxim for the same object would be — ‘ never to regret.’ ”

“ Alas ! my dear friend,” said Glanville, “ we are great philosophers to each other, but not to ourselves ; the moment we begin to *feel* sorrow, we cease to reflect on its wisdom. Time is the only comforter : your maxims are very true, but they confirm me in my opinion—that it is in vain for us to lay down fixed precepts for the regulation of the mind so long as it is dependent upon the body. Happiness and its reverse are constitutional in many persons, and it is then only that they are independent of circumstances. Make the health, the frames of all men, alike—make their nerves of the same susceptibility—their memories of the same bluntness, or acuteness—and I will then allow that you can give rules adapted to all men ; till then, your maxim, ‘ never to regret,’ is as idle as Horace’s ‘ never to admire.’ It may be wise to you—it is impossible to me ! ”

With these last words Glanville’s voice faltered, and I felt averse to push the argument further. Ellen’s eye caught mine, and gave me a look so kind, and almost grateful, that I forgot everything else in the world. A few moments afterwards a friend of Lady Glanville’s was announced, and I left the room.

CHAPTER LV.

Intus, et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur domini.—PERSIUS.

THE next two or three days I spent in visiting all my male friends in the Lower House, and engaging them to dine with me, preparatorily to the great act of voting on ——'s motion. I led them myself to the House of Commons, and not feeling sufficiently interested in the debate to remain, as a stranger, where I ought, in my own opinion, to have acted as a performer, I went to Brookes's to wait the result. Lord Gravelton, a stout, bluff, six-foot nobleman, with a voice like a Stentor, was "blowing up" the waiters in the coffee-room. Mr ——, the author of ——, was conning the *Courier* in a corner; and Lord Armadilleros, the haughtiest and most honourable peer in the calendar, was monopolising the drawing-room, with his right foot on one hob and his left on the other. I sat myself down in silence, and looked over the "crack article" in the *Edinburgh*. By-and-by the room got fuller; every one spoke of the motion before the House, and anticipated the merits of the speeches and the numbers of the voters.

At last a principal member entered—a crowd gathered round him. “I have heard,” he said, “the most extraordinary speech, for the combination of knowledge and imagination, that I ever recollect to have listened to.”

“From Gaskell, I suppose !” was the universal cry.

“No,” said Mr ——, “Gaskell has not yet spoken. It was from a young man who has only just taken his seat. It was received with the most unanimous cheers, and was, indeed, a remarkable display.”

“What is his name ?” I asked, already half foreboding the answer.

“I only just learnt it as I left the House,” replied Mr —— ; “the speaker was Sir Reginald Glanville.”

Then, every one of those whom I had often before heard censure Glanville for his rudeness, or laugh at him for his eccentricity, opened their mouths in congratulations to their own wisdom, for having long admired his talents and predicted his success.

I left the “*turba Remi sequens fortunam* ;” I felt agitated and feverish ; those who have unexpectedly heard of the success of a man for whom great affection is blended with greater interest, can understand the restlessness of mind with which I wandered into the streets. The air was cold and nipping. I was buttoning my coat round my chest, when I heard a voice say, “You have dropped your glove, Mr Pelham.”

The speaker was Thornton. I thanked him coldly for his civility, and was going on, when he said, “If

your way is up Pall Mall, I have no objection to join you for a few minutes."

I bowed with some *hauteur*; but as I seldom refuse any opportunity of knowing more perfectly individual character, I said I should be happy of his company so long as our way lay together.

"It is a cold night, Mr Pelham," said Thornton, after a pause. "I have been dining at Hatchett's with an old Paris acquaintance. I am sorry we did not meet more often in France, but I was so taken up with my friend Mr Warburton."

As Thornton uttered that name, he looked hard at me, and then added, "By the by, I saw you with Sir Reginald Glanville the other day; you know him well, I presume?"

"Tolerably well," said I, with indifference.

"What a strange character he is!" rejoined Thornton; "I also have known him for some years," and again Thornton looked pryingly into my countenance. Poor fool! it was not for a penetration like his to read the *cor inscrutable* of a man born and bred like me, in the consummate dissimulation of *bon ton*.

"He is very rich, is he not?" said Thornton, after a brief silence.

"I believe so," said I.

"Humph!" answered Thornton. "Things have grown better with him in proportion as they grew worse with me, who have had 'as good-luck as the cow that stuck herself with her own horn.' I suppose he is not too anxious to recollect me—'poverty parts fel-

lowship.' Well, hang pride, say I ; give me an honest heart all the year round, in summer or winter, drought or plenty. Would to Heaven some kind friend would lend me twenty pounds !”

To this wish I made no reply. Thornton sighed.

“Mr Pelham,” renewed he, “it is true I have known you but a short time—excuse the liberty I take—but if you *could* lend me a trifle, it would really assist me very much.”

“Mr Thornton,” said I, “if I knew you better, and could serve you more, you might apply to me for a more real assistance than any *bagatelle* I could afford you would be. If twenty pounds would really be of service to you, I will lend them to you, upon this condition, that you never ask me for another farthing.”

Thornton's face brightened. “A thousand, thousand——” he began.

“No,” interrupted I—“no thanks, only your promise.”

“Upon my honour,” said Thornton, “I will never ask you for another farthing.”

“There *is* honour among thieves,” thought I, and so I took out the sum mentioned, and gave it to him. In good earnest, though I disliked the man, his thread-bare garments and altered appearance moved me to compassion. While he was pocketing the money, which he did with the most unequivocal delight, a tall figure passed us rapidly. We both turned at the same instant, and recognised Glanville. He had not gone seven yards beyond us, before we observed his steps,

which were very irregular, pause suddenly ; a moment afterwards he fell against the iron rails of an area : we hastened towards him ; he was apparently fainting. His countenance was perfectly livid, and marked with the traces of extreme exhaustion. I sent Thornton to the nearest public-house for some water ; before he returned, Glanville had recovered.

“All—all—in vain,” he said, slowly and unconsciously ; “death is the only Lethe.”

He started when he saw me. I made him lean on my arm, and we walked on slowly.

“I have already heard of your speech,” said I. Glanville smiled with the usual faint and sickly expression, which made his smile painful even in its exceeding sweetness.

“You have also already seen its effects ; the excitement was too much for me.”

“It must have been a proud moment when you sat down,” said I.

“It was one of the bitterest I ever felt—it was fraught with the memory of the dead. What are all honours to me now ?—O God ! O God ! have mercy upon me !”

And Glanville stopped suddenly, and put his hand to his temples.

By this time Thornton had joined us. When Glanville’s eyes rested upon him, a deep hectic rose slowly and gradually over his cheeks. Thornton’s lip curled with a malicious expression. Glanville marked it, and his brow grew on the moment as black as night.

“Begone !” he said in a loud voice, and with a flash-

ing eye—"begone instantly ; I loathe the very sight of so base a thing."

Thornton's quick restless eye grew like a living coal, and he bit his lip so violently that the blood gushed out. He made, however, no other answer than "You seem agitated to-night, Sir Reginald ; I wish your speedy restoration to better health. Mr Pelham, your servant."

Glanville walked on in silence till we came to his door : we parted there ; and for want of anything better to do, I sauntered towards the M—— hell. There were only ten or twelve persons in the rooms, and all were gathered round the hazard-table. I looked on silently, seeing the knaves devour the fools, and younger brothers make up in wit for the deficiencies of fortune.

The Honourable Mr Blgrave came up to me : "Do you never play ?" said he.

"Sometimes," was my brief reply.

"Lend me a hundred pounds !" rejoined my kind acquaintance.

"I was just going to make you the same request," said I.

Blgrave laughed heartily. "Well," said he, "be my security to a Jew, and I'll be yours. My fellow lends me money at only forty per cent. My governor is a d—d stingy old fellow, for I am the most moderate son in the universe. I neither hunt nor race, nor have I any one favourite expense, except gambling, and he won't satisfy me in that—now I call such conduct shameful !"

“Unheard-of barbarity,” said I; “and you do well to ruin your property by Jews, before you have it; you could not avenge yourself better on ‘the governor.’”

“No, hang it!” said Blgrave; “leave me alone for that! Well, I have got five pounds left; I shall go and slap it down.”

No sooner had he left me than I was accosted by Mr ——, a handsome adventurer, who lived the devil knew how, for the devil seemed to take excellent care of him.

“Poor Blgrave!” said he, eyeing the countenance of that ingenious youth. “He is a strange fellow—he asked me the other day, if I ever read the *History of England*, and told me there was a great deal in it about his ancestor, a Roman general, in the time of William the Conqueror, called Caractacus. He told me at the last Newmarket that he had made up a capital book, and it turned out that he had hedged with such dexterity, that he *must* lose one thousand pounds, and he *might* lose two. Well, well,” continued ——, with a sanctified expression, “I would sooner see those real fools here, than the confounded scoundrels, who pillage one under a false appearance. Never, Mr Pelham, trust to a man at a gaming-house; the honestest look hides the worst sharper! Shall you try your luck to-night?”

“No,” said I. “I shall only look on.”

—— sauntered to the table, and sat down next to a rich young man, of the best temper and worst luck in the world. After a few throws, —— said to ‘him,

“Lord ——, do put your money aside—you have so much upon the table that it interferes with mine—and that is really *so* unpleasant. Suppose you put some of it in your pocket.”

Lord —— took a handful of notes and stuffed them carelessly in his coat-pocket. Five minutes afterwards I saw —— insert his hand, *empty*, in his neighbour’s pocket, and bring it out *full*—and half an hour afterwards he handed over a fifty-pound note to the marker, saying, “There, sir, is my debt to you. . God bless me, Lord ——, how you *have* won ! I wish you would not leave all your money about—do put it in your pocket with the rest.”

Lord —— (who had perceived the trick, though he was too indolent to resist it) laughed. “No, no, ——,” said he, “you must let me keep *some* !”

—— coloured, and soon after rose. “D—n my luck ?” said he, as he passed me. “I wonder I continue to play—but there are such sharpers in the room. Avoid a gaming-house, Mr Pelham, if you wish to live.”

“And *let* live,” thought I.

I was just going away, when I heard a loud laugh on the stairs, and immediately afterwards Thornton entered, joking with one of the markers. He did not see me ; but, approaching the table, drew out the identical twenty-pound note I had given him, and asked for change with the air of a *millionaire*. I did not wait to witness his fortune, good or ill ; I cared too little about it. I descended the stairs, and the servant on

opening the door for me, admitted Sir John Tyrrell. "What!" I thought; "is the habit *still* so strong?" We stopped each other, and after a few words of greeting, I went, once more, up-stairs with him.

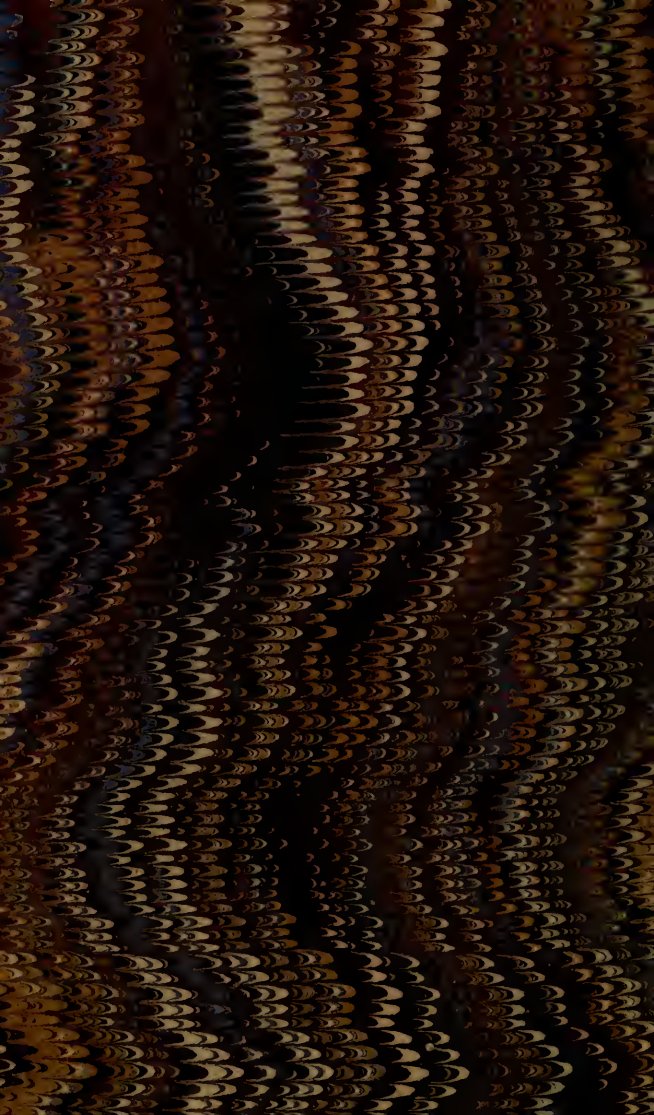
Thornton was playing as eagerly with his small quota as Lord C—— with his ten thousands. He nodded with an affected air of familiarity to Tyrrell, who returned his salutation with the most supercilious *hauteur*; and very soon afterwards the baronet was utterly engrossed by the chances of the game. I had, however, satisfied my curiosity, in ascertaining that there was no longer any intimacy between him and Thornton, and accordingly once more I took my departure.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







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