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The Oxford Thackeray
With Illustrations

CHRISTMAS BOOKS
REBECCA AND ROWENA
AND
LATER MINOR PAPERS, 1849-1861

**OXFORD: HORACE HART
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Christmas Books
Rebecca and Rowena

and

Later Minor Papers, 1849-1861

By

William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by

George Saintsbury

With 170 Illustrations

Humphrey Milford

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INTRODUCTION

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. REBECCA AND ROWENA. LATER MINOR PAPERS

OF the main title part of this volume, the 'Christmas Books' proper, there has perhaps been less difference of general public opinion during the whole time of their existence, which is long—the full 'sixty years since' in the case of the first—than in regard to any other division of their author's works. That *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, even more than *Vanity Fair* or the *Book of Snobs*, gave Thackeray popularity is one of the best known remarks upon him: and probably has at least as much truth about it as most such sayings. The egregious Mr. Phillips was very nearly alone in his disapproval of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, which was bought greedily for a book of its goodness: though of course the sale was nothing in comparison with that boasted, then and now, by mere rubbish. As for *The Rose and the Ring*, you must either be totally insensible or congenitally hostile to its whole kind of appeal if you do not feel it. *Our Street* and *Dr. Birch* have perhaps had fewer partisans: but there are still not a few who regard them as inferior, bulk and scope considered, to hardly anything that their author did. The 'Christmas-Book' fashion must of course be taken into account as far as their original balance-sheet goes, but this would have militated rather against than for the continuance of vogue. Thackeray, however, had been wise enough not to make them Christmas Books *only*, or even mainly. Dances of the cheerful Perkins kind were indeed usually given in the winter of old time; school naturally suggests Christmas

holidays ; and *The Rose and the Ring* was written to supply the want of Twelfth-night 'characters'. But *Our Street* can only suggest Christmas rent, Christmas bills, and perhaps 'waits': and no imagination, however fertile in resource, can suggest a real connexion between Christmas and the Rhine, except perhaps that Rhine salmon is then mainly available for persons who will have things at the wrong time. Thackeray had no superfine and superficial contempt of Christmas customs—the *Roundabouts* show that. But he was, be it repeated, too wise to *afficher* his title excessively.

On the other hand no kind of book, given its usual fashions of appearance, could better suit his ambidexterity with pen and pencil. In a sense *Cox's Diary* and *The Fatal Boots* are Christmas Books—indeed in more senses than one, for they actually appeared at the time: but here the illustrations were not his as they are in the Christmas Books proper. Nothing could better suit him: and nothing has better suited him. He altered his dealings slightly, from the pure succession of scenes, sometimes wholly dramatic, of the *Ball* to the continuous romance of *The Rose and the Ring*: while in *The Kickleburys* the pictures are perhaps more separable from the text than in any other. But even there the connexion is fairly close: while the accepted licence of 'cawicachaw' exactly suits his style. He has not indeed overcome, to any great extent, that singular inability of his to draw a really pretty face which he has confessed immortally in 'Peg of Limavaddy'. Miss Joy is tolerable, and Miss Martin not ugly: but the beautiful Emma Trotter rather suggests that Lord Methuselah's taste was not much better than his morals. Naughty Mrs. Stafford Molyneux in *Our Street* is good-looking, but then she is in profile and not difficult: while Anne Raby and Rosa Birch are no more than comely, as is Fanny Kicklebury. Rosalba is charming as a child—Thackeray could always draw pretty children—but when she grew

up one does not fear that, as an inhabitant of Paphlagonia, one would be in danger of incurring the ban of that clause in the law of High Treason which forbids falling in love with the King's wife. On the other hand the men, and the women where beauty is not needful, can be thoroughly recommended to the most fastidious friend: and the quaint dumpy figure of Mr. Titmarsh pervades the whole like an atmosphere—in his likeness and his unlikeness to his original and creator suggesting the unique mixture of intimacy and aloofness as regards his characters, which is that original's secret.

The summary judgements of book-catalogue and other second- or tenth-hand criticism dub *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* as 'the first and best' of the books. 'First' is indisputable: 'best' very disputable indeed. For each is best in its way, and if one could get a common denominator for things so different, I think *The Rose and the Ring* would show the highest mark above the line. But the *Ball* is certainly charming; and there is more 'architectonic' than Thackeray is usually credited with in the beginning and ending of the story, not with Jove, but with The Mulligan. And the rapidity and variety of the cartoon succession, with the laconic sufficiency of the letterpress, at once rivet the attention of the reader and make comment rather absurd. Perhaps not everybody nowadays knows that the thing owed a little in suggestion to the 'Physiologies' which had appeared some years before in Paris and were being copied by Albert Smith and others in English. But the debt is small: and Thackeray, as always, centuples it with his own invention. And he has kept the shadows out completely, except in the last paragraph where indeed they were well enough in place: for when the skeleton is not at the feast it generally turns up just after. With regard to The Mulligan himself—greatest, though so slightly drawn, of all Thackeray's great Irishmen save the father of Emily Fotheringay—his relations to the actual world seem to

have been curiously different from those of his compatriot. Costigan is said to have come alive (rather uncannily) *after* his presentation in the book, but quite unconsciously on his own part. The personality of The Mulligan is said to have been, if not exactly claimed by, identified with several existing human beings—and resented by some of them. The favourite has, I believe, been that famous and eccentric but very popular fire-eater and patriot The O’Gorman Mahon who, more than ten years Thackeray’s senior, survived him for nearly thirty, had almost as much of Gahagan as of Mulligan about him, and was long afterwards better known than ever as an Irish M.P.—on the Home Rule side, but (as always) much of a free lance there.

Our Street was written when Thackeray had established himself in a neighbourhood very much the prey of the alterations which he describes. Young Street itself had few of the characteristics of the *ci-devant* Waddilove, actually Pocklington, thoroughfare. But the exact processes had begun in many places all round Kensington Gardens from Knightsbridge to Craven Hill: and they can hardly be said to have ceased yet, though it is terra-cotta rather than stucco that is now the devouring material. The humours of the book are naturally somewhat more complicated than those of the single *Ball*, and require more letterpress to work them out. Much greater assistance moreover is given towards working out that interesting but rather puzzling ‘Autobiography of Mr. Titmarsh’ which I really wonder that no one has written. Let it only be hoped that the episode or catastrophe of suicide, at which Lady Ritchie darkly dints as having once been in contemplation, was not a result of one of the disappointments recorded in these Christmas Books. But there is the comforting reflection that Mr. Titmarsh was so constantly being disappointed that he could not have committed suicide on all the occasions, and therefore probably did not on any.

His house-companions—the thievish landlady and the

acid if not exactly sour old maid—are rather more of stock characters than is usual with Thackeray : but he lived so much and so long in lodgings that he was probably speaking with feeling. Clarence Bulbul has strong resemblances to the late Lord Houghton, though only in good-natured caricature. Thackeray did few things more remarkable than the plate of ‘Some of Our Gentlemen’, a wonderful group of character heads and figures—better than ‘from the life’, but ‘from the life’ also, fully in the right artistic sense. It may be feared that Captain Bragg of the *Ram Chunder* is from the life too ; as (in one sense) everything in the piece is. But it is in a quieter vein than most of its companions : and has I believe been one of the least popular. Most commentators say very little about it : though it is full of delectation for right readers and, in its direct connexion with its successor, has a rather peculiar interest.

For *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends* is, in general scheme, a sort of episode of *Our Street*, which semi-metropolitan locality Mr. Titmarsh is induced to desert for a time by one of his futile attacks of heart-disease. In fact Thackeray, with the proverbial but by no means universal carelessness of rich givers, threw away upon this trifle the scantling of a very respectable novel of his own, and still more of the Trollopian, kind. The business-like author of *Framley Parsonage* (not that there is the slightest intention here to sneer at him) would have made three good volumes out of the society of Rodwell Regis and the Birch family, and the Davison - Raby romance and the Reverend Mr. Prince (a character susceptible of very great development), and the parenthetic tragedy of the heir to the Marquisate of Steyne. But Thackeray used it all up as the merest paper and string for wrapping and tying together a certain amount of his caustic melancholy and a much larger one of his favourite studies of school-life. Though there is nothing in the least surprising—to any one who

can construe in human nature even as well as Mr. Titmarsh could construe in Ovid—there is something curious in his dealings with schools and schoolboys. On the one side we have his tirades against the school system, and his well-attested discomfort during his own experience thereof : on the other his constant, extraordinarily natural, and one would say distinctly loving sketches of school life. Of course there is *haec olim meminisse juvabit* and other tags to explain what hardly wants explaining. But the fact remains that his own letters, such explosions as that in the Eastern Sketch-Book, and divers other things, do contrast rather humorously with the pictures of ‘Greyfriars’ in nearly all the novels from *Vanity Fair* to *Philip*, and with the sketches of Archbishop Wigsby’s resuscitated College here.

Putting this aside, the book is certainly not the least amusing of the group. Among the cuts—appropriate word to the alarming frontispiece of Jack Birch in panoply—there is hardly a weak one : and whether by accident or not, they are more carefully finished off and furnished with accessories than most of their designer’s work. He has nearly got hold of the elusive beauty in one of the demure damsels (next to the ugly little one) who are entering church under the unhallowed gaze of Dr. Birch’s young friends : and most of the boys are admirable. So are the situations, from that supreme one, dealt with by pen and pencil alike, where Mr. Tipper finds his nephews ‘at their studies’, downwards. Just as Thackeray could always draw prettier children than ‘grown-ups’, so he could impart truer and more various expression to boys than to men. The difference between the two sneaks, Lurcher and Bullock, is quite delectable. Also all these things are fitted with suitable letterpress in a wonderful way. Gavarni, they say, used to keep in his studio rows of stones with their faces turned to the wall, though he had actually drawn on them, because, as he said, they

had not yet 'spoken to him'. There was never, I think, any of this unmannerly refusal to speak to each other and their master on the part of Thackeray's pen and pencil. The latter had not quite such perfection of expression as the former: but they always spoke in unison.

The piece is distinguished from its fellows by its curious and affecting epilogue in verse—which, I suppose, seems mawkish to Catiline the blood-drinker, who invariably uses gunpowder for salt, and thinks an allusion to Prayer-book or Bible quite sickening. Its exact reason has not, I think, been explained: for the death of Charles Buller which is referred to in it, had taken place six years earlier, though about Christmas time. It is perhaps the most unaffectedly and unmixedly 'serious' of all Thackeray's work—certainly of all his verse: there is not a quirk or a gibe in it. In fact it was probably written after the serious illness which interrupted *Pendennis*, and when (as the Brookfield letters show), though the peril was passed, the saint was not by any means bilked of his due. I cannot help drawing attention to the effect produced here by the shortening (with no previous parallel) of the last line

To men of gentle will.

The Kickleburys on the Rhine is inseparably associated with that *Essay on Thunder and Small Beer* which, ever since its own second appearance less than a month after the first, has always accompanied it. I have already, in connexion with the not wholly dissimilar alliance of *From Cornhill to Cairo* and 'Titmarsh v. Tait', hinted a doubt whether Thackeray did altogether well to be angry. It may be doubted whether anybody ever does well to be angry in this particular way. The great line of a rather unequal poet

Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit mourir
remains the last word on the subject: and certainly

Thackeray was the last man to deny it—in the abstract. In fact he might have written the very line just quoted. But the person who is always *le plus sage* is not quite human, and Thackeray was very human indeed. Moreover there was a curious compound of absolute stupidity and apparent malevolence in the critique which provoked the essay. It would seem that Samuel Phillips, to whom the *Times* review has always been attributed, was *not* a malevolent person. But he was rather a stupid one—LL.D. of Göttingen as he was, and reviewer in chief to ‘the Jupiter’ as he was likewise—and he illustrates the curious mid-century degradation of English criticism from which Matthew Arnold and the *Saturday Review* in their different ways rescued it. Moreover it was the time of that equally curious and rather unhealthy ‘Jupiter’ attitude which, though Thackeray never took notice of it as a whole, his disciple Trollope has exposed so admirably in the ‘Barsetshire’ chronicles. In order to show this attitude, people of distinction ‘had to be *took* down’: and apparently Thackeray was selected for the particular taking. Very probably the selection was that of Phillips’s employers: but the blundering fustian of the article must have been his own, and therefore he may in a sense have the credit of the admirable retort which he provoked. Perhaps he was actually stupid enough not to see the excellences of the book. One of them, the record of the duel with ‘the horrid contrebanquists’ even *he* saw.

There were plenty more for him to see if he had had the eyes: for the fact is that none of the group is more pleasantly and unerringly hit off. It is, if not ‘small beer’, small wine compared to some of its author’s work; but it is a passing good creature. In the *Contrebanque* episode, in that delightful one of Lady Kicklebury’s forcing herself on the society of the Princesse de Mogador, and indeed in the general sketches of scene and personage, it is something more than a ‘little wine’—it is certainly never less.

Phillips, a very unlucky man during the first part of his short life, was a lucky one later. He died long before Thackeray; let us hope that he had altered his opinion of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*. He certainly will have to do so before he gets out of Purgatory.

As for *The Rose and the Ring* it is extremely difficult to be equal to that occasion. There is really nothing to do but once more to echo the famous combination of orthodox theology and unerring aesthetics about strawberries, and to say that it would undoubtedly be in the power of Heaven to create a better book of the kind, but that Heaven has never yet been pleased to do so. The charm of the drawings; the astonishing felicity of the poetical page-headings (the rhythm of which suggests Milton come again and endowed with a gift of humour, a stupendous and terrible idea), the unity and convincingness of the story, and above all the more than Ariostian heroi-comedy of the treatment—simply defy eulogy. If you see them at all you see them for yourself, and as no one else can see them for you. The worst of it is that it suggests an impious presumption—even greater than that of the man suggested by Thackeray himself who wanted ‘a flounder with two backs’. One wants *more* ‘Fairy Blackstick’¹—a whole *Cabinet des Fées* of her performances, and more about herself. For she is not only a fairy but a person, a Morgana-Urganda-Abunde become more human and diviner at once. One desires, like the more romantic auditors of *The Princess*, a *serious* Fairy Blackstick—one who should have lovers and everything suitable about her.

But this, as has been said, is exorbitant and sinful; and the thing is quite delightful enough as it is. I have always thought Valoroso rather hardly treated; there was something good in Valoroso, as there was even in his prototype Claudius, and it must be remembered that, while there

¹ I know, of course, that she is elsewhere most worthily and rightfully represented in literature, but not quite as I mean.

is here no suspicion of fratricide, the laws of succession as between brother and brother or father and son were, in those early times and uncertain longitudes, very uncertain themselves. But still there had to be 'a Nemesis' as Trollope would say: and there it is. It does not seem to have been shared by the Queen (whose name by the way is never given), though she was very nearly as guilty. Otherwise everything goes as it should: and it is difficult to decide between the personages. I think Hedzoff is my own favourite, though the unfortunate Bulbo himself has very great merits. I am afraid the staunchest of legitimists cannot exactly poohpooh the satire on his party; and to question the propriety of the probation of Giglio were flagitious. But next to the page-headings the scattered gems of Thackerayan phrase are perhaps the great feature of the piece. From the statement—so *simplex munditiis*—that 'blank verse is not argument' to that final and unanswerable question of Padella, 'If you ride a fairy horse and wear fairy armour, what on earth is the use of my hitting you?' it is unique and sublime.

Rebecca and Rowena was not, strictly speaking, a 'Christmas Book', but it has what may be called Christmas-book qualities, and it has been dignified of old by what may be called special honorary membership of the Christmas-book body in the later editions published by its author's representatives; though earlier it went with the burlesques. As was hinted before in speaking of *A Legend of the Rhine*, it has much less of the burlesque than of the romantic quality in it: and like *The Rose and the Ring* itself, is much more a specimen of romance with burlesque-affectionate touches than anything else; while it is not in the very least a satire on romance itself.

In its original *Fraser* form—which is very little known, and the omitted and altered portions of which will probably be a surprise to many fairly diligent students of Thackeray—it had much more of the burlesque in it. And

the attitude to Dumas, though improved from that of the early miscellanies and reviews, is nearer to this than to the perfect appreciation of the *Roundabouts*. How wise Thackeray was in dropping the 'Arthur' scene few people can need to be told: for it is out of keeping both with the lighter burlesque (it would have done well enough with the *Catherine* vein) and with the only partially mock-romantic sequel. As the piece first stood indeed (and this is one main reason for giving it in that habit), it was one of the Januses in the Thackeray Pantheon—looking before and after and evidencing the cruder and the less crude states of his development. As it stands in the later form it is one of his most mature and exquisite things—full of inset jewels of verse (the 'Canute' piece revived with singular appropriateness, and others of the first water added) and of casual flashes of happy phrase and thought. It must be a strangely 'heavy' soul (to borrow one of Dryden's pregnant epithets) which cannot adjust itself as well to the lighter touches of Athelstane's schoolboy slang and the 'stones, kettles, bootjacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, Congreve rockets, and bombshells' discharged by the garrison of Chalus, as to the rather terribly true jests of Wamba's satire and the romance of Ivanhoe and Rebecca themselves. Perhaps Thackeray was a little hard on Rowena. It is curious that he was never quite just to ladies with fair hair—Becky, Blanche, Rowena herself, Lady Maria, are instances that occur at once. There are not much more than possibilities of priggishness and prudishness in her as she appears in Scott, though she certainly had been spoilt horribly by Cedric. But it was necessary for the story that she should not be here one of those women, who, as Aristotle graciously allows, 'are good *sometimes*'. And the whole is what it so lovingly laughs at.¹

¹ Doyle is of course and as usual beyond praise or pay here. But 'do look' (as Lamb says) at the expression of the lion on Richard's helmet!

The few scraps and oddments which Thackeray wrote for publication in the last decade, and a little more, of his life are collected towards the end of this volume in chronological order. Those to come will be occupied by substantive work. Like many men who have written much 'for the papers' he was not greatly given to writing *to* them, and 'kept himself from beans' (in this new but, to those who possess understanding, easily understandable sense) when better sustenance was at hand. But there are some remarkable things in this batch, and in commenting on them the chronological order need not be observed rigidly. The most important is perhaps *Charity and Humour*, which he delivered several times but always with reference to the first word of the title, though he sometimes varied that title itself. The first occasion was in America for a charitable society; the second and third in England, for the benefit of the families, in the first case, of Angus Reach, in the second, of Douglas Jerrold. It was on the last occasion that he, as one of the best-known anecdotes about him tells, adjusted the opening words (which a lecturer often if not generally adds to something not quite novel) to his own circumstances by an allusion to the 'High Street of a certain ancient city', to wit, Oxford, where he had just stood for Parliament and been defeated. The lecture is a sort of coda to *The English Humourists*, but there is much else in it and it can stand very well by itself. *Mr. Thackeray in the United States* is one of his latest appearances as a Fraserian and has some of the old local colour, though *Fraser* was getting—not exactly staid but—the reverse of high-jinky. The paper on *Weimar and Goethe* was written for and to George Henry Lewes as a contribution to his well-known *Life of Goethe*: and the Preface to the American edition of his own minor works is one of the most sensible of all dealings with a rather burning subject. It contains some interesting remarks on his own early work, remarks the spirit of which the present edition endeavours

to carry out. But there can now be no reason for withholding the two 'Yellowplush' satires on Bulwer, even if they had not long taken up their abode with their fellows under authority. The Animosities (to use Wilson's great words)—and the *animosi infantes* who felt them—are long dead; there is Humanity in the pieces enough to make them live for ever.

But he had less and less need and less and less liking for things of this kind. The actually last I think—in the time of the *Roundabouts* and very nearly a 'Roundabout' in itself—was the piece entitled *A Leaf out of a Sketch-book* contributed to Adelaide Anne Procter's *Victoria Regia*. It is, as the Schwellenberg in one of her rare moods of amiability observed of Fanny Burney 'most *agribble*', and it suggests (with *The Orphan of Pimlico* and numerous other recovered things, some of which also appear here) an odd reflection. If Thackeray had taken all his sketches: all those that have been fished out since; all those that he left in the drawers at Larkbeare and the desks in the Temple; all the products of that divinely fertile and only humanly faulty pencil-pen—and had given them letterpress like this—what a book it would have been! But it was right that it should not exist: for had it existed, in the dozens and scores of volumes that it would have filled, the result might have been, to many respectable persons, fatal. 'What', to vary Mr. Weller, 'ud have become of the *other* undertakers' of works of pastime then? As it is, there is some room for some of them.

NOTE ON EXCLUSIONS

It may perhaps be as well to say a very few words on the items, or some of them, which have been excluded from the present edition though they have appeared in others, and the exclusion of which has not been specially noticed in the Introductions to this and the preceding volumes. They include, besides some *Snob*, *Gownsmen*, and *National Standard* matter, two early *Fraser* articles dating from 1838, *Our Batch of Books for Christmas* (January), and *Passages from the Diary of the late Dolly Duster* (October and November). The first of these is a 'slating', in the Mr. Bludyer style, of Mrs. Trollope's *Vicar of Wrexhill*, of *Ernest Maltravers*, and (less savagely) of L. E. L.'s *Ethel Churchill*: the other a parody of the *Diary* attributed to Lady Charlotte Campbell and reviewed by Thackeray sharply but seriously in the *Times* (see our Volume I). Both are clumsy and amateurish; I suspect a good deal of first-hand but far from first-rate 'Oliver Yorke' in both; much of the 'Dolly Duster' piece is mere rubbish; and I feel positively certain that Thackeray would never have reprinted either. Three *Times* reviews of the same period on Tyler's *Henry V*, Fraser's *Winter Journey to Persia*, and Krasinski's *History of the Reformation in Poland* are respectable paste-and-scissors work of no interest whatever intrinsically, save perhaps in the very copious quotations. The first has the quite *extrinsic* interest of having possibly suggested, if only afar off, the idea of writing an historical novel on its period which Thackeray seems to have conceived very late, but which (almost beyond question fortunately) he never carried out. These also belong to the period of our *first* volume.

From the next five or six nothing, I think, has been set aside without notice in the Introductions. But when we come to the *Punch* reproductions the exclusions, though individually unimportant, become exceedingly numerous. The reasons for them have been given briefly already: but it may be added here that each case has been separately and repeatedly considered on the principles there stated. These exclusions, however, have not been allowed to extend to the illustrations, which have a claim of their own.

MRS. PERKINS'S BALL

[1847]



GRAND POLKA



[Facsimile title-page of first edition]

MRS. PERKINS'S BALL

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THE MULLIGAN (OF BALLYMULLIGAN)
AND HOW WE WENT TO
MRS. PERKINS'S BALL



I do not know where Ballymulligan is, and never knew anybody who did. Once I asked the Mulligan the question, when that chieftain assumed a look of dignity so ferocious, and spoke of 'Saxon curiawsitee', in a tone of such evident displeasure, that, as after all it can matter very little to me whereabouts lies the Celtic principality in question, I have never pressed the inquiry any farther.

I don't know even the Mulligan's town residence. One night, as he bade us adieu in Oxford Street,—'I live *there*,' says he, pointing down towards Uxbridge, with the big stick he carries:—so his abode is in that direction, at any rate. He has his letters addressed to several of his friends' houses, and his parcels, &c., are left for him at various taverns which he frequents. That pair of checked trousers, in which you see him attired, he did me the favour of ordering from my own tailor, who is quite as anxious as anybody to know the address of the wearer. In like manner my hatter asked me, 'Oo was the Hirish gent as ad ordered four 'ats and a sable boar to be sent to my lodgings?' As I did not know (however I might guess), the articles have never been sent, and the Mulligan has withdrawn his custom from the 'infernal four-and-nine-penny scoundthrel,' as he calls him. The hatter has not shut up shop in consequence.

I became acquainted with the Mulligan through a distinguished countryman of his, who, strange to say, did not know the chieftain himself. But dining with my friend Fred Clancy of the Irish Bar, at Greenwich, the Mulligan came up, 'inthrojuiced' himself to Clancy as he said; claimed relationship with him on the side of Brian

Boroo, and drawing his chair to our table, quickly became intimate with us. He took a great liking to me, was good enough to find out my address, and pay me a visit : since which period often and often on coming to breakfast in the morning, I have found him in my sitting-room on the sofa engaged with the rolls and morning papers : and many a time, on returning home at night, for an evening's quiet reading, I have discovered this honest fellow in the armchair before the fire, perfuming the apartment with my cigars, and trying the quality of such liquors as might be found in the sideboard. The way in which he pokes fun at Betsy, the maid of the lodgings, is prodigious. She begins to laugh whenever he comes ; if he calls her a duck, a divvle, a darlin, it is all one. He is just as much a master of the premises as the individual who rents them at fifteen shillings a week ; and as for handkerchiefs, shirt collars, and the like articles of fugitive haberdashery, the loss since I have known him is uncountable. I suspect he is like the cat in some houses : for, suppose the whisky, the cigars, the sugar, the tea-caddy, the pickles, and other groceries disappear, all is laid upon that *edax-rerum* of a Mulligan.

The greatest offence that can be offered to him is to call him *Mr. Mulligan*. 'Would you deprive me, sir,' says he, 'of the title which was bawrun be me princelec ancestors in a hundred thousand battles ? In our own green valleys and fawrests, in the American Savannahs, in the Sierras of Speen, and the Flats of Flandthers, the Saxon has quailed before me war-cry of MULLIGAN ABOO ! *Mr. Mulligan* ! I'll pitch anybody out of the window who calls me *Mr. Mulligan*.' He said this, and uttered the slogan of the Mulligans with a shriek so terrific, that my uncle (the Rev. W. Gruels, of the Independent Congregation. Bungay), who had happened to address him in the above obnoxious manner, while sitting at my apartments drinking tea after the May meetings, instantly quitted the room, and has never taken the least notice of me since, except to state to the rest of the family that I am doomed irrevocably to perdition.

Well, one day last season I had received from my kind and most estimable friend, MRS. PERKINS, OF POCKLINGTON SQUARE (to whose amiable family I have had the honour of giving lessons in drawing, French, and the German flute),



THE MULLIGAN AND MR. M. A. TITMARSH

an invitation couched in the usual terms on satin gilt-edged note-paper, to her evening party; or, as I call it, 'Ball.'

Besides the engraved note sent to all her friends, my kind patroness had addressed me privately as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. TITMARSH,

If you know any *very* eligible young man, we give you leave to bring him. You *gentlemen* love your *clubs* so much now, and care so little for *dancing*, that it is really quite a *scandal*. Come early, and before *everybody*, and give us the benefit of all your taste and *Continental skill*,

Your sincere

EMILY PERKINS.

'Whom shall I bring?' mused I, highly flattered by this mark of confidence; and I thought of Bob Trippett; and little Fred Spring, of the Navy Pay Office; Hulker, who is rich, and I know took lessons in Paris; and a half score of other bachelor friends, who might be considered as *very eligible*—when I was roused from my meditation by the slap of a hand on my shoulder; and looking up, there was the Mulligan, who began, as usual, reading the papers on my desk.

'Hwhat's this?' says he, 'who's Perkins? Is it a supper-ball, or only a tay-ball?'

'The Perkinses, of Pocklington Square, Mulligan, are tiptop people,' says I, with a tone of dignity; 'Mr. Perkins's sister is married to a baronet, Sir Charles Bacon, of Hogwash, Norfolk. Mr. Perkins's uncle was Lord Mayor of London; and he was himself in Parliament, and *may be* again any day. The family are my most particular friends. A tay-ball indeed! why, Gunter . . .'

Here I stopped, I felt I was committing myself.

'Gunter?' says the Mulligan, with another confounded slap on the shoulder; 'Don't say another word, *I'll* go wid you, my boy.'

'*You* go, Mulligan,' says I: 'why, really—I—it's not my party.'

'Your hwhawt? hwhat's this letter? an't I an eligible young man?—Is the descendant of a thousand kings unfit company for a miserable tallow-chandthlerring cockney? Are ye joking wid me? for, let me tell ye, I don't like them jokes. D'ye suppose I'm not as well bawrun and bred as yourself, or any Saxon friend ye ever had?'

‘ I never said you weren’t, Mulligan,’ says I.

‘ Ye don’t mean seriously that a Mulligan is not fit company for a Perkins ? ’

‘ My dear fellow, how could you think I could so far insult you ? ’ says I.

‘ Well then,’ says he, ‘ that’s a matter settled, and we go.’

What the deuce was I to do ? I wrote to Mrs. Perkins ; and that kind lady replied that she would receive the Mulligan, or any other of my friends, with the greatest cordiality. Fancy a party all Mulligans ! thought I, with a secret terror.

MR. AND MRS. PERKINS, THEIR HOUSE, AND THEIR YOUNG PEOPLE

FOLLOWING Mrs. Perkins's orders, the present writer made his appearance very early at Pocklington Square ; where the tastiness of all the decorations elicited my warmest admiration. Supper, of course, was in the dining-room, superbly arranged by Messrs. Grigs and Spooner, the confectioners of the neighbourhood. I assisted my respected friend Mr. Perkins, and his butler, in decanting the sherry, and saw, not without satisfaction, a large bath for wine under the sideboard, in which were already placed very many bottles of champagne.

The BACK DINING-ROOM, Mr. P.'s study (where the venerable man goes to sleep after dinner), was arranged on this occasion as a tea-room, Mrs. Flouncy (Miss Fanny's maid) officiating in a cap and pink ribbons, which became her exceedingly. Long, long before the arrival of the company, I remarked Master Thomas Perkins and Master Giles Bacon, his cousin (son of Sir Giles Bacon, Bart.), in this apartment, busy among the macaroons.

Mr. Gregory, the butler, besides John the footman, and Sir Giles's large man in the Bacon livery, and honest Grundsell, carpet-beater and greengrocer, of Little Pocklington Buildings, had, at least, half a dozen of aides de camp, in black, and white neckcloths, like doctors of divinity.

The BACK DRAWING-ROOM door on the landing, being taken off the hinges (and placed upstairs under Mr. Perkins's bed), the orifice was covered with muslin, and festooned with elegant wreaths of flowers. This was the *Dancing Saloon*. A linen was spread over the carpet, and a band, consisting of Mr. Clapperton, piano, Mr. Pinch, harp, and Herr Spoff, cornet-à-piston, arrived at a pretty early hour, and were accommodated with some comfortable negus in the tea-room, previous to the commencement of their delightful labours. The boudoir to the left was fitted up as a card-room ; the drawing-room was, of course, for the reception of the company ; the chandeliers and yellow damask being displayed, this night, in all their

splendour ; and the charming conservatory, over the landing, was ornamented by a few moon-like lamps, and the flowers arranged so that it had the appearance of a fairy bower. And Miss Perkins (as I took the liberty of stating to her mamma) looked like the fairy of that bower. It is this young creature's first year in *public life* ; she has been educated, regardless of expense, at Hammersmith ; and a simple white muslin dress and blue ceinture set off charms of which I beg to speak with respectful admiration.

My distinguished friend, the Mulligan of Ballymulligan, was good enough to come, the very first of the party. By the way, how awkward it is to be the first of the party ! and yet you know somebody must ; but for my part, being timid, I always wait at the corner of the street in the cab, and watch until some other carriage comes up.

Well, as we were arranging the sherry, in the decanters, down the supper-tables, my friend arrived : ' Hwhares me friend, Mr. Titmarsh ? ' I heard him bawling out to Gregory in the passage, and presently he rushed into the supper-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and myself were, and as the waiter was announcing, ' Mr. Mulligan ; ' ' THE Mulligan of Ballymulligan, ye blackguard ! ' roared he, and stalked into the apartment, ' apologoizing, ' as he said, for introducing himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins did not perhaps wish to be seen in this room, which was for the present only lighted by a couple of candles ; but *he* was not at all abashed by the circumstance, and grasping them both warmly by the hands, he instantly made himself at home. ' As friends of my dear and talented friend Mick, ' so he is pleased to call me, ' I'm deloighted, madam, to be made known to ye. Don't consider me in the light of a mere acquaintance ! As for you, my dear madam, you put me so much in moind of my own blessed mother, now resoiding at Ballymulligan Castle, that I begin to love ye at first soight. ' At which speech, Mr. Perkins, getting rather alarmed, asked the Mulligan whether he would take some wine, or go upstairs.

' Faix, ' says Mulligan, ' it's never too soon for good dthrink ; ' and (although he smelt very much of whisky already) he drank a tumbler of wine, ' to the improvement of an acqueutence which comminces in a manner so deloightful. '

' Let's go upstairs, Mulligan, ' says I, and led the noble



THE MULLIGAN AND MISS FANNY PERKINS

Irishman to the upper apartments, which were in a profound gloom, the candles not being yet illuminated, and where we surprised Miss Fanny, seated in the twilight, at the piano, timidly trying the tunes of the polka, which she danced so exquisitely that evening. She did not perceive the stranger at first ; but how she started when the Mulligan loomed upon her.

‘Heavenlee enchanthress !’ says Mulligan, ‘don’t floy at the approach of the humblest of your sleeves ! Reshewm your pleece at that instrhument, which weeps harmonious, or smoils melojious, as you charrum it ! Are you acqueented with the Oirish Melodies ? Can ye play *Who Fears to Talk of Nointy-eight*, the *Shan Van Voght*, or the *Dirge of Ollam Fodhlah* ?’

‘Who’s this mad chap that Titmarsh has brought ?’ I heard Master Bacon exclaim to Master Perkins. ‘Look ! how frightened Fanny looks !’

‘Oh, pooh ! gals are *always* frightened,’ Fanny’s brother replied ; but Giles Bacon, more violent, said, ‘I’ll tell you what, Tom ; if this goes on, we must pitch into him.’ And so I have no doubt they would, when another thundering knock coming, Gregory rushed into the room, and began lighting all the candles, so as to produce an amazing brilliancy. Miss Fanny sprang up, and ran to her mamma, and the young gentlemen slid down the banisters to receive the company in the hall.

EVERYBODY BEGINS TO COME, BUT
ESPECIALLY MR. MINCHIN

‘It’s only Me and my sisters,’ Master Bacon said ; though ‘only’ meant eight in this instance. All the young ladies had fresh cheeks and purple elbows ; all had white frocks, with hair more or less auburn ; and so a party was already made of this blooming and numerous family, before the rest of the company began to arrive. The three Miss Meggots next came in their fly ; Mr. Blades and his niece from 19 in the square : Captain and Mrs. Struther, and Miss Struther : Doctor Toddy’s two daughters and their mamma : but where were the gentlemen ? The Mulligan, great and active as he was, could not suffice among so many beauties. At last came a brisk neat little knock, and looking into the hall, I saw a gentleman taking off his clogs there, whilst Sir Giles Bacon’s big footman was looking on with rather a contemptuous air.

‘What name shall I enounce ?’ says he, with a wink at Gregory on the stair.

The Gentleman in clogs said, with quiet dignity,—

‘MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN.’

‘Pump Court, Temple,’ is printed on his cards in very small type : and he is a rising barrister, of the Western Circuit. He is to be found at home of mornings : afterwards ‘at Westminster,’ as you read on his back door. ‘Binks and Minchin’s Reports’ are probably known to my legal friends : this is the Minchin in question.

He is decidedly genteel, and is rather in request at the balls of the Judges’ and Serjeants’ ladies ; for he dances irreproachably, and goes out to dinner as much as ever he can.

He mostly dines at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, of which you can easily see by his appearance that he is a member ; he takes the joint and his half-pint of wine, for Minchin does everything like a Gentleman. He is rather of a literary turn ; still makes Latin verses with



'What name shall I enounce?'

'Don't hurry the gentleman—don't you see he ain't buttoned his strap yet?'

'Say Mr. FREDERICK MINCHIN.' (*This is spoken with much dignity.*)

some neatness ; and, before he was called, was remarkably fond of the flute.

When Mr. Minchin goes out in the evening, his clerk brings his bag to the club, to dress ; and if it is at all muddy, he turns up his trousers so that he may come in without a speck. For such a party as this, he will have new gloves ; otherwise, Frederick, his clerk, is chiefly employed in cleaning them with india-rubber.

He has a number of pleasant stories about the Circuit and the University, which he tells with a simper to his neighbour at dinner ; and has always the last joke of Mr. Baron Maule. He has a private fortune of five thousand pounds ; he is a dutiful son ; he has a sister married, in Harley Street ; and Lady Jane Ranville has the best opinion of him, and says he is a most excellent and highly-principled young man.

Her Ladyship and daughter arrived, just as Mr. Minchin had popped his clogs into the umbrella-stand, and the rank of that respected person, and the dignified manner in which he led her upstairs, caused all sneering on the part of the domestics to disappear.

THE BALL-ROOM DOOR

A HUNDRED of knocks follow Frederick Minchin's : in half an hour Messrs. Spoff, Pinch, and Clapperton, have begun their music, and Mulligan, with one of the Miss Bacons, is dancing majestically in the first quadrille. My young friends, Giles and Tom, prefer the landing-place to the Drawing-rooms, where they stop all night robbing the refreshment-trays as they come up or down. Giles has eaten fourteen ices, he will have a dreadful stomach-ache to-morrow. Tom has eaten twelve, but he has had four more glasses of negus than Giles. Grundsell, the occasional waiter, from whom Master Tom buys quantities of ginger-beer, can of course deny him nothing. That is Grundsell, in the tights, with the tray. Meanwhile direct your attention to the three gentlemen at the door : they are conversing.

1st Gent. Who's the man of the house—the bald man ?

2nd Gent. Of course. The man of the house is always bald. He's a stockbroker, I believe. Snooks brought me.

1st Gent. Have you been to the tea-room ? There's a pretty girl in the tea-room ; blue eyes, pink ribbons, that kind of thing.

2nd Gent. Who the deuce is that girl with those tremendous shoulders ? Gad ! I do wish somebody would smack 'em.

3rd Gent. Sir—that young lady is my niece, sir,—my niece—my name is Blades, sir.

2nd Gent. Well, Blades ! Smack your niece's shoulders ; she deserves it, begad ! she does. Come in, Jinks, present me to the Perkinses.—Hollo ! here's an old country acquaintance—Lady Bacon, as I live ! with all the piglings ; she never goes out without the whole litter.

[*Exeunt 1st and 2nd Gent.*



THE BALL-ROOM DOOR



LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, AND MR. FLAM

LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, MR. FLAM

Lady B. Leonora! Maria! Amelia! here is the gentleman we met at Sir John Porkington's.

[*The MISSES BACON, expecting to be asked to dance, smile simultaneously, and begin to smooth their tuckers.*

Mr. Flam. Lady Bacon! I couldn't be mistaken in you! Won't you dance, Lady Bacon?

Lady B. Go away, you droll creature!

Mr. Flam. And these are your ladyship's seven lovely sisters, to judge from their likenesses to the charming Lady Bacon?

Lady B. My sisters, he! he! my *daughters*, Mr. Flam, and *they* dance—don't you, girls?

The Misses Bacon. Oh, yes!

Mr. Flam. Gad! how I wish I was a dancing man!

[*Exit FLAM.*

MR. LARKINS

I HAVE not been able to do justice (only a Lawrence could do that) to my respected friend Mrs. Perkins, in this picture ; but Larkins's portrait is considered very like. Adolphus Larkins has been long connected with Mr. Perkins's City establishment, and is asked to dine twice or thrice per annum. Evening parties are the great enjoyment of this simple youth, who after he has walked from Kentish Town to Thames Street, and passed twelve hours in severe labour there, and walked back again to Kentish Town, finds no greater pleasure than to attire his lean person in that elegant evening costume which you see, to walk into town again, and to dance at anybody's house who will invite him. Islington, Pentonville, Somers Town, are the scenes of many of his exploits ; and I have seen this good-natured fellow performing figure dances at Notting Hill, at a house where I am ashamed to say there was no supper, no negus even to speak of, nothing but the bare merits of the polka in which Adolphus revels. To describe this gentleman's infatuation for dancing, let me say, in a word, that he will even frequent boarding-house hops, rather than not go.

He has clogs, too, like Minchin : but nobody laughs at *him*. He gives himself no airs ; but walks into a house with a knock and a demeanour so tremulous and humble that the servants rather patronize him. He does not speak, or have any particular opinions, but when the time comes, begins to dance. He bleats out a word or two to his partner during this operation, seems very weak and sad during the whole performance ; and, of course, is set to dance with the ugliest women everywhere.

The gentle, kind spirit ! when I think of him night after night, hopping and jigging, and trudging off to Kentish Town, so gently, through the fogs, and mud, and darkness ; I do not know whether I ought to admire him, because his enjoyments are so simple, and his dispositions so kindly ; or laugh at him, because he draws his life so exquisitely mild. Well, well, we can't be all roaring lions in this world ; there must be *some* lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious creatures for eating and shearing. See ! ever good-natured Mrs. Perkins is leading up the trembling Larkins to the tremendous Miss Bunion !



MR. LARKINS



MISS BUNION

MISS BUNION

THE poetess, author of *Heartstrings*, *The Deadly Nightshade*, *Passion Flowers*, &c. Though her poems breathe only of love, Miss B. has never been married. She is nearly six feet high ; she loves waltzing beyond even poesy ; and I think lobster-salad as much as either. She confesses to twenty-eight ; in which case her first volume, *The Orphan of Gozo* (cut up by Mr. Rigby, in the *Quarterly*, with his usual kindness), must have been published when she was three years old.

For a woman all soul, she certainly eats as much as any woman I ever saw. The sufferings she has had to endure are, she says, beyond compare ; the poems which she writes breathe a withering passion, a smouldering despair, an agony of spirit that would melt the soul of a drayman, were he to read them. Well, it is a comfort to see that she can dance of nights, and to know (for the habits of illustrious literary persons are always worth knowing) that she eats a hot mutton-chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence.

She lives in a boarding-house at Brompton, and comes to the party in a fly.

MR. HICKS

It is worth twopence to see Miss Bunion and Poseidon Hicks, the great poet, conversing with one another, and to talk of one to the other afterwards. How they hate each other ! I (in my wicked way) have sent Hicks almost raving mad by praising Bunion to him in confidence ; and you can drive Bunion out of the room by a few judicious panegyrics of Hicks.

Hicks first burst upon the astonished world with poems in the Byronic manner : *The Death-Shriek*, *The Bastard of Lara*, *The Atabal*, *The Fire-Ship of Botzaris*, and other works. His *Love Lays*, in Mr. Moore's early style, were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy, at Tooting.

Subsequently, this great bard became less passionate and more thoughtful ; and, at the age of twenty, wrote *Idiosyncrasy* (in 40 books, 4to) ; *Ararat*, 'a stupendous epic,' as the reviews said ; and *The Megatheria*, 'a magnificent contribution to our pre-Adamite literature,' according to the same authorities. Not having read these works, it would ill become me to judge them ; but I know that poor Jingle, the publisher, always attributed his insolvency to the latter epic, which was magnificently printed in elephant folio.

Hicks has now taken a classical turn, and has brought out *Poseidon* ; *Iacchus* ; *Hephaestus* ; and I dare say is going through the mythology. But I should not like to try him at a passage of the Greek Delectus, any more than twenty thousand others of us who have had a 'classical education.'

Hicks was taken in an inspired attitude, regarding the chandelier, and pretending he didn't know that Miss Pettifer was looking at him.

Her name is Anna Maria (daughter of Higgs and Pettifer, Solicitors, Bedford Row), but Hicks calls her 'Ianthé,' in his album verses, and is himself an eminent drysalter in the City.



MR. HICKS



MISS MEGGOT

MISS MEGGOT

POOR Miss Meggot is not so lucky as Miss Bunion. Nobody comes to dance with *her*, though she has a new frock on, as she calls it, and rather a pretty foot, which she always manages to stick out.

She is forty-seven, the youngest of three sisters, who live in a mouldy old house near Middlesex Hospital, where they have lived for I don't know how many score of years ; but this is certain : the eldest Miss Meggot saw the Gordon riots out of that same parlour window, and tells the story how her father (physician to George III) was robbed of his queue in the streets on that occasion. The two old ladies have taken the brevet rank, and are addressed as Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Betsy : one of them is at whist in the back drawing-room. But the youngest is still called Miss Nancy, and is considered quite a baby by her sisters.

She was going to be married once to a brave young officer, Ensign Angus Macquirk, of the Whistlebinkie Fencibles ; but he fell at Quatre Bras, by the side of the gallant Snuffmull, his commander. Deeply, deeply did Miss Nancy deplore him.

But time has cicatrized the wounded heart. She is gay now, and would sing or dance, aye, or marry if anybody asked her.

Do go, my dear friend—I don't mean to ask her to marry, but to ask her to dance.—Never mind the looks of the thing. It will make her happy ; and what does it cost you ? Ah, my dear fellow ! take this counsel : always dance with the old ladies—always dance with the governesses. It is a comfort to the poor things when they get up in their garret that somebody has had mercy on them. And such a handsome fellow as *you* too !

MISS RANVILLE, REV. MR. TOOP, MISS MULLINS,
MR. WINTER

Mr. W. Miss Mullins, look at Miss Ranville, what a picture of good humour!

Miss M. Oh, you satirical creature!

Mr. W. Do you know why she is so angry? She expected to dance with Captain Grig, and, by some mistake, the Cambridge Professor got hold of her: isn't he a handsome man?

Miss M. Oh, you droll wretch!

Mr. W. Yes, he's a fellow of college—fellows mayn't marry, Miss Mullins—poor fellows, eh, Miss Mullins?

Miss M. La!

Mr. W. And Professor of Phlebotomy in the University. He flatters himself he is a man of the world, Miss Mullins, and always dances in the Long Vacation.

Miss M. You malicious wicked monster!

Mr. W. Do you know Lady Jane Ranville—Miss Ranville's mamma? A ball once a year; footmen in canary-coloured livery; Baker Street; six dinners in the season; starves all the year round; pride and poverty, you know; I've been to her ball *once*. Ranville Ranville's her brother; and between you and me—but this, dear Miss Mullins, is a profound secret,—I think he's a greater fool than his sister.

Miss M. Oh, you satirical, droll, malicious, wicked thing, you!

Mr. W. You do me injustice, Miss Mullins, indeed you do.

[*Chaine anglaise.*]



MISS RANVILLE, REV. MR. TOOP, MISS MULLINS, AND MR. WINTER



MISS JOY, MR. AND MRS. JOY, MR. BOTTER

MISS JOY, MR. AND MRS. JOY, MR. BOTTER

Mr. B. What spirits that girl has, Mrs. Joy!

Mr. J. She's a sunshine in a house, Botter, a regular sunshine—when Mrs. J. here's in a bad humour, I . . .

Mrs. J. Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Joy.

Mr. B. There's a hop, skip, and jump for you! Why, it beats Ellsler! Upon my conscience it does! It's her fourteenth quadrille, too. There she goes! She's a jewel of a girl, though I say it that shouldn't.

Mrs. J. (laughing). Why don't you marry her, Botter? Shall I speak to her? I dare say she'd have you. You're not so *very* old.

Mr. B. Don't aggravate me, Mrs. J. You know when I lost my heart in the year 1817, at the opening of Waterloo Bridge, to a young lady who wouldn't have me, and left me to die in despair, and married Joy, of the Stock Exchange.

Mrs. J. Get away, you foolish old creature!

[MR. JOY looks on in ecstasies at MISS JOY'S agility. LADY JANE RANVILLE, of Baker Street, pronounces her to be an exceedingly forward person. CAPTAIN DOBBS likes a girl who has plenty of go in her; and as for FRED SPARKS, he is over head and ears in love with her.]

MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD

THIS is Miss Ranville Ranville's brother, Mr. Ranville Ranville, of the Foreign Office, faithfully designed as he was playing at whist in the card-room. Talleyrand used to play at whist at the Travellers', that is why Ranville Ranville indulges in that diplomatic recreation. It is not his fault if he be not the greatest man in the room.

If you speak to him, he smiles sternly, and answers in monosyllables; he would rather die than commit himself. He never has committed himself in his life. He was the first at school, and distinguished at Oxford. He is growing prematurely bald now, like Canning, and is quite proud of it. He rides in St. James's Park, of a morning before breakfast. He docketts his tailor's bills, and nicks off his dinner notes in diplomatic paragraphs, and keeps *précis* of them all. If he ever makes a joke, it is a quotation from Horace, like Sir Robert Peel. The only relaxation he permits himself is to read Thucydides in the holidays.

Everybody asks him out to dinner, on account of his brass buttons with the Queen's cipher, and to have the air of being well with the Foreign Office. 'Where I dine,' he says solemnly, 'I think it is my duty to go to evening parties.' That is why he is here. He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he goes home to bed. I think it is in his brains.

He is such an ass and so respectable that one wonders he has not succeeded in the world; and yet, somehow, they laugh at him; and you and I shall be Ministers as soon as he will.

Yonder, making believe to look over the print-books, is that merry rogue, Jack Hubbard.

See how jovial he looks! He is the life and soul of every party, and his impromptu singing after supper will make you die of laughing. He is meditating an impromptu now, and at the same time thinking about a bill that is coming due next Thursday. Happy dog!



MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD



MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY, LORD METHUSELAH

MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY,
LORD METHUSELAH

DEAR Emma Trotter has been silent and rather ill-humoured all the evening until now her pretty face lights up with smiles. Cannot you guess why? Pity the simple and affectionate creature! Lord Methuselah has not arrived until this moment; and see how the artless girl steps forward to greet him!

In the midst of all the selfishness and turmoil of the world, how charming it is to find virgin hearts quite unsullied, and to look on at little romantic pictures of mutual love! Lord Methuselah, though you know his age by the *Peerage*—though he is old, wigged, gouty, rouged, wicked, has lighted up a pure flame in that gentle bosom. There was a talk about Tom Willoughby last year; and then, for a time, young Hawbuck (Sir John Hawbuck's youngest son) seemed the favoured man; but Emma never knew her mind until she met the dear creature before you in a Rhine steamboat. 'Why are you so late, Edward?' says she. Dear artless child!

Her mother looks on with tender satisfaction. One can appreciate the joys of such an admirable parent!

'Look at them!' says Miss Toady. 'I vow and protest they're the handsomest couple in the room!'

Methuselah's grandchildren are rather jealous and angry, and Mademoiselle Ariane, of the French theatre, is furious. But there's no accounting for the mercenary envy of some people; and it is impossible to satisfy everybody.

MR. BEAUMORIS, MR. GRIG, MR. FLYNDERS

THOSE three young men are described in a twinkling : Lieutenant Grig of the Heavies ; Mr. Beaumoris, the handsome young man ; Tom Flinders (Flynders Flynders, he now calls himself), the fat gentleman who dresses after Beaumoris.

Beaumoris is in the Treasury : he has a salary of eighty pounds a year, on which he maintains the best cab and horses of the season ; and out of which he pays seventy guineas merely for his subscriptions to clubs. He hunts in Leicestershire, where great men mount him ; is a prodigious favourite behind the scenes at the theatres ; you may get glimpses of him at Richmond, with all sorts of pink bonnets ; and he is the sworn friend of half the most famous roués about town, such as Old Methuselah, Lord Billygoat, Lord Tarquin, and the rest—a respectable race. It is to oblige the former that the good-natured young fellow is here to-night ; though it must not be imagined that he gives himself any airs of superiority. Dandy as he is, he is quite affable, and would borrow ten guineas from any man in the room, in the most jovial way possible.

It is neither Beau's birth, which is doubtful ; nor his money, which is entirely negative ; nor his honesty, which goes along with his money-qualification ; nor his wit, for he can barely spell,—which recommend him to the fashionable world : but a sort of Grand Seigneur splendour, and dandified *je ne sais quoi*, which make the man he is of him. The way in which his boots and gloves fit him is a wonder, which no other man can achieve ; and though he has not an atom of principle, it must be confessed that he invented the Taglioni shirt.

When I see these magnificent dandies yawning out of White's, or caracoling in the Park on shining chargers, I like to think that Brummell was the greatest of them all, and that Brummell's father was a footman.

Flynders is Beaumoris's toady : lends him money ; buys horses through his recommendation ; dresses after him ;



MR. FLYNDERS, MR. GRIG, MR. BEAUMORIS

clings to him in Pall Mall, and on the steps of the clubs ; and talks about ' Bo ' in all societies. It is his drag which carries down Bo's friends to the Derby, and his cheques pay for dinners to the pink bonnets. I don't believe the Perkinses know what a rogue it is, but fancy him a decent reputable City man, like his father before him.

As for Captain Grig, what is there to tell about him ? He performs the duties of his calling with perfect gravity. He is faultless on parade ; excellent across country ; amiable when drunk, rather slow when sober. He has not two ideas, and is a most good-natured, irreproachable, gallant, and stupid young officer.

CAVALIER SEUL

THIS is my friend Bob Hely, performing the Cavalier seul in a quadrille. Remark the good-humoured pleasure depicted in his countenance. Has he any secret grief? Has he a pain anywhere? No, dear Miss Jones, he is dancing like a true Briton, and with all the charming gaiety and abandon of our race.

When Canaillard performs that Cavalier seul operation, does *he* flinch? No: he puts on his most *vainqueur* look, he sticks his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and advances, retreats, pirouettes, and otherwise gambadoes, as though to say, 'Regarde-moi, ô monde! Venez, ô femmes, venez voir danser Canaillard!'

When de Bobwitz executes the same measure, he does it with smiling agility and graceful ease.

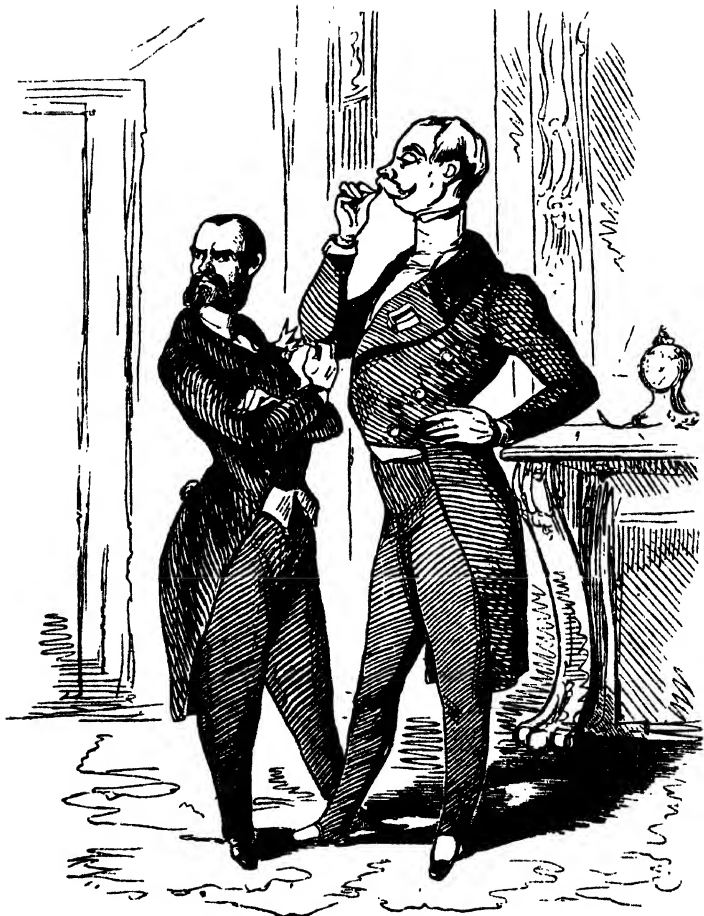
But poor Hely, if he were advancing to a dentist, his face would not be more cheerful. All the eyes of the room are upon him, he thinks; and he thinks he looks like a fool.

Upon my word, if you press the point with me, dear Miss Jones, I think he is not very far from right. I think that while Frenchmen and Germans may dance, as it is their nature to do, there is a natural dignity about us Britons which debars us from that enjoyment. I am rather of the Turkish opinion, that this should be done for us. I think . . .

'Good-bye, you envious old fox-and-the-grapes,' says Miss Jones, and the next moment I see her whirling by in a polka with Tom Tozer, at a pace which makes me shrink back with terror into the little boudoir.



CAVALIER SEUL



M. CANAILLARD; LIEUTENANT BARON DE BOBWITZ

M. CANAILLARD, CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION
OF HONOUR

LIEUTENANT BARON DE BOBWITZ

Canailard. O ces Anglais ! quels hommes, mon Dieu !
Comme ils sont habillés, comme ils dansent !

Bobwitz. Ce sont de beaux hommes bourtant ; point de
tenue militaire, mais de grands gaillards ; si je les avais
dans ma compagnie de la Garde, j'en ferais de bons soldats.

Canailard. Est-il bête, cet Allemand ! Les grands
hommes ne font pas toujours de bons soldats, monsieur.
Il me semble que les soldats de France qui sont de ma taille,
monsieur, valent un peu mieux . . .

Bobwitz. Vous croyez ?

Canailard. Comment ! je le crois, monsieur ? J'en suis
sûr ! Il me semble, Monsieur, que nous l'avons prouvé.

Bobwitz (impatiently). Je m'en vais danser la bolka.
Serviteur, monsieur.

Canailard. Butor !

[*He goes and looks at himself in the glass, when he is seized by
MRS. PERKINS for the polka.*]

THE BOUDOIR

MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON

Mr. Brown. You polk, Miss Bustleton? I'm so delighted.

Miss Bustleton. (*Smiles and prepares to rise.*)

Mr. Smith. D—— puppy!

(*Poor SMITH don't polk.*)



THE BOUDOIR—MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON

GRAND POLKA

THOUGH a quadrille seems to me as dreary as a funeral, yet to look at a polka I own is pleasant. See! Brown and Emily Bustleton are whirling round as light as two pigeons over a dove-cot; Tozer, with that wicked, whisking, little Jones, spins along as merrily as a May-Day sweep; Miss Joy is the partner of the happy Fred Sparks; and even Miss Ranville is pleased, for the faultless Captain Grig is toe and heel with her. Beaumoris, with rather a non-chalant air, takes a turn with Miss Trotter, at which Lord Methuselah's wrinkled chops quiver uneasily. See! how the big Baron de Bobwitz spins lightly, and gravely, and gracefully round; and lo! the Frenchman staggering under the weight of Miss Bunion, who tramps and kicks like a young cart-horse.


But the most awful sight which met my view in this dance was the unfortunate Miss Little, to whom fate had assigned THE MULLIGAN as a partner. Like a pavid kid in the talons of an eagle, that young creature trembled in his huge Milesian grasp. Disdaining the recognized form of the dance, the Irish chieftain accommodated the music to the dance of his own green land, and performed a double shuffle jig, carrying Miss Little along with him. Miss Ranville and her Captain shrank back amazed; Miss Trotter skirried out of his way into the protection of the astonished Lord Methuselah; Fred Sparks could hardly move for laughing; while, on the contrary, Miss Joy was quite in pain for poor Sophy Little. As Canaillard and the Poetess came up, The Mulligan, in the height of his enthusiasm, lunged out a kick which sent Miss Bunion howling; and concluded with a tremendous Hurroo! a war-cry which caused every Saxon heart to shudder and quail.

O that the earth would open and kindly take me in! I exclaimed mentally; and slunk off into the lower regions, where by this time half the company were at supper.

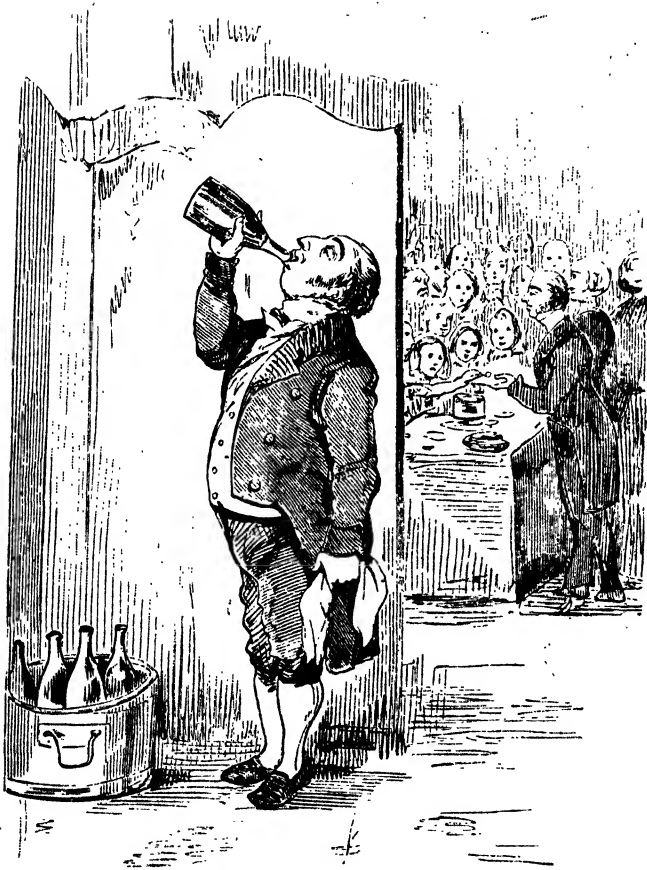
THE SUPPER

THE supper is going on behind the screen. There is no need to draw the supper. We all know that sort of transaction: the squabbling, and gobbling, and popping of champagne; the smell of musk and lobster salad; the dowagers chumping away at plates of raised pie; the young lasses nibbling at little titbits, which the dexterous young gentlemen procure. Three large men, like doctors of divinity, wait behind the table, and furnish everything that appetite can ask for. I never, for my part, can eat any supper for wondering at those men. I believe if you were to ask them for mashed turnips, or a slice of crocodile, those astonishing people would serve you. What a contempt they must have for the guttling crowd to whom they minister—those solemn pastrycook's men! How they must hate jellies, and game-pies, and champagne in their hearts! How they must scorn my poor friend Grundsell, behind the screen, who is sucking at a bottle!

GEORGE GRUNSELL,
GREEN-GROCER AND SALESMAN,
9 LITTLE POCKLINGTON BUILDINGS,
LATE CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT IN THE FAMILY OF
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

 Carpets Beat.—Knives and Boots cleaned per contract.—Errands faithfully performed.—G. G. attends Balls and Dinner Parties, and from his knowledge of the most distinguished Families in London, confidently recommends his services to the distinguished neighbourhood of Pocklington Square.

This disguised greengrocer is a very well-known character in the neighbourhood of Pocklington Square. He waits at



GEORGE GRUNSELL

the parties of the gentry in the neighbourhood, and though, of course, despised in families where a footman is kept, is a person of much importance in female establishments.

Miss Jonas always employs him at her parties, and says to her page, 'Vincent, send the butler,' or 'Send Desborough to me;' by which name she chooses to designate G. G.

When the Miss Frumps have post-horses to their carriage, and pay visits, Grundsell always goes behind. Those ladies have the greatest confidence in him, have been godmothers to fourteen of his children, and leave their house in his charge when they go to Bognor for the summer. He attended those ladies when they were presented at the last Drawing-room of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

Mr. Grundsell's state costume is a blue coat and copper buttons, a white waistcoat, and an immense frill and shirt-collar. He was for many years a private watchman, and once canvassed for the office of parish clerk of St. Peter's, Pocklington. He can be entrusted with untold spoons; with anything, in fact, but liquor; and it was he who brought round the cards for MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

AFTER SUPPER

I do not intend to say any more about it. After the people had supped, they went back and danced. Some supped again. I gave Miss Bunion, with my own hands, four bumpers of champagne : and such a quantity of goose liver and truffles that I don't wonder she took a glass of cherry-brandy afterwards. The grey morning was in Pocklington Square as she drove away in her fly. So did the other people go away. How green and sallow some of the girls looked, and how awfully clear Mrs. Colonel Bludyer's rouge was ! Lady Jane Ranville's great coach had roared away down the streets long before. Fred Minchin pattered off in his clogs : it was I who covered up Miss Meggot, and conducted her, with her two old sisters, to the carriage. Good old souls ! They have shown their gratitude by asking me to tea next Tuesday. Methuselah is gone to finish the night at the club. 'Mind to-morrow,' Miss Trotter says, kissing her hand out of the carriage. Canailard departs, asking the way to 'Lesterre Squar.' They all go away—life goes away.

Look at Miss Martin and young Ward ! How tenderly the rogue is wrapping her up ! how kindly she looks at him ! The old folks are whispering behind as they wait for their carriage. What is their talk, think you ? and when shall that pair make a match ? When you see those pretty little creatures with their smiles and their blushes, and their pretty ways, would you like to be the Grand Bashaw ?

'Mind and send me a large piece of cake,' I go up and whisper archly to old Mr. Ward : and we look on rather sentimentally at the couple, almost the last in the rooms (there, I declare, go the musicians, and the clock is at five), when Grundsell, with an *air effaré*, rushes up to me, and says, 'For Ev'n sake, sir, go into the supper-room : there's that Hirish gent a-pitchin into Mr. P.'



MISS MARTIN AND YOUNG WARD



THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS

THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS

It was too true. I had taken him away after supper (he ran after Miss Little's carriage, who was dying in love with him, as he fancied), but the brute had come back again. The doctors of divinity were putting up their condiments : everybody was gone ; but the abominable Mulligan sat swinging his legs at the lonely supper-table !

Perkins was opposite, gasping at him.

The Mulligan. I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne : it's good at this house.

Mr. Perkins (with dignity). It is good at this house ; but——

The Mulligan. But hwat ? ye goggling, bow-windowed jackass ! Go get the wine, and we'll dthrink it together, my old buck.

Mr. Perkins. My name, sir, is PERKINS.

The Mulligan. Well, that rhymes with glerkins and Jerkins, my man of firkins ; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins (with apoplectic energy). Sir, I am the master of this house ; and I order you to quit it. I'll not be insulted, sir. I'll send for a policeman, sir. What do you mean, Mr. Titmarsh, sir, by bringing this—this beast into my house, sir ?

At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan, of the hundred battles, sprang forward at his prey ; but we were beforehand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsell, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the young gentleman, and myself, rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain, and confined him. The doctors of divinity looked on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving and snorting frightfully.

Somebody smashed Mulligan's hat over his eyes, and I led him forth into the silent morning. The chirrup of the birds, the freshness of the rosy air, and a penn'orth of coffee that

I got for him at a stall in the Regent Circus revived him somewhat. When I quitted him he was not angry, but sad. He was desirous, it is true, of avenging the wrongs of Erin in battle line ; he wished also to share the grave of Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neill ; but he was sure that Miss Perkins, as well as Miss Little, was desperately in love with him ; and I left him on a door-step in tears.

‘ Is it best to be laughing-mad, or crying-mad, in the world ? ’ says I, moodily, coming into my street. Betsy, the maid, was already up and at work, on her knees, scouring the steps, and cheerfully beginning her honest daily labour.

OUR STREET

[1848]

“OUR STREET”

BY

MR. M. A. TITMARSH.



LONDON ·

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186 STRAND.

MDCCLXVIII

[Facsimile title-page of first edition]

OUR STREET

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OUR STREET

OUR STREET, from the little nook which I occupy in it, and whence I and a fellow-lodger and friend of mine cynically observe it, presents a strange motley scene. We are in a state of transition. We are not as yet in the town, and we have left the country where we were when I came to lodge with Mrs. Cammysole, my excellent landlady. I then took second-floor apartments at No. 17, Waddilove Street, and since, although I have never moved (having various little comforts about me), I find myself living at No. 46A, Pocklington Gardens.

Why is this? Why am I to pay eighteen shillings instead of fifteen? I was quite as happy in Waddilove Street; but the fact is, a great portion of that venerable old district has passed away, and we are being absorbed into the splendid new white-stuccoed Doric-porticoed genteel Pocklington quarter. Sir Thomas Gibbs Pocklington, M.P. for the borough of Lathanplaster, is the founder of the district and his own fortune. The Pocklington Estate Office is in the Square, on a line with Waddil— with Pocklington Gardens, I mean. The old inn, the 'Ram and Magpie,' where the market-gardeners used to bait, came out this year with a new white face and title, the shield, &c. of the Pocklington Arms. Such a shield it is! Such quarterings! Howard, Cavendish, De Ros, De la Zouche, all mingled together.

Even our house, 46A, which Mrs. Cammysole has had painted white in compliment to the Gardens of which it now forms part, is a sort of impostor, and has no business to be called Gardens at all. Mr. Gibbs, Sir Thomas's agent and nephew, is furious at our daring to take the title which belongs to our betters. The very next door (No. 46, the Honourable Mrs. Mountnoddy) is a house of five stories, shooting up proudly into the air, thirty feet above our old high-roofed, low-roomed tenement. It belongs to

Captain Bragg, not only the landlord but the son-in-law of Mrs. Cammysole, who lives a couple of hundred yards down the street, at 'The Bungalow.' He was the Commander of the *Ram Chunder* East Indiaman, and has quarrelled with the Pocklingtons ever since he bought houses in the parish.

He it is who will not sell or alter his houses to suit the spirit of the times. He it is who, though he made the widow Cammysole change the name of her street, will not pull down the house next door, nor the baker's next, nor the iron-bedstead and feather warehouse ensuing, nor the little barber's with the pole, nor, I am ashamed to say, the tripe shop, still standing. The barber powders the heads of the great footmen from Pocklington Gardens; they are so big that they can scarcely sit in his little premises. And the old tavern, the 'East Indiaman,' is kept by Bragg's ship steward, and protests against the Pocklington Arms.

Down the road is Pocklington Chapel, Rev. Oldham Slocum—in brick, with arched windows and a wooden belfry; sober, dingy, and hideous. In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Waltheof's, the Rev. Cyril Thuryfer and assistants—a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, brand-new, and intensely old. Down Avemary Lane you may hear the clink of the little Romish chapel bell. And hard by is a large broad-shouldered Ebenezer (Rev. Jonas Gronow), out of the windows of which the hymns come booming all Sunday long.

Going westward along the line we come presently to Comandine House (on a part of the gardens of which Comandine Gardens is about to be erected by his lordship); farther on, 'The Pineries,' Mr. and Lady Mary Mango: and so we get into the country, and out of Our Street altogether, as I may say. But in the half-mile, over which it may be said to extend, we find all sorts and conditions of people—from the Right Honourable Lord Comandine down to the present topographer; who, being of no rank, as it were, has the fortune to be treated on almost friendly footing by all, from his lordship down to the tradesman.

OUR HOUSE IN OUR STREET

WE must begin our little descriptions where, they say, Charity should begin—at home. Mrs. Cammysole, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a good-natured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn—with silent scorn.

On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently downstairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my armchair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to ‘M. A. Titmarsh, Esq.’ Did I make any disturbance? Far from it; I slunk back to my bedroom (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penelope J——s worked for me; they are worn out now, dear Penelope!), and then, rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stairs, singing ‘*Son vergin vezzosa*’ at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, invitations to dinner and tea—all my family letters, all Eliza Townley’s letters, from the first, in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michelagnolo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself ‘Eliza Slogger’; all Mary Farmer’s letters, all Emily Delamere’s; all that poor foolish old Miss MacWhirter’s, whom I would as soon marry as——; in a word, I know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable old Mrs. Cammysole have read all my papers for these ten years.

I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat-pockets and those

of my pantaloons, as they hang in a drapery over the door-handle of my bedroom.

I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, which Lucy Netterville gave me, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between to-day and yesterday.

I know that you have an understanding with the laundress (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me), threatening to take away my practice from her, unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

I know that we both have a pennyworth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the same little can ; and I know who has the most for her share.

I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word, except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have keys, and the liquor wasted and wasted away until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed !

I know your rage when they did me the honour to elect me a member of the Poluphloisboiothalasses Club, and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home, on a beefsteak, let us say, I should like to know what you had for supper. You first amputated portions of the meat when raw ; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think I was taken in by your flimsy pretences ? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids (you, a clergyman's daughter and widow, indeed !), whom you yourself were always charging with roguery.

Yes, the insolence of the old woman is unbearable, and I must break out at last. If she goes off in a fit at reading this, I am sure I shan't mind. She has two unhappy wenches, against whom her old tongue is clacking from morning till night ; she pounces on them at all hours. It was but this morning at eight, when poor Molly was brooming the steps, and the baker paying her by no means unmerited compliments, that my landlady came whirling out of the ground-floor front, and sent the poor girl whimpering into the kitchen.

Were it but for her conduct to her maids I was determined publicly to denounce her. These poor wretches



A STREET COURTSHIP

Baker. How them curl-papers do become you, Miss Molly!
Miss Molly. Git 'long now, Baker, do.

she causes to lead the lives of demons ; and not content with bullying them all day, she sleeps at night in the same room with them, so that she may have them up before day-break, and scold them while they are dressing.

Certain it is, that between her and Miss Clapperclaw, on the first floor, the poor wenches led a dismal life. My dear Miss Clapperclaw, I hope you will excuse me for having placed you in the title-page of my little book, looking out of your accustomed window, and having your eye-glasses ready to spy the whole street, which you know better than any inhabitant of it.

It is to you that I owe most of my knowledge of our neighbours ; from you it is that most of the facts and observations contained in these brief pages are taken. Many a night, over our tea, have we talked amiably about our neighbours and their little failings ; and as I know that you speak of mine pretty freely, why let me say, my dear Bessy, that if we have not built up Our Street between us, at least we have pulled it to picces.

THE BUNGALOW—CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG

LONG, long ago, when Our Street was the country—a stage-coach between us and London passing four times a day—I do not care to own that it was a sight of Flora Cammysole's face, under the card of her mamma's 'Lodgings to Let,' which first caused me to become a tenant of Our Street. A fine good-humoured lass she was then; and I gave her lessons (part out of the rent) in French and flower-painting. She has made a fine rich marriage since, although her eyes have often seemed to me to say, 'Ah, Mr. T., why didn't you, when there was yet time, and we both of us were free, propose—you know what?' 'Psha! Where was the money, my dear madam?'

Captain Bragg, then occupied in building Bungalow Lodge—Bragg, I say, living on the first floor, and entertaining sea-captains, merchants, and East Indian friends with his grand ship's plate, being disappointed in a project of marrying a director's daughter, who was also a second cousin once removed of a peer, sent in a fury for Mrs. Cammysole, his landlady, and proposed to marry Flora off-hand, and settle four hundred a year upon her. Flora was ordered from the back parlour (the Ground-floor occupies the Second-floor bedroom), and was on the spot made acquainted with the splendid offer which the First-floor had made her. She has been Mrs. Captain Bragg these twelve years.

You see her portrait, and that of the brute, her husband, on the opposite page.

Bragg to this day wears anchor-buttons, and has a dress-coat with a gold strap for epaulets, in case he should have a fancy to sport them. His house is covered with portraits, busts, and miniatures of himself. His wife is made to wear one of the latter. On his sideboard are pieces of plate, presented by the passengers of the *Ram Chunder* to Captain Bragg. 'The *Ram Chunder* East Indiaman, in a gale, off Table Bay'; 'The Outward-bound Fleet, under convoy of Her Majesty's frigate *Loblollyboy*, Captain Gutch, beating



CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG OF OUR STREET

off the French squadron, under Commodore Leloup (the *Ram Chunder*, SE. by E., is represented engaged with the *Mirliton* corvette)'; 'The *Ram Chunder* standing into the Hooghly, with Captain Bragg, his telescope, and speaking-trumpet on the poop'; 'Captain Bragg presenting the Officers of the *Ram Chunder* to General Bonaparte at St. Helena'—TITMARSH (this fine piece was painted by me when I was in favour with Bragg); in a word, Bragg and the *Ram Chunder* are all over the house.

Although I have eaten scores of dinners at Captain Bragg's charge, yet his hospitality is so insolent that none of us who frequent his mahogany, feel any obligation to our braggart entertainer.

After he has given one of his great heavy dinners he always takes an opportunity to tell you, in the most public way, how many bottles of wine were drunk. His pleasure is to make his guests tipsy, and to tell everybody how and when the period of inebriation arose. And Miss Clapper-claw tells me that he often comes over laughing and giggling to her, and pretending that he has brought *me* into this condition—a calumny which I fling contemptuously in his face.

He scarcely gives any but men's parties, and invites the whole club home to dinner. What is the compliment of being asked, when the whole club is asked too, I should like to know? Men's parties are only good for boys. I hate a dinner where there are no women. Bragg sits at the head of his table, and bullies the solitary Mrs. Bragg.

He entertains us with stories of storms which he, Bragg, encountered—of dinners which he, Bragg, has received from the Governor-General of India—of jokes which he, Bragg, has heard; and however stale or odious they may be, poor Mrs. B. is always expected to laugh.

Woe be to her if she doesn't, or if she laughs at anybody else's jokes. I have seen Bragg go up to her and squeeze her arm with a savage grind of his teeth, and say, with an oath, 'Hang it, madam, how dare you laugh when any man but your husband speaks to you? I forbid you to grin in that way. I forbid you to look sulky. I forbid you to look happy, or to look up, or to keep your eyes down to the ground. I desire you will not be trapesing through the rooms. I order you not to sit as still as a stone.' He curses her if the wine is corked, or if the dinner

is spoiled, or if she comes a minute too soon to the club for him, or arrives a minute too late. He forbids her to walk, except upon his arm. And the consequence of his ill-treatment is, that Mrs. Cammysole and Mrs. Bragg respect him beyond measure, and think him the first of human beings.

‘I never knew a woman who was constantly bullied by her husband who did not like him the better for it,’ Miss Clapperclaw says. And though this speech has some of Clapp’s usual sardonic humour in it, I can’t but think there is some truth in the remark.



A STUDIO IN OUR STREET

LEVANT HOUSE CHAMBERS

MR. RUMBOLD, A.R.A., AND MISS RUMBOLD

WHEN Lord Levant quitted the country and this neighbourhood, in which the tradesmen still deplore him, No. 56, known as Levantine House, was let to the Pococurante Club, which was speedily bankrupt (for we are too far from the centre of town to support a club of our own); it was subsequently hired by the West Diddlesex Railroad; and is now divided into sets of chambers, superintended by an acrimonious housekeeper, and by a porter in a sham livery, whom, if you don't find him at the door, you may as well seek at the 'Grapes' public-house, in the little lane round the corner. He varnishes the japan-boots of the dandy lodgers; reads Mr. Pinkney's *Morning Post* before he lets him have it; and neglects the letters of the inmates of the chambers generally.

The great rooms, which were occupied as the salons of the noble Levant, the coffee-rooms of the Pococurante (a club where the play was furious, as I am told), and the board-room and manager's-room of the West Diddlesex, are tenanted now by a couple of artists: young Pinkney the miniaturist, and George Rumbold the historical-painter. Miss Rumbold, his sister, lives with him, by the way; but with that young lady of course we have nothing to do.

I knew both these gentlemen at Rome, when George wore a velvet doublet and a beard down to his chest, and used to talk about high art at the Café Greco. How it smelled of smoke, that velveteen doublet of his, with which his stringy red beard was likewise perfumed! It was in his studio that I had the honour to be introduced to his sister, the fair Miss Clara; she had a large casque with a red horsehair plume (I thought it had been a wisp of her brother's beard at first), and held a tin-headed spear in her hand, representing a Roman warrior in the great picture of Caractacus George was painting—a piece sixty-four feet by eighteen. The Roman warrior blushed to be discovered in that attitude: the tin-headed spear trembled in the whitest arm in

the world. So she put it down and, taking off the helmet also, went and sat in a far corner of the studio, mending George's stockings ; whilst we smoked a couple of pipes, and talked about Raphael being a good deal overrated.

I think he is ; and have never disguised my opinion about the ' Transfiguration.' And all the time we talked, there were Clara's eyes looking lucidly out from the dark corner in which she was sitting, working away at the stockings. The lucky fellow ! They were in a dreadful state of bad repair when she came out to him at Rome, after the death of their father, the Reverend Miles Rumbold.

George while at Rome painted ' Caractacus' ; a picture of ' Non Angli sed Angeli,' of course ; a picture of ' Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage,' seventy-two feet by forty-eight ; (an idea of the gigantic size and Michael-Angelesque proportions of this picture may be formed, when I state that the mere muffin, of which the outcast king is spoiling the baking, is two feet three in diameter) ; and the deaths of Socrates, of Remus, and of the Christians under Nero respectively. I shall never forget how lovely Clara looked in white muslin, with her hair down, in this latter picture, giving herself up to a ferocious Carnifex (for which Bob Gaunter the architect sat), and refusing to listen to the mild suggestions of an insinuating Flamen ; which character was a gross caricature of myself.

None of George's pictures sold. He has enough to tapestry Trafalgar Square. He has painted since he came back to England ' The flaying of Marsyas' ; ' The smothering of the little boys in the Tower' ; ' A plague scene during the great pestilence' ; ' Ugolino on the seventh day after he was deprived of victuals', &c. For although these pictures have great merit, and the writhings of Marsyas, the convulsions of the little princes, the look of agony of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, &c., are quite true to nature, yet the subjects somehow are not agreeable ; and if he hadn't a small patrimony, my friend George would starve.

Fondness for art leads me a great deal to this studio. George is a gentleman, and has very good friends, and good pluck too. When we were at Rome there was a great row between him and young Heeltap, Lord Boxmoor's son, who was uncivil to Miss Rumbold (the young scoundrel—had I been a fighting man I should like to have shot him myself !). Lady Betty Bulbul is very fond of Clara, and

Tom Bulbul, who took George's message to Heeltap, is always hanging about the studio. At least I know that I find the young jackanapes there almost every day; bringing a new novel, or some poisonous French poetry, or a basket of flowers, or grapes, with Lady Betty's love to her dear Clara—a young rascal with white kids, and his hair curled every morning. What business has *he* to be dangling about George Rumbold's premises, and sticking up his ugly pug-face as a model for all George's pictures?

Miss Clapperclaw says Bulbul is evidently smitten, and Clara too. What! would she put up with such a little fribble as that, when there is a man of intellect and taste who—but I won't believe it. It is all the jealousy of women.

SOME OF THE SERVANTS IN OUR STREET

THESE gentlemen have two clubs in our quarter—for the butlers at the 'Indiaman,' and for the gents in livery at the 'Pocklington Arms'—of either of which societies I should like to be a member. I am sure they could not be so dull as Our Club at the Poluphloisboio, where one meets the same neat clean respectable old fogies every day.

But with the best wishes, it is impossible for the present writer to join either the Plate Club or the Uniform Club (as these *réunions* are designated), for one could not shake hands with a friend who was standing behind your chair—or nod a how-d'ye-do to the butler who was pouring you out a glass of wine;—so that what I know about the gents in our neighbourhood is from mere casual observation. For instance, I have a slight acquaintance with—I, Thomas Spavin, who commonly wears the above air of injured innocence, and is groom to Mr. Joseph Green, of Our Street. 'I tell why the brougham oss is out of condition, and why Desperation broke out all in a lather! Osses will this eavy weather; and Desperation was always the most mystest hoss I ever see.—I take him out with Mr. Anderson's ounds—I'm above it. I allis was too timid to ride to ounds by natur; and Colonel Sprigs's groom as says he saw me, is a liar,' &c. &c.

Such is the tenor of Mr. Spavin's remarks to his master. Whereas all the world in Our Street knows that Mr. Spavin spends at least a hundred a year in beer; that he keeps a betting-book; that he has lent Mr. Green's black brougham horse to the omnibus driver; and at a time when Mr. G. supposed him at the veterinary surgeon's has lent him to a livery stable, which has let him out to that gentleman himself, and actually driven him to dinner behind his own horse.

This conduct I can understand, but I cannot excuse—Mr. Spavin may; and I leave the matter to be settled betwixt himself and Mr. Green.

The second is Monsieur Sinbad, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's man, whom we all hate Clarence for keeping.



SOME OF OUR GENTLEMEN

Mr. Sinbad is a foreigner, speaking no known language, but a mixture of every European dialect—so that he may be an Italian brigand, or a Tyrolese minstrel, or a Spanish smuggler, for what we know. I have heard say that he is neither of these, but an Irish Jew.

He wears studs, hair-oil, jewellery, and linen shirt fronts, very finely embroidered but not particular for whiteness. He generally appears in faded velvet waistcoats of a morning, and is always perfumed with stale tobacco. He wears large rings on his hands, which look as if he kept them up the chimney.

He does not appear to do anything earthly for Clarence Bulbul, except to smoke his cigars, and to practise on his guitar. He will not answer a bell, nor fetch a glass of water, nor go of an errand, on which, *au reste*, Clarence dares not send him, being entirely afraid of his servant, and not daring to use him, or to abuse him, or to send him away.

3. Adams—Mr. Champignon's man—a good old man in an old livery coat with old worsted lace—so very old, deaf, surly, and faithful that you wonder how he should have got into the family at all, who never kept a footman till last year, when they came into the street.

Miss Clapperclaw says she believes Adams to be Mrs. Champignon's father, and he certainly has a look of that lady, as Miss C. pointed out to me at dinner one night, whilst old Adams was blundering about amongst the hired men from Gunter's, and falling over the silver dishes.

4. Fipps, the buttoniest page in all the street, walks behind Mrs. Grimsby with her Prayer-book, and protects her.

'If that woman wants a protector' (a female acquaintance remarks), 'Heaven be good to us—she is as big as an ogress, and has an upper lip which many a Cornet of the Life Guards might envy. Her poor dear husband was a big man, and she could beat him easily, and did too. Mrs. Grimsby, indeed! Why, my dear Mr. Titmarsh, it is Glumdalca walking with Tom Thumb.'

This observation of Miss C.'s is very true, and Mrs. Grimsby might carry her Prayer-book to church herself. But Miss Clapperclaw, who is pretty well able to take care of herself too, was glad enough to have the protection of the page when she went out in the fly to pay visits; and before

Mrs. Grimsby and she quarrelled at whist at Lady Pocklington's.

After this merely parenthetical observation, we come to 5, one of her ladyship's large men, Mr. Jeames—a gentleman of vast stature and proportions, who is almost nose to nose with us as we pass her ladyship's door on the outside of the omnibus. I think Jeames has a contempt for a man whom he witnesses in that position. I have fancied something like that feeling showed itself (as far as it may in a well-bred gentleman accustomed to society) in his behaviour, while waiting behind my chair at dinner.

But I take Jeames to be, like most giants, good-natured, lazy, stupid, soft-hearted, and extremely fond of drink. One night, his lady being engaged to dinner at Nightingale House, I saw Mr. Jeames resting himself on a bench at the 'Pocklington Arms': where, as he had no liquor before him, he had probably exhausted his credit.

Little Spitfire, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's boy, the wickedest little varlet that ever hung on to a cab, was 'chaffing' Mr. Jeames, holding up to his face a pot of porter almost as big as the young potifer himself.

'Vill you now, Big un, or von't you?' Spitfire said; 'if you're thirsty, vy don't you say so and squench it, old boy?'

'Don't ago on making fun of me—I can't abear chaffin,' was the reply of Mr. Jeames, and tears actually stood in his fine eyes, as he looked at the porter and the screeching little imp before him.

Spitfire (real name unknown) gave him some of the drink: I am happy to say Jeames's face wore quite a different look when it rose gasping out of the porter; and I judge of his dispositions from the above trivial incident.

The last boy in the sketch, 6, need scarcely be particularized. Doctor's boy; was a charity-boy; stripes evidently added on to a pair of the doctor's clothes of last year—Miss Clapperclaw pointed this out to me with a giggle.—Nothing escapes that old woman.

As we were walking in Kensington Gardens she pointed me out Mrs. Bragg's nursery-maid, who sings so loud at church, engaged with a Life Guardsman, whom she was trying to convert probably. My virtuous friend rose indignant at the sight.

'That's why these minxes like Kensington Gardens,'



WHY OUR NURSEMAIDS LIKE KENSINGTON GARDENS

she cried. 'Look at the woman : she leaves the baby on the grass, for the giant to trample upon ; and that little wretch of a Hastings Bragg is riding on the monster's cane.'

Miss C. flew up and seized the infant, waking it out of its sleep, and causing all the gardens to echo with its squalling. 'I'll teach you to be impudent to me,' she said to the nurserymaid, with whom my vivacious old friend, I suppose, has had a difference ; and she would not release the infant until she had rung the bell of Bungalow Lodge, where she gave it up to the footman.

The giant in scarlet had slunk down toward Knightsbridge meanwhile. The big rogues are always crossing the Park and the Gardens, and hankering about Our Street.

WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS IN OUR STREET

It was before old Hunkington's house that the mutes were standing, as I passed and saw this group at the door. The charity-boy with the hoop is the son of the jolly-looking mute; he admires his father, who admires himself too, in those bran-new sables. The other infants are the spawn of the alleys about Our Street. Only the parson and the typhus fever visit those mysterious haunts, which lie couched about our splendid houses like Lazarus at the threshold of Dives.

Those little ones come crawling abroad in the sunshine, to the annoyance of the beadles, and the horror of a number of good people in the street. They will bring up the rear of the procession anon, when the grand omnibus with the feathers, and the fine coaches with the long-tailed black horses, and the gentlemen's private carriages with the shutters up, pass along to St. Waltheof's.

You can hear the slow bell tolling clear in the sunshine already, mingling with the crowing of Punch, who is passing down the street with his show; and the two musics make a queer medley.

Not near so many people, I remark, engage Punch now as in the good old times. I suppose our quarter is growing too genteel for him.

Miss Bridget Jones, a poor curate's daughter in Wales, comes into all Hunkington's property, and will take his name, as I am told. Nobody ever heard of her before. I am sure Captain Hunkington, and his brother Barnwell Hunkington, must wish that the lucky young lady had never been heard of to the present day.

But they will have the consolation of thinking that they did their duty by their uncle, and consoled his declining years. It was but last month that Millwood Hunkington (the Captain) sent the old gentleman a service of plate; and Mrs. Barnwell got a reclining carriage at a great expense, from Hobbs and Dobbs's, in which the old gentleman went out only once.



A STREET CEREMONY

‘ It is a punishment on those Hunkingtons,’ Miss Clapperclaw remarks ; ‘ upon those people who have been always living beyond their little incomes, and always speculating upon what the old man would leave them, and always coaxing him with presents which they could not afford, and he did not want. It is a punishment upon those Hunkingtons to be so disappointed.’

‘ Think of giving him plate,’ Miss C. justly says, ‘ who had chests-full : and sending him a carriage, who could afford to buy all Long Acre. And everything goes to Miss Jones Hunkington. I wonder will she give the things back ? ’ Miss Clapperclaw asks. ‘ I wouldn’t.’

And indeed I don’t think Miss Clapperclaw would.

SOMEBODY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS

THAT pretty little house, the last in Pocklington Square, was lately occupied by a young widow lady who wore a pink bonnet, a short silk dress, sustained by crinoline, and a light blue mantle, or over-jacket (Miss C. is not here to tell me the name of the garment); or else a black velvet pelisse, a yellow shawl, and a white bonnet; or else—but never mind the dress, which seemed to be of the handsomest sort money could buy—and who had very long glossy black ringlets, and a peculiarly brilliant complexion,—No. 96, Pocklington Square, I say, was lately occupied by a widow lady named Mrs. Stafford Molyneux.

The very first day on which an intimate and valued female friend of mine saw Mrs. Stafford Molyneux stepping into a brougham with a splendid bay horse, and without a footman (mark, if you please, that delicate sign of respectability), and after a moment's examination of Mrs. S. M.'s toilette, her manners, little dog, carnation-coloured parasol, &c., Miss Elizabeth Clapperclaw clapped to the opera-glass with which she had been regarding the new inhabitant of Our Street, came away from the window in a great flurry, and began poking her fire in a fit of virtuous indignation.

'She's very pretty,' said I, who had been looking over Miss C.'s shoulder at the widow with the flashing eyes and drooping ringlets.

'Hold your tongue, sir!' said Miss Clapperclaw, tossing up her virgin head with an indignant blush on her nose. 'It's a sin and a shame that such a creature should be riding in her carriage, forsooth, when honest people must go on foot.'

Subsequent observations confirmed my revered fellow-lodger's anger and opinion. We have watched hansom cabs standing before that lady's house for hours; we have seen broughams, with great flaring eyes, keeping watch there in the darkness; we have seen the vans from the *comestible*-shops drive up and discharge loads of wines,



THE LADY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS

groceries, French plums, and other articles of luxurious horror. We have seen Count Wowski's drag, Lord Martingale's carriage, Mr. Deuccace's cab drive up there time after time; and (having remarked previously the pastrycook's men arrive with the trays and entrées) we have known that this widow was giving dinners at the little house in Pocklington Square—dinners such as decent people could not hope to enjoy.

My excellent friend has been in a perfect fury when Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, in a black velvet riding habit, with a hat and feather, has come out and mounted an odious grey horse, and has cantered down the street, followed by her groom upon a bay.

'It won't last long—it must end in shame and humiliation,' my dear Miss C. has remarked, disappointed that the tiles and chimney-pots did not fall down upon Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's head, and crush that cantering audacious woman.

But it was a consolation to see her when she walked out with a French maid, a couple of children, and a little dog hanging on to her by a blue ribbon. She always held down her head then—her head with the drooping black ringlets. The virtuous and well-disposed avoided her. I have seen the Square-keeper himself look puzzled as she passed; and Lady Kicklebury, walking by with Miss K., her daughter, turn away from Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, and fling back at her a ruthless Parthian glance that ought to have killed any woman of decent sensibility.

That wretched woman, meanwhile, with her rouged cheeks (for rouge it *is*, Miss Clapperclaw swears, and who is a better judge?), has walked on conscious, and yet somehow braving out the Street. You could read pride of her beauty, pride of her fine clothes, shame of her position, in her downcast black eyes.

As for Mademoiselle Trampoline, her French maid, she would stare the sun itself out of countenance. One day she tossed up her head as she passed under our windows with a look of scorn that drove Miss Clapperclaw back to the fireplace again.

It was Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's children, however, whom I pitied the most. Once her boy, in a flaring tartan, went up to speak to Master Roderick Lacy, whose maid was engaged ogling a policeman; and the children were

going to make friends, being united with a hoop which Master Molyneux had, when Master Roderick's maid, rushing up, clutched her charge to her arms, and hurried away, leaving little Molyneux sad and wondering.

'Why won't he play with me, mamma?' Master Molyneux asked—and his mother's face blushed purple as she walked away.

'Ah—Heaven help us and forgive us!' said I; but Miss C. can never forgive the mother or child; and she clapped her hands for joy one day when we saw the shutters up, bills in the windows, a carpet hanging out over the balcony, and a crowd of shabby Jews about the steps—giving token that the reign of Mrs. Stafford Molyneux was over. The pastrycooks and their trays, the bay and the grey, the brougham and the groom, the noblemen and their cabs, were all gone; and the tradesmen in the neighbourhood were crying out that they were done.

'Serve the odious minx right!' says Miss C.; and she played at piquet that night with more vigour than I have known her manifest for these last ten years.

What is it that makes certain old ladies so savage upon certain subjects? Miss C. is a good woman; pays her rent and her tradesmen; gives plenty to the poor; is brisk with her tongue—kind-hearted in the main; but if Mrs. Stafford Molyneux and her children were plunged into a cauldron of boiling vinegar, I think my revered friend would not take her out.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION

FOR another misfortune which occurred in Our Street we were much more compassionate. We liked Danby Dixon, and his wife Fanny Dixon still more. Miss C. had a paper of biscuits, and a box of preserved apricots always in the cupboard, ready for Dixon's children—provisions by the way which she locked up under Mrs. Cammysole's nose, so that our landlady could by no possibility lay a hand on them.

Dixon and his wife had the neatest little house possible (No. 16, opposite 96), and were liked and respected by the whole Street. He was called Dandy Dixon when he was in the Dragoons, and was a light weight, and rather famous as a gentleman rider. On his marriage, he sold out and got fat; and was indeed a florid, contented, and jovial gentleman.

His little wife was charming—to see her in pink, with some miniature Dixons in pink too, round about her, or in that beautiful grey dress, with the deep black lace flounces, which she wore at my Lord Comandine's on the night of the private theatricals, would have done any man good. To hear her sing any of my little ballads, *Know'st thou the Willow-tree?* for instance, or *The Rose upon my Balcony*, or *The Humming of the Honey-bee* (far superior, in my judgement, and in that of some good judges likewise, to that humbug Clarence Bulbul's ballads)—to hear her, I say, sing these, was to be in a sort of small Elysium. Dear, dear little Fanny Dixon! she was like a little chirping bird of Paradise. It was a shame that storms should ever ruffle such a tender plumage.

Well, never mind about sentiment—Danby Dixon, the owner of this little treasure, an ex-captain of Dragoons, and having nothing to do, and a small income, wisely thought he would employ his spare time, and increase his revenue. He became a Director of the Cornaro Life Insurance Company, of the Tregulpho tin-mines, and of four or five railroad companies. It was amusing to see him

swaggering about the City in his clinking boots, and with his high and mighty dragoon manners. For a time his talk about shares after dinner was perfectly intolerable; and I for one was always glad to leave him in the company of sundry very dubious capitalists who frequented his house, and walk up to hear Mrs. Fanny warbling at the piano with her little children about her knees.

It was only last season that they set up a carriage—the modestest little vehicle conceivable—driven by Kirby, who had been in Dixon's troop in the regiment, and had followed him into private life as coachman, footman, and page.

One day lately I went into Dixon's house, hearing that some calamities had befallen him, the particulars of which Miss Clapperclaw was desirous to know. The creditors of the Tregulpho mines had got a verdict against him as one of the directors of that company; the engineer of the Little Diddlesex Junction had sued him for two thousand three hundred pounds—the charges of that scientific man for six weeks' labour in surveying the line. His brother directors were to be discovered nowhere; Windham, Dodgin, Mizzlington, and the rest, were all gone long ago.

When I entered, the door was open—there was a smell of smoke in the dining-room, where a gentleman at noon-day was seated with a pipe and a pot of beer—a man in possession indeed, in that comfortable pretty parlour, by that snug round table where I have so often seen Fanny Dixon's smiling face.

Kirby, the ex-dragon, was scowling at the fellow, who lay upon a little settee reading the newspaper, with an evident desire to kill him. Mrs. Kirby, his wife, held little Danby, poor Dixon's son and heir. Dixon's portrait smiled over the sideboard still, and his wife was upstairs in an agony of fear, with the poor little daughters of this bankrupt, broken family.

This poor soul had actually come down and paid a visit to the man in possession. She had sent wine and dinner to 'the gentleman downstairs,' as she called him in her terror. She had tried to move his heart, by representing to him how innocent Captain Dixon was, and how he had always paid, and always remained at home when everybody else had fled. As if her tears, and simple tales and entreaties, could move that man in possession out of the



THE MAN IN POSSESSION

house, or induce him to pay the costs of the action which her husband had lost.

Danby meanwhile was at Boulogne, sickening after his wife and children. They sold everything in his house—all his smart furniture, and neat little stock of plate; his wardrobe and his linen, 'the property of a gentleman gone abroad;' his carriage by the best maker; and his wine selected without regard to expense. His house was shut up as completely as his opposite neighbour's; and a new tenant is just having it fresh painted inside and out, as if poor Dixon had left an infection behind.

Kirby and his wife went across the water with the children and Mrs. Fanny—she has a small settlement; and I am bound to say that our mutual friend Miss Elizabeth C. went down with Mrs. Dixon in the fly to the Tower Stairs, and stopped in Lombard Street by the way.

So it is that the world wags: that honest men and knaves alike are always having ups and downs of fortune, and that we are perpetually changing tenants in Our Street.

THE LION OF THE STREET

WHAT people can find in Clarence Bulbul, who has lately taken upon himself the rank and dignity of Lion of Our Street, I have always been at a loss to conjecture.

‘He has written an Eastern book of considerable merit,’ Miss Clapperclaw says; but hang it, has not everybody written an Eastern book? I should like to meet anybody in society now who has not been up to the second cataract. An Eastern book, forsooth! My Lord Castleroyal has done one—an honest one; my Lord Youngent another—an amusing one; my Lord Woolsey another—a pious one; there is *The Cullet and the Cabob*—a sentimental one; *Timbuctoother*—a humorous one, all ludicrously overrated, in my opinion, not including my own little book, of which a copy or two is still to be had, by the way.

Well, then, Clarence Bulbul, because he has made part of the little tour that all of us know, comes back and gives himself airs, forsooth, and howls as if he were just out of the great Libyan desert.

When we go and see him, that Irish Jew courier, whom I have before had the honour to describe, looks up from the novel which he is reading in the ante-room, and says, ‘*Mon maitre est au Divan,*’ or, ‘*Monsieur trouvera Monsieur dans son sérail,*’ and relapses into the *Comte de Monte Christo* again.

Yes, the impudent wretch has actually a room in his apartments on the ground-floor of his mother’s house, which he calls his harem. When Lady Betty Bulbul (they are of the Nightingale family) or Miss Blanche comes down to visit him, their slippers are placed at the door, and he receives them on an ottoman, and these infatuated women will actually light his pipe for him.

Little Spitfire, the groom, hangs about the drawing-room, outside the harem forsooth! so that he may be ready when Clarence Bulbul claps hands for him to bring the pipes and coffee.

He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of old Bowly, his college tutor, called



THE LION OF THE STREET

upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of bitter black Mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth by Spitfire, before he could so much as say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner.

Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good ; his pilaffs and curries excellent. He tried to make us eat rice with our fingers, it is true ; but he scalded his own hands in the business, and invariably bedizened his shirt, so he has left off the Turkish practice, for dinner at least, and uses a fork like a Christian.

But it is in society that he is most remarkable ; and here he would, I own, be odious, but he becomes delightful, because all the men hate him so. A perfect chorus of abuse is raised round about him. 'Confounded impostor,' says one ; 'Impudent jackass,' says another ; 'Miserable puppy,' cries a third ; 'I'd like to wring his neck,' says Bruff, scowling over his shoulder at him. Clarence meanwhile nods, winks, smiles, and patronizes them all with the easiest good humour. He is a fellow who would poke an archbishop in the apron, or clap a duke on the shoulder, as coolly as he would address you and me.

I saw him the other night at Mrs. Bumpsher's grand let-off. He flung himself down cross-legged upon a pink satin sofa, so that you could see Mrs. Bumpsher quiver with rage in the distance, Bruff growl with fury from the farther room, and Miss Pim, on whose frock Bulbul's feet rested, look up like a timid fawn.

'Fan me, Miss Pim,' said he of the cushion. 'You look like a perfect Peri to-night. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Circassia—Ameena, the sister of Schamyle Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople ?'

'Law, Mr. Bulbul !' is all Miss Pim can ejaculate ; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another houri, whom he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pasha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which Zuleikah was drowned ; and he actually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vain to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish Ambassador's, to look out for a mufti.

THE DOVE OF OUR STREET

IF Bulbul is our Lion, Young Oriel may be described as The Dove of our Colony. He is almost as great a pasha among the ladies as Bulbul. They crowd in flocks to see him at St. Waltheof's, where the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons, have turned all the dear girls' heads for some time past. While we were having a rubber at Mrs. Chantry's, whose daughters are following the new mode, I heard the following talk (which made me revoke, by the way) going on, in what was formerly called the young ladies' room, but is now styled the Oratory.

THE ORATORY.

MISS CHAUNTRY.
MISS DE L' AISLE.
REV. L. ORIEL.

MISS ISABEL CHAUNTRY.
MISS PYX.
REV. O. SLOCUM (*In the farther room.*)

Miss Chantry (sighing). Is it wrong to be in the Guards, dear Mr. Oriel ?

Miss Pyx. She will make Frank de Boots sell out when he marries.

Mr. Oriel. To be in the Guards, dear sister ? The Church has always encouraged the army. Saint Martin of Tours was in the army ; Saint Louis was in the army ; Saint Waltheof, our patron, Saint Witikind of Aldermanbury, Saint Wamba, and Saint Walloff were in the army. Saint Wapshot was captain of the guard of Queen Boadicea ; and Saint Werewolf was a major in the Danish cavalry. The holy Saint Ignatius of Loyola carried a pike, as we know ; and—

Miss de l'Aisle. Will you take some tea, dear Mr. Oriel ?

Oriel. This is not one of *my* feast-days, Sister Emma. It is the feast of Saint Wagstaff of Walthamstow.

The Young Ladies. And we must not even take tea !

Oriel. Dear sisters, I said not so. *You* may do as you list ; but I am strong (*with a heart-broken sigh*) ; don't ply



THE DOVE OF OUR STREET

me (*he reels*). I took a little water and a parched pea after matins. To-morrow is a flesh day, and—and I shall be better then.

Rev. O. Slocum (from within). Madam, I take your heart with my small trump.

Oriel. Yes, better! dear sister; it is only a passing—a—weakness.

Miss I. Chantry. He's dying of fever.

Miss Chantry. I'm so glad De Boots need not leave the Blues.

Miss Pyx. He wears sackcloth and cinders inside his waistcoat.

Miss de l'Aisle. He's told me to-night he is going to—to—Ro-o-ome. [*Miss de l'Aisle bursts into tears.*]

Rev. O. Slocum. My lord, I have the highest club, which gives the trick and two by honours.

Thus, you see, we have a variety of clergymen in Our Street. Mr. Oriel is of the pointed Gothic school, while old Slocum is of the good old tawny port-wine school; and it must be confessed that Mr. Gronow, at Ebenezer, has a hearty abhorrence for both.

As for Gronow, I pity him, if his future lot should fall where Mr. Oriel supposes that it will.

And as for Oriel, he has not even the benefit of purgatory, which he would accord to his neighbour Ebenezer; while old Slocum pronounces both to be a couple of humbugs; and Mr. Mole, the demure little beetle-browed-chaplain of the little church of Avemary Lane, keeps his sly eyes down to the ground when he passes any one of his black-coated brethren.

There is only one point on which, my friends, they seem agreed. Slocum likes port, but who ever heard that he neglected his poor? Gronow, if he comminates his neighbour's congregation, is the affectionate father of his own. Oriel, if he loves pointed Gothic and parched peas for breakfast, has a prodigious soup-kitchen for his poor; and as for little Father Mole, who never lifts his eyes from the ground, ask our doctor at what bedsides he finds him, and how he soothes poverty and braves misery and infection.

THE BUMPSHERS

No. 6, Pocklington Gardens (the house with the quantity of flowers in the windows, and the awning over the entrance), George Bumpsher, Esquire, M.P. for Humborough (and The Beanstalks, Kent).

For some time after this gorgeous family came into our quarter, I mistook a bald-headed stout person, whom I used to see looking through the flowers on the upper windows, for Bumpsher himself or for the butler of the family; whereas it was no other than Mrs. Bumpsher, without her chestnut wig; and who is at least three times the size of her husband.

The Bumpshers and the house of Mango at The Pineries vie together in their desire to dominate over the neighbourhood; and each votes the other a vulgar and purse-proud family. The fact is, both are City people. Bumpsher, in his mercantile capacity, is a wholesale stationer in Thames Street; and his wife was daughter of an eminent bill-broking firm, not a thousand miles from Lombard Street.

He does not sport a coronet and supporters upon his London plate and carriages; but his country-house is emblazoned all over with those heraldic decorations. He puts on an order when he goes abroad, and is Count Bumpsher of the Roman States—which title he purchased from the late Pope (through Prince Polonia the banker) for a couple of thousand scudi.

It is as good as a coronation to see him and Mrs. Bumpsher go to Court. I wonder the carriage can hold them both. On those days Mrs. Bumpsher holds her own drawing-room before Her Majesty's; and we are invited to come and see her sitting in state, upon the largest sofa in her rooms. She has need of a stout one, I promise you. Her very feathers must weigh something considerable. The diamonds on her stomacher would embroider a full-sized carpet-bag. She has rubies, ribbons, cameos, emeralds, gold serpents, opals, and Valenciennes lace, as if she were an immense sample out of Howell and James's shop.



VENUS AND CUPID

She took up with little Pinkney at Rome, where he made a charming picture of her, representing her as about eighteen, with a cherub in her lap, who has some liking to Bryanstone Bumpsher, her enormous, vulgar son ; now a Cornet in the Blues, and anything but a cherub, as those would say who saw him in his uniform jacket.

I remember Pinkney when he was painting the picture, Bryanstone being then a youth in what they call a skeleton suit (as if such a pig of a child could ever have been dressed in anything resembling a skeleton)—I remember, I say, Mrs. B. sitting to Pinkney in a sort of Egerian costume, her boy by her side, whose head the artist turned round and directed it towards a piece of gingerbread, which he was to have at the end of the sitting.

Pinkney, indeed, a painter !—a contemptible little humbug, and parasite of the great ! He has painted Mrs. Bumpsher younger every year for these last ten years—and you see in the advertisements of all her parties his odious little name stuck in at the end of the list. I'm sure, for my part, I'd scorn to enter her doors, or be the toady of any woman.



JOLLY NEWBOY, ESQ., M.P.

How different it is with the Newboys, now, where I have an entrée (having indeed had the honour in former days to give lessons to both the ladies)—and where such a quack as Pinkney would never be allowed to enter! A merrier house the whole quarter cannot furnish. It is there you meet people of all ranks and degrees, not only from our quarter but from the rest of the town. It is there that our great man, the Right Honourable Lord Comandine, came up and spoke to me in so encouraging a manner that I hope to be invited to one of his lordship's excellent dinners (of which I shall not fail to give a very flattering description) before the season is over. It is there you find yourself talking to statesmen, poets, and artists—not sham poets like Bulbul, or quack artists like that Pinkney—but to the best members of all society. It is there I made this sketch while Miss Chesterforth was singing a deep-toned tragic ballad, and her mother scowling behind her. What a buzz and clack and chatter there was in the room, to be sure! When Miss Chesterforth sings everybody begins to talk. Hicks and old Foggy were on Ireland; Bass was roaring into old Pump's ears (or into his horn rather) about the Navigation Laws; I was engaged talking to the charming Mrs. Short; while Charley Bonham (a mere prig, in whom I am surprised that the women can see anything) was pouring out his fulsome rhapsodies in the ears of Diana White. Lovely, lovely Diana White! were it not for three or four other engagements, I know a heart that would suit you to a T.

Newboy's I pronounce to be the jolliest house in the Street. He has only of late had a rush of prosperity, and turned Parliament man; for his distant cousin, of the ancient house of Newboy of —shire, dying, Fred—then making believe to practise at the Bar, and living with the utmost modesty in Gray's Inn Road—found himself master of a fortune, and a great house in the country, of which getting tired, as in the course of nature he should, he came up to



THE SIREN OF OUR STREET



THE STREET-DOOR KEY

London, and took that fine mansion in our Gardens. He represents Mumborough in Parliament, a seat which has been time out of mind occupied by a Newboy.

Though he does not speak, being a great deal too rich, sensible, and lazy, he somehow occupies himself with reading blue-books, and indeed talks a great deal too much good sense of late over his dinner-table, where there is always a cover for the present writer.

He falls asleep pretty assiduously too after that meal—a practice which I can well pardon in him—for, between ourselves, his wife, Maria Newboy, and his sister, Clarissa, are the loveliest and kindest of their sex, and I would rather hear their innocent prattle, and lively talk about their neighbours, than the best wisdom from the wisest man that ever wore a beard.

Like a wise and good man he leaves the question of his household entirely to the women. They like going to the play. They like going to Greenwich. They like coming to a party at bachelor's hall. They are up to all sorts of fun, in a word; in which taste the good-natured Newboy acquiesces, provided he is left to follow his own.

It was only on the 17th of the month, that, having had the honour to dine at the house, when, after dinner, which took place at eight, we left Newboy to his blue-books, and went upstairs and sang a little to the guitar afterwards—it was only on the 17th December, the night of Lady Sowerby's party, that the following dialogue took place in the boudoir, whither Newboy, blue-books in hand, had ascended.

He was curled up with his House of Commons boots on his wife's armchair, reading his eternal blue-books, when Mrs. N. entered from her apartment, dressed for the evening.

Mrs. N. Frederic, won't you come ?

Mr. N. Where ?

Mrs. N. To Lady Sowerby's.

Mr. N. I'd rather go to the black hole in Calcutta. Besides, this Sanitary Report is really the most interesting—
[*He begins to read.*]

Mrs. N. (*piqued*). Well; Mr. Titmarsh will go with us.

Mr. N. Will he? I wish him joy.

At this juncture Miss Clarissa Newboy enters in a pink paletôt, trimmed with swansdown—looking like an angel—

and we exchanged glances of—what shall I say?—of sympathy on both parts, and consummate rapture on mine. But this is by-play.

Mrs. N. Good night, Frederic. I think we shall be late.

Mr. N. You won't wake me, I dare say; and you don't expect a public man to sit up.

Mrs. N. It's not you, it's the servants. Cocker sleeps very heavily. The maids are best in bed, and are all ill with the influenza. I say, Frederic dear, don't you think you had better give me YOUR CHUBB KEY?

This astonishing proposal, which violates every recognized law of society—this demand which alters all the existing state of things—this fact of a woman asking for a door-key struck me with a terror which I cannot describe, and impressed me with the fact of the vast progress of Our Street. The door-key! What would our grandmothers, who dwelt in this place when it was a rustic suburb, think of its condition now, when husbands stay at home, and wives go abroad with the latch-key?

The evening at Lady Sowerby's was the most delicious we have spent for long, long days.

Thus it will be seen that everybody of any consideration in Our Street takes a line. Mrs. Minimy (34) takes the homoeopathic line, and has soirées of doctors of that faith. Lady Pocklington takes the capitalist line; and those stupid and splendid dinners of hers are devoured by loan-contractors, and railroad princes. Mrs. Trimmer (38) comes out in the scientific line, and indulges us in rational evenings, where history is the lightest subject admitted, and geology and the sanitary condition of the metropolis form the general themes of conversation. Mrs. Brumby plays finely on the bassoon, and has evenings dedicated to Sebastian Bach, and enlivened with Handel. At Mrs. Maskleyn's they are mad for charades and theatricals.

They performed last Christmas in a French piece, by Alexandre Dumas, I believe—*La Duchesse de Montefiasco*, of which I forget the plot, but everybody was in love with everybody else's wife, except the hero, Don Alonzo, who was ardently attached to the Duchess, who turned out to be his grandmother. The piece was translated by Lord Fiddle-faddle, Tom Bulbul being the Don Alonzo; and Mrs. Roland Calidore (who never misses an opportunity



A SCENE OF PASSION

of acting in a piece in which she can let down her hair) was the Duchess.

ALONZO

You know how well he loves you, and you wonder
 To see Alonzo suffer, Cunegunda?—
 Ask if the chamois suffer when they feel
 Plunged in their panting sides the hunter's steel?
 Or when the soaring heron or eagle proud,
 Pierced by my shaft, comes tumbling from the cloud,
 Ask if the royal birds no anguish know,
 The victims of Alonzo's twanging bow?
 Then ask him if he suffers—him who dies,
 Pierced by the poisoned glance that glitters from your eyes!
[He staggers from the effect of the poison.]

THE DUCHESS

Alonzo loves—Alonzo loves! and whom?
 His grandmother! O hide me, gracious tomb!
[Her Grace faints away.]

Such acting as Tom Bulbul's I never saw. Tom lispes atrociously, and uttered the passage, 'You athk me if I thuffer,' in the most absurd way. Miss Clapperclaw says he acted pretty well, and that I only joke about him because I am envious, and wanted to act a part myself.—I envious indeed!

But of all the assemblies, feastings, junketings, déjeuners, soirées, conversaciones, dinner-parties, in Our Street, I know of none pleasanter than the banquets at Tom Fairfax's; one of which this enormous provision-consumer gives seven times a week. He lives in one of the little houses of the old Waddilove Street quarter, built long before Pocklington Square and Pocklington Gardens and the Pocklington family itself had made their appearance in this world.

Tom, though he has a small income, and lives in a small house, yet sits down one of a party of twelve to dinner every day of his life; these twelve consisting of Mrs. Fairfax, the nine Misses Fairfax, and Master Thomas Fairfax—the son and heir to twopence-halfpenny a year.

It is awkward just now to go and beg pot-luck from such a family as this: because, though a guest is always welcome, we are thirteen at table—an unlucky number, it is said. This evil is only temporary, and will be remedied presently,

when the family will be thirteen *without* the occasional guest, to judge from all appearances.

Early in the morning Mrs. Fairfax rises, and cuts bread and butter from six o'clock till eight; during which time the nursery operations upon the nine little graces are going on. We only see a half-dozen of them at this present moment, and in the present authentic picture, the remainder dwindling off upon little chairs by their mamma.

The two on either side of Fairfax are twins—awarded to him by singular good fortune; and he only knows Nancy from Fanny by having a piece of tape round the former's arm. There is no need to give you the catalogue of the others. She, in the pinafore in front, is Elizabeth, god-daughter to Miss Clapperclaw, who has been very kind to the whole family; that young lady with the ringlets is engaged by the most solemn ties to the present writer, and it is agreed that we are to be married as soon as she is as tall as my stick.

If his wife has to rise early to cut the bread and butter, I warrant Fairfax must be up betimes to earn it. He is a clerk in a Government Office; to which duty he trudges daily, refusing even twopenny omnibuses. Every time he goes to the shoemaker's he has to order eleven pairs of shoes, and so can't afford to spare his own. He teaches the children Latin every morning, and is already thinking when Tom shall be inducted into that language. He works in his garden for an hour before breakfast. His work over by three o'clock, he tramps home at four, and exchanges his dapper coat for that dressing-gown in which he appears before you,—a ragged but honourable garment in which he stood (unconsciously) to the present designer.

Which is the best, his old coat or Sir John's bran-new one? Which is the most comfortable and becoming, Mrs. Fairfax's black velvet gown (which she has worn at the Pocklington Square parties these twelve years, and in which I protest she looks like a queen), or that new robe which the milliner has just brought home to Mrs. Bumpsher's, and into which she will squeeze herself on Christmas Day?

Miss Clapperclaw says that we are all so charmingly contented with ourselves that not one of us would change with his neighbour; and so, rich and poor, high and low, one person is about as happy as another in Our Street.



THE HAPPY FAMILY

DR. BIRCH
AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS
[1849]

DOCTOR BIRCH
& his
young friends.



by
Mr. M. A. Titmarsh

London: Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand.
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[Facsimile title-page of first edition]

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DR. BIRCH

AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS

THE DOCTOR AND HIS STAFF

THERE is no need to say why I became Assistant Master and Professor of the English and French languages, flower-painting, and the German flute, in Dr. Birch's Academy, at Rodwell Regis. Good folks may depend on this, that it was not for *choice* that I left lodgings near London, and a genteel society, for an under-master's desk in that old school. I promise you the fare at the Ushers' table, the getting up at five o'clock in the morning, the walking out with little boys in the fields (who used to play me tricks, and never could be got to respect my awful and responsible character as teacher in the school), Miss Birch's vulgar insolence, Jack Birch's glum condescension, and the poor old Doctor's patronage, were not matters in themselves pleasurable: and that that patronage and those dinners were sometimes cruel hard to swallow. Never mind—my connexion with the place is over now, and I hope they have got a more efficient under-master.

Jack Birch (Rev. J. Birch, of St. Neot's Hall, Oxford) is partner with his father the Doctor, and takes some of the classes. About his Greek I can't say much; but I will construe him in Latin any day. A more supercilious little prig (giving himself airs, too, about his cousin, Miss Raby, who lives with the Doctor), a more empty, pompous little coxcomb I never saw. His white neckcloth looked as if it choked him. He used to try and look over that starch upon me and Prince the assistant, as if we were a couple of footmen. He didn't do much business in the school; but occupied his time in writing sanctified letters to the boys' parents, and in composing dreary sermons to preach to them.

The real master of the school is Prince; an Oxford man

too : shy, haughty, and learned ; crammed with Greek and a quantity of useless learning ; uncommonly kind to the small boys ; pitiless with the fools and the braggarts ; respected of all for his honesty, his learning, his bravery (for he hit out once in a boat-row in a way which astonished the boys and the bargemen), and for a latent power about him, which all saw and confessed somehow. Jack Birch could never look him in the face. Old Miss Z. dared not put off any of *her* airs upon him. Miss Rosa made him the lowest of curtsies. Miss Raby said she was afraid of him. Good old Prince ; we have sat many a night smoking in the Doctor's harness-room, whither we retired when our boys were gone to bed, and our cares and canes put by.

After Jack Birch had taken his degree at Oxford—a process which he effected with great difficulty—this place which used to be called 'Birch's,' 'Dr. Birch's Academy,' and what not, became suddenly 'Archbishop Wigsby's College of Rodwell Regis.' They took down the old blue board with the gold letters, which has been used to mend the pigsty since. Birch had a large schoolroom, run up in the Gothic taste, with statuettes, and a little belfry, and a bust of Archbishop Wigsby in the middle of the school. He put the six senior boys into caps and gowns, which had rather a good effect as the lads sauntered down the street of the town, but which certainly provoked the contempt and hostility of the bargemen ; and so great was his rage for academic costumes and ordinances, that he would have put me myself into a lay gown, with red knots and fringes, but that I flatly resisted, and said that a writing-master had no business with such paraphernalia.

By the way, I have forgotten to mention the Doctor himself. And what shall I say of him ? Well, he has a very crisp gown and bands, a solemn air, a tremendous loud voice, and a grand and solemn air with the boys' parents, whom he receives in a study, covered round with the best bound books, which imposes upon many—upon the women especially—and makes them fancy that this is a Doctor indeed. But, Law bless you ! He never reads the books ; or opens one of them, except that in which he keeps his bands—a Dugdale's *Monasticon*, which looks like a book, but is in reality a cupboard, where he has his port, almond cakes, and decanter of wine. He gets up his classics with translations, or what the boys call cribs ;



A YOUNG RAPHAEL

they pass-wicked tricks upon him when he hears the forms. The elder wags go to his study, and ask him to help them in hard bits of Herodotus or Thucydides : he says he will look over the passage, and flies for refuge to Mr. Prince, or to the crib.

He keeps the flogging department in his own hands ; finding that his son was too savage. He has awful brows and a big voice. But his roar frightens nobody. It is only a lion's skin, or, so to say, a muff.

Little Mordant made a picture of him with large ears, like a well-known domestic animal, and had his own justly boxed for the caricature. The Doctor discovered him in the fact, and was in a flaming rage, and threatened whipping at first ; but in the course of the day an opportune basket of game arriving from Mordant's father, the Doctor became mollified, and has burnt the picture with the ears. However, I have one wafered up in my desk by the hand of the same little rascal : and the frontispiece of this very book is drawn from it.

THE COCK OF THE SCHOOL

I AM growing an old fellow—and have seen many great folks in the course of my travels and time—Louis Philippe coming out of the Tuileries, His Majesty the King of Prussia and the Reichsverweser accolading each other, at Cologne, at my elbow ; Admiral Sir Charles Napier (in an omnibus once), the Duke of Wellington, the immortal Goethe at Weimar, the late benevolent Pope Gregory XVI, and a score more of the famous in this world—the whom, whenever one looks at, one has a mild shock of awe and tremor. I like this feeling and decent fear and trembling with which a modest spirit salutes a GREAT MAN.

Well, I have seen Generals capering on horseback at the head of their crimson battalions ; Bishops sailing down cathedral aisles, with downcast eyes, pressing their trencher caps to their hearts with their fat, white hands ; College heads when Her Majesty is on a visit ; the Doctor in all his glory at the head of his school on Speech-day, a great sight, and all great men these. I have never met the late Mr. Thomas Cribb, but I have no doubt should have regarded him with the same feeling of awe with which I look every day at George Champion, the Cock of Dr. Birch's school.

When, I say, I reflect as I go up and set him a sum, that he could whop me in two minutes, double up Prince and the other assistant, and pitch the Doctor out of window, I can't but think how great, how generous, how magnanimous a creature this is, that sits quite quiet and good-natured, and works his equation, and ponders through his Greek play. He might take the schoolroom pillars and pull the house down if he liked. He might close the door, and demolish every one of us like Antar, the lover of Ibla, but he lets us live. He never thrashes anybody without a cause, when woe betide the tyrant or the sneak !

I think that to be strong, and able to whop everybody (not to do it, mind you, but to feel that you were able



THE LION AND THE LITTLE CUBS

to do it), would be the greatest of all gifts. There is a serene good humour which plays about George Champion's broad face, which shows the consciousness of this power, and lights up his honest blue eyes with a magnanimous calm.

He is invictus. Even when a cub there was no beating this lion. Six years ago the undaunted little warrior actually stood up to Frank Davison (the Indian officer now—poor little Charley's brother, whom Miss Raby nursed so affectionately)—then seventeen years old, and the Cock of Birch's. They were obliged to drag off the boy, and Frank, with admiration and regard for him, prophesied the great things he would do. Legends of combats are preserved fondly in schools; they have stories of such at Rodwell Regis, performed in the old Doctor's time, forty years ago.

Champion's affair with the Young Tutbury Pet, who was down here in training,—with Black the Bargeman,—with the three head boys of Dr. Wapshot's academy, whom he caught maltreating an outlying day-boy of ours, &c.,—are known to all the Rodwell Regis men. He was always victorious. He is modest and kind, like all great men. He has a good, brave, honest understanding. He cannot make verses like young Pinder, or read Greek like Wells the Prefect, who is a perfect young abyss of learning, and knows enough, Prince says, to furnish any six first-class men; but he does his work in a sound, downright way, and he is made to be the bravest of soldiers, the best of country parsons, an honest English gentleman wherever he may go.

Old Champion's chief friend and attendant is young Jack Hall, whom he saved when drowning, out of the Miller's Pool. The attachment of the two is curious to witness. The smaller lad gambolling, playing tricks round the bigger one, and perpetually making fun of his protector. They are never far apart, and of holidays you may meet them miles away from the school,—George sauntering heavily down the lanes with his big stick, and little Jack larking with the pretty girls in the cottage-windows.

George has a boat on the river, in which, however, he commonly lies smoking, whilst Jack sculls him. He does not play at cricket, except when the school plays the county, or at Lord's in the holidays. The boys can't stand his

bowling, and when he hits, it is like trying to catch a cannon-ball. I have seen him at tennis. It is a splendid sight to behold the young fellow bounding over the court with streaming yellow hair, like young Apollo in a flannel jacket.

The other head boys are Lawrence the Captain, Bunce, famous chiefly for his magnificent appetite, and Pitman, surnamed Roscius, for his love of the drama. Add to these Swanky, called Macassar, from his partiality to that condiment, and who has varnished boots, wears white gloves on Sundays, and looks out for Miss Pinkerton's school (transferred from Chiswick to Rodwell Regis, and conducted by the nieces of the late Miss Barbara Pinkerton, the friend of Our Great Lexicographer, upon the principles approved by him, and practised by that admirable woman) as it passes into church.

Representations have been made concerning Mr. Horace Swanky's behaviour; rumours have been uttered about notes in verse, conveyed in three-cornered puffs, by Mrs. Ruggles, who serves Miss Pinkerton's young ladies on Fridays,—and how Miss Didow, to whom the tart and enclosure were addressed, tried to make away with herself by swallowing a ball of cotton. But I pass over these absurd reports, as likely to affect the reputation of an admirable Seminary conducted by irreproachable females. As they go into church, Miss P. driving in her flock of lambkins with the crook of her parasol, how can it be helped if her forces and ours sometimes collide, as the boys are on their way up to the organ loft? And I don't believe a word about the three-cornered puff, but rather that it was the invention of that jealous Miss Birch, who is jealous of Miss Raby, jealous of everybody who is good and handsome, and who has *her own ends* in view, or I am very much in error.



RIVAL FORCES



THE LITTLE SCHOOLROOM

THE LITTLE SCHOOLROOM

WHAT they call the little schoolroom is a small room at the other end of the great school; through which you go to the Doctor's private house, and where Miss Raby sits with her pupils. She has a half-dozen very small ones over whom she presides and teaches them in her simple way, until they are big or learned enough to face the great schoolroom. Many of them are in a hurry for promotion, the graceless little simpletons, and know no more than their elders when they are well off.

She keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, superintends the linen, and sews on the general shirt-buttons. Think of having such a woman at home to sew on one's shirt-buttons! But peace, peace, thou foolish heart!

Miss Raby is the Doctor's niece. Her mother was a beauty (quite unlike old Zoe therefore); and she married a pupil in the Old Doctor's time, who was killed afterwards, a Captain in the East India service, at the siege of Bhurt-pore. Hence a number of Indian children come to the Doctor's, for Raby was very much liked, and the uncle's kind reception of the orphan has been a good speculation for the school-keeper.

It is wonderful how brightly and gaily that little quick creature does her duty. She is the first to rise, and the last to sleep, if any business is to be done. She sets the other two women go off to parties in the town without even so much as wishing to join them. It is Cinderella, only contented to stay at home—content to bear Zoe's scorn and to admit Rosa's superior charms,—and to do her utmost to repay her uncle for his great kindness in housing her.

So you see she works as much as three maid-servants for the wages of one. She is as thankful when the Doctor gives her a new gown, as if he had presented her with a fortune: laughs at his stories most good-humouredly, listens to Zoe's scolding most meekly, admires Rosa with all her heart, and only goes out of the way when Jack Birch shows his sallow face: for she can't bear him, and always finds work when he comes near.

How different she is when some folks approach her ! I won't be presumptuous ; but I think, I think, I have made a not unfavourable impression in some quarters. However, let us be mum on this subject. I like to see her, because she always looks good-humoured ; because she is always kind, because she is always modest, because she is fond of those poor little brats,—orphans some of them—because she is rather pretty, I dare say, or because I think so, which comes to the same thing.

Though she is kind to all, it must be owned she shows the most gross favouritism towards the amiable children. She brings them cakes from dessert, and regales them with Zoe's preserves ; spends many of her little shillings in presents for her favourites, and will tell them stories by the hour. She has one very sad story about a little boy, who died long ago ; the younger children are never weary of hearing about him ; and Miss Raby has shown to one of them a lock of the little chap's hair, which she keeps in her work-box to this day.



THE DEAR BROTHERS

THE DEAR BROTHERS

A Melodrama in Several Bounds

THE DOCTOR.

MR. TIPPER, Uncle to the Masters Boxall.

BOXALL MAJOR, BOXALL MINOR, BROWN, JONES, SMITH,
ROBINSON, TIFFIN MINIMUS.

B. Go it, old Boxall!

J. Give it him, young Boxall!

R. Pitch into him, old Boxall!

S. Two to one on young Boxall!

[Enter TIFFIN MINIMUS, running.]

Tiffin Minimus. Boxalls! you're wanted.*The Doctor (to Mr. Tipper).* Every boy in the school loves them, my dear sir; your nephews are a credit to my establishment. They are orderly, well-conducted, gentleman-like boys. Let us enter and find them at their studies.

[Enter THE DOCTOR and MR. TIPPER.]

GRAND TABLEAU

A HOPELESS CASE

LET us, people who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces;—those of my own school-days were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what a pang it must be to be the last boy—huge, misshapen, fourteen years of age, and ‘taken up’ by a chap who is but six years old, and can’t speak quite plain yet!

Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch’s. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, jump, play at cricket, dive and swim perfectly—he can eat twice as much as almost any lady (as Miss Birch well knows), he has a pretty talent at carving figures with his hack-knife, he makes and paints little coaches, he can take a watch to pieces and put it together again. He can do everything but learn his lesson; and then he sticks at the bottom of the school hopeless. As the little boys are drafted in from Miss Raby’s class (it is true she is one of the best instructresses in the world), they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed over to the governess only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal’s; and that he shammed dullness so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby’s class—if she would teach *me*, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket—but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog’s-ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged.



THE LAST BOY OF ALL

Many of the pages are worn away, with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand, as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal *As in Praesenti*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth: upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

The Doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves), but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform. Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to go his own gait. Prince, when he hears the lesson, and who cannot help making fun of a fool, adopts the sarcastic manner with Master Hulker, and says, 'Mr. Hulker, may I take the liberty to inquire if your brilliant intellect has enabled you to perceive the difference between those words which grammarians have defined as substantive and adjective nouns?—if not, perhaps Mr. Ferdinand Timmins will instruct you.' And Timmins hops over Hulker's head.

I wish Prince would leave off girding at the poor lad. He is a boy, and his mother is a widow woman, who loves him with all her might. There is a famous sneer about the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small beer; but remember it was a rascal who uttered it.

A WORD ABOUT MISS BIRCH

‘THE Gentlemen, and especially the younger and more tender of these Pupils, will have the advantage of the constant superintendence and affectionate care of Miss Zoe Birch, sister of the Principal : whose dearest aim will be to supply (as far as may be) the absent maternal friend.’—*Prospectus of Rodwell Regis School.*

This is all very well in the Doctor’s prospectus, and Miss Zoe Birch—(a pretty blossom it is, fifty-five years old, during two score of which she has dosed herself with pills ; with a nose as red and a face as sour as a crab-apple)—this is all mighty well in a prospectus. But I should like to know who would take Miss Zoe for a mother, or would have her for one ?

The only persons in the house who are not afraid of her are Miss Rosa and I—no, I am afraid of her, though I *do* know the story about the French usher in 1830—but all the rest tremble before the woman, from the Doctor down to poor Francis the knife-boy, and whom she bullies into his miserable blacking-hole.

The Doctor is a pompous and outwardly severe man—but inwardly weak and easy : loving a joke and a glass of port wine. I get on with him, therefore, much better than Mr. Prince, who scorns him for an ass, and under whose keen eyes the worthy Doctor writhes like a convicted impostor ; and many a sunshiny afternoon would he have said, ‘ Mr. T., sir, shall we try another glass of that yellow sealed wine which you seem to like ? ’ (and which he likes even better than I do), had not the old harridan of a Zoe been down upon us, and insisted on turning me out with her abominable weak coffee. She a mother indeed ! A sour-milk generation she would have nursed. She is always croaking, scolding, bullying—yowling at the housemaids, snarling at Miss Raby, bowwowing after the little boys, barking after the big ones. She knows how much every boy eats to an ounce—and her delight is to ply with fat the little ones who can’t bear it, and with raw meat those

who hate underdone. It was she who caused the Doctor to be eaten out three times ; and nearly created a rebellion in the school because she insisted on his flogging Goliath Longman.

The only time that woman is happy is when she comes in of a morning to the little boys' dormitories with a cup of hot Epsom salts, and a sippet of bread. Boo!—the very notion makes me quiver. She stands over them. I saw her do it to young Byles only a few days since—and her presence makes the abomination doubly abominable.

As for attending them in real illness, do you suppose that she would watch a single night for any one of them ? Not she. When poor little Charley Davison (that child, a lock of whose soft hair I have said how Miss Raby still keeps) lay ill of scarlet fever in the holidays—for the Colonel, the father of these boys, was in India—it was Anne Raby who tended the child, who watched him all through the fever, who never left him while it lasted, or until she had closed the little eyes that were never to brighten or moisten more. Anny watched and deplored him, but it was Miss Birch who wrote the letter announcing his demise, and got the gold chain and locket which the Colonel ordered as a memento of his gratitude. It was through a row with Miss Birch that Frank Davison ran away. I promise you that after he joined his regiment in India, the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, which his gallant father commands, there came over no more annual shawls and presents to Dr. and Miss Birch, and that if she fancied the Colonel was coming home to marry her (on account of her tenderness to his motherless children, which he was always writing about), *that* notion was very soon given up. But these affairs are of early date, seven years back, and I only heard of them in a very confused manner from Miss Raby, who was a girl, and had just come to Rodwell Regis. She is always very much moved when she speaks about those boys, which is but seldom. I take it the death of the little one still grieves her tender heart.

Yes, it is Miss Birch, who has turned away seventeen ushers and second masters in eleven years, and half as many French masters, I suppose, since the departure of her *favourite*, M. Grinche, with her gold watch, &c. ; but this is only surmise—that is from hearsay, and from Miss Rosa taunting her aunt, as she does sometimes, in her graceful

way ; but besides this, I have another way of keeping her in order.

Whenever she is particularly odious or insolent to Miss Raby, I have but to introduce raspberry jam into the conversation, and the woman holds her tongue. She will understand me. I need not say more.

NOTE, 12th December.—I *may* speak now. I have left the place and don't mind. I say then at once, and without caring twopence for the consequences, that I saw this woman, this *mother* of the boys, EATING JAM WITH A SPOON OUT OF MASTER WIGGINS'S TRUNK IN THE BOX-ROOM ; and of this I am ready to take an affidavit any day.



WHO STOLE THE JAM ?



A SERIOUS CASE

A TRAGEDY

THIS DRAMA OUGHT TO BE REPRESENTED IN ABOUT
SIX CUTS

[*The School is hushed. LAWRENCE the Prefect, and Custos of the rods, is marching after the DOCTOR into the operating-room. MASTER BACKHOUSE is about to follow.*]

Master Backhouse. It's all very well, but you see if I don't pay you out after school—you sneak, you!

Master Lurcher. If you do I'll tell again.

[*Exit BACKHOUSE.*]

[*The rod is heard from the adjoining apartment. Hwhish—Hwhish—hwhish—hwhish—hwhish—hwhish.*]

[*Re-enter BACKHOUSE.*]

BRIGGS IN LUCK

Enter the Knife-boy. Hamper for Briggses !
Master Brown. Hurray, Tom Briggs ! I'll lend you my knife.

If this story does not carry its own moral, what fable does, I wonder ? Before the arrival of that hamper, Master Briggs was in no better repute than any other young gentleman of the lower school ; and in fact I had occasion myself, only lately, to correct Master Brown for kicking his friend's shins during the writing-lesson. But how this basket directed by his mother's housekeeper, and marked ' Glass with care,' (whence I conclude that it contains some jam and some bottles of wine probably as well as the usual cake and game-pie, and half a sovereign for the elder Master B., and five new shillings for Master Decimus Briggs)—how, I say, the arrival of this basket alters all Master Briggs's circumstances in life, and the estimation in which many persons regard him !

If he is a good-hearted boy, as I have reason to think, the very first thing he will do, before inspecting the contents of the hamper, or cutting into them with the knife which Master Brown has so considerably lent him, will be to read over the letter from home which lies on the top of the parcel. He does so, as I remark to Miss Raby (for whom I happened to be mending pens when the little circumstance arose), with a flushed face and winking eyes. Look how the other boys are peering into the basket as he reads.—I say to her, ' Isn't it a pretty picture ? ' Part of the letter is in a very large hand. That is from his little sister. And I would wager that she netted the little purse which he has just taken out of it, and which Master Lynx is eyeing.

' You are a droll man, and remark all sorts of queer things,' Miss Raby says, smiling, and plying her swift needle and fingers as quick as possible. ' I am glad we are both on the spot, and that the little fellow lies under our guns as it were, and so is protected from some such brutal school-pirate as young Duval for instance, who would



A HAMPER FOR BRIGGS

rob him probably of some of those good things, good in themselves, and better because fresh from home. See, there is a pie as I said, and which I dare say is better than those which are served at our table (but you never take any notice of these kind of things, Miss Raby), a cake of course, a bottle of currant wine, jam-pots, and no end of pears in the straw. With their money little Briggs will be able to pay the tick which that imprudent child has run up with Mrs. Ruggles; and I shall let Briggs Major pay for the pencil-case which Bullock sold to him.—It will be a lesson to the young prodigal for the future.

‘But, I say, what a change there will be in his life for some time to come, and at least until his present wealth is spent! The boys who bully him will mollify towards him, and accept his pie and sweetmeats. They will have feasts in the bedroom; and that wine will taste more deliciously to them than the best out of the Doctor’s cellar. The cronies will be invited. Young Master Wagg will tell his most dreadful story and sing his best song for a slice of that pie. What a jolly night they will have! when we go the rounds at night, Mr. Prince and I will take care to make a noise before we come to Briggs’s room, so that the boys may have time to put the light out, to push the things away, and to scud into bed. Doctor Spry may be put in requisition the next morning.’

‘Nonsense! you absurd creature,’ cries out Miss Raby, laughing; and I lay down the twelfth pen very nicely mended.

‘Yes; after luxury comes the doctor, I say; after extravagance a hole in the breeches pocket. To judge from his disposition, Briggs Major will not be much better off a couple of days hence than he is now, and, if I am not mistaken, will end life a poor man. Brown will be kicking his shins before a week is over, depend upon it. There are boys and men of all sorts, Miss R.—there are selfish sneaks who hoard until the store they daren’t use grows mouldy—there are spendthrifts who fling away, parasites who flatter and lick its shoes, and snarling curs who hate and envy good fortune.’—I put down the last of the pens, brushing away with it the quill-chips from her desk first, and she looked at me with a kind wondering face. I brushed them away, clicked the pen-knife into my pocket, made her a bow, and walked off—for the bell was ringing for school.

A YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS PRETTY SURE TO SUCCEED

IF Master Briggs is destined in all probability to be a poor man, the chances are that Mr. Bullock will have a very different lot. He is a son of a partner of the eminent banking firm of Bullock and Hulker, Lombard Street, and very high in the upper school—quite out of my jurisdiction, consequently.

He writes the most beautiful current hand ever seen ; and the way in which he mastered arithmetic (going away into recondite and wonderful rules in the Tutor's Assistant, which some masters even dare not approach) is described by the Doctor in terms of admiration. He is Mr. Prince's best algebra pupil ; and a very fair classic, too, doing everything well for which he has a mind.

He does not busy himself with the sports of his comrades, and holds a cricket bat no better than Miss Raby would. He employs the play-hours in improving his mind, and reading the newspaper ; he is a profound politician, and, it must be owned, on the Liberal side. The elder boys despise him rather ; and when Champion Major passes, he turns his head, and looks down. I don't like the expression of Bullock's narrow, green eyes, as they follow the elder Champion, who does not seem to know or care how much the other hates him.

No. Mr. Bullock, though perhaps the cleverest and most accomplished boy in the school, associates with the quite little boys when he is minded for society. To these he is quite affable, courteous, and winning. He never fagged or thrashed one of them. He has done the verses and corrected the exercises of many, and many is the little lad to whom he has lent a little money.

It is true he charges at the rate of a penny a week for every sixpence lent out, but many a fellow to whom tarts are a present necessity is happy to pay this interest for the loan. These transactions are kept secret. Mr. Bullock, in rather a whining tone, when he takes Master Green aside



SURE TO SUCCEED IN LIFE

and does the requisite business for him, says, ' You know you'll go and talk about it everywhere. I don't want to lend you the money, I want to buy something with it. It's only to oblige you ; and yet I am sure you will go and make fun of me.' Whereon, of course, Green, eager for the money, vows solemnly that the transaction shall be confidential, and only speaks when the payment of the interest becomes oppressive.

Thus it is that Mr. Bullock's practices are at all known. At a very early period indeed his commercial genius manifested itself ; and by happy speculations in toffee ; by composing a sweet drink made of stick liquorice and brown sugar, and selling it at a profit to the younger children ; by purchasing a series of novels, which he let out at an adequate remuneration ; by doing boys' exercises for a penny, and other processes, he showed the bent of his mind. At the end of the half-year he always went home richer than when he arrived at school, with his purse full of money.

Nobody knows how much he brought : but the accounts are fabulous. Twenty, thirty, fifty—it is impossible to say how many sovereigns. When joked about his money, he turns pale and swears he has not a shilling : whereas he has had a banker's account ever since he was thirteen.

At the present moment he is employed in negotiating the sale of a knife with Master Green, and is pointing out to the latter the beauty of the six blades, and that he need not pay until after the holidays.

Champion Major has sworn that he will break every bone in his skin the next time that he cheats a little boy, and is bearing down upon him. Let us come away. It is frightful to see that big peaceful clever coward moaning under well-deserved blows and whining for mercy.

DUVAL, THE PIRATE

(JONES MINIMUS *passes, laden with tarts.*)

Duval. Hullo ! you small boy with the tarts ! Come here, sir.

Jones Minimus. Please, Duval, they ain't mine.

Duval. O you abominable young story-teller.

[*He confiscates the goods.*]

I think I like young Duval's mode of levying contributions better than Bullock's. The former's, at least, has the merit of more candour. Duval is the pirate of Birch's, and lies in wait for small boys laden with money or provender. He scents plunder from afar off : and pounces out on it. Woe betide the little fellow when Duval boards him !

There was a youth here whose money I used to keep, as he was of an extravagant and weak taste ; and I doled it out to him in weekly shillings, sufficient for the purchase of the necessary tarts. This boy came to me one day for half a sovereign, for a very particular purpose, he said. I afterwards found he wanted to lend the money to Duval.

The young ogre burst out laughing when, in a great wrath and fury I ordered him to refund to the little boy : and proposed a bill of exchange at three months. It is true Duval's father does not pay the Doctor, and the lad never has a shilling, save that which he levies ; and though he is always bragging about the splendour of Freenystown, Co. Cork, and the foxhounds his father keeps, and the claret they drink there—there comes no remittance from Castle Freeny in these bad times to the honest Doctor, who is a kindly man enough, and never yet turned an insolvent boy out of doors.



THE PIRATE



HOME SWEET HOME

THE DORMITORIES

MASTER HEWLETT AND MASTER NIGHTINGALE

(Rather a cold winter night)

Hewlett (flinging a shoe at Master Nightingale's bed, with which he hits that young gentleman). Hullo! You! Get up and bring me that shoe.

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett. (He gets up.)

Hewlett. Don't drop it, and be very careful of it, sir.

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett. Silence in the Dormitory! Any boy who opens his mouth I'll murder him. Now, sir, are not you the boy what can sing?

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett. Chant then till I go to sleep, and if I wake when you stop, you'll have this at your head.

[MASTER HEWLETT *lays his Bluchers on the bed, ready to shy at Master Nightingale's head in the case contemplated.*]

Nightingale (timidly). Please, Hewlett?

Hewlett. Well, sir?

Nightingale. May I put on my trousers, please?

Hewlett. No, sir. Go on, or I'll—

Nightingale.

Through pleasures and palaces
 Though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.

A CAPTURE AND A RESCUE

My young friend, Patrick Champion, George's younger brother, is a late arrival among us ; has much of the family quality and good nature ; is not in the least a tyrant to the small boys, but is as eager as Amadis to fight. He is boxing his way up the school, emulating his great brother. He fixes his eye on a boy above him in strength or size, and you hear somehow that a difference has arisen between them at football, and they have their coats off presently. He has thrashed himself over the heads of many youths in this manner : for instance, if Champion can lick Dobson, who can thrash Hobson, how much more, then, can he thrash Hobson. Thus he works up and establishes his position in the school. Nor does Mr. Prince think it advisable that we ushers should walk much in the way when these little differences are being settled, unless there is some gross disparity, or danger is apprehended.

For instance, I own to having seen the row depicted here as I was shaving at my bedroom window. I did not hasten down to prevent its consequences. Fogle had confiscated a top, the property of Snivins, the which, as the little wretch was always pegging it at my toes, I did not regret. Snivins whimpered ; and young Champion came up, lusting for battle. Directly he made out Fogle, he steered for him, pulling up his coat-sleeves, and clearing for action.

' Who spoke to *you*, young Champion ? ' Fogle said, and he flung down the top to Master Snivins. I knew there would be no fight ; and perhaps Champion, too, was disappointed.



A RESCUE

THE GARDEN

WHERE THE PARLOUR-BOARDERS GO

NOBLEMEN have been rather scarce at Birch's—but the heir of a great Prince has been living with the Doctor for some years.—He is Lord George Gaunt's eldest son, the noble Plantagenet Gaunt Gaunt, and nephew of the Most Honourable the Marquis of Steyne.

They are very proud of him at the Doctor's—and the two Misses and Papa whenever a stranger comes down whom they want to dazzle, are pretty sure to bring Lord Steyne into the conversation, mention the last party at Gaunt House, and cursorily to remark that they have with them a young friend who will be in all human probability Marquis of Steyne and Earl of Gaunt, &c.

Plantagenet does not care much about these future honours: provided he can get some brown sugar on his bread and butter, or sit with three chairs and play at coach and horses, quite quietly by himself, he is tolerably happy. He saunters in and out of school when he likes, and looks at the masters and other boys with a listless grin. He used to be taken to church, but he laughed and talked in odd places, so they are forced to leave him at home now. He will sit with a bit of string and play cat's-cradle for many hours. He likes to go and join the very small children at their games. Some are frightened at him, but they soon cease to fear, and order him about. I have seen him go and fetch tarts from Mrs. Ruggles for a boy of eight years old; and cry bitterly if he did not get a piece. He cannot speak quite plain, but very nearly; and is not more, I suppose, than three-and-twenty.

Of course at home they know his age, though they never come and see him. But they forget that Miss Rosa Birch is no longer a young chit as she was ten years ago, when Gaunt was brought to the school. On the contrary, she has had no small experience in the tender passion, and is at this moment smitten with a disinterested affection for Plantagenet Gaunt.

Next to a little doll with a burnt nose, which he hides away in cunning places, Mr. Gaunt is very fond of Miss Rosa too. What a pretty match it would make! and how pleased they would be at Gaunt House if the grandson and heir of the great Marquis of Steyne, the descendant of a hundred Gaunts and Tudors, should marry Miss Birch, the schoolmaster's daughter! It is true she has the sense on her side, and poor Plantagenet is only an idiot: but there he is, a zany, with such expectations and such a pedigree!

If Miss Rosa would run away with Mr. Gaunt, she would leave off bullying her cousin, Miss Anny Raby. Shall I put her up to the notion, and offer to lend her the money to run away? Mr. Gaunt is not allowed money. He had some once, but Bullock took him into a corner, and got it from him. He has a moderate tick opened at the tart-woman's. He stops at Rodwell Regis through the year—school-time and holiday-time, it is all the same to him. Nobody asks about him, or thinks about him, save twice a year, when the Doctor goes to Gaunt House, and gets the amount of his bills, and a glass of wine in the steward's room.

And yet you see somehow that he is a gentleman. His manner is different to that of the owners of that coarse table and parlour at which he is a boarder (I do not speak of Miss R., of course, for *her* manners are as good as those of a Duchess). When he caught Miss Rosa boxing little Fiddes's ears, his face grew red, and he broke into a fierce inarticulate rage. After that, and for some days, he used to shrink from her; but they are reconciled now. I saw them this afternoon in the garden where only the parlour-boarders walk. He was playful, and touched her with his stick. She raised her handsome eyes in surprise, and smiled on him very kindly.

The thing was so clear, that I thought it my duty to speak to old Zoe about it. The wicked old catamaran told me she wished that some people would mind their own business, and hold their tongues—that some persons were paid to teach writing, and not to tell tales and make mischief: and I have since been thinking whether I ought to communicate with the Doctor.



MISS BIRCH'S FLOWER GARDEN

THE OLD PUPIL

As I came into the playgrounds this morning, I saw a dashing young fellow, with a tanned face and a blonde moustache, who was walking up and down the green, arm-in-arm with Champion Major, and followed by a little crowd of boys.

They were talking of old times evidently. 'What had become of Irvine and Smith?'—'Where was Bill Harris and Jones, not Squinny Jones, but Cocky Jones?'—and so forth. The gentleman was no stranger; he was an old pupil evidently, come to see if any of his old comrades remained, and revisit the *cari luoghi* of his youth.

Champion was evidently proud of his arm-fellow. He espied his brother, young Champion, and introduced him. 'Come here, sir,' he called. 'The young 'un wasn't here in your time, Davison.' 'Pat, sir,' said he, 'this is Captain Davison, one of Birch's boys. Ask him who was among the first in the lines at Sobraon?'

Pat's face kindled up as he looked Davison full in the face, and held out his hand. Old Champion and Davison both blushed. The infantry set up a 'Hurray, hurray, hurray,' Champion leading, and waving his wideawake. I protest that the scene did one good to witness. Here was the hero and cock of the school come back to see his old haunts and cronies. He had always remembered them. Since he had seen them last, he had faced death and achieved honour. But for my dignity I would have shied up my hat too.

With a resolute step, and his arm still linked in Champion's, Captain Davison now advanced, followed by a wake of little boys, to that corner of the green where Mrs. Ruggles has her tart-stand.

'Hullo, Mother Ruggles! don't you remember me?' he said, and shook her by the hand.

'Lor, if it ain't Davison Major!' she said. 'Well, Davison Major, you owe me fourpence for two sausage-rolls from when you went away.'

Davison laughed, and all the little crew of boys set up a similar chorus.

'I buy the whole shop,' he said. 'Now, young 'uns—eat away!'

Then there was such a 'Hurray! hurray!' as surpassed the former cheer in loudness. Everybody engaged in it except Piggy Duff, who made an instant dash at the three-cornered puffs, but was stopped by Champion, who said there should be a fair distribution. And so there was, and no one lacked, neither of raspberry, open-tarts, nor of mellifluous bulls' eyes, nor of polonics, beautiful to the sight and taste.

The hurrying brought out the old Doctor himself, who put his hand up to his spectacles and started when he saw the old pupil. Each blushed when he recognized the other; for seven years ago they had parted not good friends.

'What—Davison?' the Doctor said, with a tremulous voice. 'God bless you, my dear fellow;—and they shook hands. 'A half-holiday, of course, boys,' he added, and there was another hurray: there was to be no end to the cheering that day.

'How's—how's the family, sir?' Captain Davison asked.

'Come in and see. Rosa's grown quite a lady. Dine with us, of course. Champion Major, come to dinner at five. Mr. Titmarsh, the pleasure of your company?' The Doctor swung open the garden gate: the old master and pupil entered the house reconciled.

I thought I would first peep into Miss Raby's room, and tell her of this event. She was working away at her linen there, as usual quiet and cheerful.

'You should put up,' I said with a smile; 'the Doctor has given us a half-holiday.'

'I never have holidays,' Miss Raby replied.

Then I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of the arrival of the old pupil, the purchase of the tarts, the proclamation of the holiday, and the shouts of the boys of 'Hurray, Davison!'

'Who is it?' cried out Miss Raby, starting and turning as white as a sheet.

I told her it was Captain Davison from India, and described the appearance and behaviour of the Captain. When I had finished speaking, she asked me to go and get her a glass of water; she felt unwell. But she was gone when I came back with the water.



WANTED, A GOVERNESS

I know all now. After sitting for a quarter of an hour with the Doctor, who attributed his guest's uneasiness no doubt to his desire to see Miss Rosa Birch, Davison started up and said he wanted to see Miss Raby. 'You remember, sir, how kind she was to my little brother, sir,' he said. Whereupon the Doctor, with a look of surprise that anybody should want to see Miss Raby, said she was in the little schoolroom, whither the Captain went, knowing the way from old times.

A few minutes afterwards, Miss B. and Miss Z. returned from a drive with Plantagenet Gaunt in their one-horse fly, and being informed of Davison's arrival, and that he was closeted with Miss Raby in the little schoolroom, of course made for that apartment at once. I was coming into it from the other door. I wanted to know whether she had drunk the water.

This is what both parties saw. The two were in this very attitude. 'Well, upon my word!' cries out Miss Zoe; but Davison did not let go his hold; and Miss Raby's head only sank down on his hand.

'You must get another governess, sir, for the little boys,' Frank Davison said to the Doctor. 'Anny Raby has promised to come with me.'

You may suppose I shut-to the door on my side. And when I returned to the little schoolroom, it was black and empty. Everybody was gone. I could hear the boys shouting at play in the green outside. The glass of water was on the table where I had placed it. I took it and drank it myself, to the health of Anny Raby and her husband. It was rather a choker.

But of course I wasn't going to stop on at Birch's. When his young friends reassemble on the 1st of February next, they will have two new masters. Prince resigned too, and is at present living with me at my old lodgings at Mrs. Cammysole's. If any nobleman or gentleman wants a private tutor for his son, a note to the Rev. F. Prince will find him there.

Miss Clapperclaw says we are both a couple of old fools; and that she knew when I set off last year to Rodwell Regis, after meeting the two young ladies at a party at General Champion's house in our street, that I was going on a goose's errand. I shall dine there on Christmas Day; and so I wish a merry Christmas to all young and old boys.

EPILOGUE

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell :
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task ;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;
Good night ! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away !

Good-night ! I'd say : the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men ;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say, how fate may change and shift ;
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?
 Blessed be He Who took and gave :
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave ? ¹
 We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit :
 Who brought him to that mirth and state ?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 A longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen : whatever Fate be sent,—
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter-snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.

¹ C. B., ob., Dec. 1843, aet. 42.

Who misses, or who wins the prize ?
Go, lose or conquer as you can :
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman,

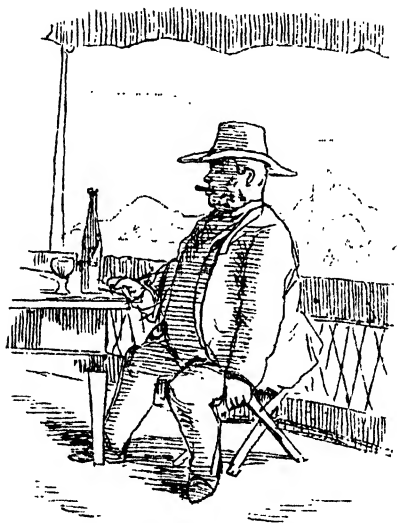
A gentleman, or old or young
(Bear kindly with my humble lays) :
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days.
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then :
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

**THE KICKLEBURYS
ON THE RHINE**

[1850; Second Edition with a preface, being An Essay on
Thunder and Small Beer, 1851]

THE KICKLEBURYS
ON THE RHINE.



BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65, CORNHILL

MDCCCL.

[Facsimile title-page of first edition]

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

BEING

AN ESSAY ON THUNDER AND SMALL BEER

ANY reader who may have a fancy to purchase a copy of this present second edition of the *History of the Kickleburys Abroad*, had best be warned in time that the *Times* newspaper does not approve of the work, and has but a bad opinion both of the author and his readers. Nothing can be fairer than this statement: if you happen to take up the poor little volume at a railroad station, and read this sentence, lay the book down, and buy something else. You are warned. What more can the author say? If after this you *will* buy,—amen! pay your money, take your book, and fall to. Between ourselves, honest reader, it is no very strong potation which the present purveyor offers to you. It will not trouble your head much in the drinking. It was intended for that sort of negus which is offered at Christmas parties; and of which ladies and children may partake with refreshment and cheerfulness. Last year I tried a brew which was old, bitter, and strong; and scarce any one would drink it. This year we send round a milder tap, and it is liked by customers: though the critics (who like strong ale, the rogues!) turn up their noses. In Heaven's name, Mr. Smith, serve round the liquor to the gentlefolks. Pray, dear Madam, another glass; it is Christmas-time: it will do you no harm. It is not intended to keep long, this sort of drink. (Come, froth up, Mr. Publisher, and pass quickly round!) And as for the professional gentlemen, we must get a stronger sort for *them* some day.

The *Times* gentleman (a very difficult gent to please) is the loudest and noisiest of all, and has made more hideous faces over the refreshment offered to him than any other critic. There is no use shirking this statement: when a man has been abused in the *Times*, he can't hide it, any more than he could hide the knowledge of his having been committed to prison by Mr. Henry, or publicly caned in Pall

Mall. You see it in your friends' eyes when they meet you. They know it. They have chuckled over it to a man. They whisper about it at the club, and look over the paper at you. My next-door neighbour came to see me this morning, and I saw by his face that he had the whole story pat. 'Hem!' says he, 'well, I *have* heard of it; and the fact is, they were talking about you at dinner last night, and mentioning that the *Times* had—ahem!—"walked into you."

My good M—— (I say, and M—— will corroborate, if need be, the statement I make here), here is the *Times* article, dated January 4th, which states so-and-so, and here is a letter from the publisher, likewise dated January 4th, and which says :—

'My dear Sir,—Having this day sold the last copy of the first edition (of *x* thousand) of the 'Kickleburys Abroad', and having orders for more, had we not better proceed to a second edition? and will you permit me to enclose an order on,' &c. &c. ?

Singular coincidence! And if every author who was so abused by a critic had a similar note from a publisher, good Lord! how easily would we take the critic's censure!

'Yes, yes,' you say; 'it is all very well for a writer to affect to be indifferent to a critique from the *Times*. You bear it as a boy bears a flogging at school, without crying out; but don't swagger and brag as if you liked it.'

Let us have truth before all. I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person: but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal. If I can show that the Judge who is delivering sentence against me, and laying down the law and making a pretence of learning, has no learning and no law, and is neither more nor less than a pompous noodle, who ought not to be heard in any respectable court, I will do so; and, then, dear friends, perhaps you will have something to laugh at in this book.

THE KICKLEBUEYS ABROAD.

'It has been customary, of late years, for the purveyors of amusing literature—the popular authors of the day—to put forth certain opuscles, denominated 'Christmas Books', with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year. We have said that their ostensible

intention was such, because there is another motive for these productions, locked up (as the popular author deems) in his own breast, but which betrays itself, in the quality of the work, as his principal incentive. Oh, that any muse should be set upon a high stool to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit, and place himself in a position the more effectually to encounter those liabilities which sternly assert themselves contemporaneously and in contrast with the careless and freehanded tendencies of the season by the emission of Christmas books—a kind of literary *assignats*, representing to the emitter expunged debts, to the receiver an investment of enigmatical value. For the most part bearing the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer rather than in the fullness of his genius, they suggest by their feeble flavour the rinsings of a void brain after the more important concoctions of the expired year. Indeed, we should as little think of taking these compositions as examples of the merits of their authors as we should think of measuring the valuable services of Mr. Walker, the postman, or Mr. Bell, the dust-collector, by the copy of verses they leave at our doors as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity—effusions with which they may fairly be classed for their intrinsic worth no less than their ultimate purport.

‘In the Christmas book presently under notice, the author appears (under the thin disguise of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh) in “*propria persona*” as the popular author, the contributor to *Punch*, the remorseless pursuer of unconscious vulgarity and feeble-mindedness, launched upon a tour of relaxation to the Rhine. But though exercising, as is the wont of popular authors in their moments of leisure, a plentiful reserve of those higher qualities to which they are indebted for their fame, his professional instincts are not altogether in abeyance. From the moment his eye lights upon a luckless family group embarked on the same steamer with himself, the sight of his accustomed quarry—vulgarity, imbecility, and affectation—reanimates his relaxed sinews, and, playfully fastening his satiric fangs upon the familiar prey, he dallies with it in mimic ferocity like a satiated mouser.

‘Though faintly and carelessly indicated, the characters are those with which the author loves to surround himself. A tuft-hunting county baronet's widow, an inane captain of dragoons, a graceless young baronet, a lady with groundless pretensions to feeble health and poesy, an obsequious nonentity, her husband, and a flimsy and artificial young lady, are the personages in whom we are expected to find amusement. Two individuals alone form an exception to the above category, and are offered to the respectful admiration of the reader,—the one, a shadowy serjeant-at-law, Mr. Titmarsh's travelling companion, who escapes with a few side puffs of flattery, which the author struggles not to render ironical, and a mysterious countess, spoken of in a tone of religious reverence, and apparently introduced

that we may learn by what delicate discriminations our adoration of rank should be regulated.

'To those who love to hug themselves in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of their species, in their most worthless aspects, the *Kickleburys on the Rhine* will afford an agreeable treat, especially as the purveyor of the feast offers his own moments of human weakness as a modest *entrée* in this banquet of erring mortality. To our own, perhaps unphilosophical, taste the aspirations towards sentimental perfection of another popular author are infinitely preferable to *these sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster*. Much, in the present instance, perhaps all, the disagreeable effect of his subject is no doubt attributable to the absence of Mr. Thackeray's usual brilliancy of style. A few flashes, however, occur, such as the description of M. Lenoir's gaming establishment, with the momentous crisis to which it was subjected, and the quaint and imaginative sallies evoked by the whole town of Rougetnoirbourg and its lawful prince. These, with the illustrations, which are spirited enough, redeem the book from an absolute ban. Mr. Thackeray's pencil is more congenial than his pen. He cannot draw his men and women with their skins off, and, therefore, the effigies of his characters are pleasanter to contemplate than the flayed anatomies of the letter-press.'

There is the whole article. And the reader will see (in the paragraph preceding that memorable one which winds up with the diseased oyster) that he must be a worthless creature for daring to like the book, as he could only do so from a desire to hug himself in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of his fellow-creatures !

The reader is worthless for liking a book of which all the characters are worthless except two which are offered to his respectful admiration ; and of these two the author does not respect one, but struggles not to laugh in his face ; whilst he apparently speaks of another in a tone of religious reverence, because the lady is a countess, and because he (the author) is a sneak. So reader, author, characters, are rogues all. Be there any honest men left, Hal ? About Printing-house Square, mayhap you may light on an honest man, a squeamish man, a proper moral man, a man that shall talk you Latin by the half-column if you will but hear him.

And what a style it is, that great man's ! What hoighth of foine language entoirely ! How he can discoorse you in English for all the world as if it was Latin ! For instance,

suppose you and I had to announce the important news that some writers published what are called Christmas books; that Christmas books are so called because they are published at Christmas: and that the purpose of the authors is to try and amuse people. Suppose, I say, we had, by the sheer force of intellect, or by other means of observation or information, discovered these great truths, we should have announced them in so many words. And there it is that the difference lies between a great writer and a poor one; and we may see how an inferior man may fling a chance away. How does my friend of the *Times* put these propositions? 'It has been customary,' says he, 'of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opuscles, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year.' That is something like a sentence; not a word scarcely but's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy—as you see a buck from Holywell Street put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and cut a dash in the Park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact 'an opuscle denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year.' I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

And besides the ostensible intention, the reader will perceive that my judge has discovered another latent motive, which I had 'locked up in my own breast.' The sly rogue! (if we may so speak of the court.) There is no keeping anything from him; and this truth, like the rest, has come out, and is all over England by this time. Oh, that all England, which has bought the judge's charge, would

purchase the prisoner's plea in mitigation ! ' Oh, that any muse should be set on a high stool,' says the bench, ' to cast up accounts and balance a ledger ! Yet so it is ; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit by the emission of Christmas books—a kind of *assignats* that bear the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer.' There is a trope for you ! You rascal, you wrote because you wanted money ! His lordship has found out what you were at, and that there is a deficit in your till. But he goes on to say that we poor devils are to be pitied in our necessity ; and that these compositions are no more to be taken as examples of our merits than the verses which the dustman leaves at his lordship's door, ' as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity,' are to be considered as measuring his, the scavenger's, valuable services—nevertheless the author's and the scavenger's ' effusions may fairly be classed, for their intrinsic worth, no less than their ultimate purport.'

Heaven bless his lordship on the bench—What a gentleman-like badinage he has, and what a charming and playful wit always at hand ! What a sense he has for a simile, or what Mrs. Malaprop calls an odorous comparison, and how gracefully he conducts it to ' its ultimate purport.' A gentleman writing a poor little book is a scavenger asking for a Christmas-box !

As I try this small beer which has called down such a deal of thunder, I can't help thinking that it is not Jove who has interfered (the case was scarce worthy of his divine vindictiveness) ; but the Thunderer's man, Jupiter Jeames, taking his master's place, adopting his manner, and trying to dazzle and roar like his awful employer. That figure of the dustman has hardly been flung from heaven : that ' ultimate purport ' is a subject which the Immortal would hardly handle. Well, well ; let us allow that the book is not worthy of such a polite critic—that the beer is not strong enough for a gentleman who has taste and experience in beer.

That opinion no man can ask his honour to alter ; but (the beer being the question) why make unpleasant allusions to the *Gazette*, and hint at the probable bankruptcy of the brewer ? Why twit me with my poverty ; and what can the *Times* critic know about the vacuity of my exchequer ?

Did he ever lend me any money? Does he not himself write for money? (and who would grudge it to such a polite and generous and learned author?) If he finds no disgrace in being paid, why should I? If he has ever been poor, why should he joke at my empty exchequer? Of course such a genius is paid for his work: with such neat logic, such a pure style, such a charming poetical turn of phrase, of course a critic gets money. Why, a man who can say of a Christmas book that 'it is an opusculè denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the exodus of the old year,' must evidently have had immense sums and care expended on his early education, and deserves a splendid return. You can't go into the market, and get scholarship like *that*, without paying for it: even the flogging that such a writer must have had in early youth (if he was at a public school where the rods were paid for) must have cost his parents a good sum. Where would you find any but an accomplished classical scholar to compare the books of the present (or indeed any other) writer to 'sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster'? mere Billingsgate doesn't turn out oysters like these; they are of the Lucrine lake;—this satirist has pickled his rods in Latin brine. Fancy, not merely a diver, but a sardonic diver: and the expression of his confounded countenance on discovering not only a pearl, but an eclipsed pearl, which was in a diseased oyster! I say it is only by an uncommon and happy combination of taste, genius, and industry that a man can arrive at uttering such sentiments in such fine language,—that such a man ought to be well paid, as I have no doubt he is, and that he is worthily employed to write literary articles, in large type, in the leading Journal of Europe. Don't we want men of eminence and polite learning to sit on the literary bench, and to direct the public opinion?

But when this profound scholar compares me to a scavenger who leaves a copy of verses at his door and begs for a Christmas-box, I must again cry out, and say, 'My dear sir, it is true your simile is offensive, but can you make it out? Are you not hasty in your figures and allusions?' If I might give a hint to so consummate a rhetorician, you should be more careful in making your figures figures, and your similes like: for instance, when you talk of a book

'swelling the tide of exhilaration incident to the inauguration of the new year,' or of a book 'bearing the stamp of its origin in vacuity,' &c.,—or of a man diving sardonically; or of a pearl eclipsed in the display of a diseased oyster—there are some people who will not apprehend your meaning: some will doubt whether you had a meaning: some even will question your great powers, and say, 'Is this man to be a critic in a newspaper, which knows what English and Latin too, and what sense and scholarship, are?' I don't quarrel with you—I take for granted your wit and learning, your modesty and benevolence—but why scavenger—Jupiter Jeames—why scavenger? A gentleman, whose biography the *Examiner* was fond of quoting before it took its present serious and orthodox turn, was pursued by an outraged wife to the very last stage of his existence with an appeal almost as pathetic—Ah, sir, why scavenger?

How can I be like a dustman that rings for a Christmas-box at your hall-door? I never was there in my life. I never left at your door a copy of verses provocative of an annual gratuity, as your noble honour styles it. Who are you? If you are the man I take you to be, it must have been you who asked the publisher for my book, and not I who sent it in, and begged a gratuity of your worship. You abused me out of the *Times*' window; but if ever your noble honour sent me a gratuity out of your own door, may I never drive another dust-cart. 'Provocative of a gratuity!' O splendid swell! How much was it your worship sent out to me by the footman? Every farthing you have paid I will restore to your lordship, and I swear I shall not be a halfpenny the poorer.

As before, and on similar seasons and occasions, I have compared myself to a person following a not dissimilar calling, let me suppose now, for a minute, that I am a writer of a Christmas farce, who sits in the pit, and sees the performance of his own piece. There comes applause, hissing, yawning, laughter, as may be; but the loudest critic of all is our friend the cheap buck, who sits yonder and makes his remarks, so that all the audience may hear. '*This a farce!*' says Beau Tibbs; 'demmy! it's the work of a poor devil who writes for money,—confound his vulgarity! *This a farce!* Why isn't it a tragedy, or a comedy, or an epic poem, stap my vitals? *This is a farce, indeed!* It's a feller as sends round his 'at, and appeals to charity.

Let's 'ave our money back again, I say.' And he swaggers off ;—and you find the fellow came with an author's order.

But if, in spite of Tibbs, our ' kyind friends,' &c., &c., &c.,—if the little farce, which was meant to amuse Christmas (or what my classical friend calls Exodus), is asked for, even up to Twelfth Night,—shall the publishers stop because Tibbs is dissatisfied ? Whenever that capitalist calls to get his money back, he may see the letter from the respected publisher, informing the author that all the copies are sold, and that there are demands for a new edition. Up with the curtain, then ! Vivat Regina ! and no money returned except the *Times*' ' gratuity ' !

M. A. TITMARSH.

January 5 [1851]

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE

THE cabman, when he brought us to the wharf, and made his usual charge of six times his legal fare, before the settlement of which he pretended to refuse the privilege of an *exeat regno* to our luggage, glared like a disappointed fiend when Lankin, calling up the faithful Hutchison, his clerk, who was in attendance, said to him, 'Hutchison, you will pay this man. My name is Serjeant Lankin, my chambers are in Pump Court. My clerk will settle with you, sir.' The cabman trembled; we stepped on board; our lightsome luggage was speedily whisked away by the crew; our berths had been secured by the previous agency of Hutchison; and a couple of tickets, on which were written, 'Mr. Serjeant Lankin,' 'Mr. Titmarsh' (Lankin's, by the way, incomparably the best and comfortablest sleeping-place), were pinned on to two of the curtains of the beds in a side cabin when we descended.

Who was on board? There were Jews, with Sunday papers and fruit; there were couriers, and servants struggling about; there were those bearded foreign visitors of England, who always seem to decline to shave or wash themselves on the day of a voyage, and, on the eve of quitting our country, appear inclined to carry away as much as possible of its soil on their hands and linen: there were parties already cozily established on deck under the awning; and steady-going travellers for'ard, smoking already the pleasant morning cigar, and watching the phenomena of departure.

The bell rings: they leave off bawling, 'Anybody else for the shore?' The last grape and *Bell's Life* merchant has scuffled over the plank: the Johns of the departing nobility and gentry line the brink of the quay, and touch their hats: Hutchison touches his hat to me—to *me*, heaven bless him! I turn round inexpressibly affected and delighted, and whom do I see but Captain Hicks!

‘Hallo! *you* here,’ says Hicks, in a tone which seems to mean, ‘Confound you, you are everywhere.’

Hicks is one of those young men who seem to be everywhere a great deal too often.

How are they always getting leave from their regiments? If they are not wanted in this country (as wanted they cannot be, for you see them sprawling over the railing in Rotten Row all day, and shaking their heels at every ball in town)—if they are not wanted in this country, I say, why the deuce are they not sent off to India, or to Demerara, or to Sierra Leone, by Jove?—the farther the better; and I should wish a good unwholesome climate to try ’em, and make ’em hardy. Here is this Hicks, then—Captain Launcelot Hicks, if you please, whose life is nothing but breakfast, smoking, riding-school, billiards, mess, polking, billiards, and smoking again, and *da capo*, pulling down his moustaches, and going to take a tour after the immense labours of the season.

‘How do you do, Captain Hicks?’ I say. ‘Where are you going?’

‘Oh, I am going to the Whine,’ says Hicks; ‘everybody goes to the Whine.’ The *Whine*, indeed! I dare say he can no more spell properly than he can speak.

‘Who is on board—anybody?’ I ask, with the air of a man of fashion. ‘To whom does that immense pile of luggage belong—under charge of the lady’s-maid, the courier, and the British footman? A large white K is painted on all the boxes.’

‘How the deuce should I know?’ says Hicks, looking, as I fancy, both red and angry, and strutting off with his great cavalry lurch and swagger; whilst my friend the serjeant looks at him lost in admiration, and surveys his shining little boots, his chains and breloques, his whiskers and ambrosial moustaches, his gloves, and other dandifications with a pleased wonder—as the ladies of the Sultan’s harem surveyed the great Lady from Park Lane who paid them a visit; or the simple subjects of Montezuma looked at one of Cortez’s heavy dragoons.

‘That must be a marquis at least,’ whispers Lankin, who consults me on points of society, and is pleased to have a great opinion of my experience.

I burst out in a scornful laugh. ‘*That!*’ I say; ‘he is a captain of dragoons, and his father is an attorney in Bedford Row. The whiskers of a roturier, my good Lankin,

grow as long as the beard of a Plantagenet. It don't require much noble blood to learn the polka. If you were younger, Lankin, we might go for a shilling a night, and dance every evening at M. Laurent's Casino, and skip about in a little time as well as that fellow. Only we despise the kind of thing, you know—only we're too grave, and too steady.'

'And too fat,' whispers Lankin, with a laugh.

'Speak for yourself, you maypole,' says I. 'If you can't dance yourself, people can dance round you—put a wreath of flowers upon your old poll, stick you up in a village green, and so make use of you.'

'I should gladly be turned into anything so pleasant,' Lankin answers; 'and so, at least, get a chance of seeing a pretty girl now and then. They don't show in Pump Court, or at the University Club, where I dine. You are a lucky fellow, Titmarsh, and go about in the world. As for me, *I never—*'

'And the judges' wives, you rogue?' I say. 'Well, no man is satisfied; and the only reason I have to be angry with the captain yonder is that, the other night, at Mrs. Perkins's, being in conversation with a charming young creature, who knows all my favourite passages in Tennyson, and takes a most delightful little line of opposition in the Church controversy, just as we were in the very closest, dearest, pleasantest part of the talk, comes up young Hotspur yonder, and whisks her away in a polka. What have you and I to do with polkas, Lankin? He took her down to supper—what have you and I to do with suppers?'

'Our duty is to leave them alone,' said the philosophical serjeant. 'And now about breakfast—shall we have some?' And as he spoke, a savoury little procession of stewards and stewards' boys, with drab tin dish-covers, passed from the caboose, and descended the stairs to the cabin. The vessel had passed Greenwich by this time, and had worked its way out of the mast-forest which guards the approaches of our city.

The owners of those innumerable boxes, bags, oilskins, guitar-cases, whereon the letter K was engraven, appeared to be three ladies, with a slim gentleman of two- or three-and-thirty, who was probably the husband of one of them. He had numberless shawls under his arm and guardianship.

He had a strap full of Murray's Handbooks and Continental Guides in his keeping ; and a little collection of parasols and umbrellas, bound together, and to be carried in state before the chief of the party, like the lictor's fasces before the consul.

The chief of the party was evidently the stout lady. One parasol being left free, she waved it about, and commanded the luggage and the menials to and fro. 'Horace, we will sit there,' she exclaimed, pointing to a comfortable place on the deck. Horace went and placed the shawls and the Guide-books. 'Hirsch, avy-vou conty les bagages ? trontsett morso ong too ?' The German courier said, 'Oui, miladi,' and bowed a rather sulky assent. 'Bowman, you will see that Finch is comfortable, and send her to me.' The gigantic Bowman, a gentleman in an undress uniform, with very large and splendid armorial buttons, and with traces of the powder of the season still lingering in his hair, bows, and speeds upon my lady's errand.

I recognize Hirsch, a well-known face upon the European high-road, where he has travelled with many acquaintances. With whom is he making the tour now ?—Mr. Hirsch is acting as courier to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken. They have not been married many months, and they are travelling, Hirsch says, with a contraction of his bushy eyebrows, with miladi, Mrs. Milliken's mamma. 'And who is her ladyship?' Hirsch's brow contracts into deeper furrows. 'It is Miladi Gigglesbury,' he says, 'Mr. Didmarsh. Berhabs you know her.' He scowls round at her, as she calls out loudly, 'Hirsch, Hirsch,' and obeys that summons.

It is the great Lady Kicklebury of Pocklington Square, about whom I remember Mrs. Perkins made so much ado at her last ball ; and whom old Perkins conducted to supper. When Sir Thomas Kicklebury died (he was one of the first tenants of the square), who does not remember the scutcheon with the coronet with two balls, that flamed over No. 36 ? Her son was at Eton then, and has subsequently taken an honorary degree at Oxford, and been an ornament of Platt's and the Oswestry Club. He fled into St. James's from the great house in Pocklington Square, and from St. James's to Italy and the Mediterranean, where he has been for some time in a wholesome exile. Her eldest daughter's marriage with Lord Roughhead was talked about last year ; but

Lord Roughhead, it is known, married Miss Brent ; and Horace Milliken, very much to his surprise, found himself the affianced husband of Miss Lavinia Kicklebury, after an agitating evening at Lady Polkimore's, when Miss Lavinia feeling herself faint went out on to the leads (the terrace, Lady Polkimore *will* call it), on the arm of Mr. Milliken. They were married in January—it's not a bad match for Miss K. Lady Kicklebury goes and stops for six months of the year at Pigeoncot with her daughter and son-in-law ; and now that they are come abroad, she comes too. She must be with Lavinia, under the present circumstances.

When I am arm-in-arm, I tell this story glibly off to Lankin, who is astonished at my knowledge of the world, and says, ' Why, Titmarsh, you know everything.'

' I *do* know a few things, Lankin, my boy,' is my answer. ' A man don't live in society, and *pretty good* society, let me tell you, for nothing.'

The fact is, that all the above details are known to almost any man in our neighbourhood. Lady Kicklebury does not meet with *us* much, and has greater folks than we can pretend to be at her parties. But we know about *them*. She'll condescend to come to Perkins's, *with whose firm she banks* ; and she *may* overdraw *her account* ; but of that, of course, I know nothing.

When Lankin and I go downstairs to breakfast, we find, if not the best, at least the most conspicuous places in occupation of Lady Kicklebury's party, and the hulking London footman making a darkness in the cabin, as he stoops through it bearing cups and plates to his employers.

[Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers ? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots ? Why is the milk scarce and thin ? And why do they have those bleeding legs of boiled mutton for dinner ? I ask why ? In the steamers of other nations you are well fed. Is it impossible that Britannia, who confessedly rules the waves, should attend to the victuals a little, and that meat should be well cooked under a Union Jack ? I just put in this question, this most interesting question, in a momentous parenthesis, and resume the tale.]

When Lankin and I descend to the cabin, then, the tables are full of gobbling people ; and, though there *do*

seem to be a couple of places near Lady Kicklebury, immediately she sees our eyes directed to the inviting gap, she slides out, and with her ample robe covers even more than that large space to which by art and nature she is entitled, and calling out, 'Horace, Horace,' and nodding, and winking, and pointing, she causes her son-in-law to extend the wing on his side. We are cut off *that* chance of a breakfast. We shall have the tea at its third water, and those two damp black mutton-chops, which nobody else will take, will fall to our cold share.

At this minute a voice, clear and sweet, from a tall lady in a black veil, says, 'Mr. Titmarsh,' and I start and murmur an ejaculation of respectful surprise, as I recognize no less a person than the Right Honourable the Countess of Knightsbridge, taking her tea, breaking up little bits of toast with her slim fingers, and sitting between a Belgian horse-dealer and a German violoncello-player, who has a *congé* after the opera—like any other mortal.

I whisper her ladyship's name to Lankin. The serjeant looks towards her with curiosity and awe. Even he, in his Pump Court solitudes, has heard of that star of fashion—that admired amongst men, and even women—that Diana severe yet simple, the accomplished Aurelia of Knightsbridge. Her husband has but a small share of *her* qualities. How should he? The turf and the fox-chase are his delights—the smoking-room at the Travellers'—nay, shall we say it?—the illuminated arcades of Vauxhall, and the gambols of the dishevelled Terpsichorè. Knightsbridge has his faults—ah! even the peerage of England is not exempt from them. With Diana for his wife, he flies the halls where she sits severe and serene, and is to be found (shrouded in smoke 'tis true), in those caves where the contrite chimney-sweep sings his terrible death-chant, or the Bacchanalian judge administers a satiric law. Lord Knightsbridge has his faults, then; but he has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg, near the Rhine, and thither his wife is hastening to minister to him.

'I have done,' says Lady Knightsbridge, with a gentle bow, as she rises; 'you may have this place, Mr. Titmarsh; and I am sorry my breakfast is over: I should have prolonged it had I thought that *you* were coming to sit by me. Thank you—my glove;' (such an absurd little glove, by the way) 'we shall meet on the deck when you have done.'

And she moves away with an august curtsy. I can't tell how it is, or what it is, in that lady ; but she says, ' How do you do ? ' as nobody else knows how to say it. In all her actions, motions, thoughts, I would wager there is the same calm grace and harmony. She is not very handsome, being very thin, and rather sad-looking. She is not very witty, being only up to the conversation, whatever it may be ; and yet, if she were in black serge, I think one could not help seeing that she was a Princess, and Serene Highness ; and if she were a hundred years old, she could not be but beautiful. I saw her performing her devotions in Antwerp Cathedral, and forgot to look at anything else there ;—so calm and pure, such a sainted figure hers seemed.

When this great lady did the present writer the honour to shake his hand (I had the honour to teach writing, and the rudiments of Latin to the young and intelligent Lord Viscount Pimlico), there seemed to be a commotion in the Kicklebury party—heads were nodded together, and turned towards Lady Knightsbridge ; in whose honour, when Lady Kicklebury had sufficiently reconnoitred her with her eyeglass, the baronet's lady rose and swept a reverential curtsy, backing until she fell up against the cushions at the stern of the boat. Lady Knightsbridge did not see this salute, for she did not acknowledge it, but walked away slimly (she seems to glide in and out of a room), and disappeared up the stair to the deck.

Lankin and I took our places, the horse-dealer making room for us ; and I could not help looking, with a little air of triumph, over to the Kicklebury faction, as much as to say, ' You fine folks, with your large footmen and supercilious airs, see what *we* can do.'

As I looked—smiling, and nodding, and laughing at me, in a knowing, pretty way, and then leaning to mamma as if in explanation, what face should I see but that of the young lady at Mrs. Perkins's with whom I had had that pleasant conversation which had been interrupted by the demand of Captain Hicks for a dance ? So, then, that was Miss Kicklebury, about whom Miss Perkins, my young friend, has so often spoken to me (the young ladies were in conversation when I had the happiness of joining them ; and Miss P. went away presently, to look to her guests)—that is Miss Fanny Kicklebury.

A sudden pang shot athwart my bosom—Lankin might have perceived it, but the honest serjeant was so awe-stricken by his late interview with the Countess of Knightsbridge, that his mind was unfit to grapple with other subjects—a pang of feeling (which I concealed under the grin and graceful bow wherewith Miss Fanny's salutations were acknowledged) tore my heart-strings—as I thought of—I need not say—of HICKS.

He had danced with her, he had supped with her—he was here, on board the boat. Where was that dragoon? I looked round for him. In quite a far corner,—but so that he could command the Kicklebury party, I thought—he was eating his breakfast, the great healthy oaf, and consuming one broiled egg after another.

In the course of the afternoon, all parties, as it may be supposed, emerged upon deck again, and Miss Fanny and her mamma began walking the quarter-deck with a quick pace, like a couple of post-captains. When Miss Fanny saw me, she stopped and smiled, and recognized the gentleman who had amused her so at Mrs. Perkins's. What a dear sweet creature Eliza Perkins was! They had been at school together. She was going to write to Eliza everything that happened on the voyage.

'*Everything?*' I said, in my particularly sarcastic manner.

'Well, everything that was worth telling. There was a great number of things that were very stupid, and of people that were very stupid. Everything that *you* say, Mr. Titmarsh, I am sure I may put down. You have seen Mr. Titmarsh's funny books, mamma?'

Mamma said she had heard—she had no doubt they were very amusing. 'Was not that—ahem—Lady Knightsbridge, to whom I saw you speaking, sir?'

'Yes; she is going to nurse Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg.'

'Indeed! how very fortunate! what an extraordinary coincidence! We are going too,' said Lady Kicklebury.

I remarked, 'that everybody was going to Rougetnoirbourg this year; and I heard of two gentlemen—Count Carambole and Colonel Cannon—who had been obliged to sleep there on a billiard-table for want of a bed!'

'My son Kicklebury—are you acquainted with Sir Thomas Kicklebury?' her ladyship said, with great state-

liness—‘ is at Noirbourg, and will take lodgings for us. The springs are particularly recommended for my daughter, Mrs. Milliken ; and, at great personal sacrifice, I am going thither myself : but what will not a mother do, Mr. Titmarsh ? Did I understand you to say that you have the—the entrée at Knightsbridge House ? The parties are not what they used to be, I am told. Not that *I* have any knowledge. *I* am but a poor country baronet’s widow, Mr. Titmarsh ; though the Kickleburys date from Henry III, and *my* family is not of the most modern in the country. You have heard of General Guff, my father, perhaps ? Aide de camp to the Duke of York, and wounded by His Royal Highness’s side, at the bombardment of Valenciennes. *We move in our own sphere.*’

‘ Mrs. Perkins is a very kind creature,’ I said, ‘ and it was a very pleasant ball. Did you not think so, Miss Kicklebury ? ’

‘ I thought it odious,’ said Miss Fanny. ‘ I mean, it *was* pleasant until that—that stupid man—what was his name ? came and took me away to dance with him.’

‘ What, don’t you care for a red coat and moustaches ? ’ I asked.

‘ I adore genius, Mr. Titmarsh,’ said the young lady, with a most killing look of her beautiful blue eyes, ‘ and I have every one of your works by heart—all, except the last, which I can’t endure. I think it’s wicked, positively wicked—My darling Scott !—How can you ? And are you going to make a Christmas book this year ? ’

‘ Shall I tell you about it ? ’

‘ Oh, do tell us about it,’ said the lively, charming creature, clapping her hands : and we began to talk, being near Lavinia (Mrs. Milliken) and her husband, who was ceaselessly occupied in fetching and carrying books, biscuits, pillows, and cloaks, scent-bottles, the Italian greyhound, and the thousand and one necessities of the pale and interesting bride. Oh, how she did fidget ! how she did grumble ! how she altered and twisted her position ! and how she did make poor Milliken trot !

After Miss Fanny and I had talked, and I had told her my plan, which she pronounced to be delightful, she continued : ‘ I never was so provoked in my life, Mr. Titmarsh, as when that odious man came and interrupted that dear delightful conversation.’

‘ On your word ? The odious man is on board the boat : I see him smoking just by the funnel yonder, look ! and looking at us.’

‘ He is very stupid,’ said Fanny ; ‘ and all that I adore is intellect, dear Mr. Titmarsh.’

‘ But why is he on board ? ’ said I, with a *fin sourire*.

‘ Why is he on board ? Why is everybody on board ? How do we meet ? (and, oh, how glad I am to meet you again !) You don’t suppose that I know how the horrid man came here ? ’

‘ Eh ! he may be fascinated by a pair of blue eyes, Miss Fanny ! Others have been so,’ I said.

‘ Don’t be cruel to a poor girl, you wicked, satirical creature,’ she said. ‘ I think Captain Hicks odious—there ! and I was quite angry when I saw him on the boat. Mamma does not know him, and she was so angry with me for dancing with him that night : though there was nobody of any particular mark at poor dear Mrs. Perkins’s—that is, except *you*, Mr. Titmarsh.’

‘ And I am not a dancing man,’ I said, with a sigh.

‘ I hate dancing men ; they can do nothing but dance.’

‘ Oh yes, they can. Some of them can smoke, and some can ride, and some can even spell very well.’

‘ You wicked, satirical person. I’m quite afraid of you ! ’

‘ And some of them call the Rhine the “ Whine,” ’ I said, giving an admirable imitation of poor Hicks’s drawling manner.

Fanny looked hard at me with a peculiar expression on her face. At last she laughed. ‘ Oh, you wicked, wicked man,’ she said ; ‘ what a capital mimic you are, and so full of cleverness ! Do bring up Captain Hicks—isn’t that his name ?—and trot him out for us. Bring him up, and introduce him to mamma : do now, go ! ’

Mamma, in the meanwhile, had waited her time, and was just going to step down the cabin stairs as Lady Knightsbridge ascended from them. To draw back, to make a most profound curtsy, to exclaim, ‘ Lady Knightsbridge ! I have had the honour of seeing your ladyship at—hum—hum—hum ’ (this word I could not catch) ‘ House,’—all these feats were performed by Lady Kicklebury in one instant, and acknowledged with the usual calmness by the younger lady.



MY LADY, THE COUNTESS



MORE WIND THAN IS PLEASANT

‘And may I hope,’ continues Lady Kicklebury, ‘that that most beautiful of all children—a mother may say so—that Lord Pimlico has recovered his whooping-cough? We were so anxious about him. Our medical attendant is Mr. Topham, and he used to come from Knightsbridge House to Pocklington Square, often and often. I am interested about the whooping-cough. My own dear boy had it most severely; that dear girl, my eldest daughter, whom you see stretched on the bench—she is in a very delicate state, and only lately married—not such a match as I could have wished: but Mr. Milliken is of a good family, distantly related to your ladyship’s. A Milliken, in George the Third’s reign, married a Boltimore, and the Boltimores, I think, are your first cousins—they married this year, and Lavinia is so fond of me that she can’t part with me, and I have come abroad just to please her. We are going to Noirbourg. I think I heard from my son, that Lord Knightsbridge was at Noirbourg.’

‘I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing Sir Thomas Kicklebury at Knightsbridge House,’ Lady Knightsbridge said, with something of sadness.

‘Indeed! and Kicklebury had never told her! He laughed at her when she talked about great people. He told her all sorts of ridiculous stories when upon this theme;’ but, at any rate, the acquaintance was made—Lady Kicklebury would not leave Lady Knightsbridge; and, even in the throes of sea-sickness, and the secret recesses of the cabin, *would* talk to her about the world, Lord Pimlico, and her father, General Guff, late aide de camp to the Duke of York.

That those throes of sickness ensued, I need not say. A short time after passing Ramsgate, Serjeant Lankin, who had been exceedingly gay and satirical (in his calm way; he quotes Horace, my favourite bits as an author, to myself, and has a quiet snigger, and, so to speak, amontillado flavour, exceedingly pleasant)—Lankin, with a rueful and livid countenance, descended into his berth, in the which that six foot of serjeant packed himself, I don’t know how.

When Lady Knightsbridge went down, down went Kicklebury. Milliken and his wife stayed, and were ill together on deck. A palm of glory ought to be awarded to that man for his angelic patience, energy, and suffering.

It was he who went for Mrs. Milliken's maid, who wouldn't come to her mistress ; it was he, the shyest of men, who stormed the ladies' cabin—that maritime harem—in order to get her mother's bottle of salts ; it was he who went for the brandy and water, and begged, and prayed, and besought his adored Lavinia to taste a leetle drop. Lavinia's reply was, ' Don't—go away—don't tease, Horace,' and so forth. And, when not wanted, the gentle creature subsided on the bench, by his wife's feet, and was sick in silence.

[*Mem.*—In married life, it seems to me that it is almost always Milliken and wife, or just the contrary. The angels minister to the tyrants ; or the gentle, henpecked husband cowers before the superior partlet. If ever I marry, I know the sort of woman *I* will choose ; and I won't try her temper by over-indulgence, and destroy her fine qualities by a ruinous subserviency to her wishes.]

Little Miss Fanny stayed on deck, as well as her sister, and looked at the stars of heaven, as they began to shine there, and at the Foreland lights as we passed them. I would have talked with her ; I would have suggested images of poesy, and thoughts of beauty ; I would have whispered the word of sentiment—the delicate allusion—the breathing of the soul that longs to find a congenial heart—the sorrows and aspirations of the wounded spirit, stricken and sad, yet not *quite* despairing ; still knowing that the hope-plant lurked in its crushed ruins—still able to gaze on the stars and the ocean, and love their blazing sheen, their boundless azure. I would, I say, have taken the opportunity of that stilly night to lay bare to her the treasures of a heart that, I am happy to say, is young still : but circumstances forbade the frank outpouring of my poet soul ; in a word, I was obliged to go and lie down on the flat of my back, and endeavour to control *other* emotions which struggled in my breast.

Once, in the night watches, I arose, and came on deck ; the vessel was not, methought, pitching much ; and yet—and yet Neptune was inexorable. The placid stars looked down, but they gave me no peace. Lavinia Milliken seemed asleep, and her Horace, in a death-like torpor, was huddled at her feet. Miss Fanny had quitted the larboard side of the ship, and had gone to starboard ; and I thought that there was a gentleman beside her ; but I could not see very clearly, and returned to the horrid crib, where Lankin

was asleep, and the German fiddler underneath him was snoring like his own violoncello.

In the morning we were all as brisk as bees. We were in the smooth waters of the lazy Scheldt. The stewards began preparing breakfast with that matutinal eagerness which they always show. The sleepers in the cabin were roused from their horse hair couches by the stewards' boys nudging, and pushing, and flapping tablecloths over them. I shaved and made a neat toilet, and came upon deck just as we lay off that little Dutch fort, which is, I dare say, described in Murray's *Guide-Book*, and about which I had some rare banter with poor Hicks and Lady Kicklebury, whose sense of humour is certainly not very keen. He had, somehow, joined her ladyship's party, and they were looking at the fort, and its tricoloured flag—that floats familiar in Vandevelde's pictures—and at the lazy shipping, and the tall roofs, and dumpy church towers, and flat pastures, lying before us in a Cuyp-like haze.

I am sorry to say, I told them the most awful fibs about that fort. How it had been defended by the Dutch patriot Van Swammerdam, against the united forces of the Duke of Alva and Marshal Turenne; whose leg was shot off as he was leading the last unsuccessful assault, and who turned round to his aide de camp, and said, 'Allez dire au Premier Consul, que je meurs avec regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la France!' which gave Lady Kicklebury an opportunity to *placer* her story of the Duke of York, and the bombardment of Valenciennes; and caused young Hicks to look at me in a puzzled and appealing manner, and hint that I was 'chaffing!'

'Chaffing, indeed!' says I, with a particularly arch eyewinkle at Miss Fanny, 'I wouldn't make fun of *you*, Captain Hicks! If you doubt my historical accuracy, look at the *Biographie Universelle*, I say—look at the *Biographie Universelle*.'

He said, 'Oh—ah—the *Biogwaphie Universelle* may be all vewy well, and that; but I never can make out whether you are joking or not, somehow; and I always fancy you are going to *cawickachaw* me. Ha ha!' And he laughed, the good-natured dragoon laughed, and fancied he had made a joke.

I entreated him not to be so severe upon me; and again he said, 'Haw haw,' and told me, 'I mustn't expect to have

it all *my own way*, and, if I gave a hit, I must expect a *Punch* in return. Haw haw !' O you honest young Hicks !

Everybody, indeed, was in high spirits. The fog cleared off, the sun shone, the ladies chatted and laughed, even Mrs. Milliken was in good humour (' My wife is all intellect,' Milliken says, looking at her with admiration), and talked with us freely and gaily. She was kind enough to say that it was a great pleasure to meet with a literary and well-informed person—that one often lived with people that did not comprehend one. She asked if my companion, that tall gentleman—Mr. Serjeant Lankin, was he?—was literary. And when I said that Lankin knew more Greek, and more Latin, and more law, and more history, and more everything, than all the passengers put together, she vouchsafed to look at him with interest, and enter into a conversation with my modest friend the serjeant. Then it was that her adoring husband said, 'his Lavinia was all intellect;' and Lady Kicklebury saying that 'she was not a literary woman : that, in *her* day, few acquirements were requisite for the British female ; but that she knew *the spirit of the age*, and her *duty as a mother*, and that Lavinia and Fanny had had the best masters, and the best education which money and constant maternal solicitude could impart.' If our matrons are virtuous, as they are, and it is Britain's boast, permit me to say that they certainly know it.

The conversation growing powerfully intellectual under Mrs. Milliken, poor Hicks naturally became uneasy, and put an end to literature by admiring the ladies' head-dresses—' Cab-heads, hoods, what do you call 'em ?' he asked of Miss Kicklebury. Indeed, she and her sister wore a couple of those blue silk over-bonnets, which have lately become the fashion, and which I never should have mentioned but for the young lady's reply.

' Those hoods !' she said ; ' *we call those hoods Uglies !* Captain Hicks.'

Oh, how pretty she looked as she said it ! The blue eyes looked up under the blue hood, so archly and gaily ; ever so many dimples began playing about her face ; her little voice rang so fresh and sweet that a heart which has never loved a tree or flower but the vegetable in question was sure to perish—a heart worn down and sickened by repeated disappointment, mockery, faithlessness—a heart whereof despair is an accustomed tenant, and in whose desolate and



' WE CALL THOSE UGLIES ! CAPTAIN HICKS '

lonely depths dwells an abiding gloom, began to throb once more—began to beckon Hope from the window—began to admit sunshine—began to—Oh, Folly, Folly! Oh, Fanny! Oh, Miss K., how lovely you looked as you said, ‘we call those hoods Ugliers.’ Ugly, indeed!

This is a chronicle of feelings and characters, not of events and places, so much. All this time our vessel was making rapid way up the river, and we saw before us the slim towers of the noble cathedral of Antwerp soaring in the rosy sunshine. Lankin and I had agreed to go to the ‘Grand Laboureur,’ on the Place de Meir. They give you a particular kind of jam tarts there—called nun’s tarts, I think—that I remember, these twenty years, as the very best tarts—as good as the tarts which we ate when we were boys. The ‘Laboureur’ is a dear old quiet comfortable hotel; and there is no man in England who likes a good dinner better than Lankin.

‘What hotel do you go to?’ I asked of Lady Kicklebury.

‘We go to the “Saint-Antoine,” of course. Everybody goes to the “Saint-Antoine,” her ladyship said. ‘We propose to rest here; to do the Rubenses; and to proceed to Cologne to-morrow. Horace, call Finch and Bowman; and your courier, if he will have the condescension to wait upon *me*, will perhaps look to the baggage.’

‘I think, Lankin,’ said I, ‘as everybody seems going to the “Saint-Antoine,” we may as well go, and not spoil the party.’

‘I think I’ll go, too,’ says Hicks; as if *he* belonged to the party.

And, oh, it was a great sight when we landed, and at every place at which we paused afterwards, to see Hirsch over the Kicklebury baggage, and hear his polyglot maledictions at the porters! If a man sometimes feels sad and lonely at his bachelor condition, if *some* feelings of envy pervade his heart, at seeing beauty on another’s arm, and kind eyes directed towards a happier mug than his own—at least there are some consolations in travelling, when a fellow has but one little portmanteau or bag which he can easily shoulder, and thinks of the innumerable bags and trunks which the married man and the father drags after him. The married Briton on a tour is but a luggage overseer; his luggage is his morning thought, and his nightly terror.

When he floats along the Rhine he has one eye on a ruin, and the other on his luggage. When he is on the railroad he is always thinking, or ordered by his wife to think, 'Is the luggage safe?' It clings round him. It never leaves him (except when it *does* leave him, as a trunk or two will, and make him doubly miserable). His carpet-bags lie on his chest at night, and his wife's forgotten bandbox haunts his turbid dreams.

I think it was after she found that Lady Kicklebury proposed to go to the 'Grand Saint-Antoine,' that Lady Knightsbridge put herself with her maid into a carriage, and went to the other inn. We saw her at the cathedral, where she kept aloof from our party. Milliken went up the tower, and so did Miss Fanny. I am too old a traveller to mount up those immeasurable stairs, for the purpose of making myself dizzy by gazing upon a vast map of low countries stretched beneath me, and waited with Mrs. Milliken and her mother below.

When the tower-climbers descended, we asked Miss Fanny and her brother what they had seen.

'We saw Captain Hicks up there,' remarked Milliken. 'And I am very glad you didn't come, Lavinia, my love. The excitement would have been too much for you, quite too much.'

All this while Lady Kicklebury was looking at Fanny, and Fanny was holding her eyes down; and I knew that between her and this poor Hicks there could be nothing serious, for she had laughed at him and mimicked him to me half a dozen times in the course of the day.

We 'do the Rubenses,' as Lady Kicklebury says; we trudge from cathedral to picture-gallery, from church to church. We see the calm old city, with its towers and gables, the Bourse, and the vast town hall; and I have the honour to give Lady Kicklebury my arm during these peregrinations, and to hear a hundred particulars regarding her ladyship's life and family. How Milliken has been recently building at Pigeoncot; how he will have two thousand a year more when his uncle dies; how she had peremptorily to put a stop to the assiduities of that unprincipled young man, Lord Roughhead, whom Lavinia always detested, and who married Miss Brent out of sheer pique. It was a great escape for her darling Lavinia. Roughhead is a most wild and dissipated young man, one of Kicklebury's

Christ Church friends, of whom her son has too many, alas! and she enters into many particulars respecting the conduct of Kicklebury—the unhappy boy's smoking, his love of billiards, his fondness for the turf: she fears he has already injured his income, she fears he is even now playing at Noirbourg; she is going thither to wean him, if possible, from his companions and his gaieties—what may not a mother effect? She only wrote to him the day before they left London to announce that she was marching on him with her family. He is in many respects like his poor father—the same openness and frankness, the same easy disposition: alas! the same love of pleasure. But she had reformed the father, and will do her utmost to call back her dear misguided boy. She had an advantageous match for him in view—a lady not beautiful in person, it is true, but possessed of every good principle, and a very, very handsome fortune. It was under pretence of flying from this lady that Kicklebury left town. But she knew better.

I say young men will be young men, and sow their wild oats; and think to myself that the invasion of his mamma will be perhaps more surprising than pleasant to young Sir Thomas Kicklebury, and that she possibly talks about herself and her family, and her virtues, and her daughters a little too much: but she *will* make a confidant of me, and all the time we are doing the Rubenses she is talking of the pictures at Kicklebury, of her portrait by Lawrence, pronounced to be his finest work, of Lavinia's talent for drawing, and the expense of Fanny's music-masters; of her house in town (where she hopes to see me); of her parties which were stopped by the illness of her butler. She talks Kicklebury until I am sick. And oh, Miss Fanny, all of this I endure, like an old fool, for an occasional sight of your bright eyes and rosy face!

[Another parenthesis. 'We hope to see you in town, Mr. Titmarsh.' Foolish mockery! If all the people whom one has met abroad, and who have said, 'We hope to meet you often in town,' had but made any the slightest efforts to realize their hopes by sending a simple line of invitation through the penny post, what an enormous dinner-acquaintance one would have had! But I mistrust people who say, 'We hope to see you in town.']

Lankin comes in at the end of the day, just before dinner-

time. He has paced the whole town by himself—church, tower, and fortifications, and Rubens, and all. He is full of Egmont and Alva. He is up to all the history of the siege, when Chassée defended, and the French attacked, the place. After dinner we stroll along the quays; and, over the quiet cigar in the hotel court, Monsieur Lankin discourses about the Rubens pictures, in a way which shows that the learned serjeant has an eye for pictorial beauty, as well as other beauties in this world, and can rightly admire the vast energy, the prodigal genius, the royal splendour of the King of Antwerp. In the most modest way in the world he has remarked a student making clever sketches at the Museum, and has ordered a couple of copies from him of the famous Vandyke, and the wondrous Adoration of the Magi, ‘a greater picture,’ says he, ‘than even the cathedral picture; in which opinion those may agree who like.’ He says he thinks Miss Kicklebury is a pretty little thing; that all my swans are geese; and that as for that old woman, with her airs and graces, she is the most intolerable old nuisance in the world. There is much good judgement, but there is too much sardonic humour, about Lankin. He cannot appreciate women properly. He is spoiled by being an old bachelor, and living in that dingy old Pump Court; where, by the way, he has a cellar fit for a Pontiff. We go to rest; they have given us humble lodgings high up in the building, which we accept like philosophers who travel with but a portmanteau apiece. The Kickleburys have the grand suite, as becomes their dignity. Which, which of those twinkling lights illumines the chamber of Miss Fanny?

Hicks is sitting in the court too, smoking his cigar. He and Lankin met in the fortifications. Lankin says he is a sensible fellow, and seems to know his profession. ‘Every man can talk well about something,’ the serjeant says. ‘And one man can about everything,’ says I; at which Lankin blushes; and we take our flaring tallow candles, and go to bed. He has us up an hour before the starting time, and we have that period to admire Herr Oberkellner, who swaggers as becomes the Oberkellner of a house frequented by ambassadors; who contradicts us to our faces, and whose own countenance is ornamented with yesterday’s beard, of which, or of any part of his clothing, the graceful youth does not appear to have divested himself since last



HIRSCH AND THE LUGGAGE

we left him. We recognize, somewhat dingy and faded, the elaborate shirt-front which appeared at yesterday's banquet. Farewell, Herr Oberkellner, may we "never see your handsome countenance, washed or unwashed, shaven or unshorn, again !

Here come the ladies—' Good morning, Miss Fanny.' ' I hope you slept well, Lady Kicklebury ? ' ' A tremendous bill ? ' ' No wonder ; how can you expect otherwise when you have such a bad dinner ? ' Harken to Hirsch's comminations over the luggage ! Look at the honest Belgian soldiers, and that fat Freischütz on guard, his rifle in one hand, and the other hand in his pocket. Captain Hicks bursts into a laugh at the sight of the fat Freischütz, and says, ' By Jove, Titmarsh, you must cawickachaw him.' And we take our seats at length and at leisure, and the railway trumpets blow, and (save for a brief halt) we never stop till night, trumpeting by green flats and pastures, by broad canals and old towns, through Liège and Verviers, through Aix and Cologne, till we are landed at Bonn at nightfall.

We all have supper, or tea—we have become pretty intimate—we look at the strangers' book, as a matter of course, in the great room of the Star Hotel. Why, everybody is on the Rhine ! Here are the names of half one's acquaintance.

' I see Lord and Lady Exborough are gone on,' says Lady Kicklebury, whose eye fastens naturally on her kindred aristocracy. ' Lord and Lady Wyebridge and suite ; Lady Zedland and her family.'

' Hallo ! here's Cutler of the Onety-oneth, and MacMull of the Greens, *en route* to Noirbourg,' says Hicks confidentially. ' Know MacMull ? Devilish good fellow—such a fellow to smoke.'

Lankin, too, reads and grins. ' Why, are they going the Rhenish circuit ? ' he says, and reads :—

' Sir Thomas Minos, Lady Minos, nebst Begleitung, aus England.

' Sir John Aeacus, mit Familie und Dienerschaft, aus England.

' Sir Roger Rhadamanthus.

' Thomas Smith, serjeant.

' Serjeant Brown, and Mrs. Brown, aus England.

' Serjeant Tomkins, Anglais. Madame Tomkins, Mesdemoiselles Tomkins.

‘Monsieur Kewsy, Conseiller de S. M. la Reine d’Angleterre. Mrs. Kewsy, thrc Miss Kewsys.’

And to this list, Lankin, laughing, had put down his own name, and that of the reader’s obedient servant, under the august autograph of Lady Kicklebury, who signed for herself, her son-in-law, and her suite.

Yes, we all flock the one after the other, we faithful English folks. We can buy Harvey Sauce, and Cayenne Pepper, and Morison’s Pills in every city in the world. We carry our nation everywhere with us ; and are in our island, wherever we go. *Toto divisos orbe*—always separated from the people in the midst of whom we are.

When we came to the steamer next morning, ‘the castled crag of Drachenfels’ rose up in the sunrise before, and looked as pink as the cheeks of Master Jacky, when they have been just washed in the morning. How that rosy light, too, did become Miss Fanny’s pretty dimples, to be sure ! How good a cigar is at the early dawn ! I maintain that it has a flavour which it does not possess at later hours, and that it partakes of the freshness of all Nature. And wine, too ; wine is never so good as at breakfast—only one can’t drink it, for tipsiness’s sake.

See ! there is a young fellow drinking soda-water and brandy already. He puts down his glass with a gasp of satisfaction. It is evident that he had need of that fortifier and refresher. He puts down the beaker, and says, ‘How are you, Titmarsh ? I was so cut last night. My eyes : wasn’t I ! Not in the least : that’s all.’

It is the youthful descendant and heir of an ancient line : the noble Earl of Grimsby’s son, Viscount Talboys. He is travelling with the Rev. Baring Leader, his tutor ; who, having a great natural turn and liking towards the aristocracy, and having inspected Lady Kicklebury’s cards on her trunks, has introduced himself to her ladyship already, and has inquired after Sir Thomas Kicklebury, whom he remembers perfectly, and whom he had often the happiness of meeting when Sir Thomas was an undergraduate at Oxford. There are few characters more amiable, and delightful to watch and contemplate, than some of those middle-aged Oxford bucks who hang about the university and live with the young tufts. Leader can talk racing and boating with the fastest young Christ Church gentleman.

Leader occasionally rides to cover with Lord Talboys ; is a good shot, and seldom walks out without a setter or a spaniel at his heels. Leader knows the *Peerage* and the *Racing Calendar* as well as the Oxford cram books. Leader comes up to town, and dines with Lord Grimsby. Leader goes to Court every two years. He is the greatest swell in his common-room. He drinks claret, and can't stand port wine any longer ; and the old fellows of his college admire him, and pet him, and get all their knowledge of the world and the aristocracy from him. I admire those kind old dons, when they appear affable and jaunty, men of the world, members of the Camford and Oxbridge Club, upon the London pavement. I like to see them over the *Morning Post* in the common-room ; with a ' Ha, I see Lady Rackstraw has another daughter.'—' Poppleton, there, has been at another party at X—House, and *you* weren't asked, my boy.'—' Lord Coverdale has got a large party staying at Coverdale. Did you know him at Christ Church ? He was a very handsome man before he broke his nose, fighting the bargeman at Iffley ; a light weight, but a beautiful sparrer,' &c. Let me add, that Leader, although he does love a tuft, has a kind heart : as his mother and sisters in Yorkshire know ; as all the village knows too—which is proud of his position in the great world, and welcomes him very kindly when he comes down and takes the duty at Christmas, and preaches to them one or two of ' the very sermons which Lord Grimsby was good enough to like, when I delivered them at Talboys.'

' You are not acquainted with Lord Talboys ? ' Leader asks, with a *dégagé* air ; ' I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him. Talboys, let me introduce you to Lady Kicklebury. Sir Thomas Kicklebury was not at Christ Church in your time ; but you have heard of him, I dare say. Your son has left a reputation at Oxford.'

' I should think I have, too. He walked a hundred miles in a hundred hours. They said he bet that he'd drink a hundred pints of beer in a hundred hours : but I don't think he could do it—not strong beer ; don't think any man could. The beer here isn't worth a ——'

' My dear Talboys,' says Leader, with a winning smile, ' I suppose Lady Kicklebury is not a judge of beer—and what an unromantic subject of conversation here, under the castled crag immortalized by Byron.'

‘What the deuce does it mean about peasant girls with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer corn and wine,’ asks Talboys; ‘I’ve never seen any peasant girls, except the—ugly set of women I ever looked at.’

‘The poet’s licence. I see, Milliken, you are making a charming sketch. You used to draw when you were at Brazennose, Milliken; and play—yes, you played the violoncello.’

Mr. Milliken still possessed these accomplishments. He was taken up that very evening by a soldier at Coblenz, for making a sketch of Ehrenbreitstein. Mrs. Milliken sketches immensely too, and writes poetry: such dreary pictures, such dreary poems! but professional people are proverbially jealous; and I doubt whether our fellow passenger, the German, would even allow that Milliken could play the violoncello.

Lady Kicklebury gives Miss Fanny a nudge when Lord Talboys appears, and orders her to exert all her fascinations. How the old lady coaxes, and she wheedles! She pours out the Talboys pedigree upon him; and asks after his aunt, and his mother’s family. Is he going to Noirbourg? How delightful! There is nothing like British spirit; and to see an English matron well set upon a young man of large fortune and high rank, is a great and curious sight.

And yet, somehow, the British doggedness does not always answer. ‘Do you know that old woman in the drab jacket, Titmarsh?’ my hereditary legislator asks of me. ‘What the devil is she bothering *me* for, about my aunts, and setting her daughter at me? I ain’t such a fool as that. I ain’t clever, Titmarsh; I never said I was. I never pretend to be clever, and that—but why does that old fool bother *me*, hay? Heigho! I’m devilish thirsty. I was devilish cut last night. I think I must have another go off. Hallo you! Kellner! Garsong! Ody soda, Oter petty vare do dyvee de Conac. That’s your sort; isn’t it, Leader?’

‘You will speak French well enough, if you practise,’ says Leader, with a tender voice; ‘practice is everything. Shall we dine at the table d’hôte? Waiter! put down the name of Viscount Talboys and Mr. Leader, if you please.’

The boat is full of all sorts and conditions of men. For’ard, there are peasants and soldiers: stumpy, placid-looking little warriors, for the most part, smoking feeble cigars and looking quite harmless under their enormous



AN HEREDITARY LEGISLATOR



THE REINECKS

helmets. A poor, stunted, dull-looking boy of sixteen, staggering before a black-striped sentry-box, with an enormous musket on his shoulder, does not seem to me a martial or awe-inspiring object. Has it not been said that we carry our prejudices everywhere, and only admire what we are accustomed to admire in our own country ?

Yonder walks a handsome young soldier who has just been marrying a wife. How happy they seem ! and how pleased that everybody should remark their happiness. It is a fact that in the full sunshine, and before a couple of hundred people on board the *Joseph Miller* steamer, the soldier absolutely kissed Mrs. Soldier ; at which the sweet Fanny Kicklebury was made to blush.

We were standing together looking at the various groups, the pretty peasant woman (really pretty for once), with the red head-dress and fluttering ribbons, and the child in her arms ; the jolly fat old gentleman (who little thought he would ever be a frontispiece in this life), and who was drinking Rhine wine before noon, and turning his back upon all the castles, towers, and ruins, which reflected their crumbling peaks in the water ; upon the handsome young students who came with us from Bonn, with their national colours in their caps, with their picturesque looks, their yellow ringlets, their budding moustaches, and with cuts upon almost every one of their noses, obtained in duels at the university : most picturesque are these young fellows, indeed—but, ah, why need they have such black hands ?

Near us is a type, too ; a man who adorns his own tale, and points his own moral. ‘ Yonder, in his carriage, sits the Count de Reineck, who won’t travel without that dismal old chariot, though it is shabby, costly, and clumsy, and though the wicked Red Republicans come and smoke under his very nose—yes, Miss Fanny, it is the lusty young Germany, pulling the nose of the worn-out old world.’

‘ Law, what *do* you mean, Mr. Titmarsh ? ’ cries the dear Fanny.

‘ And here comes Mademoiselle de Reineck, with her companion—you see she is wearing out one of the faded silk gowns which she has spoiled at the Residenz during the season : for the Reinecks are economical, though they are proud ; and forced, like many other insolvent grandees, to do and to wear shabby things.

‘ It is very kind of the young countess to call her

companion "Louise," and to let Louise call her "Laure"; but if faces may be trusted,—and we can read in one countenance conceit, and tyranny; deceit, and slyness, in another,—dear Louise has to suffer some hard raps from dear Laure: and, to judge from her dress, I don't think poor Louise has her salary paid very regularly.

'What a comfort it is to live in a country where there is neither insolence nor bankruptcy among the great folks, nor cringing nor flattery among the small: Isn't it, Miss Fanny?'

Miss Fanny says that she can't understand whether I am joking or serious; and her mamma calls her away to look at the ruins of Wigginstein. Everybody looks at Wigginstein—You are told in Murray to look at Wigginstein.

Lankin, who has been standing by, with a grin every now and then upon his sardonic countenance, comes up, and says, 'Titmarsh, how can you be so impertinent?'

'Impertinent! as how?'

'The girl must understand what you mean; and you shouldn't laugh at her own mother to her. Did you ever see anything like the way in which that horrible woman is following the young lord about?'

'See! You see it every day, my dear fellow; only the trick is better done, and Lady Kicklebury is rather a clumsy practitioner. See! why, nobody is better aware of the springs which are set to catch him than that young fellow himself, who is as knowing as any veteran in May Fair. And you don't suppose that Lady Kicklebury fancies that she is doing anything mean, or anything wrong? Heaven bless you! she never did anything wrong in her life. She has no idea but that everything she says, and thinks, and does is right. And no doubt she never did rob a church: and was a faithful wife to Sir Thomas, and pays her tradesmen. Confound her virtue! It is that which makes her so wonderful—that brass armour in which she walks impenetrable—not knowing what pity is, or charity; crying sometimes when she is vexed, or thwarted, but laughing never; cringing, and domineering by the same natural instinct—never doubting about herself above all. Let us rise, and revolt against those people, Lankin. Let us war with them, and smite them utterly. It is to use against these, especially, that Scorn and Satire were invented.'

‘And the animal you attack,’ says Lankin, ‘is provided with a hide to defend him—it is a common ordinance of nature.’

And so we pass by tower and town, and float up the Rhine. We don't describe the river. Who does not know it? How you see people asleep in the cabins at the most picturesque parts, and angry to be awakened when they fire off those stupid guns for the echoes! It is as familiar to numbers of people as Greenwich; and we know the merits of the inns along the road as if they were the ‘Trafalgar’ or the ‘Star and Garter.’ How stale everything grows! If we were to live in a garden of Eden, now, and the gate were open, we should go out, and tramp forward, and push on, and get up early in the morning, and push on again—anything to keep moving, anything to get a change; anything but quiet for the restless children of Cain.

So many thousands of English folks have been at Rouget-noirbourg in this and past seasons, that it is scarcely needful to alter the name of that pretty little gay wicked place. There were so many British barristers there this year that they called the ‘Hôtel des Quatre Saisons,’ the ‘Hotel of Quarter Sessions.’ There were judges and their wives, sergeants and their ladies, Queen's counsel learned in the law, the northern circuit and the western circuit—there were officers of half-pay and full-pay, military officers, naval officers, and sheriffs' officers. There were people of high fashion and rank, and people of no rank at all—there were men and women of reputation, and of the two kinds of reputation—there were English boys playing cricket; English pointers putting up the German partridges, and English guns knocking them down—there were women whose husbands, and men whose wives were at home—there was High Church and Low Church—England turned out for a holiday, in a word. How much farther shall we extend our holiday ground, and where shall we camp next? A winter at Cairo is nothing now. Perhaps ere long we shall be going to Saratoga Springs, and the Americans coming to Margate for the summer.

Apartments befitting her dignity and the number of her family had been secured for Lady Kicklebury by her dutiful son, in the same house in which one of Lankin's friends had

secured for us much humbler lodgings. Kicklebury received his mother's advent with a great deal of good humour; and a wonderful figure the good-natured little baronet was when he presented himself to his astonished friends, scarcely recognizable by his own parent and sisters, and the staring retainers of their house.

'Mercy, Kicklebury! have you become a Red Republican?' his mother asked.

'I can't find a place to kiss you,' said Miss Fanny, laughing to her brother; and he gave her pretty cheek such a scrub with his red beard as made some folks think it would be very pleasant to be Miss Fanny's brother.

In the course of his travels, one of Sir Thomas Kicklebury's chief amusements and cares had been to cultivate this bushy auburn ornament. He said that no man could pronounce German properly without a beard to his jaws: but he did not appear to have got much beyond this preliminary step to learning; and, in spite of his beard, his honest English accent came out, as his jolly English face looked forth from behind that fierce and bristly decoration, perfectly good-humoured and unmistakable. We try our best to look like foreigners, but we can't. Every Italian mendicant or Pont Neuf beggar knows his Englishman in spite of blouse, and beard, and slouched hat. 'There is a peculiar high-bred grace about us,' I whisper to Lady Kicklebury, 'an aristocratic *Je ne sais quoi*, which is not to be found in any but Englishmen; and it is that which makes us so immensely liked and admired all over the Continent.' Well, this may be truth or joke—this may be a sneer or a simple assertion: our vulgarities and our insolences may perhaps make us as remarkable, as that high-breeding which we assume to possess. It may be that the Continental society ridicules and detests us, as we walk domineering over Europe—but, after all, which of us would denationalize himself? who wouldn't be an Englishman? Come, sir, cosmopolite as you are, passing all your winters at Rome or at Paris; exiled by choice, or poverty, from your own country; preferring easier manners, cheaper pleasures, a simpler life; are you not still proud of your British citizenship? and would you like to be a Frenchman?

Kicklebury has a great acquaintance at Noirbourg, and as he walks into the great concert-room at night, introducing his mother and sisters there, he seemed to look about



A SPECIMEN OF A BRITON

with a little anxiety, lest all of his acquaintance should recognize him. There are some in that most strange and motley company with whom he had rather not exchange salutations, under present circumstances. Pleasure-seekers from every nation in the world are here, sharpers of both sexes, wearers of the stars and cordons of every Court in Europe: Russian princesses, Spanish grandees, Belgian, French, and English nobles, every degree of Briton, from the ambassador, who has his *congé*, to the London apprentice who has come out for his fortnight's lark. Kicklebury knows them all, and has a good-natured nod for each.

'Who is that lady with the three daughters who saluted you, Kicklebury?' asks his mother.

'That is our Ambassadors at X., ma'am; I saw her yesterday buying a penny toy for one of her little children in Frankfurt Fair.'

Lady Kicklebury looks towards Lady X.; she makes her excellency an undeveloped curtsy, as it were; she waves her plumed head (Lady K. is got up in great style, in a rich *déjeuner* toilet, perfectly regardless of expense); she salutes the ambassador with a sweeping gesture from her chair, and backs before her as before royalty, and turns to her daughters large eyes full of meaning, and spreads out her silks in state.

'And who is that distinguished-looking man who just passed, and who gave you a reserved nod?' asks her ladyship. 'Is that Lord X.?'

Kicklebury burst out laughing. 'That, ma'am, is Mr. Higmore, of Conduit Street, tailor, draper, and habit-maker—and I owe him a hundred pound.'

'The insolence of that sort of people is really intolerable,' says Lady Kicklebury. 'There *must* be some distinction of classes. They ought not to be allowed to go everywhere. And who is yonder, that lady with the two boys and the— the very high complexion?' Lady Kicklebury asks.

'That is a Russian princess: and one of those little boys, the one who is sucking a piece of barley-sugar, plays, and wins five hundred louis in a night.'

'Kicklebury, you do not play? Promise your mother you do not! Swear to me at this moment you do not! Where are the horrid gambling-rooms? There, at that door where the crowd is? Of course, I shall never enter them!'

‘Of course not, ma’am,’ says the affectionate son on duty. ‘And if you come to the balls here, please don’t let Fanny dance with anybody, until you ask me first: you understand? Fanny, you will take care.’

‘Yes, Tom,’ says Fanny.

‘What, Hicks! how are you, old fellow? How is Platts? Who would have thought of you being here? When did you come?’

‘I had the pleasure of travelling with Lady Kicklebury and her daughters in the London boat to Antwerp,’ says Captain Hicks, making the ladies a bow. Kicklebury introduces Hicks to his mother as his most particular friend—and he whispers Fanny, that ‘he’s as good a fellow as ever lived, Hicks is.’ Fanny says, ‘He seems very kind and good-natured; and—and Captain Hicks waltzes very well,’ says Miss Fanny with a blush, ‘and I hope I may have him for one of my partners.’

What a Babel of tongues it is in this splendid hall with gleaming marble pillars; a ceaseless rushing whisper as if the band were playing its music by a waterfall! The British lawyers are all got together, and my friend Lankin, on his arrival, has been carried off by his brother serjeants, and becomes once more a lawyer. ‘Well, brother Lankin,’ says old Sir Thomas Minos, with his venerable kind face, ‘you have got your rule, I see.’ And they fall into talk about their law matters, as they always do, wherever they are—at a club, in a ball-room, at a dinner-table, at the top of Chimborazo. Some of the young barristers appear as bucks with uncommon splendour, and dance and hang about the ladies. But they have not the easy languid deuce-may-care air of the young bucks of the Hicks and Kicklebury school—they can’t put on their clothes with that happy negligence; their neckcloths sit quite differently on them, somehow: they become very hot when they dance, and yet do not spin round near so quickly as those London youths, who have acquired experience *in corpore vili*, and learned to dance easily by the practice of a thousand casinos.

Above the Babel of tongues and the clang of the music, as you listen in the great saloon, you hear from a neighbouring room a certain sharp ringing clatter, and a hard clear voice cries out, ‘*Zéro rouge,*’ or ‘*Trente-cinq noir, impair et passe;*’ and then there is a pause of a couple of minutes, and then the voice says, ‘*Faites le jeu, Messieurs. Le jeu*



THE INTERIOR OF HADES

est fait, Rien ne va plus'—and the sharp ringing clatter recommences. You know what that room is? That is Hades. That is where the spirited proprietor of the establishment takes his toll, and thither the people go who pay the money which supports the spirited proprietor and this fine palace and gardens. Let us enter Hades, and see what is going on there.

Hades is not an unpleasant place. Most of the people look rather cheerful. You don't see any frantic gamblers gnashing their teeth or dashing down their last stakes. The winners have the most anxious faces; or the poor shabby fellows who have got systems, and are pricking down the alternations of red and black on cards, and don't seem to be playing at all. On fête-days the country people come in, men and women, to gamble; and *they* seem to be excited as they put down their hard-earned florins with trembling rough hands, and watch the turn of the wheel. But what you call the good company is very quiet and easy. A man loses his mass of gold, and gets up and walks off, without any particular mark of despair. The only gentleman whom I saw at Noirbourg who seemed really affected was a certain Count de Mustacheff, a Russian of enormous wealth, who clenched his fists, beat his breast, cursed his stars, and absolutely cried with grief: not for losing money, but for neglecting to win and play upon a *coup de vingt*, a series in which the red was turned up twenty times running; which series had he but played, it is clear that he might have broken M. Lenoir's bank, and shut up the gambling-house, and doubled his own fortune—when he would have been no happier, and all the balls and music, all the newspaper-rooms and parks, all the feasting and pleasure of this delightful Rougetnoirbourg would have been at an end.

For though he is a wicked gambling prince, Lenoir, he is beloved in all these regions; his establishment gives life to the town, to the lodging-house and hotel keepers, to the milliners and hackney-coachmen, to the letters of horse-flesh, to the huntsmen and gardes-de-chasse; to all these honest fiddlers and trumpeters who play so delectably. Were Lenoir's bank to break, the whole little city would shut up; and all the Noirbourgers wish him prosperity, and benefit by his good fortune.

Three years since the Noirbourgers underwent a mighty panic. There came, at a time when the chief Lenoir was

at Paris and the reins of government were in the hands of his younger brother, a company of adventurers from Belgium, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, and an infallible system for playing *rouge et noir*, and they boldly challenged the bank of Lenoir, and sat down before his croupiers, and defied him. They called themselves in their pride the Contrebanque de Noirbourg : they had their croupiers and punters, even as Lenoir had his : they had their rouleaux of napoleons, stamped with their Contrebanquish seal :—and they began to play.

As when two mighty giants step out of a host and engage, the armies stand still in expectation, and the puny privates and commonalty remain quiet to witness the combat of the tremendous champions of the war : so, it is said, that when the Contrebanque arrived, and ranged itself before the officers of Lenoir—rouleau to rouleau, banknote to banknote, war for war, controlment for controlment—all the minor punters and gamblers ceased their peddling play, and looked on in silence, round the verdant plain where the great combat was to be decided.

Not used to the vast operations of war, like his elder brother, Lenoir junior, the lieutenant, telegraphed to his absent chief the news of the mighty enemy who had come down upon him, asked for instructions, and in the meanwhile met the foeman like a man. The Contrebanque of Noirbourg gallantly opened its campaign.

The Lenoir bank was defeated day after day, in numerous savage encounters. The tactics of the Contrebanquist generals were irresistible : their infernal system bore down everything before it, and they marched onwards terrible and victorious as the Macedonian phalanx. Tuesday, a loss of eighteen thousand florins ; Wednesday, a loss of twelve thousand florins ; Thursday, a loss of forty thousand florins—night after night, the young Lenoir had to chronicle these disasters in melancholy dispatches to his chief. What was to be done ? Night after night, the Noirbourgers retired home doubtful and disconsolate ; the horrid Contrebanquists gathered up their spoils, and retired to a victorious supper. How was it to end ?

Far away at Paris, the elder Lenoir answered these appeals of his brother by sending reinforcements of money. Chests of gold arrived for the bank. The Prince of Noirbourg bade his beleaguered lieutenant not to lose heart : he himself

never for a moment blanched in this trying hour of danger.

The Contrebanquists still went on victorious. Rouleau after rouleau fell into their possession. At last the news came : The Emperor has joined the Grand Army. Lenoir himself had arrived from Paris, and was once more among his children, his people. The daily combats continued : and still, still, though Napoleon was with the Eagles, the abominable Contrebanquists fought and conquered. And far greater than Napoleon, as great as Ney himself under disaster, the bold Lenoir never lost courage, never lost good humour, was affable, was gentle, was careful of his subjects' pleasures and comforts, and met an adverse fortune with a dauntless smile.

With a devilish forbearance and coolness, the atrocious Contrebanque, like Polyphemus, who only took one of his prisoners out of the cave at a time, and so ate them off at leisure—the horrid Contrebanquists, I say, contented themselves with winning so much before dinner, and so much before supper—say five thousand florins for each meal. They played and won at noon : they played and won at eventide. They of Noirbourg went home sadly every night : the invader was carrying all before him. What must have been the feelings of the great Lenoir ? What were those of Washington before Trenton, when it seemed all up with the cause of American Independence ; what those of the virgin Elizabeth, when the Armada was signalled ; what those of Miltiades, when the multitudinous Persian bore down on Marathon ? The people looked on at the combat, and saw their chieftain stricken, bleeding, fallen, fighting still.

At last there came one day when the Contrebanquists had won their allotted sum, and were about to leave the tables which they had swept so often. But pride and lust of gold had seized upon the heart of one of their vainglorious chieftains ; and he said, ' Do not let us go yet—let us win a thousand florins more ! ' So they stayed and set the bank yet a thousand florins. The Noirbourgers looked on, and trembled for their prince.

Some three hours afterwards—a shout, a mighty shout was heard around the windows of that palace ; the town, the gardens, the hills, the fountains took up, and echoed the jubilant acclaim—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! People rushed into each other's arms ; men, women, and

children cried and kissed each other. Croupiers, who never feel, who never tremble, who never care whether black wins or red loses, took snuff from each others' boxes, and laughed for joy; and Lenoir, the dauntless, the INVINCIBLE Lenoir, wiped the drops of perspiration from his calm forehead, as he drew the enemy's last rouleau into his till. He had conquered. The Persians were beaten, horse and foot—the Armada had gone down. Since Wellington shut up his telescope at Waterloo, when the Prussians came charging on to the field, and the guard broke and fled, there had been no such heroic endurance, such utter defeat, such signal and crowning victory. Vive Lenoir! I am a Lenoirite. I have read his newspapers, strolled in his gardens, listened to his music, and rejoice in his victory: I am glad he beat those Contrebanquists. *Dissipati sunt.* The game is up with them.

The instances of this man's magnanimity are numerous, and worthy of Alexander the Great, or Harry the Fifth, or Robin Hood. Most gentle is he, and thoughtful to the poor, and merciful to the vanquished. When Jeremy Diddler, who had lost twenty pounds at his table, lay in inglorious pawn at his inn; when O'Toole could not leave Noirbourg until he had received his remittances from Ireland, the noble Lenoir paid Diddler's inn bill, advanced O'Toole money upon his well-known signature, franked both of them back to their native country again; and has never, wonderful to state, been paid from that day to this. If you will go play at his table, you may; but nobody forces you. If you lose, pay with a cheerful heart. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* This is not a treatise of morals. Friar Tuck was not an exemplary ecclesiastic, nor Robin Hood a model man; but he was a jolly outlaw; and, I dare say, the Sheriff of Nottingham, whose money he took, rather relished his feast at Robin's green table.

And if you lose, worthy friend, as possibly you will, at Lenoir's pretty games, console yourself by thinking that it is much better for you in the end that you should lose, than that you should win. Let me, for my part, make a clean breast of it, and own that your humble servant did, on one occasion, win a score of napoleons; and beginning with a sum of no less than five shillings. But until I had lost



THE WATER CURE

them again I was so feverish, excited, and uneasy, that I had neither delectation in reading the most exciting French novels, nor pleasure in seeing pretty landscapes, nor appetite for dinner. The moment, however, that graceless money was gone, equanimity was restored; Paul Féval and Eugène Sue began to be terrifically interesting again; and the dinners at Noirbourg, though by no means good culinary specimens, were perfectly sufficient for my easy and tranquil mind. Lankin, who played only a lawyer's rubber at whist, marked the salutary change in his friend's condition; and, for my part, I hope and pray that every honest reader of this volume who plays at M. Lenoir's table, will lose every shilling of his winnings before he goes away. Where are the gamblers whom we have read of? Where are the card players whom we can remember in our early days? At one time almost every gentleman played, and there were whist tables in every lady's drawing-room. But trumps are going out along with numbers of old-world institutions; and, before very long, a black-leg will be as rare an animal as a knight in armour.

There was a little dwarfish, abortive counter-bank set up at Noirbourg this year: but the gentlemen soon disagreed among themselves; and, let us hope, were cut off in detail by the great Lenoir. And there was a Frenchman at our inn who had won two napoleons per day for the last six weeks, and who had an infallible system, whereof he kindly offered to communicate the secret for the consideration of a hundred louis; but there came one fatal night when the poor Frenchman's system could not make head against fortune, and her wheel went over him, and he disappeared utterly.

With the early morning everybody rises and makes his or her appearance at the Springs, where they partake of water with a wonderful energy and perseverance. They say that people get to be fond of this water at last; as to what tastes cannot men accustom themselves? I drank a couple of glasses of an abominable sort of feeble salts in a state of very gentle effervescence; but, though there was a very pretty girl who served it, the drink was abominable, and it was a marvel to see the various toppers, who tossed off glass after glass, which the fair-haired little Hebe delivered sparkling from the well.

Seeing my wry faces, old Captain Carver expostulated, with a jolly twinkle of his eye, as he absorbed the contents of a sparkling crystal beaker. 'Pooh! take another glass, sir: you'll like it better and better every day. It refreshes you, sir: it fortifies you: and as for liking it—gad! I remember the time when I didn't like claret. Times are altered now, ha! ha! Mrs. Fantail, madam, I wish you a very good morning. How is Fantail? He don't come to drink the water: so much the worse for him.'

To see Mrs. Fantail of an evening is to behold a magnificent sight. She ought to be shown in a room by herself; and, indeed, would occupy a moderate sized one with her person and adornments. Marie Antoinette's hoop is not bigger than Mrs. Fantail's flounces. Twenty men taking hands (and, indeed, she likes to have at least that number about her) would scarcely encompass her. Her chestnut ringlets spread out in a halo round her face: she must want two or three coiffeurs to arrange that prodigious head-dress; and then, when it is done, how can she endure that extraordinary gown? Her travelling band-boxes must be as large as omnibuses.

But see Mrs. Fantail in the morning: having taken in all sail; the chestnut curls having disappeared, and two limp bands of brown hair over her lean, sallow face; and you see before you an ascetic, a nun, a woman worn by mortifications, of a sad yellow aspect, drinking salts at the well: a vision quite different from that rapturous one of the previous night's ball-room. No wonder Fantail does not come out of a morning; he had rather not see such a Rebecca at the well.

Lady Kicklebury came for some mornings pretty regularly, and was very civil to Mr. Leader, and made Miss Fanny drink when his lordship took a cup, and asked Lord Talboys and his tutor to dinner. But the tutor came, and, blushing, brought an excuse from Talboys; and poor Milliken had not a very pleasant evening after Mr. Baring Leader rose to go away.

But though the water was not good, the sun was bright, the music cheery, the landscape fresh and pleasant, and it was always amusing to see the vast varieties of our human species that congregated at the Springs, and trudged up and down the green allées. One of the gambling conspirators of the roulette-table it was good to see here in his private

character, drinking down pints of salts like any other sinner, having a homely wife on his arm, and between them a poodle on which they lavished their tenderest affection. You see these people care for other things besides trumps ; and are not always thinking about black and red :—as even ogres are represented, in their histories, as of cruel natures, and licentious appetites, and, to be sure, fond of eating men and women ; but yet it appears that their wives often respected them, and they had a sincere liking for their own hideous children. And, besides the card players, there are band players : every now and then a fiddle from the neighbouring orchestra, or a disorganized bassoon, will step down and drink a glass of the water, and jump back into his rank again.

Then come the burly troops of English, the honest lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen, with their wives and buxom daughters, and stout sons ; that, almost grown to the height of manhood, are boys still, with rough wideawake hats and shooting-jackets, full of lark and laughter. A French boy of sixteen has had *des passions* ere that time, very likely, and is already particular in his dress, an ogler of the women, and preparing to kill. Adolphe says to Alphonse—‘ *La voilà, cette charmante Miss Fanni, la belle Kickleburi ! je te donne ma paole, elle est fraîche comme une rose ! la crois-tu riche, Alphonse ?* ’ ‘ *Je me range, mon ami, vois-tu ? la vie de garçon me pèse. Ma paole d’honneur ! je me range.* ’

And he gives Miss Fanny a killing bow, and a glance which seems to say, ‘ Sweet Anglaise, I know that I have won your heart.’

Then besides the young French buck, whom we will willingly suppose harmless, you see specimens of the French raff, who goes *aux eaux* : gambler, speculator, sentimentalist, duellist, travelling with madame, his wife, at whom other raffs nod and wink familiarly. This rogue is much more picturesque and civilized than the similar person in our own country : whose manners betray the stable ; who never reads anything but *Bell’s Life* ; and who is much more at ease in conversing with a groom than with his employer. Here come Mr. Boucher and Mr. Fowler : better to gamble for a score of nights with honest Monsieur Lenoir, than to sit down in private once with those gentlemen. But we have said that their profession is going down, and the

number of Greeks daily diminishes. They are travelling with Mr. Bloundell, who was a gentleman once, and still retains about him some faint odour of that time of bloom ; and Bloundell has put himself on young Lord Talboys, and is trying to get some money out of that young nobleman. But the English youth of the present day is a wideawake youth, and male or female artifices are expended pretty much in vain on our young travelling companion.

Who come yonder ? Those two fellows whom we met at the table d'hôte at the Hôtel de Russie, the other day ; gentlemen of splendid costume, and yet questionable appearances, the eldest of whom called for the list of wines, and cried out loud enough for all the company to hear, ' Laffitte, six florins. Arry, shall we ave some Laffitte ? You don't mind ? No more do I then. I say, waiter, let's ave pint of ordinaire.' Truth is stranger than fiction. You good fellow, wherever you are, why did you ask Arry to ave that pint of ordinaire in the presence of your obedient servant ? How could he do otherwise than chronicle the speech ?

And see ; here is a lady who is doubly desirous to be put into print, who encourages it and invites it. It appears that on Lankin's first arrival at Noirbourg with his travelling companion, a certain sensation was created in the little society by the rumour that an emissary of the famous Mr. Punch had arrived in the place ; and, as we were smoking the cigar of peace on the lawn after dinner, looking on at the benevolent pretty scene, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, and the excellent head of the family, walked many times up and down before us ; eyed us severely face to face, and then walking away, shot back fierce glances at us in the Parthian manner ; and at length, at the third or fourth turn, and when we could not but overhear so fine a voice, Mrs. Hopkins looks at us steadily, and says, ' I'm sure he may put ME in if he likes : I don't mind.'

Oh, ma'am ! Oh, Mrs. Hopkins ! how should a gentleman, who had never seen your face or heard of you before, want to put *you* in ? What interest can the British public have in you ? But as you wish it, and court publicity, here you are. Good luck go with you, madam. I have forgotten your real name, and should not know you again if I saw you. But why could not you leave a man to take his coffee and smoke his pipe in quiet ?

We could never have time to make a catalogue of all the portraits that figure in this motley gallery. Among the travellers in Europe, who are daily multiplying in numbers and increasing in splendour, the United States dandies must not be omitted. They seem as rich as the Milor of old days; they crowd in European capitals, they have elbowed out people of the old country from many hotels which we used to frequent; they adopt the French fashion of dressing rather than ours, and they grow handsomer beards than English beards: as some plants are found to flourish and shoot up prodigiously when introduced into a new soil. The ladies seem to be as well dressed as Parisians, and as handsome; though somewhat more delicate, perhaps, than the native English roses. They drive the finest carriages, they keep the grandest houses, they frequent the grandest company—and, in a word, the Broadway Swell has now taken his station and asserted his dignity amongst the grandees of Europe. He is fond of asking Count Reineck to dinner, and Gräfin Laura will condescend to look kindly upon a gentleman who has millions of dollars. Here comes a pair of New Yorkers. Behold their elegant curling beards, their velvet coats, their delicate primrose gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, and the aristocratic beauty of their boots. Why, if you had sixteen quarterings, you could not have smaller feet than those; and if you were descended from a line of kings you could not smoke better or bigger cigars.

Lady Kicklebury deigns to think very well of these young men, since she has seen them in the company of grandees, and heard how rich they are. 'Who is that very stylish-looking woman, to whom Mr. Washington Walker spoke just now?' she asks of Kicklebury.

Kicklebury gives a twinkle of his eye. 'Oh, that, mother! that is Madame la Princesse de Mogador—it's a French title.'

'She danced last night, and danced exceedingly well; I remarked her. There's a very high-bred grace about the princess.'

'Yes, exceedingly. We'd better come on,' says Kicklebury, blushing rather as he returns the princess's nod.

It is wonderful how large Kicklebury's acquaintance is. He has a word and a joke, in the best German he can muster, for everybody—for the high well-born lady, as for the German peasant maiden, who stood for the lovely portrait which

faces this page ; as for the pretty little washerwoman, who comes full sail down the streets, a basket on her head and one of Mrs. Fantail's wonderful gowns swelling on each arm. As we were going to the Schloss-Garten I caught a sight of the rogue's grinning face yesterday, close at little Gretel's ear under her basket : but spying out his mother advancing, he dashed down a by-street, and when we came up with her, Gretel was alone.

One but seldom sees the English and the holiday visitors in the ancient parts of Noirbourg : they keep to the streets of new buildings and garden villas, which have sprung up under the magic influence of M. Lenoir, under the white towers and gables of the old German town. The Prince of Trente-et-Quarante has quite overcome the old serene sovereign of Noirbourg, whom one cannot help fancying a prince like a prince in a Christmas pantomime—a burlesque prince with twopence-halfpenny for a revenue, jolly and irascible, a prime-minister-kicking prince, fed upon fabulous plum-puddings and enormous pasteboard joints, by cooks and valets with large heads which never alter their grin. Not that this portrait is from the life. Perhaps he has no life. Perhaps there is no prince in the great white tower, that we see for miles before we enter the little town. Perhaps he has been mediatized, and sold his kingdom to Monsieur Lenoir. Before the palace of Lenoir there is a grove of orange-trees in tubs, which Lenoir bought from another German prince ; who went straightway and lost the money, which he had been paid for his wonderful orange-trees, over Lenoir's green tables, at his roulette and trente-et-quarante. A great prince is Lenoir in his way ; a generous and magnanimous prince. You may come to his feast and pay nothing, unless you please. You may walk in his gardens, sit in his palace, and read his thousand newspapers. You may go and play at whist in his small drawing-rooms, or dance and hear concerts in his grand saloon—and there is not a penny to pay. His fiddlers and trumpeters begin trumpeting and fiddling for you at the early dawn—they twang and blow for you in the afternoon, they pipe for you at night that you may dance—and there is nothing to pay—Lenoir pays for all. Give him but the chances of the table, and he will do all this and more. It is better to live under Prince Lenoir than a fabulous old German Durchlaucht, whose cavalry ride wicker horses with



THE GERMAN PEASANT MAIDEN



CHARGE OF NOIRBOURG

petticoats, and whose prime minister has a great pasteboard head. Vive le Prince Lenoir !

There is a grotesque old carved gate to the palace of the Durchlaucht, from which you could expect none but a pantomime procession to pass. The place looks asleep ; the courts are grass-grown and deserted. Is the Sleeping Beauty lying yonder, in the great white tower ? What is the little army about ? It seems a sham army : a sort of grotesque military. The only charge of infantry was this : one day when passing through the old town, looking for sketches. Perhaps they become croupiers at night. What can such a fabulous prince want with anything but a sham army ? My favourite walk was in the ancient quarter of the town—the dear old fabulous quarter, away from the noisy actualities of life and Prince Lenoir's new palace—out of eye and earshot of the dandies and the ladies in their grand best clothes at the promenades—and the rattling whirl of the roulette wheel—and I liked to wander in the glum old gardens under the palace wall, and imagine the Sleeping Beauty within there.

Some one persuaded us one day to break the charm, and see the interior of the palace. I am sorry we did. There was no Sleeping Beauty in any chamber that we saw ; nor any fairies, good or malevolent. There was a shabby set of clean old rooms, which looked as if they had belonged to a prince hard put to it for money, and whose tin crown jewels would not fetch more than King Stephen's pantaloons. A fugitive prince, a brave prince struggling with the storms of fate, a prince in exile may be poor ; but a prince looking out of his own palace windows with a dressing-gown out at elbows, and dunned by his subject washerwoman—I say this is a painful object. When they get shabby they ought not to be seen. 'Don't you think so, Lady Kicklebury ?' Lady Kicklebury evidently had calculated the price of the carpets and hangings, and set them justly down at a low figure. 'These German princes,' she said, 'are not to be put on a level with English noblemen.' 'Indeed,' we answer, 'there is nothing so perfect as England ; nothing so good as our aristocracy ; nothing so perfect as our institutions.' 'Nothing ! *nothing !*' says Lady K.

An English princess was once brought to reign here ; and almost the whole of the little court was kept up on her

dowry. The people still regard her name fondly ; and they show, at the Schloss, the rooms which she inhabited. Her old books are still there—her old furniture brought from home ; the presents and keepsakes sent by her family are as they were in the princess's lifetime : the very clock has the name of a Windsor maker on its face ; and portraits of all her numerous race decorate the homely walls of the now empty chambers. There is the benighted old king, his beard hanging down to the star on his breast ; and the first gentleman of Europe—so lavish of his portrait everywhere, and so chary of showing his royal person—all the stalwart brothers of the now all but extinct generation are there ; their quarrels and their pleasures, their glories and disgraces, enemies, flatterers, detractors, admirers—all now buried. Is it not curious to think that the King of Trumps now virtually reigns in this place, and has deposed the other dynasty ?

Very early one morning, wishing to have a sketch of the White Tower in which our English princess had been imprisoned, I repaired to the gardens, and set about a work, which, when completed, will no doubt have the honour of a place on the line at the Exhibition ; and, returning homewards to breakfast, musing upon the strange fortunes and inhabitants of the queer, fantastic, melancholy place, behold, I came suddenly upon a couple of persons, a male and a female ; the latter of whom wore a blue hood or 'ugly,' and blushed very much on seeing me. The man began to laugh behind his moustaches, the which cachinnation was checked by an appealing look from the young lady ; and he held out his hand and said, 'How d'ye do, Titmarsh ? Been out making some cawickachaws, hay ?'

I need not say that the youth before me was the heavy dragoon, and the maiden was Miss Fanny Kicklebury. Or need I repeat that in the course of my blighted being, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye, but when it came to, &c., the usual disappointment was sure to ensue ? There is no necessity why I should allude to my feelings at this most manifest and outrageous case. I gave a withering glance of scorn at the pair, and, with a stately salutation, passed on.

Miss Fanny came tripping after me. She held out her little hand with such a pretty look of deprecation, that I could not but take it ; and she said, 'Mr. Titmarsh, if you



THE OLD STORY

please, I want to speak to you, if you please ;' and, choking with emotion, I bade her speak on.

'My brother knows all about it ; and highly approves of Captain Hicks,' she said, with her head hanging down ; 'and oh, he's very good and kind : and I know him *much* better now, than I did when we were on board the steamer.'

I thought how I had mimicked him, and what an ass I had been.

'And you know,' she continued, 'that you have quite deserted me for the last ten days for your great acquaintances.'

'I have been to play chess with Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout.'

'And to drink tea constantly with that American lady ; and you have written verses in her album, and in Lavinia's album ; and as I saw that you had quite thrown me off, why, I—my brother approves of it highly ; and—and Captain Hicks likes you very much, and says you amuse him very much—indeed he does,' says the arch little wretch. And then she added a postscript, as it were, to her letter, which contained, as usual, the point which she wished to urge :—

'You—won't break it to mamma—will you be so kind ? My brother will do that'—and I promised her ; and she ran away, kissing her hand to me. And I did not say a word to Lady Kicklebury, and not above a thousand people at Noirbourg knew that Miss Kicklebury and Captain Hicks were engaged.

And now let those who are too confident of their virtue listen to the truthful and melancholy story which I have to relate, and humble themselves, and bear in mind that the most perfect among us are occasionally liable to fall. Kicklebury was not perfect. I do not defend his practice. He spent a great deal more time and money than was good for him at M. Lenoir's gaming-table, and the only thing which the young fellow never lost was his good humour. If Fortune shook her swift wings and fled away from him, he laughed at the retreating pinions, and you saw him dancing and laughing as gaily after losing a rouleau, as if he was made of money, and really had the five thousand a year which his mother said was the amount of the Kicklebury property. But when her ladyship's jointure, and the

young ladies' allowances, and the interest of mortgages were paid out of the five thousand a year, I grieve to say that the gallant Kicklebury's income was to be counted by hundreds and not by thousands ; so that, for any young lady who wants a carriage (and who can live without one ?) our friend the baronet is not a desirable specimen of bachelors. Now, whether it was that the presence of his mamma interrupted his pleasures, or certain of her ways did not please him, or that he had lost all his money at roulette and could afford no more, certain it is, that after about a fortnight's stay at Noirbourg, he went off to shoot with Count Einhorn in Westphalia ; he and Hicks parting the dearest of friends, and the baronet going off on a pony which the captain lent to him. Between him and Milliken, his brother-in-law, there was not much sympathy ; for he pronounced Mr. Milliken to be what is called a muff ; and had never been familiar with his elder sister Lavinia, of whose poems he had a mean opinion, and who used to tease and worry him by teaching him French, and telling tales of him to his mamma, when he was a schoolboy home for the holidays. Whereas, between the baronet and Miss Fanny there seemed to be the closest affection : they walked together every morning to the waters ; they joked and laughed with each other as happily as possible. Fanny was almost ready to tell fibs to screen her brother's malpractices from her mamma ; she cried when she heard of his mishaps, and that he had lost too much money at the green table ; and when Sir Thomas went away, the good little soul brought him five louis ; which was all the money she had : for you see she paid her mother handsomely for her board ; and when her little gloves and milliner's bills were settled—how much was there left out of two hundred a year ? And she cried when she heard that Hicks had lent Sir Thomas money, and went up and said, ' Thank you, Captain Hicks ; ' and shook hands with the Captain so eagerly, that I thought he was a lucky fellow, who had a father a wealthy attorney in Bedford Row. Heigh ho ! I saw how matters were going. The birds *must* sing in the spring-time, and the flowers bud.

Mrs. Milliken, in her character of invalid, took the advantage of her situation to have her husband constantly about her, reading to her, or fetching the doctor to her, or watching her whilst she was dozing, and so forth ; and

Lady Kicklebury found the life which this pair led rather more monotonous than that sort of existence which she liked, and would leave them alone with Fanny (Captain Hicks not uncommonly coming in to take tea with the three), whilst her ladyship went to the Redoute to hear the music, or read the papers, or play a game of whist there.

The newspaper-room at Noirbourg is next to the roulette room, into which the doors are always open ; and Lady K. would come, with newspaper in hand, into this play-room, sometimes, and look on at the gamesters. I have mentioned a little Russian boy, a little imp with the most mischievous intelligence and good humour in his face, who was suffered by his parents to play as much as he chose ; and who pulled bonbons out of one pocket and napoleons out of the other, and seemed to have quite a diabolical luck at the table.

Lady Kicklebury's terror and interest, at seeing this boy, were extreme. She watched him and watched him, and he seemed always to win ; and at last her ladyship put down just a florin—only just one florin—on one of the numbers at roulette which the little Russian imp was backing. Number twenty-seven came up, and the croupiers flung over three gold pieces and five florins to Lady Kicklebury, which she raked up with a trembling hand.

She did not play any more that night, but sat in the play-room, pretending to read the *Times* newspaper ; but you could see her eye peering over the sheet, and always fixed on the little imp of a Russian. He had very good luck that night, and his winning made her very savage. As he retired, rolling his gold pieces into his pocket and sucking his barley-sugar, she glared after him with angry eyes ; and went home, and scolded everybody, and had no sleep. I could hear her scolding. Our apartments in the Tissisch House overlooked Lady Kicklebury's suite of rooms : the great windows were open in the autumn. Yes ; I could hear her scolding, and see some other people sitting whispering in the embrasure, or looking out on the harvest moon.

The next evening, Lady Kicklebury shirked away from the concert ; and I saw her in the play-room again, going round and round the table ; and, lying in ambush behind the *Journal des Débats*, I marked how, after looking stealthily round, my lady whipped a piece of money under the

croupier's elbow, and (there having been no coin there previously) I saw a florin on the Zero.

She lost that, and walked away. Then she came back and put down two florins on a number, and lost again, and became very red and angry; then she retreated, and came back a third time, and a seat being vacated by a player, Lady Kicklebury sat down at the verdant board. Ah me! She had a pretty good evening, and carried off a little money again that night. The next day was Sunday: she gave two florins at the collection at Church, to Fanny's surprise at mamma's liberality. On this night of course there was no play. Her ladyship wrote letters, and read a sermon.

But the next night she was back at the table; and won very plentifully, until the little Russian sprite made his appearance, when it seemed that her luck changed. She began to bet upon him, and the young Calmuck lost too. Her ladyship's temper went along with her money: first she backed the Calmuck, and then she played against him. When she played against him, his luck turned; and he began straightway to win. She put on more and more money as she lost: her winnings went: gold came out of secret pockets. She had but a florin left at last, and tried it on a number, and failed. She got up to go away. I watched her, and I watched Mr. Justice Aeacus, too, who put down a napoleon when he thought nobody was looking.

The next day my Lady Kicklebury walked over to the money-changers, where she changed a couple of circular notes. She was at the table that night again: and the next night, and the next night, and the next.

By about the fifth day she was like a wild woman. She scolded so, that Hirsch, the courier, said he should retire from monsieur's service, as he was not hired by Lady Kicklebury: that Bowman gave warning, and told another footman in the building that he wouldn't stand the old cat no longer, blow him if he would: that the maid (who was a Kicklebury girl) and Fanny cried: and that Mrs. Milliken's maid, Finch, complained to her mistress, who ordered her husband to remonstrate with her mother. Milliken remonstrated with his usual mildness, and, of course, was routed by her ladyship. Mrs. Milliken said, 'Give me the daggers,' and came to her husband's rescue. A battle royal ensued; the scared Milliken hanging about his blessed Lavinia, and entreating and imploring her to be

calm. Mrs. Milliken *was* calm. She asserted her dignity as mistress of her own family : as controller of her own household, as wife of her adored husband ; and she told her mamma, that with her or hers she must not interfere ; that she knew her duty as a child : but that she also knew it as a wife, as a—— The rest of the sentence was drowned as Milliken, rushing to her, called her his soul's angel, his adored blessing.

Lady Kicklebury remarked that Shakespeare was very right in stating how much sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child.

Mrs. Milliken said, the conversation could not be carried on in this manner : that it was best her mamma should now know, once for all, that the way in which she assumed the command at Pigeoncot was intolerable ; that all the servants had given warning, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be soothed : and that, as their living together only led to quarrels and painful recriminations (the calling her, after her forbearance, *a serpent child*, was an expression which she would hope to forgive and forget), they had better part.

Lady Kicklebury wears a front, and, I make no doubt, a complete jasey ; or she certainly would have let down her back hair at this minute, so overpowering were her feelings, and so bitter her indignation at her daughter's black ingratitude. She intimated some of her sentiments, by ejaculatory conjurations of evil. She hoped her daughter might *not* feel what ingratitude was ; that *she* might never have children to turn on her and bring her to the grave with grief.

' Bring me to the grave with fiddlestick ! ' Mrs. Milliken said, with some asperity. ' And, as we are going to part, mamma, and as Horace has paid *everything* on the journey as yet, and we have only brought a *very* few circular notes with us, perhaps you will have the kindness to give him your share of the travelling expenses ; for you, for Fanny, and your two servants whom you *would* bring with you : and the man has only been a perfect hindrance and great useless log, and our courier has had to do *everything*. Your share is now eighty-two pounds.'

Lady Kicklebury at this gave three screams, so loud that even the resolute Lavinia stopped in her speech. Her ladyship looked wildly : ' Lavinia ! Horace ! Fanny, my child,' she said, ' come here, and listen to your mother's shame.'

‘What?’ cried Horace, aghast.

‘I am ruined! I am a beggar! Yes; a beggar. I have lost all—all at yonder dreadful table.’

‘How do you mean all? How much is all?’ asked Horace.

‘All the money I brought with me, Horace. I intended to have paid the whole expenses of the journey: yours, this ungrateful child’s—everything. But, a week ago, having seen a lovely baby’s lace dress at the lace-shop; and—and—won enough at wh-wh-whoo-ist to pay for it, all but two-two florins—in an evil moment I went to the roulette table—and lost—every shilling: and now, on my knees before you, I confess my shame.’

I am not a tragic painter, and certainly won’t attempt to depict *this* harrowing scene. But what could she mean by saying she wished to pay everything? She had but two twenty-pound notes: and how she was to have paid all the expenses of the tour with that small sum, I cannot conjecture.

The confession, however, had the effect of mollifying poor Milliken and his wife: after the latter had learned that her mamma had no money at all at her London bankers’, and had overdrawn her account there, Lavinia consented that Horace should advance her fifty pounds upon her ladyship’s solemn promise of repayment.

And now it was agreed that this highly respectable lady should return to England, quick as she might: somewhat sooner than all the rest of the public did; and leave Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken behind her, as the waters were still considered highly salutary to that most interesting invalid. And to England Lady Kicklebury went; taking advantage of Lord Talboys’s return thither to place herself under his lordship’s protection; as if the enormous Bowman was not protector sufficient for her ladyship; and as if Captain Hicks would have allowed any mortal man, any German student, any French tourist, any Prussian whisker-ado, to do a harm to Miss Fanny! For though Hicks is not a brilliant or poetical genius, I am bound to say that the fellow has good sense, good manners, and a good heart, and with these qualities, a competent sum of money, and a pair of exceedingly handsome moustaches, perhaps the poor little Mrs. Launcelot Hicks may be happy.



THE PRINCESS OF MOGADOR

No accident befell Lady Kicklebury on her voyage homewards : but she got one more lesson at Aix-la-Chapelle, which may serve to make her ladyship more cautious for the future ; for, seeing Madame la Princesse de Mogador enter into a carriage on the railway, into which Lord Talboys followed, nothing would content Lady Kicklebury, but to rush into the carriage after this noble pair ; and the vehicle turned out to be what is called on the German lines, and what I wish were established in England, the *Rauch-Coupe*. Having seated himself in this vehicle, and looked rather sulkily at my lady, Lord Talboys began to smoke ; which, as the son of an English earl, heir to many thousands per annum, Lady Kicklebury permitted him to do. And she introduced herself to Madame la Princesse de Mogador, mentioning to Her Highness that she had the pleasure of meeting Madame la Princesse at Rougetnoirbourg ; that she, Lady K., was the mother of the Chevalier de Kicklebury, who had the advantage of the acquaintance of Madame la Princesse ; and that she hoped Madame la Princesse had enjoyed her stay at the waters. To these advances, the Princess of Mogador returned a gracious and affable salutation, exchanging glances of peculiar meaning with two highly respectable bearded gentlemen who travelled in her suite ; and, when asked by milady whereabouts Her Highness's residence was at Paris, said that her hotel was in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette : where Lady Kicklebury hoped to have the honour of waiting upon Madame la Princesse de Mogador.

But when one of the bearded gentlemen called the Princess by the familiar name of *Fifine*, and the other said, ' *Veux-tu fumer, Mogador ?* ' and the Princess actually took a cigar and began to smoke, Lady Kicklebury was aghast, and trembled ; and presently Lord Talboys burst into a loud fit of laughter.

' What is the cause of your lordship's amusement ? ' asked the dowager, looking very much frightened, and blushing like a maiden of sixteen.

' Excuse me, Lady Kicklebury, but I can't help it,' he said. ' You've been talking to your opposite neighbour—she don't understand a word of English—and calling her princess, and highness, and she's no more a princess than you or I. She is a little milliner in the street she mentioned, and she dances at *Mabille* and *Château Rouge*.'

Hearing these two familiar names, the Princess looked hard at Lord Talboys, but he never lost countenance ; and at the next station Lady Kicklebury rushed out of the smoking-carriage, and returned to her own place ; where, I dare say, Captain Hicks and Miss Fanny were delighted once more to have the advantage of her company and conversation. And so they went back to England, and the Kickleburys were no longer seen on the Rhine. If her ladyship is not cured of hunting after great people, it will not be for want of warning : but which of us in life has not had many warnings ; and is it for lack of them that we stick to our little failings still ?

When the Kickleburys were gone, that merry little Rougetnoirbourg did not seem the same place to me, somehow. The sun shone still, but the wind came down cold from the purple hills ; the band played, but their tunes were stale ; the promenaders paced the alleys, but I knew all their faces : as I looked out of my windows in the Tissisch House upon the great blank casements lately occupied by the Kickleburys, and remembered what a pretty face I had seen looking thence but a few days back, I cared not to look any longer ; and though Mrs. Milliken did invite me to tea, and talked fine arts and poetry over the meal, both the beverage and the conversation seemed very weak and insipid to me, and I fell asleep once in my chair opposite that highly cultivated being. ‘ Let us go back, Lankin,’ said I to the serjeant, and he was nothing loath ; for most of the other serjeants, barristers, and Queen’s counsel were turning homewards, by this time, the period of term time summoning them all to the Temple.

So we went straight one day to Biberich on the Rhine ; and found the little town full of Britons, all trooping home like ourselves. Everybody comes, and everybody goes away again, at about the same time. The Rhine inn-keepers say, that their customers cease with a single day almost :—that in three days they shall have ninety, eighty, a hundred guests ; on the fourth, ten, or eight. We do as our neighbours do. Though we don’t speak to each other much when we are out a-pleasuring, we take our holiday in common, and go back to our work in gangs. Little



SCHLAFEN SIE WOHL.

Biberich was so full that Lankin and I could not get rooms at the large inns frequented by other persons of fashion, and could only procure a room between us, 'at the German House, where you find English comfort,' says the advertisement, 'with German prices.'

But oh, the English comfort of those beds! How did Lankin manage in his, with his great long legs? How did I toss and tumble in mine; which, small as it was, I was not destined to enjoy alone, but to pass the night in company with anthropophagous wretched reptiles, who took their horrid meal off an English Christian! I thought the morning would never come; and when the tardy dawn at length arrived, and as I was in my first sleep, dreaming of Miss Fanny, behold I was wakened up by the serjeant, already dressed and shaven, and who said, 'Rise, Titmarsh, the steamer will be here in three-quarters of an hour.' And the modest gentleman retired, and left me to dress.

The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towns by the river-side, and the green vineyards combed along the hills, and when I woke up, it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet.

Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist and the grey. The grey river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflections quivering in the water. As I look, the sky-line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of grey horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those grey horsemen, so shadowy do they look; but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men: the carts begin to creak and rattle: and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding, the steamers' bells begin to ring: the people on board to stir and wake: the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep: the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river: the great bridge opens, and gives them passage:

the church bells of the city begin to clink : the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank : the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burthen, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers. . . .

And lo ! in a flash of crimson splendour, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature wakens and brightens.

O glorious spectacle of light and life ! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty ! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it—what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare for our eyes and to soothe our hearts with such a splendid morning festival ! For these magnificent bounties of Heaven to us, let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful (for thanks surely is the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul), and so, a grace for this feast, let all say who partake of it.

See ! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance, and bids us a friendly farewell. Farewell to holiday and sunshine ; farewell to kindly sport and pleasant leisure ! Let us say good-bye to the Rhine, friend. Fogs, and cares, and labour are awaiting us by the Thames ; and a kind face or two looking out for us to cheer and bid us welcome.

THE ROSE AND THE RING

[1855]

THE
ROSE AND THE RING;
OR, THE
HISTORY OF PRINCE GIGLIO AND PRINCE BULBO.

A Fire-Side Pantomime for Great and Small Children.



BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH,
Author of "The Kingleburys on the Rhine," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," &c., &c.

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THE ROSE AND THE RING

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[By *Richard Doyle*]

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PRELUDE

It happened that the undersigned spent the last Christmas season in a foreign city where there were many English children.

In that city, if you wanted to give a child's party, you could not even get a magic lantern or buy Twelfth-Night characters—those funny painted pictures of the King, the Queen, the Lover, the Lady, the Dandy, the Captain, and so on—with which our young ones are wont to recreate themselves at this festive time.

My friend, Miss Bunch, who was governess of a large family, that lived in the *Piano Nobile* of the house inhabited by myself and my young charges (it was the Palazzo Poniatowski at Rome, and Messrs. Spillmann, two of the best pastrycooks in Christendom, have their shop on the ground-floor); Miss Bunch, I say, begged me to draw a set of Twelfth-Night characters for the amusement of our young people.

She is a lady of great fancy and droll imagination, and having looked at the characters, she and I composed a history about them, which was recited to the little folks at night, and served as our FIRESIDE PANTOMIME.

Our juvenile audience was amused by the adventures of

Giglio and Bulbo, Rosalba and Angelica. I am bound to say the fate of the Hall Porter created a considerable sensation; and the wrath of Countess Gruffanuff was received with extreme pleasure.

If these children are pleased, thought I, why should not others be amused also? In a few days, Dr. Birch's young friends will be expected to re-assemble at Rodwell Regis, where they will learn everything that is useful, and under the eyes of careful ushers continue the business of their little lives.

But in the meanwhile, and for a brief holiday, let us laugh and be as pleasant as we can. And you elder folks—a little joking and dancing and fooling will do even you no harm. The author wishes you a merry Christmas, and welcomes you to the Fireside Pantomime.

M. A. TITMARSH.

DECEMBER, 1854.



THE ROSE AND THE RING

I

SHOWS HOW THE ROYAL FAMILY SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST

THIS is Valoroso XXIV, King of Paflagonia, seated with his Queen and only child at their royal breakfast-table, and receiving the letter which announces to His Majesty a proposed visit from Prince Bulbo, heir of Padella, reigning King of Crim Tartary. Remark the delight upon the monarch's royal features. He is so absorbed in the perusal of the King of Crim Tartary's letter, that he allows his eggs to get cold, and leaves his august muffins untasted.

'What! that wicked, brave, delightful Prince Bulbo!'

cries Princess Angelica—‘so handsome, so accomplished, so witty,—the conqueror of Rimbombamento, where he slew ten thousand giants!’

‘Who told you of him, my dear?’ asks His Majesty.

‘A little bird,’ says Angelica.

‘Poor Giglio!’ says mamma, pouring out the tea.

‘Bother Giglio!’ cries Angelica, tossing up her head, which rustled with a thousand curl-papers.

‘I wish,’ growls the King—‘I wish Giglio was . . .’

‘Was better? Yes, dear, he is better,’ says the Queen. ‘Angelica’s little maid, Betsinda, told me so when she came to my room this morning with my early tea.’

‘You are always drinking tea,’ said the monarch, with a scowl.

‘It is better than drinking port or brandy and water,’ replies Her Majesty.

‘Well, well, my dear, I only said you were fond of drinking tea,’ said the King of Paflagonia, with an effort as if to command his temper. ‘Angelica! I hope you have plenty of new dresses; your milliners’ bills are long enough. My dear Queen, you must see and have some parties. I prefer dinners, but of course you will be for balls. Your everlasting blue velvet quite tires me: and, my love, I should like you to have a new necklace. Order one. Not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.’

‘And Giglio, dear,’ says the Queen.

‘GIGLIO MAY GO TO THE ——’

‘Oh, sir,’ screams Her Majesty. ‘Your own nephew! our late King’s only son.’

‘Giglio may go to the tailor’s, and order the bills to be sent in to Glumboso to pay. Confound him! I mean, bless his dear heart. He need want for nothing; give him a couple of guineas for pocket-money, my dear, and you may as well order yourself bracelets, while you are about the necklace, Mrs. V.’

Her Majesty, or *Mrs. V.*, as the monarch facetiously called her (for even royalty will have its sport, and this

august family were very much attached), embraced her husband, and, twining her arm round her daughter's waist, they quitted the breakfast-room in order to make all things ready for the princely stranger.

When they were gone, the smile that had lighted up the eyes of the *husband* and *father* fled—the pride of the *King* fled—the MAN was alone. Had I the pen of a G. P. R. James, I would describe Valoroso's torments in the choicest language; in which I would also depict his flashing eye, his distended nostril—his dressing-gown, pocket-handkerchief, and boots. But I need not say I have *not* the pen of that novelist; suffice it to say, Valoroso was alone.

He rushed to the cupboard, seizing from the table one of the many egg-cups with which his princely board was served for the matin meal, drew out a bottle of right Nantz or Cognac, filled and emptied the cup several times, and laid it down with a hoarse 'Ha, ha, ha! now Valoroso is a man again!'

'But oh!' he went on (still sipping, I am sorry to say), 'ere I was a king, I needed not this intoxicating draught; once I detested the hot brandy wine, and quaffed no other fount but nature's rill. It dashes not more quickly o'er the rocks, than I did, as, with blunderbuss in hand, I brushed away the early morning dew, and shot the partridge, snipe, or antlered deer! Ah! well may England's dramatist remark, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!" Why did I steal my nephew's, my young Giglio's—? Steal! said I; no, no, no, not steal, not steal. Let me withdraw that odious expression. I took, and on my manly head I set, the royal crown of Paflogonia; I took, and with my royal arm I wield, the sceptral rod of Paflogonia; I took, and in my outstretched hand I hold, the royal orb of Paflogonia! Could a poor boy, a snivelling, drivelling boy—was in his nurse's arms but yesterday, and cried for sugar-plums and puled for pap—bear up the awful weight of crown, orb, sceptre? gird on the sword my

royal fathers wore, and meet in fight the tough Crimean foe ?'

And then the monarch went on to argue in his own mind (though we need not say that blank verse is not argument) that what he had got it was his duty to keep, and that, if at one time he had entertained ideas of a certain restitution, which shall be nameless, the prospect by a *certain marriage* of uniting two crowns and two nations which had been engaged in bloody and expensive wars, as the Paflagonians and the Crimeans had been, put the idea of Giglio's restoration to the throne out of the question : nay, were his own brother, King Savio, alive, he would certainly will away the crown from his own son in order to bring about such a desirable union. .

Thus easily do we deceive ourselves ! Thus do we fancy what we wish is right ! The King took courage, read the papers, finished his muffins and eggs, and rang the bell for his Prime Minister. The Queen, after thinking whether she should go up and see Giglio, who had been sick, thought, ' Not now. Business first ; pleasure afterwards. I will go and see dear Giglio this afternoon ; and now I will drive to the jeweller's, to look for the necklace and bracelets.' The Princess went up into her own room, and made Betsinda, her maid, bring out all her dresses ; and as for Giglio, they forgot him as much as I forget what I had for dinner last Tuesday twelvemonth.

II

HOW KING VALOROSO GOT THE CROWN, AND PRINCE GIGLIO
WENT WITHOUT

PAFLAGONIA, ten or twenty thousand years ago, appears to have been one of those kingdoms where the laws of succession were not settled ; for when King Savio died, leaving his brother Regent of the kingdom, and guardian of Savio's orphan infant, this unfaithful regent took no sort of regard of the late monarch's will ; had himself proclaimed sovereign of Paflagonia under the title of King Valoroso XXIV, had a most splendid coronation, and ordered all the nobles of the kingdom to pay him homage. So long as Valoroso gave them plenty of balls at Court, plenty of money, and lucrative places, the Paflagonian nobility did not care who was king ; and, as for the people, in those early times, they were equally indifferent. The Prince Giglio, by reason of his tender age at his royal father's death, did not feel the loss of his crown and empire. As long as he had plenty of toys and sweetmeats, a holiday five times a week, and a horse and gun to go out shooting when he grew a little older, and, above all, the company of his darling cousin, the King's only child, poor Giglio was perfectly contented ; nor did he envy his uncle the royal robes and sceptre, the great hot uncomfortable throne of state, and the enormous cumbersome crown in which that monarch appeared, from morning till night. King Valoroso's portrait has been left to us ; and I think you will agree with

me that he must have been sometimes *rather tired* of his velvet, and his diamonds, and his ermine, and his grandeur.



I shouldn't like to sit in that stifling robe with such a thing as that on my head.

No doubt, the Queen must have been lovely in her youth ; for though she grew rather stout in after-life, yet her features,



as shown in her portrait, are certainly *pleasing*. If she was fond of flattery, scandal, cards, and fine clothes, let us deal

gently with her infirmities, which, after all, may be no greater than our own. She was kind to her nephew; and if she had any scruples of conscience about her husband's taking the young Prince's crown, consoled herself by thinking that the King, though a usurper, was a most respectable man, and that at his death Prince Giglio would be restored to his throne, and share it with his cousin, whom he loved so fondly.

The Prime Minister was Glumboso, an old statesman, who most cheerfully swore fidelity to King Valoroso, and in whose hands the monarch left all the affairs of his kingdom. All Valoroso wanted was plenty of money, plenty of hunting, plenty of flattery, and as little trouble as possible. As long as he had his sport, this monarch cared little how his people paid for it: he engaged in some wars, and of course the Paflagonian newspapers announced that he gained prodigious victories: he had statues erected to himself in every city of the empire; and of course his pictures placed everywhere, and in all the print-shops: he was Valoroso the Magnanimous, Valoroso the Victorious, Valoroso the Great, and so forth;—for even in these early times courtiers and people knew how to flatter.

This royal pair had one only child, the Princess Angelica, who, you may be sure, was a paragon in the courtiers' eyes, in her parents', and in her own. It was said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot, and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in the Paflagonian dominions. Her accomplishments were announced to be even superior to her beauty; and governesses used to shame their idle pupils by telling them what Princess Angelica could do. She could play the most difficult pieces of music at sight. She could answer any one of Mangnall's Questions. She knew every date in the history of Paflagonia, and every other country. She knew French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Cappadocian, Samothracian, Aegean, and Crim Tartar. In a word, she was a most

accomplished young creature ; and her governess and lady-in-waiting was the severe Countess Gruffanuff



Would you not fancy, from this picture, that Gruffanuff must have been a person of the highest birth ? She looks so haughty that I should have thought her a Princess at the very least, with a pedigree reaching as far back as the Deluge. But this lady was no better born than many other ladies who give themselves airs ; and all sensible people laughed at her absurd pretensions : the fact is she had been maid-servant to the Queen when Her Majesty

was only Princess, and her husband had been head footman, but after his death or *disappearance*, of which you shall hear presently, this Mrs. Gruffanuff, by flattering, toadying and wheedling her royal mistress, became a favourite with the Queen (who was rather a weak woman), and Her Majesty gave her a title, and made her nursery governess to the Princess.

And now I must tell you about the Princess's learning and accomplishments, for which she had such a wonderful character. Clever Angelica certainly was, but as *idle as possible*. Play at sight, indeed! she could play one or two pieces, and pretend that she had never seen them before; she could answer half a dozen Mangnall's Questions; but then you must take care to ask the *right* ones. As for her languages, she had masters in plenty, but I doubt whether she knew more than a few phrases in each, for all her pretence; and as for her embroidery and her drawing, she showed beautiful specimens, it is true, but *who did them?*

This obliges me to tell the truth, and to do so I must go back ever so far, and tell you about the FAIRY BLACKSTICK.

III

TELLS WHO THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK WAS, AND WHO WERE
EVER SO MANY GRAND PERSONAGES BESIDES

BETWEEN the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary there lived a mysterious personage, who was known in those countries as the Fairy Blackstick, from the ebony wand or crutch which she carried ; on which she rode to the moon sometimes, or upon other excursions of business or pleasure, and with which she performed her wonders.

When she was young, and had been first taught the art of conjuring, by the necromancer, her father, she was always practising her skill, whizzing about from one kingdom to another upon her black stick, and conferring her fairy favours upon this Prince or that. She had scores of royal godchildren ; turned numberless wicked people into beasts, birds, millstones, clocks, pumps, bootjacks, umbrellas, or other absurd shapes ; and in a word was one of the most active and officious of the whole College of fairies.

But after two or three thousand years of this sport, I suppose Blackstick grew tired of it. Or perhaps she thought, ‘ What good am I doing by sending this Princess to sleep for a hundred years ? by fixing a black pudding on to that booby’s nose ? by causing diamonds and pearls to drop from one little girl’s mouth, and vipers and toads from another’s ? I begin to think I do as much harm as good by my performances. I might as well shut my incantations up, and allow things to take their natural course.

‘ There were my two young goddaughters, King Savio’s

wife, and Duke Padella's wife: I gave them each a present, which was to render them charming in the eyes of their husbands, and secure the affection of those gentlemen as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do these two women? None on earth. From having all their whims indulged by their husbands, they became capricious, lazy, ill-humoured, absurdly vain, and leered and languished, and fancied themselves irresistibly beautiful, when they were really quite old and hideous, the ridiculous creatures! They used actually to patronize me when I went to pay them a visit;—*me*, the Fairy Blackstick, who knows all the wisdom of the necromancers, and who could have turned them into baboons, and all their diamonds into strings of onions by a single wave of my rod! So she locked up her books in her cupboard, declined further magical performances, and scarcely used her wand at all except as a cane to walk about with.

So when Duke Padella's lady had a little son (the Duke was at that time only one of the principal noblemen in Crim Tartary), Blackstick, although invited to the christening; would not so much as attend; but merely sent her compliments and a silver papboat for the baby, which was really not worth a couple of guineas. About the same time the Queen of Paflagonia presented His Majesty with a son and heir; and guns were fired, the capital illuminated, and no end of feasts ordained to celebrate the young Prince's birth. It was thought the fairy, who was asked to be his godmother, would at least have presented him with an invisible jacket, a flying horse, a Fortunatus's purse, or some other valuable token of her favour; but instead, Blackstick went up to the cradle of the child Giglio, when everybody was admiring him and complimenting his royal papa and mamma, and said, 'My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little *misfortune*,' and this was all she would utter, to the disgust of Giglio's parents, who died very soon after, when Giglio's uncle took the throne, as we read in Chapter I.

In like manner, when CAVOLFIORE, King of Crim Tartary, had a christening of his only child, ROSALBA, the Fairy Blackstick, who had been invited, was not more gracious than in Prince Giglio's case. Whilst everybody was expatiating over the beauty of the darling child, and congratulating its parents, the Fairy Blackstick looked very sadly at the baby and its mother, and said, 'My good woman' (for the Fairy was very familiar, and no more minded a Queen than a washerwoman)—'my good woman, these people who are following you will be the first to turn against you; and, as for this little lady, the best thing I can wish her is a *little misfortune*.' So she touched Rosalba with her black wand, looked severely at the courtiers, motioned the Queen an adieu with her hand, and sailed slowly up into the air out of window.

When she was gone, the Court people, who had been awed and silent in her presence, began to speak. 'What an odious Fairy she is' (they said)—'a pretty Fairy, indeed! Why, she went to the King of Paflogonia's christening, and pretended to do all sorts of things for that family; and what has happened—the Prince, her godson, has been turned off his throne by his uncle. Would we allow our sweet Princess to be deprived of her rights by any enemy? Never, never, never, never!'

And they all shouted in a chorus, 'Never, never, never, never!'

Now, I should like to know, and how did these fine courtiers show their fidelity? One of King Cavolfiore's vassals, the Duke Padella just mentioned, rebelled against the King, who went out to chastise his rebellious subject. 'Any one rebel against our beloved and august Monarch!' cried the courtiers; 'any one resist *him*? Pooh! He is invincible, irresistible. He will bring home Padella a prisoner; and tie him to a donkey's tail, and drive him round the town, saying, "This is the way the Great Cavolfiore treats rebels."'

The King went forth to vanquish Padella; and the poor

Queen, who was a very timid, anxious creature, grew so frightened and ill, that I am sorry to say she died ; leaving injunctions with her ladies to take care of the dear little Rosalba.—Of course they said they would. Of course they vowed they would die rather than any harm should happen to the Princess. At first the *Crim Tartar Court Journal* stated that the King was obtaining great victories over the audacious rebel : then it was announced that the troops of the infamous Padella were in flight : then it was said that the royal army would soon come up with the enemy, and then—then the news came that King Cavolfiore was vanquished and slain by His Majesty, King Padella the First !

At this news, half the courtiers ran off to pay their duty to the conquering chief, and the other half ran away, laying hands on all the best articles in the palace, and poor little Rosalba was left there quite alone—quite alone ; and she toddled from one room to another, crying, ‘ Countess ! Duchess ! ’ (only she said ‘ Tountess, Duttess,’ not being able to speak plain) ‘ bring me my mutton sop ; my Royal Highness hungry ! Tountess, Duttess ! ’ And she went from the private apartments into the throne-room and nobody was there ;—and thence into the ball-room and nobody was there ;—and thence into the pages’ room and nobody was there ;—and she toddled down the great staircase into the hall and nobody was there ;—and the door was open, and she went into the court, and into the garden, and thence into the wilderness, and thence into the forest where the wild beasts live, and was never heard of any more !

A piece of her torn mantle and one of her shoes were found in the wood in the mouths of two lioness’s cubs, whom KING PADELLA and a royal hunting-party shot—for he was King now, and reigned over Crim Tartary. ‘ So the poor little Princess is done for,’ said he ; ‘ well, what’s done can’t be helped. Gentlemen, let us go to luncheon ! ’

And one of the courtiers took up the shoe and put it in his pocket. And there was an end of Rosalba !



IV

HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS
ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING

WHEN the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter absolutely to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall fierce man, who could say 'Not at home' to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. He was the husband of that Countess whose picture we have just seen, and as long as they were together they quarrelled from morning till night. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most *odious vulgar sign* as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face! 'Git away, hold Blackstick!' said he. 'I tell you, Master and Missis ain't at home to you:' and he was, as we have said, *going* to slam the door.

But the Fairy, with her wand, prevented the door being shut; and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury, swearing in the most abominable way, and asking the Fairy 'whether

she thought he was a-going to stay at that there door hall day ? ’

‘ You *are* going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year,’ the Fairy said very majestically ; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried



‘ Ha, ha, ha ! this is a good un ! Ha—ah—what’s this ? Let me down—O—o—H’m ! ’ and then he was dumb !

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground, and fluttering up against the door, and then, as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door ; and then his arms flew up over his head ; and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body ; and he felt cold,

cold, growing over him, as if he was turning into metal, and he said, 'O—o—H'm!' and could say no more, because he was dumb.

He *was* turned into metal! He was, from being *brazen*, *brass*! He was neither more nor less than a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he burned almost red-hot; and there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was dropping with icicles. And the postman came



and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door. And the King and Queen (Princess and Prince they were then), coming home from a walk that evening, the King said, 'Hullo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our Porter in the face! What has become of that boozy vagabond?' And the housemaid came and scrubbed his nose with sandpaper; and once, when the Princess Angelica's little sister was born, he was tied up in an old kid glove; and, another night, some *larking* young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most excruciating agony with a turn-screw. And then the Queen had a fancy to have the colour of the door altered; and the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes, and nearly choked him, as they painted him pea-green. I

warrant he had leisure to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick !

As for his wife, she did not miss him ; and as he was always guzzling beer at the public-house, and notoriously quarrelling with his wife, and in debt to the tradesmen, it was supposed he had run away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America. And when the Prince and Princess chose to become King and Queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the Porter any more.

V

HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID

ONE day, when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace, with Mrs. Gruffanuff, the governess, holding a parasol over her head, to keep her sweet complexion from the freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.



They had not reached the duck-pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl! She had a great quantity of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

'You little wretch, who let you in here?' asked Gruffanuff.

'Dive me dat bun,' said the little girl; 'me vely hungry.'

'Hungry! what is that?' asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

'Oh, Princess!' says Gruffanuff, 'how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are! See, your Majesties,' she said to the King and Queen, who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, 'how kind the Princess is! She met this little dirty wretch in the garden—I can't tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at the gate!—and the dear darling of a Princess has given her the whole of her bun!'

'I didn't want it,' said Angelica.

'But you are a darling little angel all the same,' says the governess.

'Yes; I know I am,' said Angelica. 'Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?' Indeed, she had on the finest of little dresses and hats; and, as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very well.

'Oh, pooty, pooty!' says the little girl, capering about, laughing, and dancing, and munching her bun; and as she ate it she began to sing, 'Oh, what fun to have a plum bun! how I wis it never was done!' At which, and her funny accent, Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen began to laugh very merrily.

'I can dance as well as sing,' says the little girl. 'I can dance, and I can sing, and I can do all sorts of ting.' And she ran to a flower-bed, and, pulling a few polyanthuses, rhododendrons, and other flowers, made herself a little

wreath, and danced before the King and Queen so drolly and prettily, that everybody was delighted.

‘Who was your mother—who were your relations, little girl?’ said the Queen.



The little girl said, ‘Little lion was my brudder; great big lioness my mudder; neber heard of any udder.’ And she capered away on her one shoe, and everybody was exceedingly diverted.

So Angelica said to the Queen, 'Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage, and I don't care any more for any of my toys; and I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I will take her home, and give her some of my old frocks.'

'Oh, the generous darling!' says Gruffanuff.

'Which I have worn ever so many times, and am quite tired of,' Angelica went on; 'and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?'

The child clapped her hands, and said, 'Go home with you—yes! You pooty Princess!—Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!'

And they all laughed again, and took home the child to the palace, where, when she was washed and combed, and had one of the Princess's frocks given to her, she looked as handsome as Angelica, almost. Not that Angelica ever thought so; for this little lady never imagined that anybody in the world could be as pretty, as good, or as clever as herself. In order that the little girl should not become too proud and conceited, Mrs. Gruffanuff took her old ragged mantle and one shoe, and put them into a glass box, with a card laid upon them, upon which was written, 'These were the old clothes in which little BETSINDA was found when the great goodness and admirable kindness of Her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica received this little outcast.' And the date was added, and the box locked up.

For a while little Betsinda was a great favourite with the Princess, and she danced, and sang, and made her little rhymes, to amuse her mistress. But then the Princess got a monkey, and afterwards a little dog, and afterwards a doll, and did not care for Betsinda any more, who became very melancholy and quiet, and sang no more funny songs, because nobody cared to hear her. And then, as she grew older, she was made a little lady's-maid to the Princess; and though she had no wages, she worked and mended, and put Angelica's hair in papers, and was never cross

when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress, and was always up early and to bed late, and at hand when wanted, and in fact became a perfect little maid. So the two girls grew up, and, when the Princess came out, Betsinda was never tired of waiting on her ; and made her dresses better than the best milliner, and was useful in a hundred ways. Whilst the Princess was having her masters, Betsinda would sit and watch them ; and in this way she picked up a great deal of learning ; for she was always awake, though her mistress was not, and listened to the wise professors when Angelica was yawning, or thinking of the next ball. And when the dancing-master came, Betsinda learned along with Angelica ; and when the music-master came, she watched him, and practised the Princess's pieces when Angelica was away at balls and parties ; and when the drawing-master came, she took note of all he said and did ; and the same with French, Italian, and all other languages—she learned them from the teacher who came to Angelica. When the Princess was going out of an evening she would say, ' My good Betsinda, you may as well finish what I have begun.' ' Yes, Miss,' Betsinda would say, and sit down very cheerful, not to *finish* what Angelica began, but to *do* it.

For instance, the Princess would begin a head of a warrior, let us say, and when it was begun it was something like this :—



But when it was done, the warrior was like this:—



(only handsomer still if possible), and the Princess put her name to the drawing; and the Court and King and Queen, and above all poor Giglio, admired the picture of all things, and said, ‘Was there ever a genius like Angelica?’ So, I am sorry to say, was it with the Princess’s embroidery and other accomplishments; and Angelica actually believed that she did these things herself, and received all the flattery of the Court as if every word of it was true. Thus she began to think that there was no young woman in all the world equal to herself, and that no young man was good enough for her. As for Betsinda, as she heard none of these praises, she was not puffed up by them, and being a most grateful, good-natured girl, she was only too anxious to do everything which might give her mistress pleasure. Now you begin to perceive that Angelica had faults of her own, and was by no means such a wonder of wonders as people represented Her Royal Highness to be.

VI

HOW PRINCE GIGLIO BEHAVED HIMSELF

AND now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the reigning monarch of Paflagonia. It has already been stated, in page 1 [chap. ii], that as long as he had a smart coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket, or rather to take out of his pocket, for he was very good-natured, my young Prince did not care for the loss of his crown and sceptre, being a thoughtless youth, not much inclined to politics or any kind of learning. So his tutor had a sinecure. Giglio would not learn classics or mathematics, and the Lord Chancellor of Paflagonia, SQUARETOSO,



pulled a very long face because the Prince could not be got to study the Paflagonian laws and constitution ; but on the other hand, the King's gamekeepers and huntsmen found the Prince an apt pupil ; the dancing-master pronounced that he was a most elegant and assiduous scholar ; the First Lord of the Billiard Table gave the most flattering reports of the Prince's skill ; so did the Groom of the Tennis Court ; and as for the Captain of the Guard and Fencing Master, the *valiant* and *veteran* Count KUTASOFF HEDZOFF, he avowed that since he ran the General of Crim



Tartary, the dreadful Grumbuskin, through the body, he never had encountered so expert a swordsman as Prince Giglio.

I hope you do not imagine that there was any impropriety in the Prince and Princess walking together in the palace garden, and because Giglio kissed Angelica's hand in a



polite manner. In the first place they are cousins ; next, the Queen is walking in the garden too (you cannot see her for she happens to be behind that tree), and Her Majesty always wished that Angelica and Giglio should marry : so did Giglio : so did Angelica sometimes, for she thought her cousin very handsome, brave, and good-natured : but then you know she was so clever and knew so many things, and poor Giglio knew nothing, and had no conversation. When they looked at the stars, what did Giglio know of the

heavenly bodies? Once, when on a sweet night in a balcony where they were standing, Angelica said, 'There is the Bear.' 'Where?' says Giglio. 'Don't be afraid, Angelica! if a dozen bears come, I will kill them rather than they shall hurt you.' 'Oh, you silly creature!' says she, 'you are very good, but you are not very wise.' When they looked at the flowers, Giglio was utterly unacquainted with botany, and had never heard of Linnaeus. When the butterflies passed, Giglio knew nothing about them, being as ignorant of entomology as I am of algebra. So you see, Angelica, though she liked Giglio pretty well, despised him on account of his ignorance. I think she probably valued *her own learning* rather too much; but to think too well of one's self is the fault of people of all ages and both sexes. Finally, when nobody else was there, Angelica liked her cousin well enough.

King Valoroso was very delicate in health, and withal so fond of good dinners (which were prepared for him by his French cook, Marmitonio), that it was supposed he could not live long. Now the idea of anything happening to the



King struck the artful Prime Minister and the designing old lady-in-waiting with terror. For, thought Glumboso and the Countess, 'when Prince Giglio marries his cousin and comes to the throne, what a pretty position we shall be in, whom he dislikes, and who have always been unkind to him! We shall lose our places in a trice; Gruffanuff will have to give up all the jewels, laces, snuff-boxes, rings, and watches which belonged to the Queen, Giglio's mother; and Glumboso will be forced to refund two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, money left to Prince Giglio by his poor dear father.' So the Lady of Honour and the Prime Minister hated Giglio because they had done him a wrong; and these unprincipled people invented a hundred cruel stories about poor Giglio, in order to influence the King, Queen, and Princess against him; how he was so ignorant that he could not spell the commonest words, and actually wrote Valoroso Valloroso, and spelt Angelica with two l's; how he drank a great deal too much wine at dinner, and was always idling in the stables with the grooms; how he owed ever so much money at the pastrycook's and the haberdasher's; how he used to go to sleep at church; how he was fond of playing cards with the pages. So did the Queen like playing cards; so did the King go to sleep at church, and eat and drink too much; and, if Giglio owed a trifle for tarts, who owed him two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, I should like to know? Detractors and tale-bearers (in my humble opinion) had much better look at *home*. All this back-biting and slandering had effect upon Princess Angelica, who began to look coldly on her cousin, then to laugh at him and scorn him for being so stupid, then to sneer at him for having vulgar associates; and at Court balls, dinners, and so forth, to treat him so unkindly that

poor Giglio became quite ill, took to his bed, and sent for the doctor.



His Majesty King Valoroso, as we have seen, had his own reasons for disliking his nephew ; and, as for those innocent readers who ask why ? I beg (with the permission of their dear parents) to refer them to Shakespeare's pages, where they will read why King John disliked Prince Arthur. With the Queen, his royal but weak-minded aunt, when Giglio was out of sight he was out of mind. While she had her whist and her evening parties, she cared for little else.

I dare say *two villains*, who shall be nameless, wished Doctor Pildrafto, the Court Physician, had killed Giglio right out, but he only bled and physicked him so severely,

that the Prince was kept to his room for several months, and grew as thin as a post.



Whilst he was lying sick in this way, there came to the Court of Pafagonia a famous painter, whose name was Tomaso Lorenzo, and who was Painter in Ordinary to the King of Crim Tartary, Pafagonia's neighbour. Tomaso

Lorenzo painted all the Court, who were delighted with his works; for even Countess Gruffanuff looked young and Glumboso good-humoured in his pictures. 'He flatters very much,' some people said. 'Nay!' says Princess Angelica, 'I am above flattery, and I think he did not make my picture handsome enough. I can't bear to hear a man of genius unjustly cried down, and I hope my dear **papa** will make Lorenzo a knight of his Order of the Cucumber.'

The Princess Angelica, although the courtiers vowed Her Royal Highness could draw so *beautifully* that the idea of her taking lessons was absurd, yet chose to have Lorenzo for a teacher, and it was wonderful, *as long as she painted in his studio*, what beautiful pictures she made! Some of the performances were engraved for the *Book of Beauty*: others were sold for enormous sums at Charity Bazaars. She wrote the *signatures* under the drawings, no doubt, but I think I know who did the pictures—this artful painter, who had come with other designs on Angelica than merely to teach her to draw.

One day, Lorenzo showed the Princess a portrait of a young man in armour, with fair hair and the loveliest blue eyes, and an expression at once melancholy and interesting.

'Dear Signor Lorenzo, who is this?' asked the Princess.

'I never saw any one so handsome,' says Countess Gruffanuff (the old humbug).

'That,' said the painter, 'that, madam, is the portrait of my august young master, His Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, Duke of Acroceraunia, Marquis of Poluphloisboio, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Pumpkin. That is the Order of the Pumpkin glittering on his manly breast, and received by His Royal Highness from his august father, His Majesty King PADELLA I, for his gallantry at the battle of Rimbombamento, when he slew with his own princely hand the King of Ograria and two hundred and eleven giants of the two hundred and eighteen who formed the King's bodyguard.'

The remainder were destroyed by the brave Crim Tartar army after an obstinate combat, in which the Crim Tartars suffered severely.'



What a Prince! thought Angelica: so brave—so calm-looking—so young—what a hero!

'He is as accomplished as he is brave;' continued the Court Painter. 'He knows all languages perfectly: sings deliciously: plays every instrument: composes operas which have been acted a thousand nights running at the Imperial Theatre of Crim Tartary, and danced in a ballet there before the King and Queen; in which he looked so beautiful, that his cousin, the lovely daughter of the King of Circassia, died for love of him.'

'Why did he not marry the poor Princess?' asked Angelica, with a sigh.

‘ Because they were *first cousins*, madam, and the clergy forbid these unions,’ said the Painter. ‘ And, besides, the young Prince had given his royal heart *elsewhere*.’

‘ And to whom ? ’ asked Her Royal Highness.

‘ I am not at liberty to mention the Princess’s name,’ answered the Painter.

‘ But you may tell me the first letter of it,’ gasped out the Princess.

‘ That your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess,’ says Lorenzo.

‘ Does it begin with a Z ? ’ asked Angelica.

The Painter said it wasn’t a Z ; then she tried a Y ; then an X ; then a W, and went so backwards through almost the whole alphabet.

When she came to D, and it wasn’t D, she grew very much excited ; when she came to C, and it wasn’t C, she was still more nervous ; when she came to B, *and it wasn’t B*, ‘ Oh, dearest Gruffanuff,’ she said, ‘ lend me your smelling-bottle ! ’ and, hiding her head in the Countess’s shoulder, she faintly whispered, ‘ Ah, Signor, can it be A ? ’

‘ It was A ; and though I may not, by my royal master’s orders, tell your Royal Highness the Princess’s name, whom he fondly, madly, devotedly, rapturously loves, I may show you her portrait,’ says this slyboots : and leading the Princess up to a gilt frame he drew a curtain which was before it.

O goodness, the frame contained A LOOKING-GLASS ! and Angelica saw her own face !

VII

HOW GIGLIO AND ANGELICA HAD A QUARREL

THE Court Painter of His Majesty the King of Crim Tartary returned to that monarch's dominions, carrying away a number of sketches which he had made in the Paflagonian capital (you know, of course, my dears, that the name of that capital is Blombodinga); but the most charming of all his pieces was a portrait of the Princess Angelica, which all the Crim Tartar nobles came to see. With this work the King was so delighted, that he decorated the Painter with his Order of the Pumpkin (sixth class), and the artist became Sir Tomaso Lorenzo, K.P., thenceforth.

King Valoroso also sent Sir Tomaso his Order of the Cucumber, besides a handsome order for money, for he painted the King, Queen, and principal nobility while at Blombodinga, and became all the fashion, to the perfect rage of all the artists in Paflagonia, where the King used to point to the portrait of Prince Bulbo, which Sir Tomaso had left behind him, and say, 'Which among you can paint a picture like that?'

It hung in the royal parlour over the royal sideboard, and Princess Angelica could always look at it as she sat making the tea. Each day it seemed to grow handsomer and handsomer, and the Princess grew so fond of looking at it, that she would often spill the tea over the cloth, at which her father and mother would wink and wag their heads, and say to each other, 'Aha! we see how things are going.'

In the meanwhile poor Giglio lay upstairs very sick in his chamber, though he took all the doctor's horrible medicines like a good young lad ; as I hope *you* do, my dears, when you are ill and mamma sends for the medical man. And the only person who visited Giglio (besides his friend the captain of the guard, who was almost always busy or on parade) was little Betsinda the housemaid, who used to do his bedroom and sitting-room out, bring him his gruel, and warm his bed.

When the little housemaid came to him in the morning and evening, Prince Giglio used to say, ' Betsinda, Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica ? '

And Betsinda used to answer, ' The Princess is very well, thank you, my lord.' And Giglio would heave a sigh, and think, ' If Angelica were sick I am sure *I* should not be very well.'

Then Giglio would say, ' Betsinda, has the Princess Angelica asked for me to-day ? ' And Betsinda would answer, ' No, my lord, not to-day ; ' or, ' She was very busy practising the piano when I saw her ; ' or, ' She was writing invitations for an evening party, and did not speak to me : ' or make some excuse or other not strictly consonant with truth : for Betsinda was such a good-natured creature, that she strove to do everything to prevent annoyance to Prince Giglio, and even brought him up roast chicken and jellies from the kitchen (when the Doctor allowed them, and Giglio was getting better), saying, ' that the Princess had made the jelly, or the bread-sauce, with her own hands on purpose for Giglio.'

When Giglio heard this he took heart and began to mend immediately ; and gobbled up all the jelly, and picked the last bone of the chicken—drumsticks, merrythought, sides'-bones, back, pope's-nose, and all—thanking his dear Angelica ; and he felt so much better the next day, that he dressed and went downstairs, where, whom should he meet but Angelica going into the drawing-room. All the covers were off the chairs, the chandeliers taken out of

the bags, the damask curtains uncovered, the work and things carried away, and the handsomest albums on the tables. Angelica had her hair in papers; in a word, it was evident there was going to be a party.

'Heavens, Giglio!' cries Angelica: '*you* here in such a dress! What a figure you are!'

'Yes, dear Angelica, I am come downstairs, and feel so well to-day, thanks to the *fowl* and the *jelly*.'

'What do I know about fowls and jellies, that you allude to them in that rude way?' says Angelica.

'Why, didn't—didn't you send them, Angelica dear?' says Giglio.

'I send them indeed! Angelica dear! No, Giglio dear,' says she, mocking him. '*I* was engaged in getting the rooms ready for His Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa's Court a visit.'

'The—Prince—of—Crim—Tartary!' Giglio said, aghast.

'Yes, the Prince of Crim Tartary,' says Angelica, mocking him. 'I dare say you never heard of such a country. What *did* you ever hear of? You don't know whether Crim Tartary is on the Red Sea or on the Black Sea, I dare say.'

'Yes, I do, it's on the Red Sea,' says Giglio, at which the Princess burst out laughing at him, and said, 'Oh, you ninny! You are so ignorant, you are really not fit for society! You know nothing but about horses and dogs: and are only fit to dine in a mess-room with my royal father's heaviest dragoons. Don't look so surprised at me, sir; go and put your best clothes on to receive the Prince, and let me get the drawing-room ready.'

Giglio said, 'Oh, Angelica, Angelica, I didn't think this of you. *This* wasn't your language to me when you gave me this ring, and I gave you mine in the garden, and you gave me that k—'

But what k was we never shall know, for Angelica, in a rage, cried, 'Get out, you saucy, rude creature! How dare you to remind me of your rudeness? As for your

little trumpery twopenny ring, there, sir, there!’ And she flung it out of the window.

‘It was my mother’s marriage ring,’ cried Giglio.

‘I don’t care whose marriage ring it was,’ cries Angelica. ‘Marry the person who picks it up if she’s a woman; you shan’t marry *me*. And give me back *my* ring. I’ve no patience with people who boast about the things they give away! I know who’ll give me much finer things than you ever gave me. A beggarly ring indeed, not worth five shillings!’

Now Angelica little knew that the ring which Giglio had given her was a fairy ring: if a man wore it, it made all the women in love with him; if a woman, all the gentlemen. The Queen, Giglio’s mother, quite an ordinary looking person, was admired immensely whilst she wore this ring, and her husband was frantic when she was ill. But when she called her little Giglio to her, and put the ring on his finger, King Savio did not seem to care for his wife so much any more, but transferred all his love to little Giglio. So did everybody love him as long as he had the ring, but when, as quite a child, he gave it to Angelica, people began to love and admire *her*; and Giglio, as the saying is, played only second fiddle.

‘Yes,’ says Angelica, going on in her foolish ungrateful way, ‘I know who’ll give me much finer things than your beggarly little pearl nonsense.’

‘Very good, Miss! You may take back your ring, too!’ says Giglio, his eyes flashing fire at her, and then, as if his eyes had been suddenly opened, he cried out, ‘Ha, what does this mean? Is *this* the woman I have been in love with all my life? Have I been such a ninny as to throw away my regard upon *you*? Why—actually—yes—you are a little crooked!’

‘Oh, you wretch!’ cries Angelica.

‘And, upon my conscience, you—you squint a little.’

‘Eh!’ cries Angelica.

‘And your hair is red—and you are marked with the

small-pox—and what ? you have three false teeth—and one leg shorter than the other ! ’

‘ You brute, you brute, you ! ’ Angelica screamed out : and as she seized the ring with one hand, she dealt Giglio one, two, three, smacks on the face, and would have pulled the hair off his head had he not started laughing, and crying,

‘ Oh, dear me, Angelica, don’t pull out *my* hair, it hurts ! You might remove a great deal of *your own*, as I perceive, without scissors or pulling at all. Oh, ho, ho ! ha, ha, ha ! he, he, he ! ’

And he nearly choked himself with laughing, and she with rage, when, with a low bow, and dressed in his Court habit, Count Gambabella, the first lord-in-waiting, entered and said, ‘ Royal Highnesses ! Their Majesties expect you in the Pink Throne-room, where they await the arrival of the Prince of CRIM TARTARY. ’



VIII

HOW GRUFFANUFF PICKED THE FAIRY RING UP, AND
PRINCE BULBO CAME TO COURT

PRINCE BULBO'S arrival had set all the Court in a flutter : everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on : the footmen had their gala-liveries ; the Lord Chancellor his new wig ; the Guards their last new tunics ; and Countess Gruffanuff you may be sure was glad of an opportunity of decorating *her* old person with her finest things. She was walking through the court of the Palace on her way to wait upon their Majesties, when she spied something glittering on the pavement, and bade the boy in buttons who was holding up her train, to go and pick up the article shining yonder. He was an ugly little wretch, in some of the late groom-porter's old clothes cut down, and much too tight for him ; and yet, when he had taken up the ring (as it turned out to be), and was carrying it to his mistress, she thought he looked like a little Cupid. He gave the ring to her ; it was a trumpery little thing enough, but too small for any of her old knuckles, so she put it into her pocket.

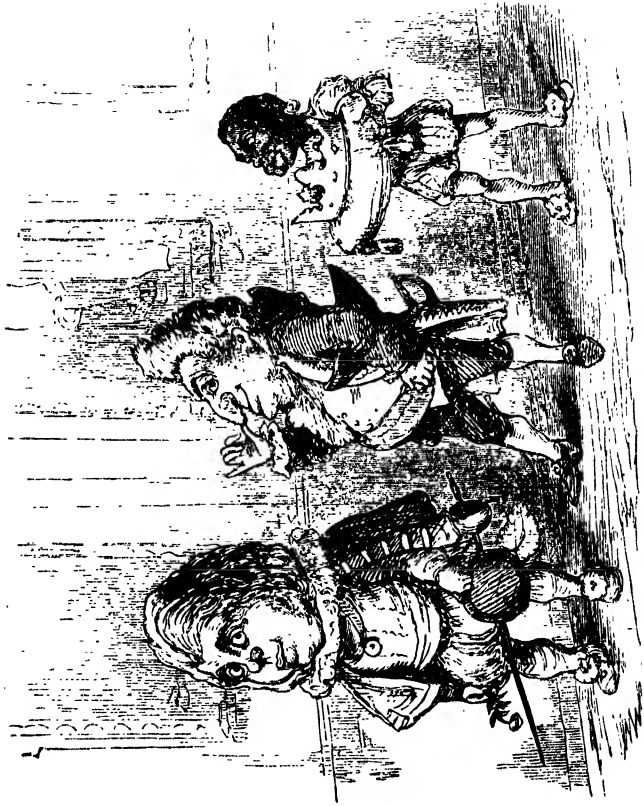
'O, mum!' says the boy, looking at her, 'how, how beyoutiful you do look, mum, to-day, mum!'

'And you, too, Jacky,' she was going to say ; but, looking down at him—no, he was no longer good-looking at all—but only the carrotty-haired little Jacky of the morning.

However, praise is welcome from the ugliest of men or boys, and Gruffanuff, bidding the boy hold up her train,



walked on in high good humour. The guards saluted her with peculiar respect. Captain Hedzoff, in the ante-room, said, 'My dear madam, you look like an angel to-day.' And so, bowing and smirking, Gruffanuff went in and took



HIS R.H. THE PRINCE OF CRIM TARTARY

her place behind her royal master and mistress, who were in the throne-room, awaiting the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and behind the King's chair stood Prince Giglio, looking very savage.

The Prince of Crim Tartary made his appearance, attended by Baron Scibootz, his chamberlain, and followed by a black page, carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw ! He was dressed in his travelling costume, and his hair, as you see, was a little in disorder. ' I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast,' said he, ' so eager was I to behold the Prin—the Court and august family of Paflagonia, and I could not wait one minute before appearing in your Majesties' presences.'

Giglio, from behind the throne, burst out into a roar of contemptuous laughter ; but all the royal party, in fact, were so flurried, that they did not hear this little outbreak. ' Your R. H. is welcome in any dress,' says the King. ' Glumboso, a chair for His Royal Highness.'

' Any dress His Royal Highness wears, is a Court dress,' says Princess Angelica, smiling graciously.

' Ah ! but you should see my other clothes,' said the Prince. ' I should have had them on, but that stupid carrier has not brought them. Who's that laughing ?'

It was Giglio laughing. ' I was laughing,' he said, ' because you said just now that you were in such a hurry to see the Princess, that you could not wait to change your dress ; and now you say you come in those clothes because you have no others.'

' And who are you ?' says Prince Bulbo, very fiercely.

' My father was King of this country, and I am his only son, Prince !' replies Giglio, with equal haughtiness.

' Ha !' said the King and Glumboso, looking very flurried ; but the former, collecting himself, said, ' Dear Prince Bulbo, I forgot to introduce to your Royal Highness my dear nephew, His Royal Highness Prince Giglio ! Know each other ! Embrace each other ! Giglio, give His Royal

Highness your hand ! ' and Giglio, giving his hand, squeezed poor Bulbo's until the tears ran out of his eyes. Glumboso now brought a chair for the royal visitor, and placed it on the platform on which the King, Queen, and Princess were seated ; but the chair was on the edge of the platform, and as Bulbo sat down, it toppled over, and he with it, rolling over and over, and bellowing like a bull. Giglio roared still louder at this disaster, but it was with laughter : so did all the Court when Prince Bulbo got up, for though when he entered the room he appeared not very ridiculous, as he stood up from his fall for a moment, he looked so exceedingly plain and foolish, that nobody could help laughing at him. When he had entered the room, he was observed to carry a rose in his hand, which fell out of it as he tumbled.

' My rose ! my rose ! ' cried Bulbo, and his chamberlain dashed forwards and picked it up, and gave it to the Prince, who put it in his waistcoat. Then people wondered why they had laughed ; there was nothing particularly ridiculous in him. He was rather short, rather stout, rather red-haired, but, in fine, for a Prince not so bad.

So they sat and talked, the royal personages together, the Crim Tartar officers with those of Paflagonia—Giglio very comfortable with Gruffanuff behind the throne. He looked at her with such tender eyes, that her heart was all in a flutter. ' Oh, dear Prince,' she said, ' how could you speak so haughtily in presence of their Majesties ? I protest I thought I should have fainted.'

' I should have caught you in my arms,' said Giglio, looking raptures.

' Why were you so cruel to Prince Bulbo, dear Prince ? ' says Gruff.

' Because I hate him,' says Gil.

' You are jealous of him, and still love poor Angelica ; ' cries Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

' I did, but I love her no more ! ' Giglio cried. ' I despise her ! Were she heiress to twenty thousand thrones, I would

despise her and scorn her. But why speak of thrones ? I have lost mine. I am too weak to recover it—I am alone, and have no friend.’

‘ Oh, say not so, dear Prince ! ’ says Gruffanuff.

‘ Besides,’ says he, ‘ I am so happy here *behind the throne* that I would not change my place, no, not for the throne of the world ! ’

‘ What are you two people chattering about there ? ’ says the Queen, who was rather good-natured, though not overburdened with wisdom. ‘ It is time to dress for dinner. Giglio, show Prince Bulbo to his room. Prince, if your clothes have not come we shall be very happy to see you as you are.’ But when Prince Bulbo got to his bedroom, his luggage was there and unpacked ; and the hairdresser coming in, cut and curled him entirely to his own satisfaction ; and when the dinner-bell rang, the royal company



had not to wait above five-and-twenty minutes until Bulbo appeared, during which time the King, who could not bear to wait, grew as sulky as possible. As for Giglio, he never left Madam Gruffanuff all this time, but stood with her in the embrasure of a window, paying her compliments. At length the Groom of the Chambers announced His Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary ! and the noble company went into the royal dining-room. It was quite a small party ; only the King and Queen, the Princess, whom Bulbo



took out, the two Princes, Countess Gruffanuff, Glumboso the Prime Minister, and Prince Bulbo's chamberlain. You may be sure they had a very good dinner—let every boy or girl think of what he or she likes best, and fancy it on the table.¹

The Princess talked incessantly all dinner-time to the Prince of Crimea, who ate an immense deal too much, and never took his eyes off his plate, except when Giglio, who was carving a goose, sent a quantity of stuffing and onion sauce into one of them. Giglio only burst out a-laughing as the Crimean Prince wiped his shirt-front and face with his scented pocket-handkerchief. He did not make Prince Bulbo any apology. When the Prince looked at him, Giglio would not look that way. When Prince Bulbo said, 'Prince Giglio, may I have the honour of taking a glass of wine with you?' Giglio *wouldn't* answer. All his talk and his eyes were for Countess Gruffanuff, who you may be sure was pleased with Giglio's attentions, the vain old creature! When he was not complimenting her, he was making fun of Prince Bulbo, so loud that Gruffanuff was always tapping him with her fan, and saying, 'Oh, you satirical Prince! Oh fie, the Prince will hear!' 'Well, I don't mind,' says Giglio, louder still. The King and Queen luckily did not hear; for Her Majesty was a little deaf, and the King thought so much about his own dinner, and, besides, made such a dreadful noise, hob-gobbling in eating it, that he heard nothing else. After dinner, His Majesty and the Queen went to sleep in their armchairs.

This was the time when Giglio began his tricks with Prince Bulbo, plying that young gentleman with port, sherry, madeira, champagne, marsala, cherry-brandy, and pale ale, of all of which Master Bulbo drank without stint. But in plying his guest, Giglio was obliged to drink himself, and, I am sorry to say, took more than was good for him, so that the young men were very noisy, rude, and foolish

¹ Here a very pretty game may be played by all the children saying what they like best for dinner.

when they joined the ladies after dinner ; and dearly did they pay for that imprudence, as now, my darlings, you shall hear !

Bulbo went and sat by the piano, where Angelica was playing and singing, and he sang out of tune, and he upset the coffee when the footman brought it, and he laughed out of place, and talked absurdly, and fell asleep and snored horridly. Booh, the nasty pig ! But as he lay there stretched on the pink satin sofa, Angelica still persisted in thinking him the most beautiful of human beings. No doubt the magic rose which Bulbo wore, caused this infatuation on Angelica's part ; but is she the first young woman who has thought a silly fellow charming ?

Giglio must go and sit by Gruffanuff, whose old face he too every moment began to find more lovely. He paid the most outrageous compliments to her : 'There never was such a darling—Older than he was ?—Fiddle-de-dee ! He would marry her—he would have nothing but her !

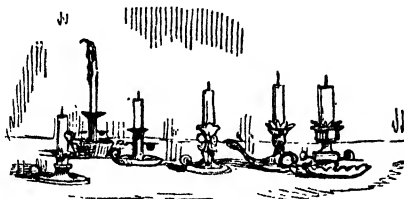
To marry the heir to the throne ! Here was a chance ! The artful hussy actually got a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it, 'This is to give notice that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflagonia, hereby promise to marry the charming and virtuous Barbara Griselda, Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq.'

'What is it you are writing ? you charming Gruffy !' says Giglio, who was lolling on the sofa, by the writing-table.

'Only an order for you to sign, dear Prince, for giving coals and blankets to the poor, this cold weather. Look ! the King and Queen are both asleep, and your Royal Highness's order will do.'

So Giglio, who was very good-natured, as Gruffy well knew, signed the order immediately ; and, when she had it in her pocket, you may fancy what airs she gave herself. She was ready to flounce out of the room before the Queen herself, as now she was the wife of the *rightful* King of Paflagonia ! She would not speak to Glumboso, whom she thought a brute, for depriving her *dear husband* of the crown !

And when candles came, and she had helped to undress the Queen and Princess, she went into her own room, and



actually practised, on a sheet of paper, 'Griselda Paflagonia,' 'Barbara Regina,' 'Griselda Barbara, Paf. Reg.,' and I don't know what signatures besides, against the day when she should be Queen, forsooth !

IX

HOW BETSINDA GOT THE WARMING-PAN

LITTLE Betsinda came in to put Gruffanuff's hair in papers ; and the Countess was so pleased, that, for a wonder, she complimented Betsinda. 'Betsinda !' she said, 'you dressed my hair very nicely to-day ; I promised you a little present. Here are five sh— no, here is a pretty little ring, that I picked—that I have had some time.' And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the court. It fitted Betsinda exactly.

'It's like the ring the Princess used to wear,' says the maid.

'No such thing,' says Gruffanuff, 'I have had it this ever so long. There—tuck me up quite comfortable ; and now, as it's a very cold night' (the snow was beating in at the window), 'you may go and warm dear Prince Giglio's bed, like a good girl, and then you may unrip my green silk, and then you can just do me up a little cap for the morning, and then you can mend that hole in my silk stocking, and then you can go to bed, Betsinda. Mind, I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning.'

'I suppose I had best warm both the young gentlemen's beds, ma'am,' says Betsinda.

Gruffanuff, for reply, said, 'Hau-au-ho !—Grau-haw-hoo !—Hong-hrho !' In fact, she was snoring sound asleep.

Her room, you know, is next to the King and Queen, and the Princess is next to them. So pretty Betsinda went away for the coals to the kitchen, and filled the royal warming-pan.

Now, she was a very kind, merry, civil, pretty girl ; but there must have been something very captivating about her this evening, for all the women in the servants' hall began to scold and abuse her. The housekeeper said she was a pert, stuck-up thing : the upper-housemaid asked, how dare she wear such ringlets and ribbons, it was quite improper ! The cook (for there was a woman-cook as well as a man-cook) said to the kitchen-maid that *she* never could see anything in that creature : but as for the men, every one of them, Coachman, John, Buttons the page, and Monsieur, the Prince of Crim Tartary's valet, started up, and said—

<p>‘ My eyes ! ‘ O nussey ! ‘ O jemmany ! ‘ O ciel !</p>	}	What a pretty girl Betsinda is.’
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‘ Hands off ; none of your impertinence, you vulgar, low people ! ’ says Betsinda, walking off with her pan of coals. She heard the young gentlemen playing at billiards as she went upstairs : first to Prince Giglio's bed, which she warmed, and then to Prince Bulbo's room.

He came in just as she had done ; and as soon as he saw her, ‘ O ! O ! O ! O ! O ! O ! what a beyou—oo—ootiful creature you are. You angel—you peri—you rosebud let me be thy bulbul—thy Bulbo, too ! Fly to the desert, fly with me ! I never saw a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye that had eyes like thine. Thou nymph of beauty, take, take this young heart. A truer never did itself sustain within a soldier's waistcoat. Be mine ! Be mine ! Be Princess of Crim Tartary ! My royal father will approve our union : and, as for that little carrotty-haired Angelica, I do not care a fig for her any more.’

‘ Go away, your Royal Highness, and go to bed, please,’ said Betsinda, with the warming-pan.

But Bulbo said, ‘ No, never, till thou swearest to be mine, thou lovely, blushing chambermaid divine ! Here, at thy feet, the Royal Bulbo lies, the trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes.’

And he went on, making himself so *absurd and ridiculous*, that Betsinda, who was full of fun, gave him a touch with the warming-pan, which, I promise you, made him cry 'O-o-o-o!' in a very different manner.



Prince Bulbo made such a noise that Prince Giglio, who heard him from the next room, came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was taking place, Giglio, in a fury, rushed on Bulbo, kicked him in the rudest manner up to the ceiling, and went on kicking him till his hair was quite out of curl.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or to cry, the kicking certainly must hurt the Prince, but then he looked so droll! When Giglio had done knocking him up



THE RIVALS

and down to the ground, and whilst he went into a corner rubbing himself, what do you think Giglio does? He goes down on his own knees to Betsinda, takes her hand, begs her to accept his heart, and offers to marry her that moment. Fancy Betsinda's condition, who had been in love with the Prince ever since she first saw him in the palace garden, when she was quite a little child.

'O divine Betsinda!' says the Prince, 'how have I lived fifteen years in thy company without seeing thy perfections? What woman in all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, nay, in Australia, only it is not yet discovered, can presume to be thy equal? Angelica? Pish! Gruffanuff? Phoo! The Queen? Ha, ha! Thou art my Queen. Thou art the real Angelica, because thou art really angelic.'

'O Prince! I am but a poor chambermaid,' says Betsinda, looking, however, very much pleased.

'Didst thou not tend me in my sickness, when all forsook me?' continues Giglio. 'Did not thy gentle hand smooth my pillow, and bring me jelly and roast chicken?'

'Yes, dear Prince, I did,' says Betsinda, 'and I sewed your Royal Highness's shirt-buttons on too, if you please, your Royal Highness,' cries this artless maiden.

When poor Prince Bulbo, who was now madly in love with Betsinda, heard this declaration, when he saw the unmistakable glances which she flung upon Giglio, Bulbo began to cry bitterly, and tore quantities of hair out of his head, till it all covered the room like so much tow.

Betsinda had left the warming-pan on the floor while the Princes were going on with their conversation, and as they began now to quarrel and be very fierce with one another, she thought proper to run away.

'You great big blubbering booby, tearing your hair in the corner there; of course you will give me satisfaction for insulting Betsinda. *You* dare to kneel down at Princess Giglio's knees and kiss her hand!'

'She's not Princess Giglio!' roars out Bulbo. 'She

shall be Princess Bulbo; no other shall be Princess Bulbo.'

'You are engaged to my cousin!' bellows out Giglio.

'I hate your cousin,' says Bulbo.

'You shall give me satisfaction for insulting her!' cries Giglio in a fury.

'I'll have your life.'

'I'll run you through.'

'I'll cut your throat.'

'I'll blow your brains out.'

'I'll knock your head off.'

'I'll send a friend to you in the morning.'

'I'll send a bullet into you in the afternoon.'

'We'll meet again,' says Giglio, shaking his fist in Bulbo's face; and seizing up the warming-pan, he kissed it because, forsooth, Betsinda had carried it, and rushed downstairs. What should he see on the landing but His Majesty talking to Betsinda, whom he called by all sorts of fond names. His Majesty had heard a row in the building, so he stated, and smelling something burning had come out to see what the matter was.

'It's the young gentlemen smoking, perhaps, sir,' says Betsinda.

'Charming chambermaid,' says the King (like all the rest of them), 'never mind the young men! Turn thy eyes on a middle-aged autocrat, who has been considered not ill-looking in his time.'

'Oh, sir! what will Her Majesty say?' cries Betsinda.

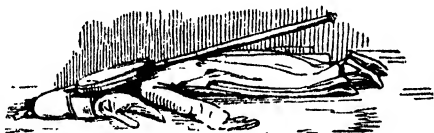
'Her Majesty!' laughs the monarch. 'Her Majesty be hanged. Am I not Autocrat of Paffagonia? Have I not blocks, ropes, axes, hangmen—ha? Runs not a river by my palace wall? Have I not sacks to sew up wives withal? Say but the word, that thou wilt be mine own,—your mistress straightway in a sack is sewn, and thou the sharer of my heart and throne.'

When Giglio heard these atrocious sentiments, he forgot the respect usually paid to royalty, lifted up the warming-

pan and knocked down the King as flat as a pancake ; after which, Master Giglio took to his heels and ran away, and



Betsinda went off screaming, and the Queen, Gruffanuff, and the Princess, all came out of their rooms. Fancy their feelings on beholding their husband, father, sovereign, in this posture !



X

HOW KING VALOROSO WAS IN A DREADFUL PASSION

As soon as the coals began to burn him, the King came to himself and stood up. 'Ho! my captain of the guards!' His Majesty exclaimed, stamping his royal feet with rage. O piteous spectacle! the King's nose was bent quite crooked



by the blow of Prince Giglio! His Majesty ground his teeth with rage. 'Hedzoff,' he said, taking a death warrant out

of his dressing-gown pocket, 'Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the Prince. Thou'lt find him in his chamber two pair up. But now he dared, with sacrilegious hand, to strike the sacred nightcap of a king—Hedzoff, and floor me with a warming-pan! Away, no more demur, the villain dies! See it be done, or else,—h'm!—ha!—h'm! mind thine own eyes!' and followed by the ladies, and lifting up the tails of his dressing-gown, the King entered his own apartment.

Captain Hedzoff was very much affected, having a sincere love for Giglio. 'Poor, poor Giglio!' he said, the tears rolling over his manly face, and dripping down his moustachios; 'My noble young Prince, is it my hand must lead thee to death?'

'Lead him to fiddlestick, Hedzoff,' said a female voice. It was Gruffanuff, who had come out in her dressing-gown



when she heard the noise—‘The King said you were to hang the Prince. Well, hang the Prince.’

‘I don’t understand you,’ says Hedzoff, who was not a very clever man.

‘You Gaby! he didn’t say *which* Prince,’ says Gruffanuff.

‘No ; he didn’t say which, certainly,’ said Hedzoff.

‘Well then, take Bulbo, and hang *him* !’

When Captain Hedzoff heard this, he began to dance about for joy. ‘Obedience is a soldier’s honour,’ says he. ‘Prince Bulbo’s head will do capitally,’ and he went to arrest the Prince the very first thing next morning.

He knocked at the door. ‘Who’s there ?’ says Bulbo. ‘Captain Hedzoff ? Step in, pray, my good Captain ; I’m delighted to see you ; I have been expecting you.’

‘Have you ?’ says Hedzoff.

‘Sleibootz, my Chamberlain, will act for me,’ says the Prince.

‘I beg your Royal Highness’s pardon, but you will have to act for yourself, and it’s a pity to wake Baron Sleibootz.’

The Prince Bulbo still seemed to take the matter very coolly. ‘Of course, Captain,’ says he, ‘you are come about that affair with Prince Giglio ?’

‘Precisely,’ says Hedzoff, ‘that affair of Prince Giglio.’

‘Is it to be pistols, or swords, Captain ?’ asks Bulbo. ‘I’m a pretty good hand with both, and I’ll do for Prince Giglio as sure as my name is my Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.’

‘There’s some mistake, my lord,’ says the Captain. ‘The business is done with *axes* among us.’

‘Axes ? That’s sharp work,’ says Bulbo. ‘Call my Chamberlain, he’ll be my second, and in ten minutes, I flatter myself you’ll see Master Giglio’s head off his impertinent shoulders. I’m hungry for his blood. Hoo-oo, aw !’ and he looked as savage as an ogre.

‘I beg your pardon, sir, but by this warrant, I am to take you prisoner, and hand you over to—to the executioner.’

'Pooh, pooh, my good man!—Stop, I say!—ho!—hulloa!'

was all that this luckless Prince was enabled to say, for



Hedzoff's guards, seizing him, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and face, and carried him to the place of execution.

The King, who happened to be talking to Glumboso, saw him pass, and took a pinch of snuff and said: 'So much for Giglio. Now let's go to breakfast.'

The Captain of the Guard handed over his prisoner to the Sheriff, with the fatal order,

‘ AT SIGHT CUT OFF THE BEARER’S HEAD.

‘ VALOROSO XXIV.’

‘ It’s a mistake,’ says Bulbo, who did not seem to understand the business in the least.

‘ Poo—poo—poo,’ says the Sheriff. ‘ Fetch Jack Ketch instantly. Jack Ketch !’

And poor Bulbo was led to the scaffold, where an executioner with a block and a tremendous axe was always ready in case he should be wanted.

But we must now revert to Giglio and Betsinda.

XI

WHAT GRUFFANUFF DID TO GIGLIO AND BETSINDA

GRUFFANUFF, who had seen what had happened with the King, and knew that Giglio must come to grief, got up very early the next morning, and went to devise some plans for rescuing her darling husband, as the silly old thing insisted on calling him. She found him walking up and down the garden, thinking of a rhyme for Betsinda (*tinder* and *winda* were all he could find), and indeed having forgotten all about the past evening, except that Betsinda was the most lovely of beings.

'Well, dear Giglio,' says Gruff.

'Well, dear Gruffy,' says Giglio, only *he* was quite satirical.

'I have been thinking, darling, what you must do in this scrape. You must fly the country for a while.'

'What scrape?—fly the country? Never without her I love, Countess,' says Giglio.

'No, she will accompany you, dear Prince,' she says, in her most coaxing accents. 'First we must get the jewels belonging to our royal parents, and those of her and his present Majesty. Here is the key, duck; they are all yours, you know, by right, for you are the rightful King of Paflogonia, and your wife will be the rightful Queen.'

'Will she?' says Giglio.

'Yes; and having got the jewels, go to Glumboso's apartment, where, under his bed you will find sacks containing money to the amount of 217,000,987,439*l.* 13*s.* 6½*d.*,

all belonging to you, for he took it out of your royal father's room on the day of his death. With this we will fly."

'We will fly?' says Giglio.

'Yes, you and your bride—your affianced love—your Gruffy!' says the Countess, with a languishing leer.

'You, my bride!' says Giglio. 'You, you hideous old woman!'

'Oh, you, you wretch! didn't you give me this paper promising marriage?' cries Gruff.



'Get away, you old goose! I love Betsinda, and Betsinda only!' And in a fit of terror he ran from her as quickly as he could.

'He! he! he!' shrieks out Gruff, 'a promise is a promise,

if there are laws in Paflagonia ! And as for that monster, that wretch, that fiend, that ugly little vixen—as for that upstart, that ingrate, that beast, Betsinda, Master Giglio will have no little difficulty in discovering her whereabouts. He may look very long before finding *her*, I warrant. He little knows that Miss Betsinda is——’

Is—what ? Now, you shall hear. Poor Betsinda got up at five in [a] winter’s morning to bring her cruel mistress her tea ; and instead of finding her in a good humour, found Gruffy as cross as two sticks. The Countess boxed Betsinda’s ears half a dozen times whilst she was dressing ; but as poor little Betsinda was used to this kind of treatment, she did not feel any special alarm. ‘ And now,’ says she, ‘ when Her Majesty rings her bell twice, I’ll trouble you, miss, to attend.’

So when the Queen’s bell rang twice, Betsinda came to Her Majesty and made a pretty little curtsy. The Queen, the Princess, and Gruffanuff were all three in the room. As soon as they saw her they began,

‘ You wretch ! ’ says the Queen.

‘ You little vulgar thing ! ’ said the Princess.

‘ You beast ! ’ says Gruffanuff.

‘ Get out of my sight ! ’ says the Queen.

‘ Go away with you, do ! ’ says the Princess.

‘ Quit the premises ! ’ says Gruffanuff.

Alas ! and woe is me ! very lamentable events had occurred to Betsinda that morning, and all in consequence of that fatal warming-pan business of the previous night. The King had offered to marry her ; of course Her Majesty the Queen was jealous : Bulbo had fallen in love with her ; of course Angelica was furious : Giglio was in love with her, and oh, what a fury Gruffy was in !

'Take off that $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{cap} \\ \text{petticoat} \\ \text{gown} \end{array} \right\}$ I gave you,' they said, all
at once,
and began tearing the clothes off poor Betsinda.



'How dare you $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{the King?} \\ \text{Prince Bulbo?} \\ \text{Prince Giglio?} \end{array} \right\}$ flirt with' cried the Queen, the
Princess, and Countess.

'Give her the rags she wore when she came into the house, and turn her out of it!' cries the Queen.

'Mind she does not go with *my* shoes on, which I lent her so kindly,' says the Princess; and indeed the Princess's shoes were a great deal too big for Betsinda.

'Come with me, you filthy hussy!' and taking up the Queen's poker, the cruel Gruffanuff drove Betsinda into her room.

The Countess went to the glass box in which she had kept Betsinda's old cloak and shoe this ever so long, and said, 'Take those rags, you little beggar creature, and strip off everything belonging to honest people, and go about your business;' and she actually tore off the poor little delicate thing's back almost all her things, and told her to be off out of the house.

Poor Betsinda huddled the cloak round her back, on which were embroidered the letters PRIN . . . ROSAL . . . and then came a great rent.

As for the shoe, what was she to do with one poor little tootsy sandal? the string was still to it, so she hung it round her neck.

'Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow, mum, if you please, mum?' cried the poor child.

'No, you wicked beast!' says Gruffanuff, driving her along with the poker—driving her down the cold stairs—driving her through the cold hall—flinging her out into the cold street, so that the knocker itself shed tears to see her!

But a kind fairy made the soft snow warm for her little feet, and she wrapped herself up in the ermine of her mantle and was gone!

'And now let us think about breakfast,' says the greedy Queen.

'What dress shall I put on, mamma? the pink or the pea-green,' says Angelica. 'Which do you think the dear Prince will like best?'

'Mrs. V.!' sings out the King from his dressing-room, 'Let us have sausages for breakfast! Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us!'

And they all went to get ready.

Nine o'clock came, and they were all in the breakfast-room, and no Prince Bulbo as yet. The urn was hissing and humming: the muffins were smoking—such a heap of muffins! the eggs were done, there was a pot of raspberry jam, and coffee, and a beautiful chicken and tongue on the side-table. Marmitonio the cook brought in the sausages. Oh, how nice they smelt!

'Where is Bulbo?' said the King. 'John, where is His Royal Highness?'

John said he had a took hup His Roilighnessesses shaving water, and his clothes and things, and he wasn't in his room, which he sposed His Royliness was just stepped hout.

'Stepped out before breakfast in the snow! Impossible!' says the King, sticking his fork into a sausage. 'My dear, take one. Angelica, won't you have a saveloy?' The Princess took one, being very fond of them; and at this moment Glumboso entered with Captain Hedzoff, both looking very much disturbed. 'I am afraid your Majesty—' cries Glumboso. 'No business before breakfast, Glum!' says the King. 'Breakfast first, business next. Mrs. V., some more sugar!'

'Sire, I am afraid if we wait till after breakfast it will be too late,' says Glumboso. 'He—he—he'll be hanged at half-past nine.'

'Don't talk about hanging and spoil my breakfast, you unkind, vulgar man you,' cries the Princess. 'John, some mustard. Pray, who is to be hanged?'

'Sire, it is the Prince,' whispers Glumboso to the King.

'Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you!' says His Majesty, quite sulky.

'We shall have a war, sire, depend on it,' says the Minister. 'His father, King Padella . . .'

‘ His father, King *who?* ’ says the King. ‘ King Padella is not Giglio’s father. My brother, King Savio, was Giglio’s father.’

‘ It’s Prince Bulbo they are hanging, sire, not Prince Giglio,’ says the Prime Minister.

‘ You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one,’ says Hedzoff. ‘ I didn’t, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own flesh and blood ! ’

The King for all reply flung the plate of sausages at Hedzoff’s head. The Princess cried out ‘ Hee-karee-karee ! ’ and fell down in a fainting fit.

‘ Turn the cock of the urn upon Her Royal Highness,’ said the King, and the boiling water gradually revived her. His Majesty looked at his watch, compared it by the clock in the parlour, and by that of the church in the square opposite ; then he wound it up ; then he looked at it again. ‘ The great question is,’ says he, ‘ am I fast or am I slow ? If I’m slow, we may as well go on with breakfast. If I’m fast, why there is just the possibility of saving Prince Bulbo. It’s a doosid awkward mistake, and upon my word, Hedzoff, I have the greatest mind to have you hanged too.’

‘ Sire, I did but my duty ; a soldier has but his orders. I didn’t expect after forty-seven years of faithful service that my sovereign would think of putting me to a felon’s death ! ’

‘ A hundred thousand plagues upon you. Can’t you see that while you are talking my Bulbo is being hung ! ’ screamed the Princess.

‘ By Jove! she’s always right, that girl, and I’m so absent,’ says the King, looking at his watch again. ‘ Ha ! there go the drums ! What a doosid awkward thing though ! ’

‘ O Papa, you goose ! Write the reprieve, and let me run with it,’ cries the Princess—and she got a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, and laid them before the King.

‘ Confound it ! Where are my spectacles ? ’ the monarch exclaimed. ‘ Angelica ! Go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, not your mamma’s ; there you’ll see my keys. Bring them down to me, and—Well, well ! what impetuous

things these girls are !' Angelica was gone, and had run up panting to the bedroom, and found the keys, and was back again before the King had finished a muffin. ' Now, love,' says he, ' you must go all the way back for my desk, in which my spectacles are. If you *would* but have heard me out . . . Be hanged to her. There she is off again. Angelica ! ANGELICA !' When His Majesty called in his *loud* voice, she knew she must obey, and came back.

' My dear, when you go out of a room, how often have I told you, *shut the door*. That's a darling. That's all.' At last the keys and the desk and the spectacles were got, and the King mended his pen, and signed his name to a reprieve, and Angelica ran with it as swift as the wind. ' You'd better stay, my love, and finish the muffins. There's no use going. Be sure it's too late. Hand me over that raspberry jam, please,' said the monarch. ' Bong ! Ba-wong ! There goes the half-hour. I knew it was.'

Angelica ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. She ran up Fore Street, and down High Street, and through the Market Place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and up the blind alley, and back again, and round by the Castle, and so along by the haberdasher's on the right, opposite the lamp-post, and round the square, and she came—she came to the *Execution place*, where she saw Bulbo laying his head on the block !!! The executioner raised his axe, but at that moment the Princess came panting up and cried, ' Reprieve !' ' Reprieve !' screamed the Princess. ' Reprieve !' shouted all the people. Up the scaffold stairs she sprang, with the agility of a lighter of lamps ; and flinging herself in Bulbo's arms, regardless of all ceremony, she cried out, ' O my Prince ! my lord ! my love ! my Bulbo ! Thine Angelica has been in time to save thy precious existence, sweet rosebud ; to prevent thy being nipped in thy young bloom ! Had aught befallen thee, Angelica too had died, and welcomed death that joined her to her Bulbo.'

' H'm ! there's no accounting for tastes,' said Bulbo,



ANGELICA ARRIVES JUST IN TIME

looking so very much puzzled and uncomfortable, that the Princess, in tones of tenderest strain, asked the cause of his disquiet.

‘ I tell you what it is, Angelica,’ said he, ‘ since I came here, yesterday, there has been such a row, and disturbance, and quarrelling, and fighting, and chopping of heads off, and the deuce to pay, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary.’

‘ But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo ! Though wherever thou art is Crim Tartary to me, my bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo !’

‘ Well, well, I suppose we must be married,’ says Bulbo. ‘ Doctor, you came to read the Funeral Service—read the Marriage Service, will you ? What must be, must. That will satisfy Angelica, and then, in the name of peace and quietness, do let us go back to breakfast.’

Bulbo had carried a rose in his mouth all the time of the dismal ceremony. It was a fairy rose, and he was told by his mother that he ought never to part with it. So he had kept it between his teeth, even when he laid his poor head upon the block, hoping vaguely that some chance would turn up in his favour. As he began to speak to Angelica, he forgot about the rose, and of course it dropped out of his mouth. The romantic Princess instantly stooped and seized it. ‘ Sweet rose !’ she exclaimed, ‘ that bloomed upon my Bulbo’s lip, never, never will I part from thee !’ and she placed it in her bosom. And you know Bulbo *couldn’t* ask her to give the rose back again. And they went to breakfast ; and as they walked, it appeared to Bulbo that Angelica became more exquisitely lovely every moment.

He was frantic until they were married ; and now, strange to say, it was Angelica who didn’t care about him ! He knelt down, he kissed her hand, he prayed and begged ; he cried with admiration ; while she for her part said she really thought they might wait ; it seemed to her he was not handsome any more—no, not at all, quite the reverse ; and

not clever, no, very stupid ; and not well bred, like Giglio ; no, on the contrary, dreadfully vul—

What, I cannot say, for King Valoroso roared out, '*Pooh, stuff !*' in a terrible voice. ' We will have no more of this shilly-shallying ! Call the Archbishop, and let the Prince and Princess be married off-hand ! '

So, married they were, and I am sure for my part I trust they will be happy.

XII

HOW BETSINDA FLED, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER

BETSINDA wandered on and on, till she passed through the town gates, and so on the great Crim Tartary road, the very way on which Giglio too was going. 'Ah!' thought she, as the diligence passed her, of which the conductor was blowing a delightful tune on his horn, 'how I should like to be on that coach!' But the coach and the jingling horses were very soon gone. She little knew who was in it, though very likely she was thinking of him all the time.

Then came an empty cart, returning from market; and the driver being a kind man, and seeing such a very pretty girl trudging along the road with bare feet, most good-naturedly gave her a seat. He said he lived on the confines of the forest, where his old father was a woodman, and, if she liked, he would take her so far on her road. All roads were the same to little Betsinda, so she very thankfully took this one.

And the carter put a cloth round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold bacon, and was very kind to her. For all that she was very cold and melancholy. When after travelling on and on, evening came, and all the black pines were bending with snow, and there, at last, was the comfortable light beaming in the woodman's windows; and so they arrived, and went into his cottage. He was an old man, and had a number of children, who were just at supper, with nice hot bread and milk, when their elder

brother arrived with the cart. And they jumped and clapped their hands ; for they were good children ; and he had brought them toys from the town. And when they saw the pretty stranger they ran to her, and brought her to the fire, and rubbed her poor little feet, and brought her bread and milk.



‘ Look, father ! ’ they said to the old woodman, ‘ look at this poor girl, and see what pretty cold feet she has. They are as white as our milk ! And look and see what an odd cloak she has, just like the bit of velvet that hangs up in our cupboard, and which you found that day the little cubs were killed by King Padella, in the forest ! And look, why, bless us all ! she has got round her neck just such another little shoe as that you brought home, and have shown us so often—a little blue velvet shoe ! ’

‘What,’ said the old woodman, ‘what is all this about a shoe and a cloak?’

And Betsinda explained that she had been left, when quite a little child, at the town with this cloak and this shoe. And the persons who had taken care of her had—had been angry with her for no fault, she hoped, of her own. And they had sent her away with her old clothes—and here, in fact, she was. She remembered having been in a forest—and perhaps it was a dream—it was so very odd and strange—having lived in a cave with lions there; and, before that, having lived in a very, very fine house, as fine as the King’s, in the town.

When the woodman heard this, he was so astonished, it was quite curious to see how astonished he was. He went to his cupboard, and took out of a stocking a five-shilling piece of King Cavolfiore, and vowed it was exactly like the



young woman. And then he produced the shoe and piece of velvet which he had kept so long, and compared them with the things which Betsinda wore. In Betsinda’s little shoe was written, ‘Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family;’ so in the other shoe was written, ‘Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family.’ In the inside of Betsinda’s piece of cloak was embroidered, ‘PRIN ROSAL’; in the other piece of cloak was embroidered, ‘CESS BA. No. 246.’ So that when put together you read, ‘PRINCESS ROSALBA. No. 246.’

On seeing this, the dear old woodman fell down on his

knee, saying: 'O my Princess, O my gracious royal lady, O my rightful Queen of Crim Tartary,—I hail thee—I acknowledge thee—I do thee homage!' And in token of his fealty, he rubbed his venerable nose three times on the ground, and put the Princess's foot on his head.

'Why,' said she, 'my good woodman, you must be a nobleman of my royal father's court!' For in her lowly retreat, and under the name of Betsinda, HER MAJESTY, ROSALBA, Queen of Crim Tartary, had read of the customs of all foreign courts and nations.

'Marry, indeed, am I, my gracious liege—the poor Lord Spinachi, once—the humble woodman these fifteen years syne. Ever since the tyrant Padella (may ruin overtake the treacherous knave!) dismissed me from my post of First Lord.'

'First Lord of the Toothpick and Joint Keeper of the Snuff-box? I mind me! Thou heldest these posts under our royal sire. They are restored to thee, Lord Spinachi! I make thee knight of the second class of our Order of the Pumpkin (the first class being reserved for crowned heads alone). Rise Marquis of Spinachi!' And with indescribable majesty, the Queen, who had no sword handy, waved the pewter spoon with which she had been taking her bread and milk, over the bald head of the old nobleman, whose tears absolutely made a puddle on the ground, and whose dear children went to bed that night Lords and Ladies Bartolomeo, Ubaldo, Catarina, and Ottavia degli Spinachi!

The acquaintance HER MAJESTY showed with the history, and *noble families* of her empire, was wonderful. 'The House of Broccoli should remain faithful to us,' she said; 'they were ever welcome at our Court. Have the Articiocchi, as was their wont, turned to the Rising Sun? The family of Sauerkraut must sure be with us—they were ever welcome in the halls of King Cavolfiore.' And so she went on enumerating quite a list of the nobility and gentry of Crim

Tartary, so admirably had Her Majesty profited by her studies while in exile.

The old Marquis of Spinachi said he could answer for them all ; that the whole country groaned under Padella's tyranny, and longed to return to its rightful sovereign ; and late as it was, he sent his children, who knew the forest well, to summon this nobleman and that ; and when his eldest son, who had been rubbing the horse down and giving him his supper, came into the house for his own, the Marquis told him to put his boots on, and a saddle on the mare, and ride hither and thither to such and such people.

When the young man heard who his companion in the cart had been, he too knelt down and put her royal foot on his head ; he too bedewed the ground with his tears ; he was frantically in love with her as everybody now was who saw her : so were the young Lords Bartolomeo and Ubaldo, who punched each other's little heads out of jealousy : and so when they came from east and west, at the summons of the Marquis degli Spinachi, were the Crim Tartar Lords who still remained faithful to the House of Cavolfiore. They were such very old gentlemen for the most part, that Her Majesty never suspected their absurd passion, and went among them quite unaware of the havoc her beauty was causing, until an old blind Lord who had joined her party, told her what the truth was ; after which, for fear of making the people too much in love with her, she always wore a veil. She went about, privately, from one nobleman's castle to another ; and they visited amongst themselves again, and had meetings, and composed proclamations and counter-proclamations, and distributed all the best places of the kingdom amongst one another, and selected who of the opposition party should be executed when the Queen came to her own. And so in about a year they were ready to move.

The party of Fidelity was in truth composed of very feeble old fogies for the most part ; they went about the

country waving their old swords and flags, and calling, 'God save the Queen!' and King Padella happening to be



absent upon an invasion, they had their own way for a little, and to be sure the people were very enthusiastic whenever they saw the Queen; otherwise the vulgar took matters very quietly, for they said, as far as they could recollect, they were pretty well as much taxed in Cavolfiore's time, as now in Padella's.

XIII

HOW QUEEN ROSALBA CAME TO THE CASTLE OF THE
BOLD COUNT HOGGINARMO

HER MAJESTY, having indeed nothing else to give, made all her followers Knights of the Pumpkin, and Marquises, Earls, and Baronets, and they had a little court for her, and made her a little crown of gilt paper, and a robe of cotton velvet; and they quarrelled about the places to be given away in her court, and about rank and precedence and dignities;—you can't think how they quarrelled! The poor Queen was very tired of her honours before she had had them a month, and I dare say sighed sometimes even to be a lady's-maid again. But we must all do our duty in our respective stations, so the Queen resigned herself to perform hers.

We have said how it happened that none of the Usurper's troops came out to oppose this Army of Fidelity: it pattered along as nimbly as the gout of the principal commanders allowed: it consisted of twice as many officers as soldiers: and at length passed near the estates of one of the most powerful noblemen of the country, who had not declared for the Queen, but of whom her party had hopes, as he was always quarrelling with King Padella.

When they came close to his park gates, this nobleman

sent to say he would wait upon Her Majesty ; he was a most powerful warrior, and his name was Count Hogginarmo, whose helmet it took two strong negroes to carry. He knelt down before her and said, ' Madam and liege lady !



it becomes the great nobles of the Crimean realm to show every outward sign of respect to the wearer of the Crown, whoever that may be. We testify to our own nobility in acknowledging yours. The bold Hogginarmo

bends the knee to the first of the aristocracy of his country.'

Rosalba said, 'The bold Count of Hogginarmo was uncommonly kind.' But she felt afraid of him, even while he was kneeling, and his eyes scowled at her from between his whiskers, which grew up to them.

'The first Count of the Empire, madam,' he went on, 'salutes the Sovereign. The Prince addresses himself to the not more noble lady! Madam! my hand is free, and I offer it, and my heart and my sword to your service! My three wives lie buried in my ancestral vaults. The third perished but a year since; and this heart pines for a consort! Deign to be mine, and I swear to bring to your bridal table the head of King Padella, the eyes and nose of his son Prince Bulbo, the right hand and ears of the usurping Sovereign of Paflagonia, which country shall thenceforth be an appanage to your—to *our* Crown! Say yes; Hogginarmo is not accustomed to be denied. Indeed I cannot contemplate the possibility of a refusal: for frightful will be the result; dreadful the murders; furious the devastations; horrible the tyranny, tremendous the tortures, misery, taxation, which the people of this realm will endure, if Hogginarmo's wrath be aroused! I see consent in your Majesty's lovely eyes—their glances fill my soul with rapture!'

'Oh, sir,' Rosalba said, withdrawing her hand in great fright. 'Your Lordship is exceedingly kind; but I am sorry to tell you that I have a prior attachment to a young gentleman by the name of—Prince—Giglio—and never—never can marry any one but him.'

Who can describe Hogginarmo's wrath at this remark? Rising up from the ground, he ground his teeth so that fire flashed out of his mouth, from which at the same time issued remarks and language, so *loud, violent, and improper*, that this pen shall never repeat them! 'R-r-r-r-r—Rejected! Fiends and perdition! The bold Hogginarmo rejected! All the world shall hear of my rage; and you,

madam, you above all shall rue it !' And kicking the two negroes before him, he rushed away, his whiskers streaming in the wind.



Her Majesty's Privy Council was in a dreadful panic when they saw Hogginarmo issue from the royal presence in such a towering rage, making footballs of the poor negroes,— a panic which the events justified. They marched off from Hogginarmo's park very crestfallen ; and in another half-hour they were met by that rapacious chieftain with a few of his followers, who cut, slashed, charged, whacked, banged, and pommelled amongst them, took the Queen prisoner, and drove the Army of Fidelity to I don't know where.

Poor Queen ! Hogginarmo, her conqueror, would not condescend to see her. 'Get a horse-van !' he said to his grooms, 'Clap the hussy into it, and send her, with my compliments, to His Majesty King Padella.'

Along with his lovely prisoner, Hogginarmo sent a letter full of servile compliments and loathsome flatteries to King Padella, for whose life and that of his royal family the *hypocritical humbug* pretended to offer the most fulsome prayers. And Hogginarmo promised speedily to pay his humble homage at his august master's throne, of which he begged leave to be counted the most loyal and constant defender. Such a *wary old bird* as King Padella was not to be caught by Master Hogginarmo's *chaff*, and we shall hear presently how the tyrant treated his upstart vassal. No, no ; depend on't, two such rogues do not trust one another.

So this poor Queen was laid in the straw like Margery Daw, and driven along in the dark ever so many miles to the Court, where King Padella had now arrived, having vanquished all his enemies, murdered most of them, and brought some of the richest into captivity with him for the purpose of torturing them and finding out where they had hidden their money.

Rosalba heard their shrieks and groans in the dungeon in which she was thrust ; a most awful black hole, full of bats, rats, mice, toads, frogs, mosquitoes, bugs, fleas, serpents, and every kind of horror. No light was let into it, otherwise the gaolers might have seen her and fallen in love with her, as an owl that lived up in the roof of the tower did, and a cat you know, who can see in the dark, and having set its green eyes on Rosalba, never would be got to go back to the turnkey's wife to whom it belonged. And the toads in the dungeon came and kissed her feet, and the vipers wound round her neck and arms, and never hurt her, so charming was this poor Princess in the midst of her misfortunes.

At last, after she had been kept in this place *ever so long*,

the door of the dungeon opened and the terrible KING PADELLA came in.



But what he said and did must be reserved for another chapter, as we must now back to Prince Giglio.

XIV

WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO

THE idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff frightened Prince Giglio so, that he ran up to his room, packed his trunks, fetched in a couple of porters, and was off to the diligence-office in a twinkling.

It was well that he was so quick in his operations, did not dawdle over his luggage, and took the early coach, for as soon as the mistake about Prince Bulbo was found out, that cruel Glumboso sent up a couple of policemen to Prince Giglio's room, with orders that he should be carried to Newgate, and his head taken off before twelve o'clock. But the coach was out of the Paflagonian dominions before two o'clock; and I dare say the express that was sent after Prince Giglio did not ride very quick, for many people in Paflagonia had a regard for Giglio, as the son of their old sovereign; a Prince, who, with all his weaknesses, was very much better than his brother, the usurping, lazy, careless, passionate, tyrannical, reigning monarch. That Prince busied himself with the balls, fêtes, masquerades, hunting parties, and so forth, which he thought proper to give on occasion of his daughter's marriage to Prince Bulbo; and let us trust was not sorry in his own heart that his brother's son had escaped the scaffold.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was

very glad to get a comfortable place in the coupé of the diligence, where he sat with the conductor and another gentleman. At the first stage from Blombodinga, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the diligence a very



ordinary, vulgar-looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was informed that if she wished to

travel, she must go upon the roof; and the passenger inside with Giglio (a rude person, I should think), put his head out of the window, and said, 'Nice weather for travelling outside! I wish you a pleasant journey, my



dear.' The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio pitied her. 'I will give up my place to her,' says he, 'rather than she should travel in the cold air with that horrid cough.' On which the vulgar traveller said, 'You'd keep her warm, I am sure, if it's a *muff* she wants.' On which Giglio pulled his nose, boxed his ears, hit him in the eye, and gave this vulgar person a warning never to call him *muff* again.

Then he sprang up gaily on to the roof of the diligence, and made himself very comfortable in the straw. The vulgar traveller got down only at the next station, and Giglio took his place again, and talked to the person next to him. She appeared to be a most agreeable, well-informed, and entertaining female. They travelled together till night, and she gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried, and which indeed seemed to contain the most wonderful collection of articles. He was thirsty—out there

came a pint bottle of Bass's pale ale, and a silver mug ! Hungry—she took out a cold fowl, some slices of ham, bread, salt, and a most delicious piece of cold plum-pudding, and a little glass of brandy afterwards.

As they travelled, this plain-looking, queer woman talked to Giglio on a variety of subjects, in which the poor Prince showed his ignorance as much as she did her capacity. He owned, with many blushes, how ignorant he was ; on which the lady said, ' My dear Gigl—my good Mr. Giles, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You have nothing to do but to improve yourself. Who knows but that you may find use for your knowledge some day ? When—when you may be wanted at home, as some people may be.'

' Good Heavens, madam ! ' says he, ' do you know me ? '

' I know a number of funny things,' says the lady. ' I have been at some people's christenings, and turned away from other folk's doors. I have seen some people spoilt by good fortune, and others, as I hope, improved by hardship. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind.'

' And who is my old friend ? ' asked Giglio.

' When you want anything,' says the lady, ' look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to—'

' To whom, madam ? ' says he.

' To the Fairy Blackstick,' says the lady, flying out of the window. And when Giglio asked the conductor if he knew where the lady was—

' What lady ? ' says the man ; ' there has been no lady in this coach, except the old woman, who got out at the last stage.' And Giglio thought he had been dreaming. But there was the bag which Blackstick had given him lying on his lap ; and when he came to the town he took it in his hand and went into the inn.

They gave him a very bad bedroom, and Giglio, when he

woke in the morning, fancying himself in the royal palace at home, called, 'John, Charles, Thomas! My chocolate—my dressing-gown—my slippers;' but nobody came. There was no bell, so he went and bawled out for the waiter on the top of the stairs.

The landlady came up, looking—looking like this—



'What are you a-hollaring and a-bellaring for here, young man?' says she.

'There's no warm water—no servants; my boots are not even cleaned.'

'He, he! Clean 'em yourself,' says the landlady. 'You young students give yourselves pretty airs. I never heard such impudence.'

'I'll quit the house this instant,' says Giglio.

'The sooner the better, young man. Pay your bill and be off. All my rooms is wanted for gentlefolks, and not for such as you.'

'You may well keep the "Bear Inn",' said Giglio. 'You should have yourself painted as the sign.'

The landlady of the 'Bear' went away *growling*. And Giglio returned to his room, where the first thing he saw

was the fairy bag lying on the table, which seemed to give a little hop as he came in. 'I hope it has some breakfast in it,' says Giglio, 'for I have only a very little money left.' But on opening the bag, what do you think was



there? A blacking-brush and a pot of Warren's jet, and on the pot was written,

Poor young men their boots must black.
Use me and cork me and put me back.

So Giglio laughed and blacked his boots, and put back the brush and the bottle into the bag.

When he had done dressing himself, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out—

1. A tablecloth and a napkin.
2. A sugar-basin full of the best loaf sugar.
- 4, 6, 8, 10. Two forks, two teaspoons, two knives, and a pair of sugar-tongs, and a butter-knife, all marked G.
- 11, 12, 13. A teacup, saucer, and slop-basin.
14. A jug full of delicious cream.
15. A canister with black tea and green.
16. A large tea-urn and boiling water.
17. A saucepan, containing three eggs nicely done.
18. A quarter of a pound of best Epping butter.
19. A brown loaf.

And if he hadn't enough now for a good breakfast, I should like to know who ever had one ?

Giglio, having had his breakfast, popped all the things back into the bag, and went out looking for lodgings. I forgot to say that this celebrated university town was called Bosforo.

He took a modest lodging opposite the Schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his apartment with his trunk, carpet-bag, and not forgetting, we may be sure, his *other* bag.

When he opened his trunk, which the day before he had filled with his best clothes, he found it contained only books. And in the first of them which he opened there was written—

Clothes for the back, books for the head:
Read, and remember them when they are read.

And in his bag, when Giglio looked in it, he found a student's cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an inkstand, pens, and a Johnson's Dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So he sat down and worked away, very, very hard for a whole year, during which 'Mr. Giles' was quite an

example to all the students in the University of Bosforo. He never got into any riots or disturbances. The Professors all spoke well of him, and the students liked him too ; so that, when at examination, he took all the prizes, viz.—

{	The Spelling Prize	{	The French Prize
	The Writing Prize		The Arithmetic Prize
	The History Prize		The Latin Prize
	The Catechism Prize		The Good Conduct Prize,

all his fellow students said, ‘ Hurray ! Hurray for Giles ! Giles is the boy—the student’s joy ! Hurray for Giles ! ’ And he brought quite a quantity of medals, crowns, books, and tokens of distinction home to his lodgings.

One day after the Examinations, as he was diverting himself at a coffee-house, with two friends (did I tell you that in his bag, every Saturday night, he found just enough to pay his bills, with a guinea over, for pocket-money ? Didn’t I tell you ? Well, he did, as sure as twice twenty makes forty-five), he chanced to look in the *Bosforo Chronicle*, and read off, quite easily (for he could spell, read, and write the longest words now) the following—

‘ ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCE.—One of the most extraordinary adventures that we have ever heard has set the neighbouring country of Crim Tartary in a state of great excitement.

‘ It will be remembered that when the present revered sovereign of Crim Tartary, His Majesty King *Padella*, took possession of the throne, after having vanquished, in the terrific battle of Blunderbusco, the late King *Cavolfiore*, that Prince’s only child, the Princess *Rosalba*, was not found in the royal palace, of which King *Padella* took possession, and, it was said, had strayed into the forest (being abandoned by all her attendants), where she had been eaten up by those ferocious lions, the last pair of which were captured some time since, and brought to the Tower, after killing several hundred persons.

‘ His Majesty King Padella, who has the kindest heart in the world, was grieved at the accident which had occurred to the harmless little Princess, for whom His Majesty’s known benevolence would certainly have provided a fitting establishment. But her death seemed to be certain. The mangled remains of a cloak, and a little shoe, were found in the forest, during a hunting party, in which the intrepid sovereign of Crim Tartary slew two of the lions’ cubs with his own spear. And these interesting relics of an innocent little creature were carried home and kept by their finder, the Baron Spinachi, formerly an officer in Cavolfiore’s household. The Baron was disgraced in consequence of his known legitimist opinions, and has lived for some time in the humble capacity of a wood-cutter, in a forest, on the outskirts of the kingdom of Crim Tartary.

‘ Last Tuesday week Baron Spinachi and a number of gentlemen, attached to the former dynasty, appeared in arms, crying “ God save Rosalba, the First Queen of Crim Tartary ! ” and surrounding a lady whom report describes as “ *beautiful exceedingly.* ” Her history *may* be authentic, *is* certainly most romantic.

‘ The personage calling herself Rosalba states that she was brought out of the forest, fifteen years since, by a lady in a car, drawn by dragons (this account is certainly *improbable*), that she was left in the Palace Garden of Blombodinga, where Her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica, now married to His Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, found the child, and, with *that elegant benevolence* which has always distinguished the heiress of the throne of Paflagonia, gave the little outcast a *shelter and a home!* Her parentage not being known, and her garb very humble, the foundling was educated in the Palace in a menial capacity, under the name of *Betsinda.*

‘ She did not give satisfaction, and was dismissed, carrying with her, certainly, part of a mantle and a shoe, which she had on when first found. According to her statement she quitted Blombodinga about a year ago, since which

time she has been with the Spinachi family. On the very same morning the Prince Giglio, nephew to the King of Paflagonia, a young Prince whose character for *talent* and *order* were, to say truth, *none of the highest*, also quitted Blombodinga, and has not been since heard of !’

‘What an extraordinary story !’ said Smith and Jones, two young students, Giglio’s especial friends.

‘Ha ! what is this ?’ Giglio went on, reading—

‘SECOND EDITION, EXPRESS.—We hear that the troop under Baron Spinachi has been surrounded, and utterly routed, by General Count Hogginarmo, and the *soi-disant* Princess is sent a prisoner to the capital.

‘UNIVERSITY NEWS.—Yesterday, at the Schools, the distinguished young student, Mr. Giles, read a Latin oration, and was complimented by the Chancellor of Bosforo, Dr. Prugnaro, with the highest University honour—the wooden spoon.’

‘Never mind that stuff,’ says *Giles*, greatly disturbed, ‘Come home with me, my friends. Gallant Smith ! intrepid Jones ! friends of my studies—partakers of my academic toils—I have that to tell shall astonish your honest minds.’

‘Go it, old boy !’ cried the impetuous Smith.

‘Talk away, my buck !’ says Jones, a lively fellow.

With an air of indescribable dignity, Giglio checked their natural, but no more seemly, familiarity. ‘Jones, Smith, my good friends,’ said the PRINCE, ‘disguise is henceforth useless ; I am no more the humble student Giles, I am the descendant of a royal line.’

‘*Atavis edite regibus*, I know, old co—,’ cried Jones, he was going to say old cock, but a flash from THE ROYAL EYE again awed him.

‘Friends,’ continued the Prince, I am that Giglio, I am, in fact, Paflagonia. Rise, Smith, and kneel not in the public street. Jones, thou true heart ! My faithless uncle, when I was a baby, filched from me that brave crown my father left me, bred me all young and careless of my rights,



TO ARMS !

like unto hapless Hamlet, Prince of Denmark ; and had I any thoughts about my wrongs, soothed me with promises of near redress. I should espouse his daughter young Angelica ; we two indeed should reign in Paflagonia. His words were false—false as Angelica's heart !—false as Angelica's hair, colour, front teeth ! She looked with her skew eyes upon young Bulbo, Crim Tartary's stupid heir, and she preferred him. 'Twas then I turned my eyes upon Betsinda—Rosalba, as she now is. And I saw in her the blushing sum of all perfection ; the pink of maiden modesty ; the nymph that my fond heart had ever woo'd in dreams,' &c., &c.

(I don't give this speech, which was very fine, but very long ; and though Smith and Jones knew nothing about the circumstances, my dear reader does, so I go on.)

The Prince and his young friends hastened home to his apartment, highly excited by the intelligence, as no doubt by the *royal narrator's* admirable manner of recounting it, and they ran up to his room where he had worked so hard at his books.

On his writing-table was his bag, grown so long that the Prince could not help remarking it. Hewent to it, opened it, and what do you think he found in it ?

A splendid long, gold-handled, red-velvet-scabbardeed, cut-and-thrust sword, and on the sheath was embroidered ' ROSALBA FOR EVER ! '

He drew out the sword, which flashed and illuminated the whole room, and called out ' Rosalba for ever ! ' Smith and Jones following him, but quite respectfully this time, and taking the time from His Royal Highness.

And now his trunk opened with a sudden pong, and out there came three ostrich feathers in a gold crown, surrounding a beautiful shining steel helmet, a cuirass, a pair of spurs, finally a complete suit of armour.

The books on Giglio's shelves were all gone. Where there had been some great dictionaries, Giglio's friends found two pairs of jack-boots labelled ' Lieutenant Smith ',

‘— Jones, Esq.’, which fitted them to a nicety. Besides, there were helmets, back- and breast-plates, swords, &c. just like in Mr. G. P. R. James’s novels, and that evening three cavaliers might have been seen issuing from the gates of Bosforo, in whom the porters, proctors, &c. never thought of recognizing the young Prince and his friends.

They got horses at a livery stable-keeper’s, and never drew bridle until they reached the last town on the frontier, before you come to Crim Tartary. Here, as their animals were tired, and the cavaliers hungry, they stopped and refreshed at an hostel. I could make a chapter of this if I were like some writers, but I like to cram my measure tight down, you see, and give you a great deal for your money, and in a word they had some bread and cheese and ale upstairs on the balcony of the Inn. As they were drinking, drums and trumpets sounded nearer and nearer, the market-place was filled with soldiers, and His Royal Highness looking forth, recognized the Paflagonian banners, and the Paflagonian national air which the bands were playing.

The troops all made for the tavern at once, and as they came up Giglio exclaimed, on beholding their leader, ‘Whom do I see? Yes! No! It is, it is! Phoo! No, it can’t be! Yes! It is my friend, my gallant, faithful veteran, Captain Hedzoff! Ho! Hedzoff! Knowest thou not thy Prince, thy Giglio? Good Corporal, methinks we once were friends. Ha, Sergeant, an my memory serves me right, we have had many a bout at single-stick.’

‘I’ faith, we have a many, good my Lord,’ says the Sergeant.

‘Tell me, what means this mighty armament,’ continued His Royal Highness from the balcony, ‘and whither march my Paflagonians?’

Hedzoff’s head fell. ‘My Lord,’ he said, ‘we march as the allies of great Padella, Crim Tartary’s monarch.’

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

P



PRINCE GIGLIO'S SPEECH TO THE ARMY

‘Crim Tartary’s usurper, gallant Hedzoff! Crim Tartary’s grim tyrant, honest Hedzoff!’ said the Prince, on the balcony, quite sarcastically.

‘A soldier, Prince, must needs obey his orders: mine are to help His Majesty Padella. And also (though alack that I should say it!) to seize wherever I should light upon him—’

‘First catch your hare! ha, Hedzoff!’ exclaimed His Royal Highness.

‘—On the body of *Giglio*, whilom Prince of Paflagonia,’ Hedzoff went on, with indescribable emotion. ‘My Prince, give up your sword without ado. Look! we are thirty thousand men to one!’

‘Give up my sword! *Giglio* give up his sword!’ cried the Prince; and stepping well forward on to the balcony, the royal youth, *without preparation*, delivered a speech so magnificent, that no report can do justice to it. It was all in blank verse (in which, from this time, he invariably spoke, as more becoming his majestic station). It lasted for three days and three nights, during which not a single person who heard him was tired, or remarked the difference between daylight and dark. The soldiers only cheering tremendously, when occasionally, once in nine hours, the Prince paused to suck an orange, which Jones took out of the bag. He explained in terms which we say we shall not attempt to convey, the whole history of the previous transaction: and his determination not only not to give up his sword, but to assume his rightful crown: and at the end of this extraordinary, this truly *gigantic* effort, Captain Hedzoff flung up his helmet, and cried, ‘Hurray! Hurray! Long live King *Giglio*!’

Such were the consequences of having employed his time well at College!

When the excitement had ceased, beer was ordered out for the army, and their Sovereign himself did not disdain a little! And now it was with some alarm that Captain Hedzoff told him his division was only the advanced guard

of the Paflagonian contingent, hastening to King Padella's aid. The main force being a day's march in the rear under His Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.

'We will wait here, good friend, to beat the Prince,' His Majesty said, 'and *then* will make his royal father wince.'

XV

WE RETURN TO ROSALBA

KING PADELLA made very similar proposals to Rosalba to those which she had received from the various princes who, as we have seen, had fallen in love with her. His Majesty was a widower, and offered to marry his fair captive that instant, but she declined his invitation in her usual polite gentle manner, stating that Prince Giglio was her love, and that any other union was out of the question. Having tried tears and supplications in vain, this violent-tempered monarch menaced her with threats and tortures ; but she declared she would rather suffer all these than accept the hand of her father's murderer, who left her finally, uttering the most awful imprecations, and bidding her prepare for death on the following morning.

All night long the King spent in advising how he should get rid of this obdurate young creature. Cutting off her head was much too easy a death for her ; hanging was so common in His Majesty's dominions that it no longer afforded him any sport : finally, he bethought himself of a pair of fierce lions which had lately been sent to him as presents, and he determined, with these ferocious brutes, to hunt poor Rosalba down. Adjoining his castle was an amphitheatre where the Prince indulged in bull-baiting, rat-hunting, and other ferocious sports. The two lions were kept in a cage under this place ; their roaring might be heard over the

whole city, the inhabitants of which, I am sorry to say, thronged in numbers to see a poor young lady gobbled up by two wild beasts.

The King took his place in the royal box, having the officers of his Court around and the Count Hogginarmo by his side, upon whom His Majesty was observed to look very fiercely; the fact is royal spies had told the monarch of Hogginarmo's behaviour, his proposals to Rosalba, and his offer to fight for the crown. Black as thunder looked King Padella at this proud noble, as they sat in the front seats of the theatre waiting to see the tragedy whereof poor Rosalba was to be the heroine.

At length that princess was brought out in her night-



gown, with all her beautiful hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the beef-eaters and keepers of the wild animals wept plentifully at seeing her. And she walked with her poor little feet (only luckily the arena was covered with sawdust), and went and leaned up against a great stone in the centre of the amphitheatre, round which the court and the people were seated in boxes with bars before them, for fear of the great, fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring, bellowing, rushing lions. And now the gates were opened, and with a wurrarar-rurawarar two great lean, hungry, roaring lions rushed out



of their den where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast-and-water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting. Commend her to your patron saints, all you kind people, for she is in a dreadful state!

There was a hum and a buzz all through the circus, and the fierce King Padella even felt a little compassion. But Count Hogginarmo, seated by His Majesty, roared out, 'Hurray! Now for it! Soo-soo-soo!' that nobleman being uncommonly angry still at Rosalba's refusal of him.

But O strange event! O remarkable circumstance! O

extraordinary coincidence, which I am sure none of you could *by any possibility* have divined! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of devouring her with their great teeth, it was with kisses they gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap, they moo'd, they seemed to say, 'Dear, dear sister, don't you recollect your brothers in the forest?' And she put her pretty white arms round their tawny necks, and kissed them.

King Padella was immensely astonished. The Count Hogginarmo was extremely disgusted. 'Pooh!' the Count cried. 'Gammon!' exclaimed his Lordship. 'These lions are tame beasts come from Wombwell's or Astley's. It is a shame to put people off in this way. I believe they are little boys dressed up in door-mats. They are no lions at all.'

'Ha!' said the King, 'you dare to say "gammon" to your Sovereign, do you? These lions are no lions at all, aren't they? Ho! my beef-eaters! Ho! my bodyguard! Take this Count Hogginarmo and fling him into the circus! Give him a sword and buckler, let him keep his armour on, and his weather-eye out, and fight these lions.'

The haughty Hogginarmo laid down his opera-glass, and looked scowling round at the King and his attendants. 'Touch me not, dogs!' he said, 'or by St. Nicholas the Elder, I will gore you! Your Majesty thinks Hogginarmo is afraid? No, not of a hundred thousand lions! Follow me down into the circus, King Padella, and match thyself against one of yon brutes. Thou darest not. Let them both come on, then!' And opening a grating of the box, he jumped lightly down into the circus.

Wurra wurra wurra wur-aw-aw-aw!!!

In about two minutes
The Count HogginarMO was
GOBBLED UP
by
those lions,
bones, boots, and all,
and
There was an
End of him.

At this, the King said, 'Serve him right, the rebellious ruffian! And now, as those lions won't eat that young woman——'

'Let her off!—let her off!' cried the crowd.

'NO!' roared the King. 'Let the beef-eaters go down and chop her into small pieces. If the lions defend her, let the archers shoot them to death. That hussy shall die in tortures!'

'A-a-ah!' cried the crowd. 'Shame! shame!'

'Who dares cry out shame?' cried the furious potentate (so little can tyrants command their passions). 'Fling any scoundrel who says a word down among the lions!' I warrant you there was a dead silence then, which was broken by a Pang arang pang pangkarangpang; and a Knight and a Herald rode in at the farther end of the circus. The Knight, in full armour, with his vizor up, and bearing a letter on the point of his lance.

'Ha!' exclaimed the King, 'by my fay, 'tis Elephant and Castle, pursuivant of my brother of Paflogonia; and the Knight, an my memory serves me, is the gallant Captain Hedzoff! What news from Paflogonia, gallant Hedzoff? Elephant and Castle, beshrew me, thy trumpeting must have made thee thirsty. What will my trusty herald like to drink?'

'Bespeaking first safe conduct from your Lordship,' said

Captain Hedzoff, 'before we take a drink of anything, permit us to deliver our King's message.'

'My Lordship, ha!' said Crim Tartary, frowning terrifically. 'That title soundeth strange in the anointed ears of a crowned King. Straightway speak out your message, Knight and Herald!'

Reining up his charger in a most elegant manner close under the King's balcony, Hedzoff turned to the herald, and bade him begin.

Elephant and Castle, dropping his trumpet over his shoulder, took a large sheet of paper out of his hat, and began to read:—

'O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! Know all men by these presents, that we, Giglio, King of Paflagonia, Grand Duke of Cappadocia, Sovereign Prince of Turkey and the Sausage Islands, having assumed our rightful throne and title, long time falsely borne by our usurping Uncle, styling himself King of Paflagonia,—'

'Ha!' growled Padella.

'Hereby summon the false traitor, Padella, calling himself King of Crim Tartary,'—

The King's curses were dreadful. 'Go on, Elephant and Castle!' said the intrepid Hedzoff.

'—To release from cowardly imprisonment his liege lady and rightful Sovereign, ROSALBA, Queen of Crim Tartary, and restore her to her royal throne: in default of which, I, Giglio, proclaim the said Padella sneak, traitor, humbug, usurper, and coward. I challenge him to meet me, with fists or with pistols, with battle-axe or sword, with blunderbuss or singlestick, alone or at the head of his army, on foot or on horseback; and will prove my words upon his wicked ugly body!'

'God save the King!' said Captain Hedzoff, executing a demivolte, two semilunes, and three caracols.

'Is that all?' said Padella, with the terrific calm of concentrated fury.

'That, sir, is all my royal master's message. Here is

His Majesty's letter in autograph, and here is his glove, and if any gentleman of Crim Tartary chooses to find fault with His Majesty's expressions, I, Tuffskin Hedzoff, Captain of the Guard, am very much at his service,' and he waved his lance, and looked at the assembly all round.

'And what says my good brother of Paflogonia, my dear son's father-in-law, to this rubbish?' asked the King.

'The King's uncle hath been deprived of the crown he unjustly wore,' said Hedzoff gravely. 'He and his ex-minister, Glumboso, are now in prison waiting the sentence of my royal master. After the battle of Bombardaro——'

'Of what?' asked the surprised Padella.

'Of Bombardaro, where my liege, his present Majesty, would have performed prodigies of valour, but that the whole of his uncle's army came over to our side, with the exception of Prince Bulbo.'

'Ah! my boy, my boy, my Bulbo was no traitor!' cried Padella.

'Prince Bulbo, far from coming over to us, ran away, sir; but I caught him. The Prince is a prisoner in our army, and the most terrific tortures await him if a hair of the Princess Rosalba's head is injured.'

'Do they?' exclaimed the furious Padella, who was now perfectly *livid* with rage. 'Do they indeed? So much the worse for Bulbo. I've twenty sons as lovely each as Bulbo. Not one but is as fit to reign as Bulbo. Whip, whack, flog, starve, rack, punish, torture Bulbo—break all his bones—roast him or flay him alive—pull all his pretty teeth out one by one! But justly dear as Bulbo is to me,—Joy of my eyes, fond treasure of my soul!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! revenge is dearer still. Ho! torturers, rack-men, executioners—light up the fires and make the pincers hot! get lots of boiling lead!—Bring out ROSALBA!'

XVI

HOW HEDZOFF RODE BACK AGAIN TO KING GIGLIO

CAPTAIN HEDZOFF rode away when King Padella uttered this cruel command, having done his duty in delivering the message with which his royal master had entrusted him. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do ?

So he returned to King Giglio's camp and found the young monarch in a disturbed state of mind, smoking cigars in the royal tent. His Majesty's agitation was not appeased by the news that was brought by his ambassador. 'The brutal ruthless ruffian royal wretch !' Giglio exclaimed. 'As England's poesy has well remarked, "The man that lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain." Ha, Hedzoff ?'

'That he is, your Majesty,' said the attendant.

'And didst thou see her flung into the oil ? and didn't the soothing oil—the emollient oil, refuse to boil, good Hedzoff—and to spoil the fairest lady ever eyes did look on ?'

'Faith, good my liege, I had no heart to look and see a beauteous lady boiling down ; I took your royal message to Padella, and bore his back to you. I told him you would hold Prince Bulbo answerable. He only said that he had twenty sons as good as Bulbo, and forthwith he bade the ruthless executioners proceed.'

'O cruel father—O unhappy son,' cried the King. 'Go, some of you, and bring Prince Bulbo hither.'

Bulbo was brought in chains, looking very uncomfortable.



POOR BULBO IS ORDERED FOR EXECUTION

Though a prisoner, he had been tolerably happy, perhaps because his mind was at rest, and all the fighting was over, and he was playing at marbles with his guards, when the King sent for him.

‘Oh, my poor Bulbo,’ said His Majesty, with looks of infinite compassion, ‘hast thou heard the news?’ (for you see Giglio wanted to break the thing gently to the Prince). ‘Thy brutal father has condemned Rosalba—p-p-p-ut her to death, P-p-p-prince Bulbo!’

‘What, killed Betsinda? Boo-hoo-hoo!’ cried out Bulbo, ‘Betsinda! pretty Betsinda! dear Betsinda! She was the dearest little girl in the world. I love her better twenty thousand times even than Angelica,’ and he went on expressing his grief in so hearty and unaffected a manner, that the King was quite touched by it, and said, shaking Bulbo’s hand, that he wished he had known Bulbo sooner.

Bulbo, quite unconsciously, and meaning for the best, offered to come and sit with His Majesty, and smoke a cigar with him, and console him. The *royal kindness* supplied Bulbo with a cigar; he had not had one, he said, since he was taken prisoner.

And now think what must have been the feelings of the most *merciful of monarchs*, when he informed his prisoner, that in consequence of King Padella’s *cruel and dastardly behaviour* to Rosalba, Prince Bulbo must instantly be executed! The noble Giglio could not restrain his tears, nor could the Grenadiers, nor the officers, nor could Bulbo himself, when the matter was explained to him; and he was brought to understand that His Majesty’s promise, of course, was *above every* thing, and Bulbo must submit. So poor Bulbo was led out, Hedzoff trying to console him, by pointing out that if he had won the battle of Bombardaro, he might have hanged Prince Giglio. ‘Yes! But that is no comfort to me now!’ said poor Bulbo; nor indeed was it, poor fellow.

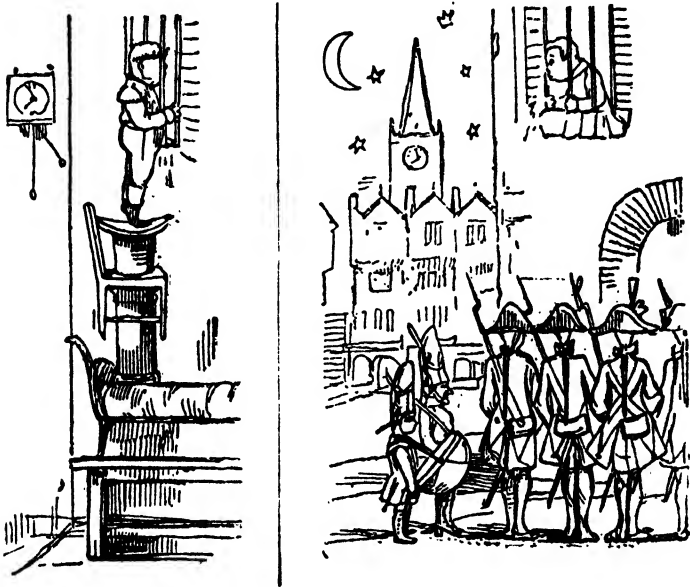
He was told the business would be done the next morning

at eight, and was taken back to his dungeon, where every attention was paid to him. The gaoler’s wife sent him tea, and the turnkey’s daughter begged him to write his name in her album, where a many gentlemen had wrote it on like occasions ! ‘ Bother your album ! ’ says Bulbo. The Undertaker came and measured him for the handsomest coffin which money could buy—even this didn’t console Bulbo. The Cook brought him dishes which he once used



to like, but he wouldn’t touch them : he sat down and began writing an adieu to Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking, and the hands drawing nearer to next morning. The Barber came in at night, and offered to shave him for the next day. Prince Bulbo kicked him away, and went on writing a few words to Princess Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking, and the hands hopping nearer and

nearer to next morning. He got up on the top of a hat-box, on the top of a chair, on the top of his bed, on the top of his table, and looked out to see whether he might escape



as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer, and nearer, and nearer.

But looking out of the window was one thing, and jumping another: and the town clock struck seven. So he got into bed for a little sleep, but the gaoler came and woke him, and said, 'Git up, your Royal Ighness, if you please, it's *ten minutes to eight!*'

So poor Bulbo got up: he had gone to bed in his clothes (the lazy boy), and he shook himself, and said he didn't mind about dressing, or having any breakfast, thank you;

and he saw the soldiers who had come for him. 'Lead on !' he said ; and they led the way, deeply affected ; and they



came into the courtyard, and out into the square, and there was King Giglio come to take leave of him, and His Majesty most kindly shook hands with him, and the *gloomy procession* marched on :—when hark !

Haw—wurraw—wurraw—aworr !

A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should come riding into the town, frightening away the boys, and even the beadle and policeman, but ROSALBA !

The fact is, that when Captain Hedzoff entered into the court of Snapdragon Castle, and was discoursing with King Padella, the lions made a dash at the open gate, gobbled

up the six beef-eaters in a jiffy, and away they went with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and they carried her, turn and turn about, till they came to the city where Prince Giglio's army was encamped.

When the KING heard of the QUEEN'S arrival, you may think how he rushed out of his breakfast-room to hand Her Majesty off her lion! The lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having had Hogginarmo and all those beef-eaters, and were so tame, anybody might pat them.

While Giglio knelt (most gracefully) and helped the



Princess, Bulbo, for his part, rushed up and kissed the lion. He flung his arms round the forest monarch ; he hugged him, and laughed and cried for joy. ‘ Oh, you darling old beast, oh, how glad I am to see you, and the dear, dear Bets—that is, Rosalba.’

‘ What, is it you ? poor Bulbo,’ said the Queen. ‘ Oh, how glad I am to see you ; ’ and she gave him her hand to kiss. King Giglio slapped him most kindly on the back, and said, ‘ Bulbo, my boy, I am delighted, for your sake, that Her Majesty has arrived.’

‘ So am I,’ said Bulbo ; ‘ and *you know why.*’ Captain Hedzoff here came up. ‘ Sire, it is half-past eight : shall we proceed with the execution ? ’

‘ Execution, what for ? ’ asked Bulbo.

‘ An officer only knows his orders,’ replied Captain Hedzoff, showing his warrant, on which His Majesty King Giglio smilingly said, ‘ Prince Bulbo was reprieved this time,’ and most graciously invited him to breakfast.

XVII

HOW A TREMENDOUS BATTLE TOOK PLACE, AND WHO WON IT

As soon as King Padella heard, what we know already, that his victim, the lovely Rosalba, had escaped him, His Majesty's fury knew no bounds, and he pitched the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chamberlain, and every officer of the crown whom he could set eyes on, into the cauldron of boiling oil prepared for the Princess. Then he ordered out his whole army, horse, foot, and artillery; and set forth at the head of an innumerable host, and I should think twenty thousand drummers, trumpeters, and fifers.

King Giglio's advanced guard, you may be sure, kept that monarch acquainted with the enemy's dealings, and he was in no wise disconcerted. He was much too polite to alarm the Princess, his lovely guest, with any unnecessary rumours of battles impending; on the contrary, he did everything to amuse and divert her; gave her a most elegant breakfast, dinner, lunch, and got up a ball for her that evening, when he danced with her every single dance.

Poor Bulbo was taken into favour again, and allowed to go quite free now. He had new clothes given him, was called 'My good cousin' by His Majesty, and was treated with the greatest distinction by everybody. But it was easy to see he was very melancholy. The fact is, the sight of Betsinda, who looked perfectly lovely in an elegant new dress, set poor Bulbo frantic in love with her again. And

he never thought about Angelica, now Princess Bulbo, whom he had left at home, and who, as we know, did not care much about him.

The King, dancing the twenty-fifth polka with Rosalba, remarked with wonder the ring she wore : and then Rosalba told him how she had got it from Gruffanuff, who no doubt had picked it up when Angelica flung it away.

‘ Yes,’ says the Fairy Blackstick, who had come to see the young people, and who had very likely certain plans regarding them. ‘ That ring I gave the Queen, Giglio’s mother, who was not, saving your presence, a very wise woman ; it is enchanted, and whoever wears it looks beautiful in the eyes of the world. I made poor Prince Bulbo, when he was christened, the present of a rose which made him look handsome while he had it ; but he gave it to Angelica, who instantly looked beautiful again, whilst Bulbo relapsed into his natural plainness.’

‘ Rosalba needs no ring, I am sure,’ says Giglio, with a low bow. ‘ She is beautiful enough, in my eyes, without any enchanted aid.’

‘ Oh, sir ! ’ said Rosalba.

‘ Take off the ring and try,’ said the King, and resolutely drew the ring off her finger. In *his* eyes she looked just as handsome as before !

The King was thinking of throwing the ring away, as it was so dangerous and made all the people so mad about Rosalba ; but being a prince of great humour, and good humour too, he cast his eyes upon a poor youth who happened to be looking on very disconsolately, and said—

‘ Bulbo, my poor lad ! come and try on this ring. The Princess Rosalba makes it a present to you.’ The magic properties of this ring were uncommonly strong, for no sooner had Bulbo put it on, but lo and behold, he appeared a personable, agreeable young prince enough—with a fine complexion, fair hair, rather stout, and with bandy legs ; but these were encased in such a beautiful pair of yellow morocco boots that nobody remarked them. And

Bulbo's spirits rose up almost immediately after he had looked in the glass, and he talked to their Majesties in the most lively, agreeable manner, and danced opposite the Queen with one of the prettiest maids of honour, and after looking at Her Majesty, could not help saying, 'How very odd ; she is very pretty, but not so *extraordinarily* handsome.' 'Oh no, by no means !' says the maid of honour.

'But what care I, dear sir,' says the Queen, who overheard them, 'if *you* think I am good-looking enough ?'

His Majesty's glance in reply to this affectionate speech was such that no painter could draw it. And the Fairy Blackstick said, 'Bless you, my darling children ! Now you are united and happy ; and now you see what I said from the first, that a little misfortune has done you both good. *You*, Giglio, had you been bred in prosperity, would scarcely have learned to read or write—you would have been idle and extravagant, and could not have been a good king as now you will be. *You*, Rosalba, would have been so flattered, that your little head might have been turned like Angelica's, who thought herself too good for Giglio.'

'As if anybody could be good enough for *him*,' cried Rosalba.

'Oh, you, you darling !' says Giglio. And so she was ; and he was just holding out his arms in order to give her a hug before the whole company, when a messenger came rushing in, and said, 'My Lord, the enemy !'

'To arms !' cries Giglio.

'Oh, Mercy !' says Rosalba, and fainted of course. He snatched one kiss from her lips, and rushed *forth to the field of battle* !

The fairy had provided King Giglio with a suit of armour, which was not only embroidered all over with jewels, and blinding to your eyes to look at, but was water-proof, gun-proof, and sword-proof ; so that in the midst of the very hottest battles His Majesty rode about as calmly as if he

had been a British Grenadier at Alma. Were I engaged in fighting for my country, *I* should like such a suit of armour as Prince Giglio wore ; but, you know, he was a Prince of a fairy tale, and they always have these wonderful things.

Besides the fairy armour, the Prince had a fairy horse, which would gallop at any pace you please ; and a fairy sword, which would lengthen, and run through a whole regiment of enemies at once. With such a weapon at command, I wonder, for my part, he thought of ordering his army out ; but forth they all came, in magnificent new uniforms ; Hedzoff and the Prince's two college friends each commanding a division, and His Majesty prancing in person at the head of them all.

Ah ! if I had the pen of a Sir Archibald Alison, my dear friends, would I not now entertain you with the account of a most tremendous shindy ? Should not fine blows be struck ? dreadful wounds be delivered ? arrows darken the air ? cannon-balls crash through the battalions ? cavalry charge infantry ? infantry pitch into cavalry ? bugles blow ; drums beat : horses neigh ; fifes sing ; soldiers roar, swear, hurray ; officers shout out, ' Forward, my men ! ' ' This way, lads ! ' ' Give it 'em, boys. Fight for King Giglio, and the cause of right ! ' ' King Padella for ever ! ' Would I not describe all this, I say, and in the very finest language, too ? But this humble pen does not possess the skill necessary for the description of combats. In a word, the overthrow of King Padella's army was so complete, that if they had been Russians you could not have wished them to be more utterly smashed and confounded.

As for that usurping monarch, having performed acts of valour much more considerable than could be expected of a royal ruffian and usurper, who had such a bad cause, and who was so cruel to women,—as for King Padella, I say, when his army ran away, the King ran away too, kicking his first general, Prince Punchikoff, from his saddle, and galloping away on the Prince's horse, having, indeed, had twenty-five or twenty-six of his own shot under him,



THE TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN KING GIGLIO AND KING PADELLA

Hedzoff coming up, and finding Punchikoff down, as you may imagine very speedily disposed of *him*. Meanwhile King Padella was scampering off as hard as his horse could lay legs to ground. Fast as he scampered, I promise you somebody else galloped faster; and that individual, as no doubt you are aware, was the Royal Giglio, who kept bawling out, 'Stay, traitor! Turn, miscreant, and defend thyself! Stand, tyrant, coward, ruffian, royal wretch, till I cut thy ugly head from thy usurping shoulders!' And, with his fairy sword, which elongated itself at will, His Majesty kept poking and prodding Padella in the back, until that wicked monarch roared with anguish.

When he was fairly brought to bay, Padella turned and dealt Prince Giglio a prodigious crack over the sconce with his battle-axe, a most enormous weapon, which had cut down I don't know how many regiments in the course of the afternoon. But, Law bless you! though the blow fell right down on His Majesty's helmet, it made no more impression than if Padella had struck him with a pat of butter: his battle-axe crumpled up in Padella's hand, and the Royal Giglio laughed for very scorn at the impotent efforts of that atrocious usurper.

At the ill success of his blow the Crim Tartar monarch was justly irritated. 'If,' says he to Giglio, 'you ride a fairy horse, and wear fairy armour, what on earth is the use of my hitting you? I may as well give myself up a prisoner at once. Your Majesty won't, I suppose, be so mean as to strike a poor fellow who can't strike again?'

The justice of Padella's remark struck the magnanimous Giglio. 'Do you yield yourself a prisoner, Padella?' says he.

'Of course, I do,' says Padella.

'Do you acknowledge Rosalba as your rightful Queen, and give up the crown and all your treasures to your rightful mistress?'

'If I must I must,' says Padella, who was naturally very sulky.

By this time King Giglio's aides de camp had come up, whom His Majesty ordered to bind the prisoner. And they tied his hands behind him, and bound his legs tight under his horse, having set him with his face to the tail ; and in this fashion he was led back to King Giglio's quarters, and thrust into the very dungeon where young Bulbo had been confined.

Padella (who was a very different person in the depth of his distress, to Padella, the proud wearer of the Crim Tartar crown) now most affectionately and earnestly asked to see his son—his dear eldest boy—his darling Bulbo ; and that good-natured young man never once reproached his haughty parent for his unkind conduct the day before, when he would have left Bulbo to be shot without any pity, but came to see his father, and spoke to him through the grating of the door, beyond which he was not allowed to go ; and brought him some sandwiches from the grand supper which His Majesty was giving above stairs, in honour of the brilliant victory which had just been achieved.

' I cannot stay with you long, sir,' says Bulbo, who was in his best ball dress, as he handed his father in the prog. ' I am engaged to dance the next quadrille with Her Majesty Queen Rosalba, and I hear the fiddles playing at this very moment.'

So Bulbo went back to the ball-room, and the wretched Padella ate his solitary supper in silence and tears.

All was now joy in King Giglio's circle. Dancing, feasting, fun, illuminations, and jollifications of all sorts ensued. The people through whose villages they passed were ordered to illuminate their cottages at night, and scatter flowers on the roads during the day. They were requested, and I promise you they did not like to refuse, to serve the troops liberally with eatables and wine ; besides, the army was enriched by the immense quantity of plunder which was found in King Padella's camp, and taken from his soldiers ; who (after they had given up everything) were allowed

to fraternize with the conquerors, and the united forces marched back by easy stages towards King Giglio's capital, his royal banner and that of Queen Rosalba being carried in front of the troops. Hedzoff was made a Duke and a Field Marshal. Smith and Jones were promoted to be Earls, the Crim Tartar Order of the Pumpkin and the Paflagonian decoration of the Cucumber were freely distributed by their Majesties to the army. Queen Rosalba wore the Paflagonian Ribbon of the Cucumber across her riding-habit, whilst King Giglio never appeared without the Grand Cordon of the Pumpkin. How the people cheered them as they rode along side by side ! They were pronounced to be the handsomest couple ever seen : that was a matter of course ; but they really *were* very handsome, and, had they been otherwise, would have looked so, they were so happy ! Their Majesties were never separated during the whole day, but breakfasted, dined, and supped together always, and rode side by side, interchanging elegant compliments, and indulging in the most delightful conversation. At night, Her Majesty's ladies of honour (who had all rallied round her the day after King Padella's defeat) came and conducted her to the apartments prepared for her ; whilst King Giglio, surrounded by his gentlemen, withdrew to his own royal quarters. It was agreed they should be married as soon as they reached the capital, and orders were dispatched to the Archbishop of Blombodinga, to hold himself in readiness to perform the interesting ceremony. Duke Hedzoff carried the message, and gave instructions to have the royal castle splendidly refurnished and painted afresh. The Duke seized Glumboso, the ex-Prime Minister, and made him refund that considerable sum of money which the old scoundrel had secreted out of the late King's treasure. He also clapped Valoroso into prison (who, by the way, had been dethroned for some considerable period past), and when the ex-monarch weakly remonstrated, Hedzoff said, ' A soldier, sir, knows but his duty ; my orders are to lock you up along with the ex-King Padella,

whom I have brought hither a prisoner under guard.' So these two ex-royal personages were sent for a year to the House of Correction, and thereafter were obliged to become monks, of the severest Order of Flagellants, in which state,



by fasting, by vigils, by flogging (which they administered to one another, humbly but resolutely), no doubt they exhibited a repentance for their past misdeeds, usurpations, and private and public crimes.

As for Glumboso, that rogue was sent to the galleys, and never had an opportunity to steal any more.

XVIII

HOW THEY ALL JOURNEYED BACK TO THE CAPITAL

THE Fairy Blackstick, by whose means this young King and Queen had certainly won their respective crowns back, would come not unfrequently, to pay them a little visit—as they were riding in their triumphal progress towards Giglio's capital—change her wand into a pony, and travel by their Majesties' side, giving them the very best advice. I am not sure that King Giglio did not think the Fairy and her advice rather a bore, fancying it was his own valour and merits which had put him on his throne, and conquered Padella : and, in fine, I fear he rather gave himself airs towards his best friend and patroness. She exhorted him to deal justly by his subjects, to draw mildly on the taxes, never to break his promise when he had once given it—and in all respects, to be a good King.

'A good King, my dear Fairy !' cries Rosalba. 'Of course he will. Break his promise ! can you fancy my Giglio would ever do anything so improper, so unlike him ? No ! never !' And she looked fondly towards Giglio, whom she thought a pattern of perfection.

'Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and telling me how to manage my government, and warning me to keep my word. Does she suppose that I am not a man of sense, and a man of honour ?' asks Giglio, testily, 'Methinks she rather presumes upon her position.'

'Hush ! dear Giglio,' says Rosalba. 'You know Black-

stick has been very kind to us, and we must not offend her.' But the Fairy was not listening to Giglio's testy observations : she had fallen back, and was trotting on her pony now, by Master Bulbo's side, who rode a donkey, and made himself generally beloved in the army by his cheerfulness, kindness, and good humour to everybody. He was eager to see his darling Angelica. He thought there never was such a charming being. Blackstick did not tell him it was the possession of the magic rose that made Angelica so lovely in his eyes. She brought him the very best accounts of his little wife, whose misfortunes and humiliations had indeed very greatly improved her, and you see she could whisk off on her wand a hundred miles in a minute, and be back in no time, and so carry polite messages from Bulbo to Angelica, and from Angelica to Bulbo, and comfort that young man upon his journey.

When the royal party arrived at the last stage before you reach Blombodinga, who should be in waiting, in her carriage there with her lady of honour by her side, but the Princess Angelica. She rushed into her husband's arms, scarcely stopping to make a passing curtsy to the King and Queen. She had no eyes but for Bulbo, who appeared perfectly lovely to her on account of the fairy ring which he wore ; whilst she herself, wearing the magic rose in her bonnet, seemed entirely beautiful to the enraptured Bulbo.

A splendid luncheon was served to the royal party, of which the Archbishop, the Chancellor, Duke Hedzoff, Countess Gruffanuff, and all our friends partook, the Fairy Blackstick being seated on the left of King Giglio, with Bulbo and Angelica beside her. You could hear the joy-bells ringing in the capital, and the guns which the citizens were firing off in honour of their Majesties.

'What can have induced that hideous old Gruffanuff to dress herself up in such an absurd way ? Did you ask her to be your bridesmaid, my dear ?' says Giglio to Rosalba. 'What a figure of fun Gruffy is !'

Gruffy was seated opposite their Majesties, between the Archbishop and the Lord Chancellor, and a figure of fun she certainly was, for she was dressed in a low white silk dress, with lace over, a wreath of white roses on her wig, a splendid lace veil, and her yellow old neck was covered with diamonds. She ogled the King in such a manner, that His Majesty burst out laughing.

‘Eleven o’clock!’ cries Giglio, as the great Cathedral bell of Blombodinga tolled that hour. ‘Gentlemen and ladies, we must be starting. Archbishop, you must be at church, I think, before twelve?’

‘We must be at church before twelve,’ sighs out Gruffanuff in a languishing voice, hiding her old face behind her fan.

‘And then I shall be the happiest man in my dominions,’ cries Giglio, with an elegant bow to the blushing Rosalba.

‘Oh, my Giglio! Oh, my dear Majesty!’ exclaims Gruffanuff; ‘and can it be that this happy moment at length has arrived—’

‘Of course it has arrived,’ says the King.

‘—And that I am about to become the enraptured bride of my adored Giglio!’ continues Gruffanuff. ‘Lend me a smelling-bottle, somebody. I certainly shall faint with joy.’

‘You my bride?’ roars out Giglio.

‘You marry my Prince?’ cries poor little Rosalba.

‘Pooh! Nonsense! The woman’s mad!’ exclaims the King. And all the courtiers exhibited by their countenances and expressions, marks of surprise, or ridicule, or incredulity, or wonder.

‘I should like to know who else is going to be married, if I am not?’ shrieks out Gruffanuff. ‘I should like to know, if King Giglio is a gentleman, and if there is such a thing as justice in Paflagonia? Lord Chancellor! my Lord Archbishop! will your Lordships sit by and see a poor, fond, confiding, tender creature put upon? Has not Prince Giglio promised to marry his Barbara? Is not this Giglio’s signature? Does not this paper declare that he is mine,

and only mine ?' And she handed to his Grace the Archbishop the document which the Prince signed that evening, when she wore the magic ring, and Giglio drank so much champagne. And the old Archbishop, taking out his eye-glasses, read—' " This is to give notice, that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paffagonia, hereby promise to marry the charming Barbara Griselda, Countess Gruffanuff and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq."

' H'm,' says the Archbishop, ' the document is certainly a—a document.'

' Phoo,' says the Lord Chancellor, ' the signature is not in His Majesty's handwriting.' Indeed, since his studies at Bosforo, Giglio had made an immense improvement in calligraphy.

' Is it your handwriting, Giglio ? ' cries the Fairy Blackstick, with an awful severity of countenance.

' Y—y—y—es,' poor Giglio gasps out. ' I had quite forgotten the confounded paper : she can't mean to hold me by it. You old wretch, what will you take to let me off ? Help the Queen, some one,—Her Majesty has fainted.'

' Chop her head off !'

' Smother the old witch !'

' Pitch her into the river !'

} exclaim the impetuous
Hedzoff, the ardent Smith,
and the faithful Jones.

But Gruffanuff flung her arms round the Archbishop's neck, and bellowed out, ' Justice, justice, my Lord Chancellor ! ' so loudly, that her piercing shrieks caused everybody to pause. As for Rosalba, she was borne away lifeless by her ladies ; and you may imagine the look of agony which Giglio cast towards that lovely being, as his hope, his joy, his darling, his all in all, was thus removed, and in her place the horrid old Gruffanuff rushed up to his side, and once more shrieked out, ' Justice, justice !'

' Won't you take that sum of money which Glumboso hid ? ' says Giglio, ' two hundred and eighteen thousand millions, or thereabouts. It's a handsome sum.'

' I will have that and you too ! ' says Gruffanuff.

'Let us throw the crown jewels into the bargain,' gasps out Giglio.

'I will wear them by my Giglio's side!' says Gruffanuff.

'Will half, three-quarters, five-sixths, nineteen-twentieths, of my kingdom do, Countess?' asks the trembling monarch.

'What were all Europe to me without *you*, my Giglio?' cries Gruff, kissing his hand.

'I won't, I can't, I shan't,—I'll resign the crown first,' shouts Giglio, tearing away his hand; but Gruff clung to it.

'I have a competency, my love,' she says, 'and with thee and a cottage thy Barbara will be happy.'

Giglio was half mad with rage by this time. 'I will not marry her,' says he. 'Oh, Fairy, Fairy, give me counsel!' And as he spoke he looked wildly round at the severe face of the Fairy Blackstick.

'“Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of honour?”' said the Fairy, quoting Giglio's own haughty words. He quailed under the brightness of her eyes; he felt that there was no escape for him from that awful Inquisition.

'Well, Archbishop,' said he in a dreadful voice, that made his Grace start, 'since this Fairy has led me to the height of happiness but to dash me down into the depths of despair, since I am to lose Rosalba, let me at least keep my honour. Get up, Countess, and let us be married; I can keep my word, but I can die afterwards.'

'Oh, dear Giglio,' cries Gruffanuff, skipping up, 'I knew, I knew I could trust thee—I knew that my Prince was the soul of honour. Jump into your carriages, ladies and gentlemen, and let us go to church at once; and as for dying, dear Giglio, no, no:—thou wilt forget that insignificant little chambermaid of a Queen—thou wilt live to be consoled by thy Barbara! She wishes to be a Queen, and not a Queen Dowager, my gracious Lord!' and hanging upon poor Giglio's arm, and leering and grinning in his face

in the most disgusting manner, this old wretch tripped off in her white satin shoes, and jumped into the very carriage which had been got ready to convey Giglio and Rosalba to church. The cannons roared again, the bells pealed triple-bobmajors, the people came out flinging flowers upon the path of the royal bride and bridegroom, and Gruff looked out of the gilt coach window and bowed and grinned to them. Phoo ! the horrid old wretch !

XIX

AND NOW WE COME TO THE LAST SCENE IN THE PANTOMIME

THE many ups and downs of her life had given the Princess Rosalba prodigious strength of mind, and that highly principled young woman presently recovered from her fainting-fit, out of which Fairy Blackstick, by a precious essence which the Fairy always carried in her pocket, awakened her. Instead of tearing her hair, crying and bemoaning herself, and fainting again, as many young women would have done, Rosalba remembered that she owed an example of firmness to her subjects, and though she loved Giglio more than her life, was determined, as she told the Fairy, not to interfere between him and justice, or to cause him to break his royal word.

'I cannot marry him, but I shall love him always,' says she to Blackstick; 'I will go and be present at his marriage with the Countess, and sign the book, and wish them happy with all my heart. I will see, when I get home, whether I cannot make the new Queen some handsome presents. The Crim Tartary crown diamonds are uncommonly fine, and I shall never have any use for them. I will live and die unmarried like Queen Elizabeth, and, of course, I shall leave my crown to Giglio when I quit this world. Let us go and see them married, my dear Fairy; let me say one last farewell to him; and then, if you please, I will return to my own dominions.'

So the Fairy kissed Rosalba with peculiar tenderness, and at once changed her wand into a very comfortable coach-and-four, with a steady coachman, and two respect-

able footmen behind, and the Fairy and Rosalba got into the coach, which Angelica and Bulbo entered after them. As for honest Bulbo, he was blubbing in the most pathetic manner, quite overcome by Rosalba's misfortune. She was touched by the honest fellow's sympathy, promised to restore to him the confiscated estates of Duke Padella his father, and created him, as he sat there in the coach, Prince, Highness, and First Grandee of the Crim Tartar Empire. The coach moved on, and, being a fairy coach, soon came up with the bridal procession.

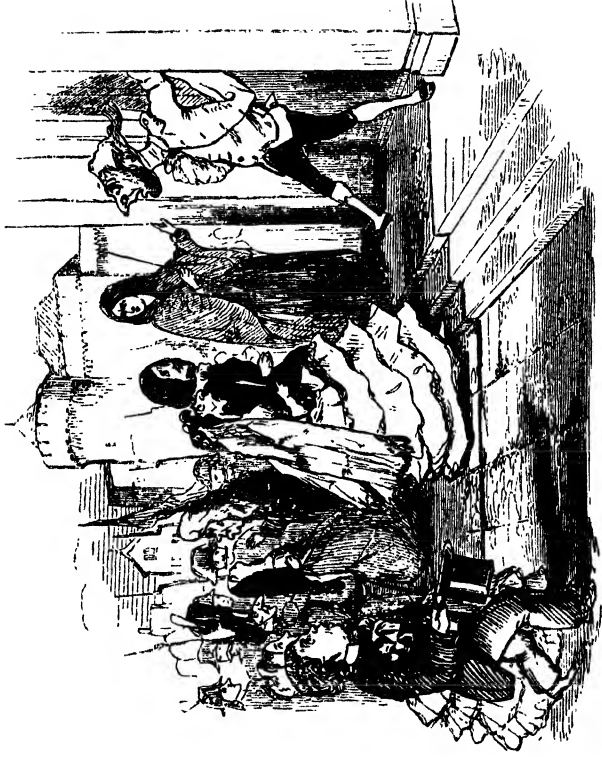
Before the ceremony at church it was the custom in Paflagonia, as it is in other countries, for the bride and bridegroom to sign the Contract of Marriage, which was to be witnessed by the Chancellor, Minister, Lord Mayor, and principal officers of state. Now, as the royal palace was being painted and furnished anew, it was not ready for the reception of the King and his bride, who proposed at first to take up their residence at the Prince's palace, that one which Valoroso occupied when Angelica was born, and before he usurped the throne.

So the marriage party drove up to the palace : the dignitaries got out of their carriages and stood aside : poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach, supported by Bulbo, and stood almost fainting up against the railings so as to have a last look of her dear Giglio. As for Blackstick, she, according to her custom, had flown out of the coach window in some inscrutable manner, and was now standing at the palace door.

Giglio came up the steps with his horrible bride on his arm, looking as pale as if he was going to execution. He only frowned at the Fairy Blackstick—he was angry with her, and thought she came to insult his misery.

'Get out of the way, pray,' says Gruffanuff, haughtily. 'I wonder why you are always poking your nose into other people's affairs?'

'Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?' says Blackstick.



MADAM GRUFFANUFF FINDS A HUSBAND

'To marry him, yes ! What business is it of yours ? Pray, madam, don't say "you" to a Queen,' cries Gruffanuff.

'You won't take the money he offered you ?'

'No.'

'You won't let him off his bargain, though you know you cheated him when you made him sign the paper.'

'Impudence ! Policemen, remove this woman !' cries Gruffanuff. And the policemen were rushing forward, but with a wave of her wand the Fairy struck them all like so many statues in their places.

'You won't take anything in exchange for your bond, Mrs. Gruffanuff,' cries the Fairy, with awful severity. 'I speak for the last time.'

'No !' shrieks Gruffanuff, stamping with her foot. 'I'll have my husband, my husband, my husband !'

'YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND !' the Fairy Blackstick cried ; and advancing a step, laid her hand upon the nose of the KNOCKER.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to elongate, the open mouth opened still wider, and uttered a roar which made everybody start. The eyes rolled wildly ; the arms and legs uncurled themselves, writhed about, and seemed to lengthen with each twist ; the knocker expanded into a figure in yellow livery, six feet high ; the screws by which it was fixed to the door unloosed themselves, and JENKINS GRUFFANUFF once more trod the threshold off which he had been lifted more than twenty years ago !

'Master's not at home,' says Jenkins, just in his old voice ; and Mrs. Jenkins, giving a dreadful *youp*, fell down in a fit, in which nobody minded her.

For everybody was shouting, 'Huzzay ! huzzay !' 'Hip, hip, hurray !' 'Long live the King and Queen !' 'Were such things ever seen ?' 'No, never, never, never !' 'The Fairy Blackstick for ever !'

The bells were ringing double peals, the guns roaring and banging most prodigiously. Bulbo was embracing

everybody ; the Lord Chancellor was flinging up his wig and shouting like a madman ; Hedzoff had got the Archbishop round the waist, and they were dancing a jig for joy ; and as for Giglio I leave you to imagine what *he* was doing, and if he kissed Rosalba once, twice—twenty thousand times, I'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

So Gruffanuff opened the hall door with a low bow, just as he had been accustomed to do, and they all went in and signed the book, and then they went to church and were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane, and was never more heard of in Paffagonia.

AND HERE ENDS THE FIRESIDE PANTOMIME.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

I

PROPOSALS FOR A CONTINUATION OF 'IVANHOE'

[*Fraser's Magazine*, August and September, 1846.]

II

REBECCA AND ROWENA, OR, ROMANCE UPON ROMANCE

[1850; *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856.]

REBECCA AND ROWENA

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PROPOSALS FOR A CONTINUATION OF 'IVANHOE'

IN A LETTER TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
BY MONSIEUR MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

[*Fraser's Magazine*, August and September, 1846.]

TO THE MOST NOBLE ALEXANDRE DUMAS, MARQUIS
DAVY DE LA PAILLETERIE,

MY LORD,—Permit a humble literary practitioner in England, and a profound admirer of your works, to suggest a plan for increasing your already great popularity in this country. We are labouring, my lord, under a woful dearth of novels. Fashionable novels we get, it is true; the admirable Mrs. Gore produces half a dozen or so in a season; but one can't live upon fashionable novels alone, and the mind wearies with perpetual descriptions of balls at D— House, of fashionable doings at White's or Crocky's, of ladies' toilettes, of Gunter's suppers, of *déjeuners*, Almack's, French cookery, French phrases and the like, which have been, time out of mind, the main ingredient of the genteel novel with us. As for historical novelists, they are, or seem to be, asleep among us. What have we had from a great and celebrated author since he gave us the *Last of the Barons*? Nothing but a pamphlet about the Watercure, which, although it contained many novel and surprising incidents, still is far from being sufficient for a ravenous public. Again, where is Mr. James? Where is that teeming parent of romance? No tales have been advertised by him for time out of mind—for him who used to father a dozen volumes a year. We get, it is true, reprints of his former productions and are accommodated with *Darnley* and *Delorme* in single volumes; but, ah, sir! (or my lord) those who are accustomed to novelty or live in excitement, grow sulky at meeting with old friends,

however meritorious, and are tired of reading and re-reading even the works of Mr. James. Where, finally, is the famous author, upon the monthly efforts of whose genius all the country was dependent? Where is the writer of the *Tower of London*, *St. James's*, *Old Saint Paul's*, &c.? What has become of the *Revelations of London*? That mystic work is abruptly discontinued, and revealed to us no more; and though, to be sure, *Old Saint Paul's* is reprinted with its awful history of the plague and the fire, yet, my dear sir, we are familiar with the plague and the fire already; our feelings were first harrowed by *Old Saint Paul's* in a weekly newspaper, then we had the terrible story revealed altogether in three volumes with cuts. Can we stand it re-reprinted in the columns of a contemporary magazine? My feelings of disappointment can't be described when, on turning to the same periodical, attracted thither by the announcement of a story called *Jackomo Omberello* (I have a bad memory for names), I found only a reprint of a tale by my favourite author, which had appeared in an annual years ago. There is a lull, sir—a dearth of novelists. We live upon translations of your works; of those of M. Eugène Sue, your illustrious *confrère*; of those of the tragic and mysterious Soulié, that master of the criminal code; and of the ardent and youthful Paul Féval, who competes with all three.

I, for my part, am one of the warmest admirers of the new system which you pursue in France with so much success—of the twenty-volume-novel system. I like continuations. I have read every word of *Monte Cristo* with the deepest interest; and was never more delighted after getting through a dozen volumes of the *Three Musketeers*, than when Mr. Rolandi furnished me with another dozen of the continued history of the same heroes under the title of *Vingt Ans après*; and if one could get the lives of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis until they were 120 years old, I am sure we should all read with pleasure. Here is the recess coming—the season over—no debates to read—and no novels!

But suppose that heroes of romance, after eighty or ninety years of age, grow a thought superannuated, and are no longer fit for their former task of amusing the public; suppose you have exhausted most of your heroes, and

brought them to an age when it is best that the old gentlemen should retire ; why not, my dear sir, I suggest, take up other people's heroes, and give a continuation of *their* lives ? There are numbers of Walter Scott's novels that I always felt were incomplete. The Master of Ravenswood, for instance, disappears, it is true, at the end of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. His hat is found, that is to say, on the seashore, and you suppose him drowned ; but I have always an idea that he has floated out to sea, and his adventures might recommence—in a maritime novel, say—on board the ship which picked him up. No man can induce me to believe that the adventures of Quentin Durward ceased the day after he married Isabelle de Croye. People survive even marriage ; their sufferings don't end with that blessed incident in their lives. Do we take leave of our friends, or cease to have an interest in them, the moment they drive off in the chaise and the wedding *déjeuner* is over ? Surely not ! and it is unfair upon married folks to advance that your bachelors are your only heroes.

Of all the Scottish novels, however, that of which the conclusion gives me the greatest dissatisfaction is the dear old *Ivanhoe*—*Evannoay*, as you call it in France. From the characters of Rowena, of Rebecca, of Ivanhoe, I feel sure that the story can't end where it does. I have quite too great a love for the disinherited knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, to suppose that he could sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena. That woman is intolerable, and I call upon you, sir, with your great powers of eloquence, to complete this fragment of a novel, and to do the real heroine justice.

I have thrown together a few hints, which, if you will do me the favour to cast your eyes over them, might form matter, I am sure, sufficient for many, many volumes of a continuation of *Ivanhoe* ; and remain, with assurances of profound consideration,

Sir,

Your sincere admirer,

M. A. TITMARSH.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this

history, can doubt for a moment what was the result of the marriage between Wilfrid and Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanour, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewoman-like bearing, must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behaviour, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three Ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigours of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favour whose hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humour, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a joke to the shuddering, poor servitors, who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale one, that nobody dared to laugh at the timid innuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, Guffo, the goose-boy (a half-witted, poor wretch), laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper-time. It was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, 'Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going to throw a little light upon the subject.'¹ The Lady

¹ I knew an old lady in my youth, who, for many years, used to make this joke every night regularly when candles were brought

Rowena, being disturbed in a theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterwards canonized as St. Willibald, of Bareacres, hermit and confessor), called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the courtyard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

'I got you out of Front-de-Bœuf's castle,' said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, 'and canst thou not save me from the lash?'

'Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!' said Rowena, haughtily replying to the timid appeal of her husband; 'Gurth, give him four dozen!'

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which of us is there acquainted with the sex that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at her board, and the boldest in the battlefield are craven when facing her distaff?

'Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower,' is a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significancy. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart, one would have thought that the heart of the royal lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

In fact, she *did* say, 'Come and live with me as a sister,' as the last chapter of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what

in, and all of us in her family were expected to laugh. Surely it is time that a piece of fun which has been in activity for seven hundred years should at length be laid up in ordinary; and this paper will not have been written altogether in vain if this good end can be brought about.—M. A. T.

is called *bosh* (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid the Crusader was familiar), or fudge, in plain Saxon ; and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid (as the Saxon lady chose to term it), nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Jewish maiden had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-herd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, 'Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute those poor pigs—you know your friends the Jews can't abide them !' Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbis' teeth, Rowena would exult and say, 'Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches ! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated !' Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, 'Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews ! Hadn't you better interfere, my love ? His Majesty will do anything for you ; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favourites of yours,*' or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the Queen held a drawing-room ; or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course that she took any interest in such things, but considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the county.

And now Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, it is but too often so in life ! Many a garden, seen from a distance, looks fresh and green, which, when

beheld closely, is dismal and weedy; the shady walks melancholy and grass-grown; the bowers you would fain repose in, cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caïque upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahound; but, enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of rickety huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a lie.

Perhaps a man, with Ivanhoe's high principles, would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consternation of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's (whither he would repair not unfrequently), the unsteadiness of his gait and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wullstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle) vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

It was while enjoying this dismal, but respectable existence, that news came to England that Wilfrid's royal master and friend was bent upon that expedition against his vassal, the Count of Limoges, which was to end so fatally before the Castle of Chalus. As a loyal subject, Sir Wilfrid hastened, with a small band of followers, to the assistance of his master, taking with him Gurth, his squire, who vowed he would have joined Robin Hood but for that,

and Wamba the Jester, who cut a good joke for the first time as he turned head over heels when the Castle of Rowena was once fairly out of sight.

I omit here a chapter about the siege of Chalus, which, it is manifest, can be spun out to any length to which an enterprising publisher would be disposed to go. Single combats, or combats of companies, scaladoes, ambuscadoes, rapid acts of horsemanship, destriers, catapults, mangonels, and other properties of the chivalric drama, are at the use of the commonest writer; and I am sure, my dear sir, you have too good an opinion of me to require that these weapons should be dragged out, piece by piece, from the armory, and that you will take my account for granted.

A chapter about famine in the garrison may be rendered particularly striking. I would suggest as a good contrast a description of tremendous feasting in the camp of Richard, in honour of his Queen, Berengaria, with a display of antiquarian cookery (all descriptions of eating are pleasant in works of fiction, and can scarcely be made too savoury or repeated too often); and, in the face of this carousing without the walls, the most dismal hunger raging within. That there must be love passages between the hostile armies is quite clear. And what do you say to the Marquis of Limoges and his sons casting lots about being eaten?—with a motto from Ugolino and a fine display of filial piety?

The assault may be made very fine, too—the last assault. The old chieftain of Chalus and his sons dropping down one by one, before the crushing curtal-axe of Richard.

‘Ha, St. Richard!—ha, St. George!’ the tremendous voice of the Lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the battle; at every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartisan. The world had never seen such a warrior as that Lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfants de Chalus* fell down before him: there was only one left at last of all the brave race that had fought round the stout Sir Enguerrand:—only one, and but a boy,—a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy! he had been gathering pansies in the fields but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother’s arms! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted

blade in Christendom?—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot! Turn away, turn away, fond mother! Enguerrand de Chalus, bewail the last of thy race! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee! . . .

'Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges,' said Bertrand de Gourdon, 'the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue——'

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

'Twas a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon! Maddened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused: his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more! . . .

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done. Now ensues a splendid picture of a general massacre of the garrison, who are all murdered to a man, with the exception of Bertrand de Gourdon. Ivanhoe, of course, saves *him* for the moment; but we all know what his fate was. Bertrand was flayed alive after Richard's death; and as I don't recollect any chapter in any novel where a man's being skinned alive is described, I would suggest this as an excellent subject for a powerful and picturesque pen. Ivanhoe, of course, is stricken down and left for dead in trying to defend honest Bertrand. And now if ever there was a good finale for a volume, it is the death of Richard.

'You must die, my son,' said the venerable Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried shrieking from the King's tent. 'Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!'

'It is ill jesting with a dying man,' replied the King. 'Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me.'

‘Richard of England,’ said the Archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, ‘your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child ; and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh.’

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave ! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. ‘It is no matter of joy but of dolour,’ he said, ‘that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more.’

I need not point out to a gentleman of your powers of mind how aptly, with a few moral reflections in a grave and dirge-like key, this volume of the Continuation of ‘Ivanhoe’ may conclude.

As for the second volume, King John is on the throne of England. Shakespeare, Hume, and the *Biographic Universelle* are at hand. Prince Arthur, Magna Charta, Cardinal Pandolfo, suggest themselves to the mind at once ; and the deuce is in it, if out of *these* one cannot form a tolerably exciting volume.

For instance, in the first part, the disguised knight becomes the faithful servant of young Arthur (perhaps Constance of Brittany may fall in love with the mysterious knight, but that is neither here nor there), attends young Arthur; I say, watches him through a hundred perplexities, and, of course, is decoyed away—just happens to step out as it were, when the poor young Prince is assassinated by his savage uncle.

The disguised knight vows revenge ; he stirs up the barons against the King, and what is the consequence ? No less a circumstance than MAGNA CHARTA, the palladium of Britons. The Frenchmen land under the Dauphin Louis, son of Philip Augustus. He makes the grandest offers to the unknown knight. Scornful resistance of the latter, and defeat of the Frenchmen.

And now I am sure you have no need to ask who is this disguised knight. Ivanhoe, of course ! But why disguised ? In the first place, in a novel, it is very hard if a knight or any other gentleman can’t disguise himself

without any reason at all ; but there is a reason for Ivanhoe's disguising himself, and a most painful reason : ROWENA WAS MARRIED AGAIN.

After the siege of Chalus, the faithful Gurth, covered with wounds, came back to Rotherwood, and brought the sad news of the death of the lion-hearted Plantagenet, and his truest friend, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, wounded to death in endeavouring to defend honest Bertrand de Gourdon. Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe had been carried back to his tent, where he expired in the arms of his faithful squire, after giving him the lock of Rowena's hair which he had in a brooch, and his gold thumb-ring, which she had presented to him, and which bore his signature and seal of arms. ' There was *another* lock of hair round my noble master's neck,' sobbed Gurth to Cedric in secret.

' Was it mine ? ' asked the bereaved old Thane.

' Yours is red, my lord, and that was black,' answered Gurth,—' as black as the ringlets of the fair Jewish maid he rescued in the lists of Templestowe.'

Of course not a word was breathed about this fact to Rowena, who received the news of her husband's death with that resignation which became her character, and who, though she did not show any outward signs of emotion at the demise of her lord, must yet have been profoundly affected, because she wore the deepest mourning any of the milliners' shops in York could produce, and erected a monument to him as big as a minster.

That she married again the stupid Athelstane when her time of mourning was expired, is a matter of course, about which no person familiar with life could doubt for a moment. Cardinal Pandolfo did the business for them, and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death (for his body was never sent home after all), his eminence procured a papal rescript annulling the former marriage, so that she might become Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. That she was happier with the boozy and stupid Thane than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid need surprise no one. Women have a predilection for fools, and have loved donkeys long before the amours of Bottom and Titania. That he was brutal and drunken, and that he beat her, and that she liked it and was happy, and had a large family, may be imagined ; for there are some women—bless them !—who pine unless they are

bullied, and think themselves neglected if not occasionally belaboured. But this I feel is getting too *intime*. Suffice it that Mr. and Mrs. Athelstane were a great deal happier than Mr. and Mrs. Ivanhoe.

And now, with your permission, I would suggest two or three sentimental chapters. Ivanhoe—disguised of course—returns to his country, travels into the north of England, arrives at York (where the revels of King John may be described), and takes an opportunity, when a Jew is being submitted to the torture, of inquiring what has become of Rebecca, daughter of Isaac. ‘Has she returned to England?’ he cursorily asks. ‘No, she is still at Granada, where her people are held in honour at the court of Boabdil.’ He revisits her house, the chamber where she tended him; indulges in old recollections, discovers the depth of his passion for her, and bewails his lot in life, that he is lonely, wretched, and an outcast.

Shall he go to Rotherwood and see once more the scenes of his youth? Can he bear to witness the happiness of Athelstane, and Rowena the bride of another? He will go, if it be but to visit his father’s grave, for Cedric is dead by this time, as you may imagine; and, supposing his son dead, has left all his property to Rowena. Indeed, it was the old Thane who insisted upon her union with Athelstane, being bent upon renewing his scheme for the establishment of a Saxon dynasty.

Well, Ivanhoe arrives at Rotherwood.

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled, and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane’s knee; Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden hanap. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar,—

‘And so, Grey Frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman?’

‘We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good king in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!’

'And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport,' roared Athelstane, laughing hugely at the joke. 'How the fellow must have howled!'

'My love!' said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

'I would have liked to see it too,' cried the boy.

'That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he tried to defend the man. The more fool he!'

'My sweet lord,' again interposed Rowena, 'mention him not.'

'Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?'

'Those times are past now, dear Athelstane,' said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

'Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena.'

'The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature,' exclaimed the lady.

'Well, well, poor Will was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why, a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains.'

'Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance,' said the friar. 'I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister.'

'And there's an end of him,' said Athelstane. 'But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a log in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for bygones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world.'

'There be buzzards in eagles' nests,' Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire, sharing the hearth with the Thane's dogs; 'there be dead men alive and live men dead. There be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, Gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes, and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain.'

‘ Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating,’ the Thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began :—

Ho ! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber’s shear,
All your aim is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin.

Wait till you’ve come to forty year !

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells’ window-panes.

Wait till you’ve come to forty year !

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear ;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey ;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was passed away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet a month is gone.

Gillian’s dead, Heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years’ syne !
Marian’s married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

‘ Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless ? ’ roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

‘ It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest.’

‘ They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric,

my love,' said Rowena. 'His Majesty hath taken him into much favour. My Lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the Countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really—'

'Jealous again—haw! haw!' laughed Athelstane.

'I am above jealousy, and scorn it,' Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

'Well, well, Wamba's was a good song,' Athelstane said.

'Nay, a wicked song,' said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. 'What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only.'

'I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well,' said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprung after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. 'There be dead men alive and live men dead,' whispered he. 'There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?' And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, 'I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!'

'Get up,' said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; 'only fools are faithful.'

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the Jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came Gurth and Wamba were gone; but the absence of the pair was little heeded by the Lady Rowena, who was bound for York, where His Majesty King John was holding a court.

Here you have an idea of the first part of the narrative. And I think there is nothing unsatisfactorily accounted for

but Ivanhoe's mysterious silence during four or five years. For though Rowena married the day after her mourning was out, there is not the slightest blame to be cast on her, for she was a woman of such high principle, that had she known her husband was alive she never would have thought of such a thing. As for Ivanhoe's keeping his existence secret, that I consider is a point which, as hero of a novel, he has perfectly a right to do. He may have been delirious from the effects of his wounds for three or four years, or he may have been locked up and held to ransom by some ferocious baron of the Limousin. When he became acquainted with Rowena's second marriage there was a reason for his keeping *incog*. Delicacy forbade him to do otherwise. And if the above hints suit you, and you can make three or four volumes out of them, as I have little doubt you will be able to do, I will take the liberty, my dear sir, of finishing the tale in the September number.

VOLS. II AND III

TO THE MOST NOBLE ALEXANDRE DUMAS, MARQUIS
DAVY DE LA PAILLETERIE,

MY DEAR MARQUIS, I may now say (for having ventured to address you once, I feel as if I had grown quite familiar with you), well then, my lord, to resume the thread of the little discourse broken off last month, do you know that, considering the excellence of the theme I proposed to you, and, perhaps, of my own manner of handling it—but that is not for an author, but a kind British public to decide—I feel quite sorry that I ever let it slip, or allowed myself to compress into a few magazine pages matter which might fill many magazines—many volumes—a romance teeming with noble subjects of chivalry and adventure; which might equal in length with *Clarissa Harlowe*, and in thrilling dramatic interest the best of our own productions. But the deed is done now. The goose is slaughtered, as it were, that might have laid many golden eggs: let us fall to, since he is dead, and eat him with as much relish as may be.

Well, then. In my last, if you remember, I only alluded cursorily to the death of Arthur, Duke of Brittany, whose murder by his uncle, King John, is a subject so full of interest, that I am surprised nobody has taken it up. The late Mr. Shakespeare, indeed, has touched it; but how slightly, and in how trivial a manner! Why, a man knowing the mystery of novel-spinning, might have been whole volumes killing that young Prince. His escapes, his hopes, his young loves, his battles, his surprise, his defeat, his lingering agony, and ultimate downfall, might go through a set of chapters of interest so thrilling, that they should almost turn your hair grey with excitement and terror.

In a rare historical work with which I have had the good luck to fall in at the Britannic Museum, and written in his early days by the celebrated Sir Hume, Lord of Montrose, and electrifying our Chamber of Deputies with the thunder of his male and vigorous word,—in Sir Hume's *History of England* I find the following notice of the above-named Prince Arthur and his uncle:—

'The young Duke of Brittany, who was now rising to man's estate, now joined the French army, which had begun hostilities against the King of England. He was received with great distinction by Philip; was knighted by him, espoused his daughter Mary, and was invested, not only in the Duchy of Brittany, but in the counties of Anjou and Mayne, which he had formerly resigned to his uncle. Every attempt succeeded with the allies. Tillieres and Boutavant were taken by Philip after making a feeble defence. Mortemar and Lyon fell into his hands almost without resistance. The Prince next invested Goudmai, and succeeded in making himself master of that important fortress. The progress of the Prince was rapid, but an event happened which turned the scales in the favour of John, and gave him a decided superiority over his enemies.

'Young Arthur, fond of military renown, had broken into Poitou, at the head of a small army, and passing near Mirabeau, he heard that his grandmother, Queen Eleanor, who had always opposed his interests, was lodged in that place, and was protected by a weak garrison and ruinous fortifications. He immediately determined to lay siege to the fortress, and make himself master of her person. But John, roused from his indolence by so pressing an occasion, collected an army of English and Brabançons, and advanced to the relief of the Queen-mother. He fell on Arthur's camp before that Prince was aware of the danger; dispersed his army; took him prisoner together with the most considerable of the revolted barons, and returned in triumph to Normandy. The greater part of the prisoners were sent to Normandy, but Arthur was shut up in the Castle of Falaise.

'The King had here a conference with his nephew, represented to him the folly of his pretensions, and required him to renounce the French alliance. But the brave though imprudent youth, rendered more haughty by his misfortunes, maintained the justice of his cause: asserted his claim not only to the French provinces, but to the crown of England; and in his turn required the King to restore the son of his elder brother to the possession of his inheritance. John, sensible from these symptoms of spirit that the young Prince, though now a prisoner, might hereafter prove a dangerous enemy, determined to prevent all future peril by dispatching his nephew, and Arthur was never more heard of. . . . The King, it is said, first proposed to William de la Bray, one of his servants, to dispatch Arthur: but William replied that he was a gentleman, not a hangman; and positively refused compliance; another instrument of murder was found, and was dispatched with proper orders to Falaise; but Hubert de Bourg, chamberlain to the King, and constable of the castle, feigning that he himself would execute the King's mandate, sent back the assassin, spread the report that the young Prince was dead, and publicly performed all the ceremonies of his interment. But finding that the Bretons vowed revenge for the murder, and that all the revolted barons persevered more obstinately in their rebellion, he thought it prudent to reveal the secret, and to inform the world that the Duke of Brittany was still alive. This discovery proved fatal to the young Prince. John first removed him to the Castle of Rouen (where he himself was living, passing his time with his young wife in all sorts of indolence and pleasure), and coming in the night-time, ordered Arthur to be brought before him. The young Prince, aware of his danger, and now more subdued by the continuance of his misfortunes and the approach of death, threw himself on his knees before his uncle and begged for mercy. But the barbarous tyrant, making no reply, stabbed him with his own hands; and, fastening a stone to the dead body, threw it into the Seine.'

I am sure, my dear lord, you will see that it is not without a purpose that I have quoted the above passage from the recondite work of M. Hume. See what a scope it affords to the novelist! and trace one by one the noble scenes which with common skill and perseverance could be depicted.

In Chapter I (this I consider Vol. II of the *Ivanhoe* continuation) we have the Raising of the Standard Ban and Arrier-ban; the trooping in of the Bretons; the songs of the Armorican bards; the first interview between Arthur and the Princess Mary of France. The *Desdichado* is of course the go-between in all these matters of love and politics.

Chapter II. Young Arthur is made a belted knight; the watch in the chapel; the blessing of the arms; the young knight sports his spurs at Boutavant and Tillieres. Fancy the way in which Ivanhoe, Gurth, and Wamba rescue him on every occasion. *Vive Dieu!* I see the whole scene, the pride and the pomp of chivalrous war, represented so clearly, that I could turn off hundreds upon hundreds of gallant pages in the description.

Chapter III. He hears of HIS GRANDMOTHER (that infernal old fiend) at Mirabeau; nothing will suffice him but posting thither, *ventre à terre*, in order to chastise the old harridan. In vain Ivanhoe remonstrates and says, 'Reflect, my liege, that 'tis your grandmother,' and that sort of thing. The headstrong Prince (whom the old lady used to whip most unmercifully in his youth) will go—and to his punishment.

The grandmother, I would suggest, should be a most frightful and disgusting old character; and the horror inspired by her vices might be tempered with a strong dash of humour. Comic dialogue might take place across the wall between the besieged and the besiegers, and the sarcasms of the old beldame (standing shrieking through a speaking-trumpet on the western donjon) might be made to tell with tremendous effect. I always think it is good to have your broad farce as close as possible to your deep tragedy. In fact, Will Shakespeare himself—our Williams, as Jules Janin calls him—has made quite a jocular play of this King John, and the monarch himself, in spite of some failings, quite an agreeable, gentlemanlike fellow. Well, while Prince Arthur and his grandmother are parleying across the wall and bandying family compliments (which I need not tell you would be pretty bitter between the son of Geoffrey Plantagenet and that disreputable old *divorcée* of a dowager, Queen Eleanor), up comes the King with his host and takes the young Arthur prisoner in the midst of the quarrel.

The interest of the scene will be redoubled by an interview between King John, the Prince, and the old lady, who kindly suggests all sorts of torture for her grandson, and upon his ordering her on her allegiance to kneel down and acknowledge him as her rightful king, snaps her snuffy old fingers in his face, and quite does away with the effect of his *chaleureuse improvisation* upon King John himself. This is Chapter V. It ends with special

instructions on the dowager's part to torture and do away with young Arthur ; and the *cortège* and the royal prisoner march away to Rouen, where John's young Queen is residing with Lady Rowena and a number of English ladies in her court.

Chapter VI. A description of the pleasures, masques, and drunken debaucheries in which the hog of Rouen wallows. King John had his court there, and a description of its pleasures will read with double zest from the contrast of the fate hanging over young Arthur. Revelry and champagne, minstrels and fair ladies, in the first floor ; toads, chains, racks, and darkness, in the dungeons of the basement. But what call have I to point out to such a master the light and shade of the novelist's art ?

By the way, as we are at Rouen, might not the *grand-mother of Joan of Arc* be introduced with good effect ? Nothing would be more easy than for her to prophesy that France should, ere long, be freed from the dominion of the Anglais ; and die or be disposed of afterwards. These prophecies, written seven or eight hundred years afterwards, are always, I need not say, fulfilled most accurately, and give an indescribable air of knowingness to a writer and authenticity to a narrative.

Ivanhoe, Gurth, and Wamba are, of course, undergoing every variety of disguises and making the most frantic exertions to liberate the interesting young captive.

If the death of Arthur do not offer a good theme for Chapter VII, there is no use in writing historical romances at all. Fancy Hubert de Burgh relenting, Arthur flattering himself with hopes of an escape. Ivanhoe and his friends in a boat at the water-port of the castle, ready to receive the young Prince, for whose flight every arrangement had been made ; and in the midst of the breathless interest and hurry attendant upon the plot in steps King John and kills his nephew with his own hands !

The clocks of the cathedral and St. Ouen were tolling twelve. The cafés and theatres were closed. The burghers had retired to their rest, and the city was enveloped in silence and darkness, as the Desdichado, unmooring his shallop from the stairs of the hostelry, which he had selected for his residence by reason of its proximity to the river, paddled off quietly towards the castle. Its black enormous towers loomed gloomily against the midnight sky ; the

water moaned and plashed against the huge walls and buttresses which rose up gigantic out of the stream, and the stars winked overhead. The banner of England and Normandy floated lazily from the topmost donjon, and, save the sentinel who paced upon his watch there, his armour glinting faintly in the starlight, all seemed asleep in the royal palace. Beauty in her bower, the warrior weary of carouse or battle, the statesman dreaming of chicane—all slumbered,—no, not all. *One* red light flared through the bars of one chamber. Wilfrid knew it. It was the chamber where the young Prince was held captive.

The red light was reflected into the black stream beneath, and flared and quivered like a flaming sword in the water.

The knight, with muffled oars, paddled his little bark stealthily under that casement, and looked every moment for the signal agreed upon, and for the appearance of the ladder of ropes, with which Gurth, disguised as a Carthusian friar, had supplied the Prince on the day previous. All was ready. Raoul de Frontignac had bribed the keeper of the Paris gate; Bertrand de Clos Vougeot was won over, and had intoxicated the guard there; the good knights, Alured d'Auriol and Philibert de Franconi, were in waiting, with spare horses and fifty trusty lances. Life—liberty—love—the crown of England, were awaiting the fair-haired boy, a prisoner in yonder chamber!

One o'clock struck, but the signal was not given, and the Desdichado grew anxious. Shadows passed before the light in the chamber above—passed rapidly; he thought he heard a cry—a scuffle—a scream! 'It is the turnkey that they are slaying,' thought the bold knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and pitied the poor varlet whose death was unavoidable. Half-past one struck, and a figure came to the window. 'St. Waltheof be praised,' said the knight, inaudibly, as he clung to a cranny in the masonry under the casement, and awaited the fall of the expected rope-ladder.

'By St. Peter's teeth,' said a voice from the window, 'the springald had sawed the stanchions of the window, too!' and loosening a bar, he flung it into the river. It passed within an inch of the motionless and terror-stricken Ivanhoe, and sank flashing into the black depths of the Seine.

Ivanhoe recognized the harsh and brutal voice; the plot was discovered, and by John of Plantagenet! Another

bar followed its iron companion, and was flung into the stream ; and the next moment a mass, as of something in a sack, was brought to the window.

‘ The old witch of Domremy, whom we burned yesterday, prophesied that he should escape by this window,’ cried, with a horrid laughter, the same voice which had thrilled the bosom of Ivanhoe ; ‘ and by it my fair nephew escapes. Drop him down, good De Burgo ; LAISSEZ PASSER LA JUSTICE DU ROY.’

It was the dead body of Arthur Plantagenet that his true servitor bore to the shore.

You, perhaps, do not comprehend what Arthur Plantagenet has to do with the main story of Ivanhoe, and Rebecca, and Rowena ; but this can be explained in a twinkling, and it will be seen how necessary, as well as agreeable and interesting, such an episode may be considered.

Among the ladies-in-waiting upon John’s young queen, we have mentioned as the most correct and distinguished the Lady Rowena of Athelstane, who discharged her duty as mistress of the robes to her august sovereign.

When the death of the princely Arthur became known, as it was by the agency of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, who bore the corpse to Philip Augustus, proclaimed King John of England a traitor and murderer, and nailed his glove of defiance upon his palace-door before he carried away the body of his young victim, such a storm of indignation was roused against the tyrant who had done the deed, as caused that dastardly spirit to quail with rage and fear. All the courts of Christendom proclaimed him felon ; true knights, indignant, threw up his service, and the nobles scornfully quitted his court.

It is known what the brute did under these circumstances. Furious at the contumely of his subjects, he seized hostages wherever he could, and demanded that the *eldest sons* of the nobility should be brought to his court. Some of these noble dames refused to give up their children to the dastardly butcher and tyrant.

‘ Shall I give him my son, my Cedric,’ said one, ‘ that he may slay him like his nephew Arthur ? ’

This, I need not say, was the Lady Rowena ; and now you begin to understand how, in Chapter IX, she naturally comes on the scene again, and that she is drawing pretty

near to the end of her career. The *Biographie Universelle* says, little knowing that Rowena was the lady in question, — *La femme d'un baron auquel on vint faire cette demande, répondit, "Le roi pense-t-il que je confierai mon fils à un homme qui a égorgé son neveu de sa propre main?"* Jean fit enlever la mère et l'enfant et la laissa MOURIR DE FAIM dans les cachots.'

I picture to myself, with a painful sympathy, Rowena undergoing this disagreeable sentence. All her virtues, her resolution, her chaste energy and perseverance, shine with redoubled lustre in this brief Chapter X, in which her sufferings are described; and, for the first time since the commencement of the history, I feel that I am partially reconciled to her. While she is languishing in the dungeon of the castle, Philip Augustus is thundering revenge at the gates of Rouen. Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, seeking for the blood of the tyrant, is foremost in battle, storm, and scaladoc. The castle is carried by his valour. The dastard John flies, after a cowardly resistance, and gives up his fair Duchy of Normandy, that had been held by the princes of his race for three hundred years. As Ivanhoe and his hardy companions rush up the walls, yelling to the recreant king to turn and defend himself like a man, the scoundrel flies, and Ivanhoe finds—what?—his ex-wife in the last stage of exhaustion, lying on the straw of Arthur's dungeon, with her little boy in her arms. She has preserved his life at the expense of her own, giving him the whole of the pittance which her gaolers allowed her, and perishing herself of inanition.

There is a scene! I feel as if I had made it up, as it were, with this lady, and that we part in peace, in consequence of my providing her with so sublime a death-bed. Fancy Ivanhoe's entrance, their recognition, the faint blush upon her worn features, the pathetic way in which she gives little Cedric in charge to him, and his promises of protection.

'Wilfrid, my early loved,' slowly gasped she, removing her grey hair from her furrowed temples, and gazing on her boy fondly as he nestled on Ivanhoe's knee, 'promise me, by St. Waltheof of Templestowe—promise me one boon!'

'I do,' said Ivanhoe, clasping the boy, and thinking it was to that little innocent the promise was intended to apply.

'By St. Waltheof?'

'By St. Waltheof!'

‘ Promise me that you never will marry a Jewess ! ’

‘ By St. Waltheof ! ’ cried Ivanhoe, ‘ this is too much ! Rowena ! ’ But he felt his hand grasped for a moment, the nerves then relaxed, the pale lip ceased to quiver—she was dead !

And I ask any man, or novelist, whether this is not a satisfactory

END OF VOL. II ?

When Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe had restored Cedric to his father, the tipsy Thane, Athelstane, England had no further charms for him, and a residence in that island was rendered the less agreeable by the certainty that King John would hang him if ever he could lay hands on the faithful follower of King Richard and Prince Arthur.

But there was always in those days a home and occupation for a brave and pious knight. A saddle on a gallant war-horse, a pitched field against the Moors, a lance wherewith to spit a turbaned infidel, or a road to Paradise carved out by his scimitar,—these were the height of the ambition of good and religious warriors ; and so renowned a champion as Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was sure to be well received wherever blows were stricken for the cause of Christendom. Even among the dark Templars, he who had twice overcome the most famous lance of their order was a respected though not a welcome guest : but among the opposition company of the Knights of St. John, he was admired and courted beyond measure ; and always affectioning that order which offered him, indeed, its first rank and commanderies, he did much good service, fighting in their ranks for the glory of Heaven and St. Waltheof, and slew many thousands of the heathen in Prussia, Poland, and those savage northern countries. The only fault that the great and gallant, though severe and ascetic Folko of Heydenbraten, the chief of the order of St. John, found with the melancholy warrior, whose lance did such good service to the Cross, was, that he did not persecute the Jews as so religious a knight should. He let off sundry captives of that persuasion whom he had taken with his sword and his spear, saved others from torture, and actually ransomed the two last grinders of a venerable rabbi (that Roger de Cartright, an English knight of the order, was about to extort from the elderly Israelite) with a hundred crowns and a gimmel ring, which were all

the property he possessed. Whenever he so ransomed or benefited one of this religion, he would moreover give them a little token or a message (were the good knight out of money), saying, 'Take this token, and remember this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilome rendered to him by Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York!' So among themselves, and in their meetings and synagogues, and in their restless travels from land to land, when they of Jewry cursed and reviled all Christians as such abominable heathens will, they nevertheless excepted the name of the Desdichado, or the doubly-disinherited as he now was, the Desdichado-Doblado.

While he was thus making war against the northern infidels, news was carried all over Christendom of a catastrophe which had befallen the good cause in the south of Europe, where the Spanish Christians had met with such a defeat and massacre at the hands of the Moors, as had never been known in the proudest days of Saladin.

Thursday, the 9th of Shaban, in the 605th year of the Hejira, is known all over the west as the *amun-al-ark*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andalus, on which fatal day Christendom suffered a defeat so signal, that it was feared the Spanish Peninsula would be entirely wrested away from the dominion of the Cross. On that day the Franks lost 150,000 men and 30,000 prisoners. A man-slave sold among the unbelievers for a dirhem; a donkey, for the same; a sword, half a dirhem; a horse, five dirhems. Hundreds of thousands of these various sorts of booty were in the possession of the triumphant followers of Yakoob-al-Mansoor. Curses on his head! But he was a brave warrior, and the Christians before him seemed to forget that they were the descendants of the brave Cid, the *Kanbitoor*, as the Moorish hounds (in their jargon) denominated the famous Campeador.

A general move for the rescue of the faithful in Spain—a crusade against the Infidels triumphing there, was preached throughout all Europe by all the most eloquent clergy; and thousands and thousands of valorous knights and nobles, accompanied by well-meaning varlets and vassals of the lower sort, trooped from all sides to the rescue. The straits of Gibel-al-tarif, at which spot the Moor, passing from Barbary, first planted his accursed foot on the Christian soil, were crowded with the galleys of the Templars and the

Knights of St. John, who flung succours into the menaced kingdoms of the Peninsula ; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hasting from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armour of the knights marching out of France into Spain ; the—But it is manifest that if we go on giving a full description in the best manner of historical novels, this Magazine will never be able to contain the last volume of *Ivanhoe*, whereof I think you begin to perceive what is the nature of the conclusion. Suppose *Ivanhoe* has taken shipping in Germany—from Bohemia, say—and has landed safely in Valencia, like a good Christian knight, and is busy in robbing, killing, and pillaging the Moors there, the deuce is in it, if, with historical disquisitions and picturesque descriptions, we may not get through half a volume, leaving but one half more for the main business of the whole romance.

The escalade successful, and the Moorish garrison of Xixona put to the sword, the good knight, Sir Wilfrid of *Ivanhoe*, took no further part in the proceedings of the conquerors of that ill-fated place. A scene of horrible massacre and frightful reprisals ensued, and the Christian warriors, hot with victory and flushed with slaughter, were, it is to be feared, as savage in their hour of triumph as ever their heathen enemies had been. Among the most violent and least scrupulous was the ferocious knight of Saint Iago, Don Beltran de Cuchilla y Trabuco y Espada y Espelon ; raging through the vanquished city like a demon, he slaughtered indiscriminately all those infidels of both sexes whose wealth did not tempt him to a ransom, or whose beauty did not reserve them for more frightful calamities than death. The slaughter over, Don Beltran took up his quarters in the Albaycen, where the Alfaqui had lived who had so narrowly escaped the sword of *Ivanhoe* ; but the wealth, the treasure, the slaves, and the family of the fugitive chieftain were left in possession of the conqueror of Xixona. Among the treasures Don Beltran recognized with a savage joy the coat-armours and ornaments of many brave and unfortunate companions-in-arms who had fallen in the fatal battle of Alarcos. The sight of those bloody relics added fury to his cruel disposition, and served to steel a heart already but little disposed to sentiments of mercy.

Three days after the sack and plunder of the place, Don Beltran was seated in the hall-court lately occupied by the proud Alfaqui, lying in his divan, dressed in his rich robes, the fountains playing in the centre, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacocks' pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moors' melodies to the plaintive notes of a guzla, one—it was the only daughter of the Moor's old age, the young Zutulbe, a rosebud of beauty—sat weeping in a corner of the gilded hall, weeping for her slain brethren, the pride of Moslem chivalry, whose heads were blackening in the blazing sunshine on the portals without, and for her father, whose home had been thus made desolate.

He and his guest, the English knight Sir Wilfrid, were playing at chess, a favourite amusement with the chivalry of the period, when a messenger was announced from Valencia, to treat, if possible, for the ransom of the remaining part of the Alfaqui's family. A grim smile lighted up Don Beltran's features as he bade the black slave admit the messenger. He entered. By his costume it was at once seen that the bearer of the flag of truce was a Jew—the people were employed continually then as ambassadors between the two races at war in Spain.

'I come,' said the old Jew (in a voice which made Sir Wilfrid start), 'from my lord the Alfaqui to my noble señor, the invincible Don Beltran de Cuchilla, to treat for the ransom of the Moor's only daughter, the child of his old age and the pearl of his affection.'

'A pearl is a valuable jewel, Hebrew. What does the Moorish dog bid for her?' asked Don Beltran, still smiling grimly.

'The Alfaqui offers 100,000 dinars, twenty-four horses with their caparisons, twenty-four suits of plate-armour, and diamonds and rubies to the amount of 100,000 dinars.'

'Ho, slaves!' roared Don Beltran, 'show the Jew my treasury of gold. How many hundred thousand pieces are there?' And ten enormous chests were produced in which the accountant counted 1,000 bags of 1,000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels, containing such a treasure of rubies, smaragds, diamonds, and jacinths, as made the eyes of the aged ambassador twinkle with avarice.

'How many horses are there in my stable?' continued

Don Beltran ; and Muley, the master of the horse, numbered three hundred fully caparisoned ; and there was, likewise, armour of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

‘ I want neither money nor armour,’ said the ferocious knight ; ‘ tell this to the Alfaqui, Jew. And I will keep the child, his daughter, to serve the messes for my dogs, and clean the platters for my scullions.’

‘ Deprive not the old man of his child,’ here interposed the knight of Ivanhoe ; ‘ bethink thee, brave Don Beltran, she is but an infant in years.’

‘ She is my captive, Sir Knight,’ replied the surly Don Beltran ; ‘ I will do with my own as becomes me.’

‘ Take 200,000 dirhems !’ cried the Jew ; ‘ more !—anything ! The Alfaqui will give his life for his child !’

‘ Come hither, Zutulbe !—come hither, thou Moorish pearl !’ yelled the ferocious warrior ; ‘ come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathenness ! Hast heard the name of Beltran de Espada y Trabuco ?’

‘ There were three brothers of that name at Alarcos, and my brothers slew the Christian dogs !’ said the proud young girl, looking boldly at Don Beltran, who foamed with rage.

‘ The Moors butchered my mother and her little ones at midnight, in our castle of Murcia,’ Beltran said.

‘ Thy father fled like a craven, as thou didst, Don Beltran !’ cried the high-spirited girl.

‘ By Saint Iago, this is too much !’ screamed the infuriated nobleman ; and the next moment there was a shriek, and the maiden fell to the ground with Don Beltran’s dagger in her side.

‘ Death is better than dishonour !’ cried the child, rolling on the blood-stained marble pavement. ‘ I—I spit upon thee, dog of a Christian !’ and with this, and with a savage laugh, she fell back and died.

‘ Bear back this news, Jew, to the Alfaqui,’ howled the Don, spurning the beauteous corpse with his foot. ‘ I would not have ransomed her for all the gold in Barbary !’ And shuddering, the old Jew left the apartment, which Ivanhoe quitted likewise.

When they were in the outer court, the knight said to the Jew, ‘ ISAAC OF YORK, dost thou not know me ?’ and threw back his hood, and looked at the old man.

The old Jew stared wildly, rushed forward, as if to seize his hand, then started back, trembling convulsively, and clutching his withered hands over his face, said, with a burst of grief, 'Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe!—no, no!—I do not know thee!'

'Holy Mother! what has chanced?' said Ivanhoe, in his turn becoming ghastly pale; 'where is thy daughter—where is Rebecca?'

'Away from me!' said the old Jew, tottering, 'away! REBECCA IS—DEAD!'

When the disinherited knight heard that fatal announcement, he fell to the ground senseless, and was for some days as one perfectly distraught with grief. He took no nourishment and uttered no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his moody silence, and when he came partially to himself again, it was to bid his people to horse, in a hollow voice, and to make a foray against the Moors. Day after day he issued out against these infidels, and did naught but slay and slay. He took no plunder as other knights did, but left that to his followers; he uttered no war-cry, as was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no quarter, inso-much that the 'silent knight' became the dread of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia, and more fell by his lance than by that of any the most clamorous captain of the troops in arms against them.

We must now turn to Valencia, which had been conquered by the Moors from the descendants of the Cid, and of which, as space is valuable, we will omit all antiquarian description. The ensuing chapter may be flavoured with this, *à discrétion*, as the cookery-books say; but the fact is, we have metal more attractive in Valencia, where Rebecca is no more dead than you and I; on the contrary, she is more beautiful than ever, and more melancholy too. The dear creature! her lot in life was sadness, and yet I feel quite glad again as (in imagination) I catch a glimpse once more of her sweet noble face.

What had caused old Isaac to start so, and tell such an abominable fib to Ivanhoe about his daughter? The fact is, that *she had turned Christian*. Now that she was among her own people, and never thought to see her dear champion

more, the poor girl declared her convictions, and owned that she was of the religion of Ivanhoe.

I propose to make a grand scene of this announcement. Some young men of her people are proposed to her for husbands. She scorns Ben Moses; she dismisses Ben Houndsditch; she turns away with loathing from Ben Minories; and when pressed by her father and friends in a solemn convocation, declares herself a convert. Fancy the yelling of the Rabbins, the rage of her father, the fury of the old female Hebrews, and the general scandal of Jewry. She is persecuted; but does she yield? Not a jot. When did such a true heart yield to persecution? She has received numbers of the messages which Wilfrid has sent by the Jews he relieved; has heard in many quarters of his prowess and virtue; cherishes one of the tokens which he sent, and which young Bevis Marks, the Prussian Israelite, had brought (to be sure the stone in the ring turned out to be glass, and was not worth twopence halfpenny); but she loves this glass ring more than her father's best diamonds; and I do not choose to describe how long she has wept over it, and kissed it, and worn it.

She was consigned to bread and water in a back room of the Ghetto of Valencia; and this is why her father took such a dislike to Ivanhoe, and announced the death of his daughter.

If it is wished to spin out the novel, what is easier than to cause Abou-Abdalla-Mohammed, who succeeded his gallant father, Jakoob-Almansoor, as I read in the Arabian history of El Makary, fall in love with the Jewish maid. and propose to make her the first of his wives? but this I leave to your own better judgement. Meanwhile, it is clear that events are drawing to their conclusion. The same historian recounts how at the famous battle of Al Akab, called by the Spaniards Las Navas, the Christians retrieved their defeat at Alarcoos; and killed absolutely half a million of Mahomedans. Two hundred and fifty thousand of these, of course, Don Wilfrid took to his own lance; and became rather easier in spirits after that famous feat of arms. Soon after that King Don Jayme of Aragon laid siege to Valencia; and now I think all things are pretty clear.

Who is the first on the wall, and who hurls down the

green standard of the Prophet? Who chops off the head of the Emir Abou-Whatdyecallum? Who, attracted to the Jewish quarter by the shrieks of the inhabitants, who are being butchered by the Spanish soldiery, passes over a threshold (where he finds old Isaac of York, *égorgé* on the threshold by the way), and into the back-kitchen, where for many years in solitary confinement has pined Rebecca,—who but Ivanhoe? I shall not describe that scene of recognition, though I declare I am quite affected as I think of it, and have thought of it any time these five-and-twenty years—ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels—ever since when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays, the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me—ever since I grew to love Rebecca, that sweetest creature of the poetic world, and longed to see her righted.

That she and Ivanhoe were married follows of course; for Rowena's promise extorted from him was, that he would never wed a Jewess. Married I am sure they were, and adopted little Cedric, whose father had drunk away all his fortune; but I don't think they had any other children, or were subsequently very boisterously happy. Of some sorts of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair, and died rather early.

'Ah, l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables! . . .
 Le raisonner aujourd'hui s'accrédite,
 On court, hélas! après la vérité!
 Ah, croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite.'

With which remarks from Voltaire

I have the honour to be,
 M. the Marquis' most devoted admirer,
 M. A. TITMARSH.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

A
ROMANCE UPON ROMANCE

By MR. M. A. TITMARSH.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD DOYLE.

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PREFACE

THOSE readers who saw in *Fraser's Magazine*, some three years since, the proposals for a continuation of 'Ivanhoe,' which were issued by the undersigned, very likely imagined, that like a thousand magnificent railroad projects and other schemes then rife, my plan for a Walter-Scott-continuation and Isaac-of-York-and-Ivanhoe Junction, was never to be brought to completion. But passing many hours on a sofa of late, recovering from a fever, and ordered by DR. ELLIOTSON (whose skill and friendship rescued me from it) ON NO ACCOUNT to put pen to paper, I, of course, wished to write immediately,—for which I humbly ask the Doctor's pardon.

It need scarcely be said, that the humble artist who usually illustrates my works fell ill at the same time with myself, and on trial his hand shook so that it was found impossible he could work for the present volume. But this circumstance no one but the Author (who disapproves of odious comparisons) will regret, as it has called in the aid of my friend MR. RICHARD DOYLE to illustrate the tale.

Receive it kindly, you gentle readers of novels, who love poetical justice; and you honest children of large and small growth, who still have a relish for a little play and nonsense, and the harmless jingle of the cap and bells.

M. A. TITMARSH.

KENSINGTON,
December 20th, 1849.



REBECCA AND ROWENA

CHAPTER I

THE OVERTURE.— COMMENCEMENT OF THE BUSINESS



WELL-BELOVED novel-readers and gentle patronesses of romance, assuredly it has often occurred to every one of you, that the books we delight in have very unsatisfactory conclusions, and end quite prematurely with page 320 of the third volume. At that epoch of the history it is well known that the hero is seldom more than thirty years old, and the heroine by consequence some seven or eight years younger ; and I would ask any of you whether it is fair to suppose that people after the above age have nothing worthy of note in their lives, and cease to exist as they drive away from St. George's, Hanover Square ? You, dear young ladies, who get your knowledge of life from the circulating library, may be led to imagine that when the marriage business is done, and Emilia is whisked off in the new travelling carriage, by the side of the enraptured Earl ; or Belinda, breaking away from the tearful embraces of her excellent mother, dries her own lovely eyes upon the throbbing waistcoat of her bridegroom—you may be apt, I say, to suppose that all is over then, that Emilia and the Earl are going to be happy

for the rest of their lives in his Lordship's romantic castle in the north, and Belinda and her young clergyman to enjoy uninterrupted bliss in their rose-trellised parsonage in the west of England: but some there be among the novel-reading classes—old experienced folks—who know better than this. Some there be who have been married, and found that they have still something to see and to do and to suffer mayhap; and that adventures, and pains, and pleasures, and taxes, and sunrises and settings, and the business and joys and griefs of life go on after as before the nuptial ceremony.

Therefore I say, it is an unfair advantage which the novelist takes of hero and heroine, as of his inexperienced reader, to say good-bye to the two former, as soon as ever they are made husband and wife; and have often wished that additions should be made to all works of fiction, which have been brought to abrupt terminations in the manner described; and that we should hear what occurs to the sober married man, as well as to the ardent bachelor; to the matron, as well as to the blushing spinster. And in this respect I admire (and would desire to imitate) the noble and prolific French author, Alexandre Dumas, who carries his heroes from early youth down to the most venerable old age; and does not let them rest until they are so old, that it is full time the poor fellows should get a little peace and quiet. A hero is much too valuable a gentleman to be put upon the retired list, in the prime and vigour of his youth; and I wish to know, what lady among us would like to be put on the shelf, and thought no longer interesting, because she has a family growing up, and is four or five and thirty years of age? I have known ladies at sixty, with hearts as tender, and ideas as romantic, as any young misses of sixteen. Let us have middle-aged novels then, as well as your extremely juvenile legends: let the young ones be warned, that the old folks have a right to be interesting: and that a lady may continue to have a heart, although she is somewhat stouter than she was when a schoolgirl, and a man his feelings, although he gets his hair from Truefitt's.

Thus I would desire that the biographies of many of our most illustrious personages of romance, should be continued by fitting hands, and that they should be heard of, until at least a decent age.—Look at Mr. James's heroes: they invariably marry young. Look at Mr. Dickens's: they

disappear from the scene when they are mere chits. I trust these authors, who are still alive, will see the propriety of telling us something more about people in whom we took a considerable interest, and who must be at present strong and hearty, and in the full vigour of health and intellect. And in the tales of the great Sir Walter (may honour be to his name), I am sure there are a number of people who are untimely carried away from us, and of whom we ought to hear more.

My dear Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, has always, in my mind, been one of these ; nor can I ever believe that such a woman, so admirable, so tender, so heroic, so beautiful, could disappear altogether before such another woman as Rowena, that vapid, flaxen-headed creature, who is, in my humble opinion, unworthy of Ivanhoe, and unworthy of her place as heroine. Had both of them got their rights, it ever seemed to me that Rebecca would have had the husband, and Rowena would have gone off to a convent and shut herself up, where I, for one, would never have taken the trouble of inquiring for her.

But after all she married Ivanhoe. What is to be done ? There is no help for it. There it is in black and white at the end of the third volume of Sir Walter Scott's chronicle, that the couple were joined together in matrimony. And must the disinherited knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena ? Forbid it, fate ! forbid it, poetical justice ! There is a simple plan for setting matters right, and giving all parties their due, which is here submitted to the novel-reader. Ivanhoe's history *must* have had a continuation ; and it is this which ensues. I may be wrong in some particulars of the narrative,—as what writer will not be ?—but of the main incidents of the history, I have in my own mind no sort of doubt, and confidently submit them to that generous public which likes to see virtue righted, true love rewarded, and the brilliant Fairy descend out of the blazing chariot at the end of the pantomime, and make Harlequin and Columbine happy. What, if reality be not so, gentlemen and ladies ; and if, after dancing a variety of jigs and antics, and jumping in and out of endless trap-doors and

windows, through life's shifting scenes, no fairy comes down to make *us* comfortable at the close of the performance? Ah! let us give our honest novel-folks the benefit of their position, and not be envious of their good luck.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this history, as the famous chronicler of Abbotsford has recorded them, can doubt for a moment what was the result of the marriage between Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and Lady Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanour, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewoman-like bearing, must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behaviour, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three Ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigours of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favour whose hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humour, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a pun to the shuddering, poor servitors, who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale joke, that nobody dared to laugh at the innuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, when Guffo, the goose-boy (a half-witted, poor wretch) laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him

at supper-time (it was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, 'Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going to *throw a little light upon the subject*'), the Lady Rowena, being disturbed in a theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterwards canonized as St. Willibald, of Bareacres, hermit and confessor), called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the courtyard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

'I got you out of Front-de-Bœuf's castle,' said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, 'and canst thou not save me from the lash?'

'Yes, from Front-de-Bœuf's castle, *where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!*' said Rowena, haughtily replying to the timid appeal of her husband; 'Gurth, give him four dozen!'

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which of us is there acquainted with the sex that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at her board, and the boldest in the battlefield are craven when facing her distaff?

'*Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower,*' was a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and perhaps the reader will understand, the significancy. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart, one would have thought that the heart of the royal lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

But did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome and more love-worthy than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say with mighty magnanimity to the Jewish maiden, 'Come and live with

me as a sister,' as the former part of this history shows ; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh* (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid the Crusader was familiar), or fudge, in plain Saxon ; and retired with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid (as the Saxon lady chose to term it), nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-herd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, 'Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute these poor pigs—you know your friends the Jews can't abide them !' Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbis' teeth, Rowena would exult and say, 'Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches ! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated !' Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, 'Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews ! Hadn't you better interfere, my love ? His Majesty will do anything for you ; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favourites of yours*,' or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the Queen held a drawing-room ; or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course because she took any interest in such things, but because she considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the county.

Thus Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, it is but too often so in life ! Many a garden, seen from a

distance, looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy; the shady walks melancholy and grass-grown; the bowers you would fain repose in, cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caïque upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahound; but enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of rickety huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a deceit.

Perhaps a man, with Ivanhoe's high principles, would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consternation of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's (whither he would repair not unfrequently), the unsteadiness of his gait and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wullstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle) vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

So Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe became almost as tired of England as his royal master Richard was (who always quitted the country when he had squeezed from his loyal nobles, commons, clergy, and Jews, all the money which he could get), and when the lion-hearted Prince began to make war against the French King, in Normandy and Guienne, Sir Wilfrid pined like a true servant to be in company of the good champion, alongside of whom he had

shivered so many lances, and dealt such woundy blows of sword and battle-axe on the plains of Jaffa, or the breaches of Acre. Travellers were welcome at Rotherwood that brought news from the camp of the good king : and I warrant me that the knight listened with all his might when Father Drono, the chaplain, read in the *St. James's Chronykyll* (which was the paper of news he of Ivanhoe took in), of 'Another glorious triumph'.—'Defeat of the French near Blois'.—'Splendid victory at Epte, and narrow escape of the French King,' the which deeds of arms the learned scribes had to narrate.

However such tales might excite him during the reading, they left the knight of Ivanhoe only the more melancholy after listening : and the more moody as he sat in his great hall silently draining his Gascony wine. Silently sat he and looked at his coats of mail, hanging vacant on the wall, his banner covered with spider-webs, and his sword and axe rusting there. 'Ah, dear axe,' sighed he (into his drinking-horn), 'ah, gentle steel ! that was a merry time when I sent thee crashing into the pate of the Emir Abdul Melik as he rode on the right of Saladin. Ah, my sword, my dainty headsman ! my sweet split-rib ! my razor of infidel beards ! is the rust to eat thine edge off, and am I never more to wield thee in battle ? What is the use of a shield on a wall, or a lance that has a cobweb for a pennon ? Oh, Richard, my good king, would I could hear once more thy voice in the front of the onset ! Bones of Brian the Templar ! would ye could rise from your grave at Templestowe, and that we might break another spear for honour and—and——'

And *Rebecca*, he would have said—but the knight paused here in rather a guilty panic : and Her Royal Highness the Princess Rowena (as she chose to style herself at home) looked so hard at him out of her China blue eyes, that Sir Wilfrid felt as if she was reading his thoughts, and was fain to drop his own eyes into his flagon.

In a word his life was intolerable. The dinner hour of the twelfth century, it is known, was very early ; in fact people dined at ten o'clock in the morning : and after dinner Rowena sat mum under her canopy, embroidered with the arms of Edward the Confessor, working with her maidens at the most hideous pieces of tapestry, representing the tortures and martyrdoms of her favourite saints, and

not allowing a soul to speak above his breath, except when she chose to cry out in her own shrill voice when a handmaid made a wrong stitch, or let fall a ball of worsted. It was a dreary life—Wamba, we have said, never ventured to crack a joke, save in a whisper, when he was ten miles from home; and then Sir Wilfrid Ivanhoe was too weary and blue-devilled to laugh; but hunted in silence, moodily bringing down deer and wild boar with shaft and quarrel.

Then he besought Robin of Huntingdon, the jolly outlaw, nathless, to join him, and go to the help of their fair sire King Richard, with a score or two of lances. But the Earl of Huntingdon was a very different character from Robin Hood the forester. There was no more conscientious magistrate in all the county than his lordship: he was never known to miss church or quarter sessions; he was the strictest game-proprietor in all the Riding, and sent scores of poachers to Botany Bay. ‘A man who has a stake in the country, my good Sir Wilfrid,’ Lord Huntingdon said, with rather a patronizing air (his lordship had grown immensely fat since the King had taken him into grace, and required a horse as strong as an elephant to mount him), ‘a man with a stake in the country ought to stay in the country. Property has its duties as well as its privileges, and a person of my rank is bound to live on the land from which he gets his living.’

‘Amen!’ sang out the Reverend — Tuck, his lordship’s domestic chaplain, who had also grown as sleek as the Abbot of Jorvaux, who was as prim as a lady in his dress, wore bergamot in his handkerchief, and had his poll shaved and his beard curled every day. And so sanctified was his Reverence grown, that he thought it was a shame to kill the pretty deer (though he ate of them still hugely, both in pasties and with French beans and currant jelly), and being shown a quarterstaff upon a certain occasion, handled it curiously, and asked ‘what that ugly great stick was?’

Lady Huntingdon, late Maid Marian, had still some of her old fun and spirits, and poor Ivanhoe begged and prayed that she would come and stay at Rotherwood occasionally, and *égayer* the general dullness of that castle. But her ladyship said that Rowena gave herself such airs, and bored her so intolerably with stories of King Edward the Confessor, that she preferred any place rather than Rotherwood, which was as dull as if it had been at the top of Mount Athos.

The only person who visited it was Athelstane. 'His Royal Highness the Prince,' Rowena of course called him, whom the lady received with royal honours. She had the guns fired, and the footmen turned out with presented arms when he arrived ; helped him to all Ivanhoe's favourite cuts of the mutton or the turkey, and forced her poor husband to light him to the state bedroom, walking backwards, holding a pair of wax candles. At this hour of bedtime the Thane used to be in such a condition, that he saw two pair of candles, and two Ivanhoes reeling before him—let us hope it was not Ivanhoe that was reeling, but only his kinsman's brains muddled with the quantities of drink which it was his daily custom to consume. Rowena said it was the crack which the wicked Bois Guilbert, 'the Jewess's *other* lover, Wilfrid, my dear,' gave him on his royal skull, which caused the Prince to be disturbed so easily ; but added, that drinking became a person of royal blood, and was but one of the duties of his station.

Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe saw it would be of no avail to ask this man to bear him company on his projected tour abroad ; but still he himself was every day more and more bent upon going, and he long cast about for some means of breaking to his Rowena his firm resolution to join the king. He thought she would certainly fall ill if he communicated the news too abruptly to her ; he would pretend a journey to York to attend a grand jury ; then a call to London on law business or to buy stock ; then he would slip over to Calais by the packet by degrees, as it were ; and so be with the King before his wife knew that he was out of sight of Westminster Hall.

'Suppose your honour says you are going, as your honour would say Bo to a goose, plump, short, and to the point,' said Wamba, the jester, who was Sir Wilfrid's chief counsellor and attendant ; 'depend on't, Her Highness would bear the news like a Christian woman.'

'Tush, malapert ! I will give thee the strap,' said Sir Wilfrid, in a fine tone of high-tragedy indignation ; 'thou knowest not the delicacy of the nerves of high-born ladies. An she faint not, write me down Hollander.'

'I will wager my bauble against an Irish billet of exchange that she will let your honour go off readily : that is, if you press not the matter too strongly,' Wamba answered, knowingly ; and this Ivanhoe found to his discomfiture :

for one morning at breakfast, adopting a *dégagé* air, as he sipped his tea, he said, 'My love, I was thinking of going over to pay His Majesty a visit in Normandy:' upon which, laying down her muffin (which, since the royal Alfred baked those cakes, had been the chosen breakfast cate of noble Anglo-Saxons, and which a kneeling page tendered to her on a salver, chased by the Florentine Benvenuto Cellini),—'When do you think of going, Wilfrid, my dear?'—the lady said, and the moment the tea-things were removed, and the tables and their trestles put away, she set about mending his linen, and getting ready his carpet-bag.

So Sir Wilfrid was as disgusted at her readiness to part with him as he had been weary of staying at home, which caused Wamba, the fool, to say, 'Marry, Gossip, thou art like the man on shipboard, who, when the boatswain flogged him, did cry out, "Oh," wherever the rope's end fell on him: which caused Master Boatswain to say, "Plague on thee, fellow, and a pize on thee, knave, wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee."'

'And truly there are some backs which Fortune is always belabouring,' thought Sir Wilfrid, with a groan, 'and mine is one that is ever sore.'

So, with a moderate retinue, whereof the knave Wamba made one, and a large woollen comforter round his neck, which his wife's own white fingers had woven, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe left home to join the King, his master. Rowena, standing on the steps, poured out a series of prayers and blessings, most edifying to hear, as her lord mounted his charger, which his squires led to the door. 'It was the duty of the British female of rank,' she said, 'to suffer all, *all* in the cause of her Sovereign. *She* would not fear loneliness, during the campaign: she would bear up against widowhood, desertion, and an unprotected situation.'

'My cousin Athelstane will protect thee,' said Ivanhoe, with profound emotion, as the tears trickled down his basnet; and bestowing a chaste salute upon the steel-clad warrior, Rowena modestly said, 'She hoped His Highness would be so kind.'

Then Ivanhoe's trumpet blew: then Rowena waved her pocket-handkerchief: then the household gave a shout: then the pursuivant of the good knight, Sir Wilfrid the Crusader, flung out his banner (which was argent, a gules cramoisy with three Moors impaled sable): then Wamba

gave a lash on his mule's haunch, and Ivanhoe, heaving a great sigh, turned the tail of his war-horse upon the castle of his fathers.

As they rode along the forest, they met Athelstane, the Thane, powdering along the road in the direction of Rotherwood on his great dray-horse of a charger. 'Good-bye, good-luck to you, old brick,' cried the Prince, using the vernacular Saxon; 'pitch into those Frenchmen; give it 'em over the face and eyes; and I'll stop at home, and take care of Mrs. I.'

'Thank you, kinsman,' said Ivanhoe, looking, however, not particularly well pleased; and the chiefs shaking hands, the train of each took its different way—Athelstane's to Rotherwood, Ivanhoe's towards his place of embarkation.

The poor knight had his wish, and yet his face was a yard long, and as yellow as a lawyer's parchment; and having longed to quit home any time these three years past he found himself envying Athelstane, because, forsooth, he was going to Rotherwood: which symptoms of discontent being observed by the witless Wamba, caused that absurd madman to bring his rebeck over his shoulder from his back, and to sing—

ATRA CURA

Before I lost my five poor wits,
I mind me of a Romish clerk,
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
Beside the belted horseman sits.
Methought I saw the griesly sprite
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

'Perhaps thou didst, knave,' said Ivanhoe, looking over his shoulder; and the knave went on with his jingle.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Still sits behind his honour's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart away.
Like two black Templars sit they there,
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere:
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail,
For lo, I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.

And his bells rattled as he kicked his mule's sides.

'Silence, fool!' said Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in a voice both majestic and wrathful. 'If thou knowest not care and grief, it is because thou knowest not love, whereof they are the companions. Who can love without an anxious heart? How shall there be joy at meeting, without tears at parting?' (I did not see that his honour or my lady shed many anon, thought Wamba the fool, but he was only a zany, and his mind was not right.) 'I would not exchange my very sorrows for thine indifference,' the knight continued. 'Where there is a sun there must be a shadow. If the shadow offend me, shall I put out my eyes and live in the dark? No! I am content with my fate, even such as it is. The Care of which thou speakest, hard though it may vex him, never yet rode down an honest man. I can bear him on my shoulders, and make my way through the world's press in spite of him; for my arm is strong, and my sword is keen, and my shield has no stain on it; and my heart, though it is sad, knows no guile.' And here, taking a locket out of his waistcoat (which was made of chain-mail), the knight kissed the token, put it back under the waistcoat again, heaved a profound sigh, and stuck spurs into his horse.

As for Wamba he was munching a black pudding whilst Sir Wilfrid was making the above speech (which implied some secret grief on the knight's part, that must have been perfectly unintelligible to the fool), and so did not listen to a single word of Ivanhoe's pompous remarks. They travelled on by slow stages through the whole kingdom, until they came to Dover, whence they took shipping for Calais. And in this little voyage, being exceedingly seasick, and besides elated at the thought of meeting his Sovereign, the good knight cast away that profound melancholy which had accompanied him during the whole of his land journey.

CHAPTER II

THE LAST DAYS OF THE LION

FROM Calais Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe took the diligence across country to Limoges, sending on Gurth, his squire, with the horses and the rest of his attendants, with the exception of Wamba, who travelled not only as the knight's fool but as his valet, and who, perched on the roof of the carriage, amused himself by blowing tunes upon the *conducteur's* French horn. The good King Richard was, as Ivanhoe learned, in the Limousin, encamped before a little place called Chalus, the lord whereof, though a vassal of the King's, was holding the castle against his Sovereign with a resolution and valour which caused a great fury and annoyance on the part of the Monarch with the Lion Heart. For, brave and magnanimous as he was, the lion-hearted one did not love to be balked any more than another; and, like the royal animal whom he was said to resemble, he commonly tore his adversary to pieces, and then, perchance, had leisure to think how brave the latter had been. The Count of Chalus had found, it was said, a pot of money; the royal Richard wanted it. As the Count denied that he had it, why did he not open the gates of his castle at once? It was a clear proof that he was guilty; and the King was determined to punish this rebel, and have his money and his life too.

He had naturally brought no breaching guns with him, because those instruments were not yet invented; and though he had assaulted the place a score of times with the utmost fury, His Majesty had been beaten back on every occasion, until he was so savage that it was dangerous to approach the British Lion. The Lion's wife, the lovely Berengaria, scarcely ventured to come near him. He flung the joint-stools in his tent at the heads of the officers of state, and kicked his aides de camp round his pavilion; and, in fact, a maid of honour, who brought a sack posset in to his Majesty from the Queen, after he came in from the assault, came spinning like a football out of the royal tent just as Ivanhoe entered it.

'Send me my [Austrian] drum-major to flog that woman,'

roared out the infuriate King. 'By the bones of St. Barnabas, she has burned the sack! By St. Wittikind, I will have her flayed alive. Ha, St. George! Ha, St. Richard! whom have we here?' And he lifted up his demi-culverin, or curtal-axe, a weapon weighing about thirteen hundred-weight, and was about to fling it at the intruder's head, when the latter, kneeling gracefully on one knee, said calmly, 'It is I, my good liege, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe.'

'What, Wilfrid of Templestowe, Wilfrid the married man, Wilfrid the henpecked!' cried the King with a sudden burst of good humour, flinging away the culverin from him, as though it had been a reed (it lighted three hundred yards off, on the foot of Hugo de Bunyon, who was smoking a cigar at the door of his tent, and caused that redoubted warrior to limp for some days after). 'What, Wilfrid, my gossip? Art come to see the lion's den? There are bones in it, man, bones and carcasses, and the lion is angry,' said the King, with a terrific glare of his eyes; 'but tush! we will talk of that anon. Ho! bring two gallons of hypocras for the King, and the good knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Thou art come in time, Wilfrid, for by St. Richard, and St. George, we will give a grand assault to-morrow. There will be bones broken, ha!'

'I care not, my liege,' said Ivanhoe, pledging the Sovereign respectfully, and tossing off the whole contents of the bowl of hypocras to His Highness's good health,—and he at once appeared to be taken into high favour, not a little to the envy of many of the persons surrounding the King.

As His Majesty said, there was fighting and feasting in plenty before Chalus. Day after day, the besiegers made assaults upon the castle, but it was held so stoutly by the Count of Chalus, and his gallant garrison, that each afternoon beheld the attacking parties returning disconsolately to their tents, leaving behind them many of their own slain, and bringing back with them store of broken heads, and maimed limbs, received in the unsuccessful onset. The valour displayed by Ivanhoe, in all these contests, was prodigious; and the way in which he escaped death from the discharges of mangonels, catapults, battering-rams, twenty-four-pounders, boiling oil, and other artillery, with which the besieged received their enemies, was remarkable. After a day's fighting, Gurth and Wamba used to pick the arrows out of their intrepid master's coat of mail,

as if they had been so many almonds in a pudding. 'Twas well for the good knight that under his first coat of armour he wore a choice suit of Toledan steel, perfectly impervious to arrow shots, and given to him by a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, to whom he had done some considerable services a few years back.

If King Richard had not been in such a rage at the repeated failures of his attacks upon the Castle that all sense of justice was blinded in the lion-hearted Monarch, he would have been the first to acknowledge the valour of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and would have given him a Peerage, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, at least a dozen times in the course of the siege: for Ivanhoe led more than a dozen storming parties, and with his own hand killed as many men (*viz.* two thousand three hundred and fifty-one), within six, as were slain by the lion-hearted Monarch himself. But His Majesty was rather disgusted than pleased by his faithful servant's prowess: and all the courtiers, who hated Ivanhoe for his superior valour and dexterity (for he would kill you off a couple of hundred of them of Chalus, whilst the strongest champions of the King's host could not finish more than their two dozen of a day), poisoned the royal mind against Sir Wilfrid, and made the King look upon his feats of arms with an evil eye. Roger de Backbite sneeringly told the King that Sir Wilfrid had offered to bet an equal bet, that he would kill more men than Richard himself in the next assault: Peter de Toadhole said, that Ivanhoe stated everywhere that His Majesty was not the man he used to be; that pleasures and drink had enervated him; that he could neither ride, nor strike a blow with sword or axe, as he had been enabled to do in the old times in Palestine: and finally, in the twenty-fifth assault, in which they had very nearly carried the place, and in which onset Ivanhoe slew seven, and His Majesty six, of the sons of the Count de Chalus, its defender, Ivanhoe almost did for himself, by planting his banner before the King's, upon the wall; and only rescued himself from utter disgrace, by saving His Majesty's life several times in the course of this most desperate onslaught.

Then the luckless knight's very virtues (as, no doubt, my respected readers know) made him enemies amongst the men—nor was Ivanhoe liked by the women frequenting



the camp of the gay King Richard. His young Queen, and a brilliant court of ladies, attended the pleasure-loving Monarch. His Majesty would transact business in the morning, then fight severely from after breakfast till about three o'clock in the afternoon; from which time, until after midnight, there was nothing but jiggling and singing, feasting and revelry, in the royal tents. Ivanhoe, who was asked as a matter of ceremony, and forced to attend these entertainments, not caring about the blandishments of any of the ladies present, looked on at their ogling and dancing with a countenance as glum as an undertaker's, and was a perfect wet-blanket in the midst of the festivities. His favourite resort and conversation were with a remarkably austere hermit, who lived in the neighbourhood of Chalus, and with whom Ivanhoe loved to talk about Palestine, and the Jews, and other grave matters of import, better than to mingle in the gayest amusements of the court of King Richard. Many a night, when the Queen and the ladies were dancing quadrilles and polkas (in which His Majesty, who was enormously stout as well as tall, insisted upon figuring, and in which he was about as graceful as an elephant dancing a hornpipe), Ivanhoe would steal away from the ball, and come and have a night's chat under the moon with his reverend friend. It pained him to see a man of the King's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at His Majesty whilst they flattered him: the pages and maids of honour mimicked the royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the King, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, His Majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs, words, and music—but those who have read Lord Campobello's lives of the Lord Chancellors, are aware that there was a person by the name of Blondel, who, in fact, did all the musical part of the King's performances; and, as for the words, when a King writes verses, we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His Majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air that was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom, and, turning round to his courtiers,

would say, 'How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning.' Or, 'Blondel, what do you think of this movement in B flat?' or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening—it was the evening of the 27th March, 1199, indeed—His Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands, and laughing in their sleeves. First he sang an *original* air and poem, beginning

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose,
Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse? &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an equally *original* heroic melody, of which the chorus was

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
For Britons never, never, never, slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him, when the knight with a bow said, 'he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere.' His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

'Well,' said he, 'by St. Richard and St. George, but ye never heard *this* song, for I composed it this very afternoon as I took my bath after the mêlée. Did I not, Blondel?'

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that His Majesty had done as he said, and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows:—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL

The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican:
And there he sits and drains his can:
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.



And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin ;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased ;
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes ;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him ;
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

'Encore ! Encore ! Bravo ! Bis !' Everybody applauded the King's song with all his might ; everybody except Ivanhoe, who preserved his abominable gravity : and when asked aloud by Roger de Backbite whether he had heard that too ? said firmly, 'Yes, Roger de Backbite, and so hast thou if thou darrest but tell the truth.'

'Now, by St. Cicely, may I never touch gittern again,' bawled the King in a fury, 'if every note, word, and thought be not mine ; may I die in to-morrow's onslaught if the song be not my song. Sing thyself, Wilfrid of the Lanthorn Jaws ; thou couldst sing a good song in old times :' and with all his might, and with a forced laugh, the King, who loved brutal practical jests, flung his guitar at the head of Ivanhoe.

Sir Wilfrid caught it gracefully with one hand, and making an elegant bow to the Sovereign, began to chant as follows :—

KING CANUTE

King Canute was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for years a score ;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing
more,

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild seashore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks
great,

Chaplains, aides de camp, and pages,—all the officers of state,

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause ;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their
jaws ;

If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young,
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman
sung,

Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her
tongue.

‘Something ails my gracious Master,’ cried the Keeper of the Seal,
‘Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner, or the veal!’
‘Psha!’ exclaimed the angry Monarch, ‘Keeper, ’tis not that I feel.

‘Tis the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a King be great as I am, prithe, and yet know no care?
Oh, I’m sick, and tired, and weary.’—Some one cried, ‘The King’s
arm-chair!’

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded.
Straight the King’s great chair was brought him, by two footmen
able-bodied,

Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

‘Leading on my fierce companions,’ cried he, ‘over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to
mine?’

Loudly all the courtiers echoed. ‘Where is glory like to thine?’

‘What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old,
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

‘Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

‘Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered
sires—

—‘Such a tender conscience,’ cries the Bishop, ‘every one admires.

‘But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, my gracious Lord, to
search,

They’re forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

‘Look! the land is crowned with Minsters, which your Grace’s
bounty raised;

Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily
praised;

You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I’m amazed!’

‘Nay, I feel,’ replied King Canute, ‘that my end is drawing near.’

‘Don’t say so,’ exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze
a tear),

‘Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.’

'Live these fifty years!' the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,

'Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute! Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Methuselah, Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?'

'Fervently,' exclaimed the Keeper, 'fervently, I trust he may.'

'He to die,' resumed the Bishop. 'He a mortal like to us? Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*; Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a Doctor can compete, Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet; Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish Captain stay the sun upon the hill, And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still? So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.'

'Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?' Canute cried; 'Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride? If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

'Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?' Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, 'Land and sea, my lord, are thine.' Canute turned towards the ocean—'Back!' he said, 'thou foaming brine.

'From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat; Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat; Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!'

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar, And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore; Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay, But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey, And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day. King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

At this ballad, which, to be sure, was awfully long, and as grave as a sermon, some of the courtiers tittered, some yawned, and some affected to be asleep, and snore outright. But Roger de Backbite thinking to curry favour with the King by this piece of vulgarity His Majesty fetched him a knock on the nose and a buffet on the ear, which, I warrant me, wakened Master Roger; to whom the King said,

Listen and be civil, slave ; Wilfrid is singing about thee—Wilfrid, thy ballad is long, but it is to the purpose, and I have grown cool during thy homily. Give me thy hand, honest friend. Ladies, good night. Gentlemen, we give the grand assault to-morrow ; when I promise thee, Wilfrid, thy banner shall not be before mine ’—and the King giving his arm to Her Majesty, retired into the private pavilion.

CHAPTER III

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

WHILST the Royal Richard and his Court were feasting in the camp outside the walls of Chalus, they of the castle were in the most miserable plight that may be conceived. Hunger, as well as the fierce assaults of the besiegers, had made dire ravages in the place. The garrison’s provisions of corn and cattle, their very horses, dogs, and donkeys had been eaten up—so that it might well be said by Wamba, ‘ that famine, as well as slaughter, had *thinned* the garrison.’ When the men of Chalus came on the walls to defend it against the scaling parties of King Richard—they were like so many skeletons in armour—they could hardly pull their bow-strings at last, or pitch down stones on the heads of His Majesty’s party, so weak had their arms become, and the gigantic Count of Chalus, a warrior as redoubtable for his size and strength as Richard Plantagenet himself, was scarcely able to lift up his battle-axe upon the day of that last assault, when Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ran him through the—but we are advancing matters.

What should prevent me from describing the agonies of hunger which the Count (a man of large appetite) suffered in company with his heroic sons and garrison ?—Nothing, but that Dante has already done the business in the notorious history of Count Ugolino, so that my efforts might be considered as mere imitations. Why should I not, if I were minded to revel in horrifying details, show you how the famished garrison drew lots, and ate themselves during the siege ; and how the unlucky lot falling upon the Countess of Chalus, that heroic woman, taking an affectionate leave of her family, caused her large cauldron in the castle kitchen to be set a-boiling, had onions, carrots



and herbs, pepper and salt made ready, to make a savoury soup, as the French like it, and when all things were quite completed, kissed her children, jumped into the cauldron from off a kitchen stool, and so was stewed down in her flannel bed-gown? Dear friends, it is not from want of imagination, or from having no turn for the terrible or pathetic that I spare you these details.—I could give you some description that would spoil your dinner and night's rest, and make your hair stand on end.—But why harrow your feelings? Fancy all the tortures and horrors that possibly can occur in a beleaguered and famished castle: fancy the feelings of men who know that no more quarter will be given them than they would get if they were peaceful Hungarian citizens, kidnaped and brought to trial by His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and then let us rush on to the breach and prepare once more to meet the assault of dreadful King Richard and his men.

On the 29th of March in the year 1199, the good King, having copiously partaken of breakfast, caused his trumpets to blow, and advanced with his host upon the breach of the castle of Chalus. Arthur de Pendennis bore his banner; Wilfrid of Ivanhoe fought on the King's right hand. Molyneux, Bishop of Bullocksmithy, doffed crosier and mitre for that day, and though fat and puffy, panted up the breach with the most resolute spirit, roaring out war-cries and curses, and wielding a prodigious mace of iron, with which he did good execution. Hugo de Backbite was forced to come in attendance upon the Sovereign, but took care to keep in the rear of his august master, and to shelter behind his huge triangular shield as much as possible. Many lords of note followed the King and bore the ladders; and as they were placed against the wall, the air was perfectly dark with the shower of arrows which the French archers poured out at the besiegers; and the cataract of stones, kettles, boot-jacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, congreve-rockets, bomb-shells, bolts and arrows, and other missiles which the desperate garrison flung out on the storming party. The King received a copper coal-scuttle right over his eyes, and a mahogany wardrobe was discharged at his morion, which would have felled an ox, and would have done for the King had not Ivanhoe warded it off skilfully. Still they advanced, the warriors falling around them like grass beneath the scythe of the mower.

The ladders were placed in spite of the hail of death raining round : the King and Ivanhoe were, of course, the first to mount them. Chalus stood in the breach, borrowing strength from despair ; and roaring out, ' Ha ! Plantagenet, Saint Barbacue for Chalus ! ' he dealt the King a crack across the helmet with his battle-axe, which shore off the gilt lion and crown that surmounted the steel cap. The King bent and reeled back ; the besiegers were dismayed ; the garrison and the Count of Chalus set up a shout of triumph ; but it was premature.

As quick as thought Ivanhoe was into the Count with a thrust in tierce, which took him just at the joint of the armour, and ran him through as clean as a spit does a partridge. Uttering a horrid shriek, he fell back writhing ; the King recovering staggered up the parapet ; the rush of knights followed, and the union jack was planted triumphantly on the walls just as Ivanhoe,—but we must leave him for a moment.

' Ha, St. Richard !—ha, St. George ! ' the tremendous voice of the Lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the onset. At every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen a warrior equal to that lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfants de Chalus* had fallen : there was only one left at last of all the brave race that had fought round the gallant Count :—only one, and but a boy, a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy ! he had been gathering pansies in the fields but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother's arms ! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom ?—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot ! Turn away, turn away, my dear young friends and kind-hearted ladies ! Do not look at that ill-fated poor boy ! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee ! . . .

' Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges,' said Bertrand de Gourdon, ' the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling ! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue—'

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to



his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

'Twas a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon ! Maddened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused : his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more !

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done if I chose to indulge in this style of composition, but as in the battles which are described by the kindly chronicler of one of whose works this present masterpiece is professedly a continuation, everything passes off agreeably ; the people are slain, but without any unpleasant sensation to the reader ; nay, some of the most savage and bloodstained characters of history, such is the indomitable good humour of the great novelist, become amiable, jovial companions, for whom one has a hearty sympathy—so, if you please, we will have this fighting business at Chalus, and the garrison and honest Bertrand of Gourdon, disposed of, the former according to the usage of the good old times, having been hung up, or murdered to a man, and the latter killed in the manner described by the late Dr. Goldsmith in his History.

As for the Lion-hearted, we all very well know that the shaft of Bertrand de Gourdon put an end to the royal hero—and that from that 29th of March he never robbed or murdered any more. And we have legends in recondite books of the manner of the King's death.

'You must die, my son,' said the venerable Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried shrieking from the King's tent. 'Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children !'

'It is ill jesting with a dying man,' replied the King. 'Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me.'

'Richard of England,' said the archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, 'your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child ; and you have nourished them from your

youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh.'

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. 'It is no matter of joy but of dolour,' he said, 'that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more.'

Meanwhile what has become of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, whom we left in the act of rescuing his Sovereign by running the Count of Chalus through the body?

As the good knight stooped down to pick his sword out of the corpse of his fallen foe, some one coming behind him suddenly thrust a dagger into his back at a place where his shirt of mail was open (for Sir Wilfrid had armed that morning in a hurry, and it was his breast, not his back, that he was accustomed ordinarily to protect), and when poor Wamba came up on the rampart, which he did when the fighting was over—being such a fool that he could not be got to thrust his head into danger for glory's sake—he found his dear knight with the dagger in his back lying without life upon the body of the Count de Chalus whom he had anon slain.

Ah, what a howl poor Wamba set up when he found his master killed! How he lamented over the corpse of that noble knight and friend! What mattered it to him that Richard the King was borne wounded to his tent, and that Bertrand de Gourdon was flayed alive? At another time the sight of this spectacle might have amused the simple knave; but now all his thoughts were of his lord, so good, so gentle, so kind, so loyal, so frank with the great, so tender to the poor, so truthful of speech, so modest regarding his own merit, so true a gentleman, in a word, that anybody might, with reason, deplore him.

As Wamba opened the dear knight's corslet, he found a locket round his neck, in which there was some hair, not flaxen like that of my Lady Rowena, who was almost as fair as an Albino, but as black, Wamba thought, as the locks of the Jewish maiden whom the knight had rescued in the lists of Templestowe. A bit of Rowena's hair was in Sir Wilfrid's possession, too, but that was in his purse

along with his seal of arms, and a couple of groats ; for the good knight never kept any money, so generous was he of his largesses when money came in.

Wamba took the purse, and seal, and groats, but he left the locket of hair round his master's neck, and when he returned to England never said a word about the circumstance. After all, how should he know whose hair it was ? It might have been the knight's grandmother's hair for aught the fool knew ; so he kept his counsel when he brought back the sad news and tokens to the disconsolate widow at Rotherwood.

The poor fellow would never have left the body at all, and indeed sat by it all night, and until the grey of the morning, when seeing two suspicious-looking characters advancing towards him, he fled in dismay, supposing that they were marauders who were out searching for booty among the dead bodies ; and having not the least courage, he fled from these, and tumbled down the breach, and never stopped running as fast as his legs would carry him, until he reached the tent of his late beloved master.

The news of the knight's demise, it appeared, had been known at his quarters long before ; for his servants were gone, and had ridden off on his horses ; his chests were plundered, there was not so much as a shirt collar left in his drawers, and the very bed and blankets had been carried away by these *faithful* attendants. Who had slain Ivanhoe ? That remains a mystery to the present day ; but Hugo de Backbite, whose nose he had pulled for defamation, and who was behind him in the assault at Chalus, was seen two years afterwards at the Court of King John in an embroidered velvet waistcoat which Rowena could have sworn she had worked for Ivanhoe, and about which the widow would have made some little noise, but that—but that she was no longer a widow.

That she truly deplored the death of her lord cannot be questioned, for she ordered the deepest mourning which any milliner in York could supply, and erected a monument to his memory as big as a minster. But she was a lady of such fine principles, that she did not allow her grief to overmaster her ; and an opportunity speedily arising for uniting the two best Saxon families in England, by an alliance between herself and the gentleman who offered himself to her, Rowena sacrificed her inclination to remain

single, to her sense of duty ; and contracted a second matrimonial engagement.

That Athelstane was the man, I suppose no reader familiar with life, and novels which are a rescript of life, and are all strictly natural and edifying, can for a moment doubt. Cardinal Pandulfo tied the knot for them : and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death (for his body was never sent home after all, nor seen after Wamba ran away from it), his eminence procured a papal decree, annulling the former marriage, so that Rowena became Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. And who shall be surprised, if she was happier with the stupid and boozy Thane, than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid ? Did women never have a predilection for fools, I should like to know ; or fall in love with donkeys, before the time of the amours of Bottom and Titania ? Ah ! Mary, had you not preferred an ass to a man, would you have married Jack Bray, when a Michael Angelo offered. Ah ! Fanny, were you not a woman, would you persist in adoring Tom Hiccups, who beats you, and comes home tipsy from the Club ? Yes, Rowena cared a hundred times more about tipsy Athelstane, than ever she had done for gentle Ivanhoe, and so great was her infatuation about the former, that she would sit upon his knee in the presence of all her maidens, and let him smoke his cigars in the very drawing-room.

This is the epitaph she caused to be written by Father Drono (who piqued himself upon his Latinity), on the stone commemorating the death of her late lord :—

*Hic est Guilfridus, belli dum vixit abidus ;
Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia
Herbera dura dabat : per Turcos multum equitabat :
Guilbertum occidit : atque Hierosolyma vidit.
Heu ! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa,
Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Thani.*

And this is the translation which the doggrel knave Wamba made of the Latin lines :—

REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
Buried, and confined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
 Warring in Flanders and France,
 Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
 Rode in his youth the good knight,
 Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
 Fairly in tourney he slew,
 Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
 Lying beneath the grey stone:
 Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplored,
 Weeping the fate of her lord,
 Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
 Came the good Lord Athelstane,
 When her ladyship married again.

Athelstane burst into a loud laugh, when he heard it, at the last line, but Rowena would have had the fool whipped, had not the Thane interceded, and to him, she said, she could refuse nothing.

CHAPTER IV

IVANHOE REDIVIVUS

I TRUST nobody will suppose, from the events described in the last chapter, that our friend Ivanhoe is really dead. Because we have given him an epitaph or two and a monument, are these any reasons that he should be really gone out of the world? No: as in the pantomime, when we see Clown and Pantaloon lay out Harlequin and cry over him, we are always sure that Master Harlequin will be up at the next minute alert and shining in his glistening coat; and, after giving a box on the ears to the pair of them, will be taking a dance with Columbine, or leaping gaily through the clock-face, or into the three-pair-of-stairs window:—so Sir Wilfrid, the Harlequin of our Christmas piece, may be run through a little, or may make believe to be dead, but will assuredly rise up again when he is wanted, and show himself at the right moment.

The suspicious-looking characters from whom Wamba

ran away were no cut-throats and plunderers as the poor knave imagined, but no other than Ivanhoe's friend, the hermit, and a reverend brother of his, who visited the scene of the late battle in order to see if any Christians still survived there, whom they might shrive and get ready for Heaven, or to whom they might possibly offer the benefit of their skill as leeches. Both were prodigiously learned in the healing art ; and had about them those precious elixirs which so often occur in romances, and with which patients are so miraculously restored. Abruptly dropping his master's head from his lap as he fled, poor Wamba caused the knight's pate to fall with rather a heavy thump to the ground, and if the knave had but stayed a minute longer, he would have heard Sir Wilfrid utter a deep groan. But though the fool heard him not, the holy hermits did ; and to recognize the gallant Wilfrid, to withdraw the enormous dagger still sticking out of his back, to wash the wound with a portion of the precious elixir, and to pour a little of it down his throat, was with the excellent hermits the work of an instant ; which remedies being applied, one of the good men took the knight by the heels and the other by the head, and bore him daintily from the castle to their hermitage in a neighbouring rock. As for the Count of Chalus, and the remainder of the slain, the hermits were too much occupied with Ivanhoe's case to mind them, and did not, it appears, give them any elixir, so that, if they are really dead, they must stay on the rampart stark and cold ; or if otherwise, when the scene closes upon them as it does now, they may get up, shake themselves, go to the slips and drink a pot of porter, or change their stage-clothes and go home to supper. My dear readers, you may settle the matter among yourselves as you like. If you wish to kill the characters really off, let them be dead, and have done with them : but, *entre nous*, I don't believe they are any more dead than you or I are, and sometimes doubt whether there is a single syllable of truth in this whole story.

Well, Ivanhoe was taken to the hermits' cell, and there doctored by the holy fathers for his hurts, which were of such a severe and dangerous order, that he was under medical treatment for a very considerable time. When he woke up from his delirium, and asked how long he had been ill, fancy his astonishment when he heard that he had been in the fever for six years ! He thought the reverend

fathers were joking at first, but their profession forbade them from that sort of levity ; and besides, he could not possibly have got well any sooner, because the story would have been sadly put out had he appeared earlier. And it proves how good the fathers were to him, and how very nearly that scoundrel of a Hugh de Backbite's dagger had finished him, that he did not get well under this great length of time, during the whole of which the fathers tended him without ever thinking of a fee. I know of a kind physician in this town who does as much sometimes, but I won't do him the ill service of mentioning his name here.

Ivanhoe, being now quickly pronounced well, trimmed his beard, which by this time hung down considerably below his knees, and calling for his suit of chain armour, which before had fitted his elegant person as tight as wax, now put it on, and it bagged and hung so loosely about him, that even the good friars laughed at his absurd appearance. It was impossible that he should go about the country in such a garb as that : the very boys would laugh at him : so the friars gave him one of their old gowns, in which he disguised himself ; and, after taking an affectionate farewell of his friends, set forth on his return to his native country. As he went along, he learned that Richard was dead, that John reigned, that Prince Arthur had been poisoned, and was of course made acquainted with various other facts of public importance recorded in Pinnock's *Catechism* and the *Historic Page*.

But these subjects did not interest him near so much as his own private affairs ; and I can fancy that his legs trembled under him, and his pilgrim's staff shook with emotion, as at length, after many perils, he came in sight of his paternal mansion of Rotherwood, and saw once more the chimneys smoking, the shadows of the oaks over the grass in the sunset, and the rooks winging over the trees. He heard the supper gong sounding : he knew his way to the door well enough ; he entered the familiar hall with a *benedicite*, and without any more words took his place.

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled, and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale ; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee ; Rowena,

smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden jug. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar,—

‘And so, Grey Frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman?’

‘We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good king in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!’

‘And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport,’ roared Athelstane, laughing hugely at the joke. ‘How the fellow must have howled!’

‘My love!’ said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

‘I would have liked to see it too,’ cried the boy.

‘That’s my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he fought well at Chalus!’

‘My sweet lord,’ again interposed Rowena, ‘mention him not.’

‘Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?’

‘Those times are past now, dear Athelstane,’ said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

‘Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena.’

‘The odious hussy! don’t mention the name of the unbelieving creature,’ exclaimed the lady.

‘Well, well, poor Wil was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why, a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains.’

‘Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance,’ said the friar. ‘I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister.’

‘And there’s an end of him,’ said Athelstane. ‘But come, this is dismal talk. Where’s Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don’t lie like a dog in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for bygones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world.’

‘There be buzzards in eagles’ nests,’ Wamba said, who



was lying stretched before the fire, sharing the hearth with the Thane's dogs. 'There be dead men alive and live men dead. There be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, Gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes, and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain.'

'Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating,' the Thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began :—

LOVE AT TWO SCORE

Ho ! pretty page, with dimpled chin,

That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win.

This is the way that boys begin.

Wait till you've come to forty year !

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,

Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.

Wait till you've come to forty year !

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,

Grizzling hair the brain doth clear ;

Then you know a boy is an ass,

Then you know the worth of a lass,

Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,

All good fellows whose beards are grey :

Did not the fairest of the fair

Common grow and wearisome, ere

Ever a month was past away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,

The brightest eyes that ever have shone,

May pray and whisper and we not list,

Or look away and never be missed,

Ere yet ever a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,

How I loved her twenty years syne !

Marian's married, but I sit here,

Alive and merry at forty year,

Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

'Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of

Witless ?' roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table, and shouting the chorus.

'It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest.'

'They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love,' said Rowena. 'His Majesty hath taken him into much favour. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really——'

'Jealous again, haw! haw!' laughed Athelstane.

'I am above jealousy, and scorn it,' Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

'Well, well, Wamba's was a good song,' Athelstane said.

'Nay, a wicked song,' said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. 'What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only.'

'I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well,' said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprang after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. 'There be dead men alive and live men dead,' whispered he. 'There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?' And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, 'I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!'

'Get up,' said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; 'only fools are faithful.'

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came, Wamba was gone; and the knave being in the habit of wandering hither and thither, as he chose, little notice was taken of his absence by a master and mistress who had not much sense of humour. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feelings could not be expected to remain in a house where things so naturally disagreeable to him were occurring, and he quitted Rotherwood incontinently, after paying a dutiful visit to the tomb where his old father, Cedric, was buried, and hastened on to York, at which city he made himself known to the family attorney, a most respectable man, in whose hands his ready money was deposited, and took up a sum sufficient to fit himself out with credit, and a handsome retinue, as became a knight of consideration. But he changed his name, wore a wig and spectacles, and disguised himself entirely, so that it was impossible his friends or the public should know him, and thus metamorphosed, went about whithersoever his fancy led him. He was present at a public ball at York, which the lord mayor gave, danced Sir Roger de Coverley in the very same set with Rowena—(who was disgusted that Maid Marian took precedence of her)—he saw little Athelstane overeat himself at the supper, and pledged his big father in a cup of sack; he met the Reverend Mr. Tuck at a missionary meeting, where he seconded a resolution proposed by that eminent divine;—in fine, he saw a score of his old acquaintances, none of whom recognized in him the warrior of Palestine and Templestowe. Having a large fortune and nothing to do, he went about this country performing charities, slaying robbers, rescuing the distressed, and achieving noble feats of arms. Dragons and giants existed in his day no more, or be sure he would have had a fling at them: for the truth is, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was somewhat sick of the life which the hermits of Chalus had restored to him, and felt himself so friendless and solitary that he would not have been sorry to come to an end of it. Ah, my dear friends and intelligent British public, are there not others who are melancholy under a mask of gaiety, and who, in the midst of crowds, are lonely? Liston was a most melancholy man; Grimaldi had feelings; and there are others I wot of—but psha—let us have the next chapter:

CHAPTER V

IVANHOE TO THE RESCUE

THE rascally manner in which the chicken-livered successor of Richard of the Lion-heart conducted himself to all parties, to his relatives, his nobles, and his people, is a matter notorious, and set forth clearly in the Historic Page : hence, although nothing, except perhaps success, can, in my opinion, excuse disaffection to the sovereign, or appearance in armed rebellion against him, the loyal reader will make allowance for two of the principal personages of this narrative, who will have to appear in the present chapter in the odious character of rebels to their lord and King. It must be remembered, in partial exculpation of the fault of Ivanhoe and Rowena (a fault for which they were bitterly punished, as you shall presently hear), that the monarch exasperated his subjects in a variety of ways,—that before he murdered his royal nephew, Prince Arthur, there was a great question whether he was the rightful King of England at all,—that his behaviour as an uncle, and a family man, were likely to wound the feelings of any lady and mother,—finally, that there were palliations for the conduct of Rowena and Ivanhoe, which it now becomes our duty to relate.

When His Majesty destroyed Prince Arthur, the Lady Rowena, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Queen, gave up her place at court at once, and retired to her castle of Rotherwood. Expressions made use of by her, and derogatory to the character of the sovereign, were carried to the monarch's ears, by some of those parasites, doubtless, by whom it is the curse of kings to be attended ; and John swore, by St. Peter's teeth, that he would be revenged upon the haughty Saxon lady,—a kind of oath, which, though he did not trouble himself about all other oaths, he was never known to break. It was not for some years after he had registered this vow, that he was enabled to keep it.

Had Ivanhoe been present at Rouen, when the King meditated his horrid designs against his nephew, there is little doubt that Sir Wilfrid would have prevented them, and rescued the boy : for Ivanhoe was, we need scarcely

say, a hero of romance ; and it is the custom and duty of all gentlemen of that profession to be present on all occasions of historic interest, to be engaged in all conspiracies, royal interviews, and remarkable occurrences,—and hence Sir Wilfrid would certainly have rescued the young Prince, had he been anywhere in the neighbourhood of Rouen, where the foul tragedy occurred. But he was a couple of hundred leagues off, at Chalus, when the circumstance happened : tied down in his bed as crazy as a Bedlamite, and raving ceaselessly in the Hebrew tongue, which he had caught up during a previous illness in which he was tended by a maiden of that nation, about a certain Rebecca Ben Isaacs, of whom, being a married man, he never would have thought, had he been in his sound senses. During this delirium, what were politics to him, or he to politics ? King John or King Arthur were entirely indifferent to a man who announced to his nurse-tenders, the good hermits of Chalus before mentioned, that he was the Marquis of Jericho, and about to marry Rebecca the Queen of Sheba. In a word, he only heard of what had occurred, when he reached England, and his senses were restored to him. Whether was he happier, sound of brain, and entirely miserable (as any man would be who found so admirable a wife as Rowena married again), or perfectly crazy, the husband of the beautiful Rebecca ? I don't know which he liked best.

Howbeit the conduct of King John inspired Sir Wilfrid with so thorough a detestation of that sovereign, that he never could be brought to take service under him ; to get himself presented at St. James's, or in any way to acknowledge, but by stern acquiescence, the authority of the sanguinary successor of his beloved King Richard. It was Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, I need scarcely say, who got the barons of England to league together and extort from the King that famous instrument and palladium of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—the Magna Charta. His name does not naturally appear in the list of barons, because he was only a knight, and a knight in disguise too : nor does Athelstane's signature figure on that document. Athelstane, in the first place, could not write ; nor did he care a penny-piece about politics, so long as he could drink his wine at home undisturbed, and have his hunting and shooting in quiet.

It was not until the King wanted to interfere with the

sport of every gentleman in England (as we know by reference to the Historic Page that this odious monarch did), that Athelstane broke out into open rebellion, along with several Yorkshire squires and noblemen. It is recorded of the King, that he forbade every man to hunt his own deer; and, in order to secure an obedience to his orders, this Herod of a monarch wanted to secure the eldest sons of all the nobility and gentry, as hostages for the good behaviour of their parents.

Athelstane was anxious about his game—Rowena was anxious about her son. The former swore that he would hunt his deer in spite of all Norman tyrants—the latter asked, should she give up her boy to the ruffian who had murdered his own nephew? ¹ The speeches of both were brought to the King at York; and, furious, he ordered an instant attack upon Rotherwood, and that the lord and lady of that castle should be brought before him dead or alive.

Ah, where was Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the unconquerable champion, to defend the castle against the royal party? A few thrusts from his lance would have spitted the leading warriors of the King's host: a few cuts from his sword would have put John's forces to rout. But the lance and sword of Ivanhoe were idle on this occasion. 'No, be hanged to me!' said the knight, bitterly, '*this is a quarrel in which I can't interfere. Common politeness forbids. Let yonder ale-swilling Athelstane defend his, ha, ha, wife: and my lady Rowena guard her, ha, ha, ha, son.*' And he laughed wildly and madly: and the sarcastic way in which he choked and gurgled out the words 'wife' and 'son' would have made you shudder to hear.

When he heard, however, that, on the fourth day of the siege, Athelstane had been slain by a cannon-ball (and this time for good, and not to come to life again as he had done before), and that the widow (if so the innocent bigamist may be called) was conducting the defence of Rotherwood herself with the greatest intrepidity, showing herself upon the walls, with her little son (who bellowed like a bull, and did not like the fighting at all), pointing the guns and encouraging the garrison in every way—better feelings returned to the bosom of the knight of Ivanhoe, and sum-

¹ See Hume, *Giraldus Cambrensis*, *The Monk of Croyland*, and Pinnoek's *Catechism*.

moning his men, he armed himself quickly, and determined to go forth to the rescue.

He rode without stopping for two days and two nights in the direction of Rotherwood, with such swiftness and disregard for refreshment, indeed, that his men dropped one by one upon the road, and he arrived alone at the lodge gate of the park. The windows were smashed; the door stove in; the lodge, a neat little Swiss cottage, with a garden, where the pinafores of Mrs. Gurth's children might have been seen hanging on the gooseberry bushes in more peaceful times, was now a ghastly heap of smoking ruins—cottage, bushes, pinafores, children lay mangled together, destroyed by the licentious soldiery of an infuriate monarch! Far be it from me to excuse the disobedience of Athelstane and Rowena to their sovereign; but surely, surely this cruelty might have been spared.

Gurth who was lodge-keeper, was lying dreadfully wounded and expiring at the flaming and violated threshold of his lately picturesque home. A catapult and a couple of mangonels had done his business. The faithful fellow, recognizing his master, who had put up his visor and forgotten his wig and spectacles in the agitation of the moment, exclaimed, 'Sir Wilfrid! my dear master—praised be St. Waltheof—there may be yet time—my beloved mistr—master Athelst . . .' He sank back, and never spoke again.

Ivanhoe spurred on his horse Bavioca madly up the chestnut avenue. The castle was before him; the western tower was in flames; the besiegers were pressing at the southern gate; Athelstane's banner, the bull rampant, was still on the northern bartisan. 'An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!' he bellowed out, with a shout that overcame all the din of battle—*Nostre Dame à la rescousse*—and to hurl his lance through the midriff of Reginald de Bracy, who was commanding the assault, who fell howling with anguish, to wave his battle-axe over his own head, and cut off those of thirteen men-at-arms, was the work of an instant. 'An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!' he still shouted, and down went a man as sure as he said 'hoe'.

'Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!' a shrill voice cried from the top of the northern bartisan. Ivanhoe knew it.

'Rowena! my love! I come!' he roared on his part. 'Villains! touch but a hair of her head, and I——'

Here, with a sudden plunge and a squeal of agony, Bavieca sprang forward wildly, and fell as wildly on her back, rolling over and over upon the knight. All was dark before him; his brain reeled; it whizzed; something came crashing down on his forehead. St. Waltheof and all the saints of the Saxon calendar protect the knight! . . .

When he came to himself, Wamba and the lieutenant of his lances were leaning over him with a bottle of the hermit's elixir. 'We arrived here the day after the battle,' said the fool; 'marry, I have a knack of that.'

'Your worship rode so deucedly quick, there was no keeping up with your worship,' said the lieutenant.

'The day—after—the bat—' groaned Ivanhoe.—'Where is the Lady Rowena?'

'The castle has been taken and sacked,' the lieutenant said,—and pointed to what once *was* Rotherwood, but was now only a heap of smoking ruins.—Not a tower was left, not a roof, not a floor, not a single human being! Everything was flame and ruin, smash and murther!

Of course Ivanhoe fell back fainting again among the ninety-seven men-at-arms whom he had slain; and it was not until Wamba had applied a second, and uncommonly strong, dose of the elixir that he came to life again. The good knight was, however, from long practice, so accustomed to the severest wounds, that he bore them far more easily than common folk, and thus was enabled to reach York upon a litter, which his men constructed for him, with tolerable ease.

Rumour had as usual advanced him; and he heard at the hotel where he stopped, what had been the issue of the affair at Rotherwood. A minute or two after his horse was stabbed, and Ivanhoe knocked down, the western bartisan was taken by the storming party which invested it, and every soul slain, except Rowena and her boy; who were tied upon horses and carried away, under a secure guard, to one of the King's castles—nobody knew whither—and Ivanhoe was recommended by the hotel-keeper (whose house he had used in former times) to reassume his wig and spectacles, and not call himself by his own name any more, lest some of the King's people should lay hands on him. However, as he had killed everybody round about him, there was but little danger of his discovery; and the Knight of the Spectacles, as he was called, went about York quite unmolested, and at liberty to attend to his own affairs.

We wish to be brief in narrating this part of the gallant hero's existence ; for his life was one of feeling rather than affection, and the description of mere sentiment is considered by many well-informed persons to be tedious. What *were* his sentiments, now it may be asked, under the peculiar position in which he found himself ? He had done his duty by Rowena, certainly : no man could say otherwise. But as for being in love with her any more, after what had occurred, that was a different question. Well, come what would, he was determined still to continue doing his duty by her ;—but as she was whisked away, the deuce knew whither, how could he do anything ? So he resigned himself to the fact that she was thus whisked away.

He, of course, sent emissaries about the country to endeavour to find out where Rowena was ; but these came back without any sort of intelligence ; and it was remarked, that he still remained in a perfect state of resignation. He remained in this condition for a year, or more ; and it was said that he was becoming more cheerful, and he certainly was growing rather fat. The Knight of the Spectacles was voted an agreeable man in a grave way ; and gave some very elegant, though quiet, parties, and was received in the best society of York.

It was just at assize-time, the lawyers and barristers had arrived, and the town was unusually gay : when, one morning, the attorney, whom we have mentioned as Sir Wilfrid's man of business, and a most respectable man, called upon his gallant client at his lodgings, and said he had a communication of importance to make. Having to communicate with a client of rank, who was condemned to be hanged for forgery, Sir Hugo de Backbite, the attorney said, he had been to visit that party in the condemned cell ; and on the way through the yard, and through the bars of another cell, had seen and recognized an old acquaintance of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe—and the lawyer held him out, with a particular look, a note, written on a piece of whity-brown paper.

What were Ivanhoe's sensations when he recognized the handwriting of Rowena !—he tremblingly dashed open the billet, and read as follows :—

' MY DEAREST IVANHOE,

' For I am thine now as erst, and my first love was ever—ever dear to me. Have I been near thee dying for a whole year, and

didst thou make no effort to rescue thy Rowena ? Have ye given to others—I mention not their name nor their odious creed—the heart that ought to be mine ? I send thee my forgiveness from my dying pallet of straw.—I forgive thee the insults I have received, the cold and hunger I have endured, the failing health of my boy, the bitterness of my prison, thy infatuation about that Jewess, which made our married life miserable, and which caused thee, I am sure, to go abroad to look after her.—I forgive thee all my wrongs, and fain would bid thee farewell. Mr. Smith hath gained over my gaoler—he will tell thee how I may see thee.—Come and console my last hour by promising that thou wilt care for my boy—*his* boy who fell like a hero (when thou wert absent) combating by the side of

‘ ROWENA.’

The reader may consult his own feelings, and say whether Ivanhoe was likely to be pleased or not by this letter : however, he inquired of Mr. Smith, the solicitor, what was the plan which that gentleman had devised for the introduction to Lady Rowena, and was informed that he was to get a barrister’s gown and wig, when the gaoler would introduce him into the interior of the prison. These decorations, knowing several gentlemen of the Northern Circuit, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe easily procured, and with feelings of no small trepidation, reached the cell where, for the space of a year, poor Rowena had been immured.

If any person have a doubt of the correctness, of the historical exactness of this narrative, I refer him to the *Biographie Universelle* (article Jean sans Terre), which says, ‘ La femme d’un baron auquel on vint demander son fils, répondit, “ Le roi pense-t-il que je confierai mon fils à un homme qui a égorgé son neveu de sa propre main ? ” Jean fit enlever la mère et l’enfant, et la laissa mourir de faim dans les cachots.’

I picture to myself, with a painful sympathy, Rowena undergoing this disagreeable sentence. All her virtues, her resolution, her chaste energy and perseverance, shine with redoubled lustre, and, for the first time since the commencement of the history, I feel that I am partially reconciled to her. The weary year passes—she grows weaker and more languid, thinner and thinner ! At length Ivanhoe, in the disguise of a barrister of the Northern Circuit, is introduced to her cell, and finds his lady in the last stage of exhaustion, on the straw of her dungeon, with her little boy in her arms. She has preserved his life at the expense of her own, giving

him the whole of the pittance which her gaolers allowed her, and perishing herself of inanition.

There is a scene ! I feel as if I had made it up, as it were, with this lady, and that we part in peace, in consequence of my providing her with so sublime a death-bed. Fancy Ivanhoe's entrance—their recognition—the faint blush upon her worn features—the pathetic way in which she gives little Cedric in charge to him, and his promises of protection.

'Wilfrid, my early loved,' slowly gasped she, removing her grey hair from her furrowed temples, and gazing on her boy fondly, as he nestled on Ivanhoe's knee—'promise me by St. Waltheof of Templestowe—promise me one boon !'

'I do,' said Ivanhoe, clasping the boy, and thinking it was to that little innocent the promise was intended to apply.

'By St. Waltheof ?'

'By St. Waltheof !'

'Promise me, then,' gasped Rowena, staring wildly at him, 'that you never will marry a Jewess !'

'By St. Waltheof,' cried Ivanhoe, 'this is too much ! Rowena !' But he felt his hand grasped for a moment, the nerves then relaxed, the pale lip ceased to quiver—she was no more !

CHAPTER VI

IVANHOE THE WIDOWER

HAVING placed young Cedric at school at the Hall of Dotheboyes, in Yorkshire, and arranged his family affairs, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe quitted a country which had no longer any charms for him, and in which his stay was rendered the less agreeable by the notion that King John would hang him if ever he could lay hands on the faithful follower of King Richard and Prince Arthur.

But there was always in those days a home and occupation for a brave and pious knight. A saddle on a gallant war-horse, a pitched field against the Moors, a lance wherewith to spit a turbaned infidel, or a road to Paradise carved out by his scimitar,—these were the height of the ambition of good and religious warriors ; and so renowned a champion as Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was sure to be well received

wherever blows were stricken for the cause of Christendom. Even among the dark Templars, he who had twice overcome the most famous lance of their order was a respected though not a welcome guest : but among the opposition company of the Knights of St. John, he was admired and courted beyond measure ; and always affectioning that order, which offered him, indeed, its first rank and commanderies, he did much good service, fighting in their ranks for the glory of Heaven and St. Waltheof, and slaying many thousands of the heathen in Prussia, Poland, and those savage northern countries. The only fault that the great and gallant, though severe and ascetic Folko of Heydenbraten, the chief of the Order of St. John, found with the melancholy warrior, whose lance did such good service to the cause, was, that he did not persecute the Jews as so religious a knight should. He let off sundry captives of that persuasion whom he had taken with his sword and his spear, saved others from torture, and actually ransomed the two last grinders of a venerable rabbi (that Roger de Cartright, an English knight of the order, was about to extort from the elderly Israelite) with a hundred crowns and a gimmel ring, which were all the property he possessed. Whenever he so ransomed or benefited one of this religion, he would moreover give them a little token or a message (were the good knight out of money) saying, ' Take this token, and remember this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilome rendered to him by Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York ! ' So among themselves, and in their meetings and synagogues, and in their restless travels from land to land, when they of Jewry cursed and reviled all Christians, as such abominable heathens will, they nevertheless excepted the name of the Desdichado, or the doubly-disinherited as he now was, the Desdichado-Doblado.

The account of all the battles, storms, and scaladoes in which Sir Wilfrid took part, would only weary the reader, for the chopping off one heathen's head with an axe must be very like the decapitation of any other unbeliever. Suffice it to say, that wherever this kind of work was to be done, and Sir Wilfrid was in the way, he was the man to perform it. It would astonish you were you to see the account that Wamba kept of his master's achievements, and of the Bulgarians, Bohemians, Croatians, slain or



mained by his hand : and as, in those days, a reputation for valour had an immense effect upon the soft hearts of women ; and even the ugliest man, were he a stout warrior, was looked upon with favour by Beauty ; so Ivanhoe, who was by no means ill-favoured, though now becoming rather elderly, made conquests over female breasts, as well as over Saracens, and had more than one direct offer of marriage made to him by princesses, countesses, and noble ladies possessing both charms and money, which they were anxious to place at the disposal of a champion so renowned. It is related that the Duchess Regent of Kartoffelberg offered him her hand, and the Ducal Crown of Kartoffelberg, which he had rescued from the unbelieving Prussians ; but Ivanhoe evaded the duchess's offer by riding away from her capital secretly at midnight, and hiding himself in a convent of Knights Hospitallers, on the borders of Poland ; and it is a fact that the Princess Rosalia Seraphina of Pumpernickel, the most lovely woman of her time, became so frantically attached to him, that she followed him on a campaign, and was discovered with his baggage disguised as a horse-boy. But no princess, no beauty, no female blandishments had any charms for Ivanhoe : no hermit practised a more austere celibacy. The severity of his morals contrasted so remarkably with the lax and dissolute manner of the young lords and nobles in the courts which he frequented, that these young springalds would sometimes sneer and call him Monk and Milksop ; but his courage in the day of battle was so terrible and admirable, that I promise you the youthful libertines did not sneer *then* ; and the most reckless of them often turned pale when they couched their lances to follow Ivanhoe. Holy Waltheof ! it was an awful sight to see him with his pale, calm face, his shield upon his breast, his heavy lance before him, charging a squadron of Heathen Bohemians, or a regiment of Cossacks ! Wherever he saw the enemy, Ivanhoe assaulted him : and when people remonstrated with him, and said if he attacked such and such a post, breach, castle, or army, he would be slain, ' And suppose I be ? ' he answered, giving them to understand that he would as lief the Battle of Life were over altogether.

While he was thus making war against the northern infidels, news was carried all over Christendom of a cata-

strophe which had befallen the good cause in the south of Europe, where the Spanish Christians had met with such a defeat and massacre at the hands of the Moors, as had never been known in the proudest days of Saladin.

Thursday, the 9th of Shaban, in the 605th year of the Hejira, is known all over the West as the *amun-al-ark*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andalus, on which fatal day Christendom suffered a defeat so signal, that it was feared the Spanish Peninsula would be entirely wrested away from the dominion of the Cross. On that day the Franks lost 150,000 men and 30,000 prisoners. A man-slave sold among the unbelievers for a dirhem ; a donkey, for the same ; a sword, half a dirhem ; a horse, five dirhems. Hundreds of thousands of these various sorts of booty were in the possession of the triumphant followers of Yakoob-al-Mansoor. Curses on his head ! But he was a brave warrior, and the Christians before him seemed to forget that they were the descendants of the brave Cid, the *Kanbitoor*, as the Moorish hounds (in their jargon) denominated the famous Campeador.

A general move for the rescue of the faithful in Spain—a crusade against the infidels triumphing there, was preached throughout Europe by all the most eloquent clergy : and thousands and thousands of valorous knights and nobles, accompanied by well-meaning varlets and vassals of the lower sort, trooped from all sides to the rescue. The straits of Gibel-al-tarif, at which spot the Moor, passing from Barbary, first planted his accursed foot on the Christian soil, were crowded with the galleys of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, who flung succours into the menaced kingdoms of the peninsula ; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hastening from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armour of the knights marching out of France into Spain ; and, finally, in a ship that set sail direct from Bohemia, where Sir Wilfrid happened to be quartered at the time when the news of the defeat of Alarcos came and alarmed all good Christians, Ivanhoe landed at Barcelona, and proceeded to slaughter the Moors forthwith.

He brought letters of introduction from his friend Folko of Heydenbraten, the Grand Master of the Knights of Saint John, to the venerable Baldomero de Garbanzos, Grand



Master of the renowned order of Saint Jago. The chief of Saint Jago's knights paid the greatest respect to a warrior, whose fame was already so widely known in Christendom ; and Ivanhoe had the pleasure of being appointed to all the posts of danger and forlorn hopes that could be devised in his honour. He would be called up twice or thrice in a night to fight the Moors : he led ambushes, scaled breaches, was blown up by mines ; was wounded many hundred times (recovering, thanks to the elixir, of which Wamba always carried a supply) ; he was the terror of the Saracens, and the admiration and wonder of the Christians.

To describe his deeds would, I say, be tedious ; one day's battle was like that of another. I am not writing in ten volumes like Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, or even in three like other great authors. We have no room for the recounting of Sir Wilfrid's deeds of valour. Whenever he took a Moorish town, it was remarked that he went anxiously into the Jewish quarter, and inquired amongst the Hebrews, who were in great numbers in Spain, for Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac. Many Jews, according to his wont, he ransomed, and created so much scandal by this proceeding, and by the manifest favour which he showed to the people of the nation—that the Master of Saint Jago remonstrated with him, and it is probable he would have been cast into the Inquisition and roasted, but that his prodigious valour and success against the Moors counterbalanced his heretical partiality for the children of Jacob.

It chanced that the good knight was present at the siege of Xixona in Andalusia, entering the breach at first, according to his wont, and slaying, with his own hand, the Moorish lieutenant of the town, and several hundred more of its unbelieving defenders. He had very nearly done for the Alfaqui, or governor, a veteran warrior with a crooked scimitar and a beard as white as snow, but a couple of hundred of the Alfaqui's bodyguard flung themselves between Ivanhoe and their chief, and the old fellow escaped with his life, leaving a handful of his beard in the grasp of the English knight. The strictly military business being done, and such of the garrison as did not escape put, as by right, to the sword, the good knight, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, took no further part in the proceedings of the conquerors of that ill-fated place. A scene of horrible massacre and

frightful reprisals ensued, and the Christian warriors, hot with victory and flushed with slaughter, were, it is to be feared, as savage in their hour of triumph as ever their heathen enemies had been.

Among the most violent and least scrupulous was the ferocious knight of Saint Jago, Don Beltran de Cuchilla y Trabuco y Espada y Espelon; raging through the vanquished city like a demon, he slaughtered indiscriminately all those infidels of both sexes whose wealth did not tempt him to a ransom, or whose beauty did not reserve them for more frightful calamities than death. The slaughter over, Don Beltran took up his quarters in the Albaycen, where the Alfaqui had lived who had so narrowly escaped the sword of Ivanhoe; but the wealth, the treasure, the slaves, and the family of the fugitive chieftain were left in possession of the conqueror of Xixona. Among the treasures, Don Beltran recognized with a savage joy the coat-armours and ornaments of many brave and unfortunate companions-in-arms who had fallen in the fatal battle of Alarcos. The sight of those bloody relics added fury to his cruel disposition, and served to steel a heart already but little disposed to sentiments of mercy.

Three days after the sack and plunder of the place, Don Beltran was seated in the hall-court lately occupied by the proud Alfaqui, lying in his divan, dressed in his rich robes, the fountains playing in the centre, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacocks' pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moors' melodies to the plaintive notes of a guzla, one—it was the only daughter of the Moor's old age, the young Zutulbe, a rosebud of beauty—sat weeping in a corner of the gilded hall, weeping for her slain brethren, the pride of Moslem chivalry, whose heads were blackening in the blazing sunshine on the portals without, and for her father, whose home had been thus made desolate.

He and his guest, the English knight Sir Wilfrid, were playing at chess, a favourite amusement with the chivalry of the period, when a messenger was announced from Valencia, to treat, if possible, for the ransom of the remaining part of the Alfaqui's family. A grim smile lighted up Don Beltran's features as he bade the black slave admit the messenger. He entered. By his costume it was at once seen that the bearer of the flag of truce was a Jew—the



people were employed continually then as ambassadors between the two races at war in Spain.

‘I come,’ said the old Jew (in a voice which made Sir Wilfrid start) ‘from my lord the Alfaqui to my noble señor, the invincible Don Beltran de Cuchilla, to treat for the ransom of the Moor’s only daughter, the child of his old age and the pearl of his affection.’

‘A pearl is a valuable jewel, Hebrew. What does the Moorish dog bid for her?’ asked Don Beltran, still smiling grimly.

‘The Alfaqui offers 100,000 dinars, twenty-four horses with their caparisons, twenty-four suits of plate-armour, and diamonds and rubies to the amount of 1,000,000 dinars.’

‘Ho, slaves!’ roared Don Beltran, ‘show the Jew my treasury of gold. How many hundred thousand pieces are there?’ And ten enormous chests were produced in which the accountant counted 1,000 bags of 1,000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels containing such a treasure of rubies, smaragds, diamonds, and jacinths, as made the eyes of the aged ambassador twinkle with avarice.

‘How many horses are there in my stable?’ continued Don Beltran; and Muley, the master of the horse, numbered three hundred fully caparisoned; and there was, likewise, armour of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

‘I want neither money nor armour,’ said the ferocious knight; ‘tell this to the Alfaqui, Jew. And I will keep the child, his daughter, to serve the messes for my dogs, and clean the platters for my scullions.’

‘Deprive not the old man of his child,’ here interposed the knight of Ivanhoe; ‘bethink thee, brave Don Beltran, she is but an infant in years.’

‘She is my captive, Sir Knight,’ replied the surly Don Beltran; ‘I will do with my own as becomes me.’

‘Take 200,000 dirhems!’ cried the Jew; ‘more!—anything! The Alfaqui will give his life for his child!’

‘Come hither, Zutulbe!—come hither, thou Moorish pearl!’ yelled the ferocious warrior; ‘come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathenese! Hast heard the name of Beltran de Espada y Trabuco?’

‘There were three brothers of that name at Alarcos, and my brothers slew the Christian dogs!’ said the proud

young girl, looking boldly at Don Beltran, who foamed with rage.

'The Moors butchered my mother and her little ones at midnight, in our castle of Murcia,' Beltran said.

'Thy father fled like a craven, as thou didst, Don Beltran!' cried the high-spirited girl.

'By St. Jago, this is too much!' screamed the infuriated nobleman; and the next moment there was a shriek, and the maiden fell to the ground with Don Beltran's dagger in her side.

'Death is better than dishonour!' cried the child, rolling on the bloodstained marble pavement. 'I—I spit upon thee, dog of a Christian!' and with this, and with a savage laugh, she fell back and died.

'Bear back this news, Jew, to the Alfaqui,' howled the Don, spurning the beauteous corpse with his foot. 'I would not have ransomed her for all the gold in Barbary!' And shuddering, the old Jew left the apartment, which Ivanhoe quitted likewise.

When they were in the outer court, the knight said to the Jew, 'Isaac of York, dost thou not know me?' and threw back his hood, and looked at the old man.

The old Jew stared wildly, rushed forward, as if to seize his hand, then started back, trembling convulsively, and clutching his withered hands over his face, said, with a burst of grief, 'Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe!—no, no!—I do not know thee!'

'Holy Mother! what has chanced?' said Ivanhoe, in his turn becoming ghastly pale; 'where is thy daughter—where is Rebecca?'

'Away from me!' said the old Jew, tottering, 'away! Rebecca is—dead!'

When the disinherited knight heard that fatal announcement, he fell to the ground senseless, and was for some days as one perfectly distraught with grief. He took no nourishment and uttered no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his moody silence, and when he came partially to himself again, it was to bid his people to horse, in a hollow voice, and to make a foray against the Moors. Day after day he issued out against these infidels, and did naught but slay and slay. He took no plunder as other knights did, but left that to his followers; he uttered no war-cry, as

was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no quarter, inso-much that the 'silent knight' became the dread of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia, and more fell by his lance than by that of any the most clamorous captain of the troops in arms against them. Thus the tide of battle turned, and the Arab historian, El Makary, recounts how, at the great battle of Al Akab, called by the Spaniards Las Navas, the Christians retrieved their defeat at Alarcos, and absolutely killed half a million of Mahometans. Fifty thousand of these, of course, Don Wilfrid took to his own lance; and it was remarked that the melancholy warrior seemed somewhat more easy in spirits after that famous feat of arms.

CHAPTER VII

THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE

IN a short time the terrible Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe had killed off so many of the Moors, that though those unbelieving miscreants poured continual reinforcements into Spain from Barbary, they could make no head against the Christian forces, and in fact came into battle quite discouraged at the notion of meeting the dreadful silent knight. It was commonly believed amongst them, that the famous Malek Ric, Richard of England, the conqueror of Saladin, had come to life again, and was battling in the Spanish hosts—that this his second life was a charmed one, and his body inaccessible to blow of scimitar or thrust of spear—that after battle he ate the hearts and drank the blood of many young Moors for his supper; a thousand wild legends were told of Ivanhoe, indeed, so that the Morisco warriors came half-vanquished into the field, and fell an easy prey to the Spaniards, who cut away among them without mercy. And although none of the Spanish historians whom I have consulted make mention of Sir Wilfrid as the real author of the numerous triumphs which now graced the arms of the good cause, this is not in the least to be wondered at in a nation that has always been notorious for bragging, and for the non-payment of their debts of gratitude as of their other obligations, and that writes histories of the Peninsular war with the Emperor Napoleon, without making the

slightest mention of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, or of the part taken by BRITISH VALOUR in that transaction. Well, it must be confessed on the other hand that we brag enough of our fathers' feats in those campaigns, but this is not the subject at present under consideration.

- To be brief, Ivanhoe made such short work with the unbelievers, that the monarch of Aragon, King Don Jayme, saw himself speedily enabled to besiege the city of Valencia, the last stronghold which the Moors had in his dominions, and garrisoned by many thousands of those infidels under the command of their King Aboo Abdallah Mahommed, son of Yakoob Almansoor. The Arabian historian El Makary gives a full account of the military precautions taken by Aboo Abdallah to defend his city, but as I do not wish to make a parade of my learning, or to write a costume novel, I shall pretermit any description of the city under its Moorish governors.

Besides the Turks who inhabited it, there dwelt within its walls great store of those of the Hebrew nation, who were always protected by the Moors, during their unbelieving reign in Spain; and who were, as we very well know, the chief physicians, the chief bankers, the chief statesmen, the chief artists and musicians; the chief everything under the Moorish kings. Thus it is not surprising, that the Hebrews, having their money, their liberty, their teeth, their lives, secure under the Mahometan domination, should infinitely prefer it to the Christian sway, beneath which they were liable to be deprived of every one of these benefits.

Among these Hebrews of Valencia, lived a very ancient Israelite—no other than Isaac of York, before mentioned, who came into Spain with his daughter, soon after Ivanhoe's marriage, in the third volume of the first part of this history. Isaac was respected by his people, for the money which he possessed, and his daughter for her admirable good qualities, her beauty, her charities, and her remarkable medical skill.

The young Emir Aboo Abdallah was so struck by her charms, that though she was considerably older than His Highness, he offered to marry her, and install her as Number 1 of his wives,—and Isaac of York would not have objected to the union (for such mixed marriages were not uncommon between the Hebrews and Moors those days),—but Rebecca firmly, but respectfully, declined the proposals

of the Prince, saying, that it was impossible she should unite herself with a man of a creed different to her own.

Although Isaac was, probably, not over well pleased at losing this chance of being father-in-law to a royal highness, yet as he passed among his people for a very strict character, and there were in his family several rabbis of great reputation and severity of conduct, the old gentleman was silenced by this objection of Rebecca's, and the young lady herself applauded by her relatives for her resolute behaviour. She took their congratulations in a very frigid manner, and said, that it was her wish not to marry at all, but to devote herself to the practice of medicine altogether, and to helping the sick and needy of her people. Indeed, although she did not go to any public meetings, she was as benevolent a creature as the world ever saw : the poor blessed her, wherever they knew her, and many benefited by her who guessed not whence her gentle bounty came.¹

But there are men in Jewry who admire beauty, and as I have even heard, appreciate money too, and Rebecca had such a quantity of both, that all the most desirable bachelors of the people were ready to bid for her. Ambassadors came from all quarters to propose for her. Her own uncle, the venerable Ben Solomons, with a beard as long as a Cashmere goat, and a reputation for learning and piety which still lives in his nation, quarrelled with his son Moses, the red-haired diamond merchant of Trebizond, and his son Simeon, the bald bill-broker of Bagdad, each putting in a claim for their cousin. Ben Minories came from London, and knelt at her feet : Ben Jochanan arrived from Paris, and thought to dazzle her with the latest waistcoats from the Palais Royal : and Ben Jonah brought her a present of Dutch herrings, and besought her to come back, and be Mrs. Ben Jonah at the Hague.

Rebecca temporized as best she might. She thought her uncle was too old. She besought dear Moses and dear Simeon not to quarrel with each other, and offend their father by pressing their suit. Ben Minories, from London, she said was too young, and Jochanan from Paris, she pointed out to Isaac of York, must be a spendthrift, or he

¹ [Though I am writing but a Christmas farce, I hope the kind-hearted reader will excuse me for saying that I am thinking of the beautiful life and death of Adelaide the Queen.]—Note in 1850 edition, omitted in the *Miscellanies*.

would not wear those absurd waistcoats. As for Ben Jonah, she said she could not bear the notion of tobacco and Dutch herrings—she wished to stay with her papa, her dear papa. In fine, she invented a thousand excuses for delay, and it was plain that marriage was odious to her. The only man whom she received with anything like favour, was young Bevis Marks, of London, with whom she was very familiar. But Bevis had come to her with a certain token that had been given to him by an English knight who saved him from a faggot to which the ferocious Hospitaller Folko of Heydenbraten was about to condemn him. It was but a ring, with an emerald in it, that Bevis knew to be sham, and not worth a groat. Rebecca knew about the value of jewels too; but, ah! she valued this one more than all the diamonds in Prester John's turban. She kissed it; she cried over it; she wore it in her bosom always; and when she knelt down at night and morning, she held it between her folded hands on her neck. . . . Young Bevis Marks went away finally no better off than the others; the rascal sold to the King of France a handsome ruby, the very size of the bit of glass in Rebecca's ring; but he always said, he would rather have had her, than ten thousand pounds, and very likely he would, for it was known she would at once have a plum to her fortune.

These delays, however, could not continue for ever; and at a great family meeting held at Passover time, Rebecca was solemnly ordered to choose a husband out of the gentlemen there present; her aunts pointing out the great kindness which had been shown to her by her father, in permitting her to choose for herself. One aunt was of the Solomon faction, another aunt took Simeon's side, a third most venerable old lady, the head of the family, and a hundred and forty-four years of age, was ready to pronounce a curse upon her, and cast her out, unless she married before the month was over. All the jewelled heads of all the old ladies in council, all the beards of all the family wagged against her—it must have been an awful sight to witness.

At last, then, Rebecca was forced to speak. 'Kinsmen!' she said, turning pale, 'when the Prince Abou Abdil asked me in marriage, I told you I would not wed but with one of my own faith.'

'She has turned Turk,' screamed out the ladies. 'She

wants to be a princess, and has turned Turk,' roared the rabbis.

'Well, well,' said Isaac, in rather an appeased tone, 'let us hear what the poor girl has got to say. Do you want to marry his royal highness, Rebecca, say the word, yes or no?'

Another groan burst from the rabbis—they cried, shrieked, chattered, gesticulated, furious to lose such a prize, as were the women, that she should reign over them, a second Esther.

'Silence,' cried out Isaac; 'let the girl speak—speak boldly, Rebecca, dear, there's a good girl.'

Rebecca was as pale as a stone. She folded her arms on her breast, and felt the ring there. She looked round all the assembly, and then at Isaac. 'Father,' she said, in a thrilling low steady voice, 'I am not of your religion—I am not of the Prince Boabdil's religion—I—I am of *his* religion.'

'His—whose? in the name of Moses, girl,' cried Isaac.

Rebecca clasped her hands on her beating chest, and looked round with dauntless eyes,—'Of his,' she said, 'who saved my life and your honour, of my dear, dear champion's,—I never can be his, but I will be no other's. Give my money to my kinsmen; it is that they long for. Take the dross, Simeon and Solomon, Jonah and Jochanan, and divide it among you, and leave me. I will never be yours, I tell you, never. Do you think, after knowing him and hearing him speak,—after watching him wounded on his pillow, and glorious in battle' (her eyes melted and kindled again as she spoke these words), 'I can mate with such as *you*? Go. Leave me to myself. I am none of yours. I love him, I love him. Fate divides us—long, long miles separate us; and I know we may never meet again. But I love and bless him always. Yes, always. My prayers are his; my faith is his. Yes, my faith is your faith, Wilfrid, Wilfrid! I have no kindred more,—I am a Christian.'

At this last word there was such a row in the assembly, as my feeble pen would in vain endeavour to depict. Old Isaac staggered back in a fit, and nobody took the least notice of him. Groans, curses, yells of men, shrieks of women, filled the room with such a furious jabbering, as might have appalled any heart less stout than Rebecca's; but that brave woman was prepared for all, expecting, and perhaps hoping, that death would be her instant lot. There was but one creature who pitied her, and that was her

cousin and father's clerk, little Ben Davids, who was but thirteen, and had only just begun to carry a bag, and whose crying and boo-hooing as she finished speaking, was drowned in the screams and maledictions of the elder Israelites. Ben Davids was madly in love with his cousin (as boys often are with ladies of twice their age), and he had presence of mind suddenly to knock over the large brazen lamp on the table, which illuminated the angry conclave, and whispering to Rebecca to go up to her own room and lock herself in, or they would kill her else, he took her hand and led her out.

From that day she disappeared from among her people. The poor and the wretched missed her, and asked for her in vain. Had any violence been done to her, the poorer Jews would have risen and put all Isaac's family to death; and besides, her old flame, Prince Boabdil, would have also been exceedingly wrathful. She was not killed then, but, so to speak, buried alive, and locked up in Isaac's back kitchen; an apartment into which scarcely any light entered, and where she was fed upon scanty portions of the most mouldy bread and water. Little Ben Davids was the only person who visited her, and her sole consolation was to talk to him about *Ivanhoe*, and how good and how gentle he was, how brave and how true; and how he slew the tremendous knight of the Templars, and how he married a lady whom Rebecca scarcely thought worthy of him, but with whom she prayed he might be happy; and of what colour his eyes were, and what were the arms on his shield, viz. a tree with the word 'Desdichado' written underneath, &c. &c. &c.; all which talk would not have interested little Davids, had it come from anybody else's mouth, but to which he never tired of listening as it fell from her sweet lips.

So, in fact, when old Isaac of York came to negotiate with Don Beltran de Cuchilla for the ransom of the *Alfaqui's* daughter of Xixona, our dearest Rebecca was no more dead than you and I; and it was in his rage and fury against *Ivanhoe* that Isaac told that cavalier the falsehood which caused the knight so much pain and such a prodigious deal of bloodshed to the Moors; and who knows, trivial as it may seem, whether it was not that very circumstance which caused the destruction in Spain of the Moorish power?

Although Isaac, we may be sure, never told his daughter that *Ivanhoe* had cast up again, yet Master Ben Davids did,

who heard it from his employer ; and he saved Rebecca's life by communicating the intelligence, for the poor thing would have infallibly perished but for this good news. She had now been in prison four years three months and twenty-four days, during which time she had partaken of nothing but bread and water (except such occasional tit-bits as Davids could bring her, and these were few indeed, for old Isaac was always a curmudgeon and seldom had more than a pair of eggs for his own and Davids's dinner) ; and she was languishing away when the news came suddenly to revive her. Then, though in the darkness you could not see her cheeks, they began to bloom again : then her heart began to beat and her blood to flow, and she kissed the ring on her neck a thousand times a day at least ; and her constant question was, ' Ben Davids ! Ben Davids ! when is he coming to besiege Valencia ? ' She knew he would come, and, indeed, the Christians were encamped before the town ere a month was over.

And now my dear boys and girls I think I perceive behind that dark scene of the back-kitchen (which is just a simple flat, painted stone-colour, that shifts in a minute) bright streaks of light flashing out, as though they were preparing a most brilliant, gorgeous, and altogether dazzling illumination, with effects never before attempted on any stage. Yes, the fairy in the pretty pink tights and spangled muslin, is getting into the brilliant revolving chariot of the realms of bliss.—Yes, most of the fiddlers and trumpeters have gone round from the orchestra to join in the grand triumphal procession, where the whole strength of the company is already assembled, arrayed in costumes of Moorish and Christian chivalry, to celebrate the ' Terrible Escalade ', the ' Rescue of Virtuous Innocence '—the ' Grand Entry of the Christians into Valencia '—' Appearance of the Fairy Day-Star,' and ' unexampled displays of pyrotechnic festivity '. Do you not, I say, perceive that we are come to the end of our history ; and, after a quantity of rapid and terrific fighting, brilliant change of scenery, and songs, appropriate or otherwise, are bringing our hero and heroine together ? Who wants a long scene at the last ? Mammias are putting the girls' cloaks and boas on—Papas have gone out to look for the carriage, and left the box-door swinging open, and letting in the cold air—if there *were* any stage-conversation,

you could not hear it, for the scuffling of the people who are leaving the pit. See, the orange-women are preparing to retire. To-morrow their play-bills will be as so much waste-paper—so will some of our master-pieces, woe is me—but lo! here we come to Scene the last, and Valencia is besieged and captured by the Christians.

Who is the first on the wall, and who hurls down the green standard of the Prophet? Who chops off the head of the Emir Abou What-d'ye-call 'em just as the latter has cut over the cruel Don Beltran de Cuchilla y &c.? Who, attracted to the Jewish quarter by the shrieks of the inhabitants who are being slain by the Moorish soldiery, and by a little boy by the name of Ben Davids, who recognizes the knight by his shield, finds Isaac of York *égorgé* on a threshold and clasping a large back-kitchen key? Who but Ivanhoe—who but Wilfrid? 'An Ivanhoe to the rescue,' he bellows out: he has heard that news from little Ben Davids which makes him sing. And who is it that comes out of the house—trembling—panting—with her arms out—in a white dress—with her hair down—who is it but dear Rebecca! Look, they rush together, and Master Wamba is waving an immense banner over them, and knocks down a circumambient Jew with a ham, which he happens to have in his pocket. . . . As for Rebecca, now her head is laid upon Ivanhoe's heart, I shall not ask to hear what she is whispering; or describe further that scene of meeting, though I declare I am quite affected when I think of it. Indeed I have thought of it any time these five-and-twenty years—ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels—ever since the day when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays, the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me—ever since I grew to love Rebecca, that sweetest creature of the poet's fancy, and longed to see her righted.

That she and Ivanhoe were married follows of course; for Rowena's promise extorted from him was, that he would never wed a Jewess, and a better Christian than Rebecca now was never said her Catechism. Married I am sure they were, and adopted little Cedric; but I don't think they had any other children, or were subsequently very boisterously happy. Of some sort of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair, and died rather early.

LATER MINOR PAPERS

[1849-1861]

AN INTERESTING EVENT

BY MR. TITMARSH

[*The Keepsake*, 1849.]

SITTING the other day alone at dinner at the club, and at the next table to Smith, who was in conversation with his friend Jones, I could not but overhear their colloquy, or, rather, Mr. Smith's communication to his friend. As, after all, it betrays no secrets of private life; as his adventure, such as it is, may happen to any one of us; and as, above all, the story is not in the least moral or instructive, I took the liberty of writing it down, as follows:—

'I could not go to that dinner at the Topham Sawyers,' Smith remarked, 'where you met the Duke, and where Beaumaris sat next to Miss Henrica Hays (whom I certainly should have manœuvred to hand down to dinner, and of course should have had as good a chance as Bo of proposing for her, of being accepted, and getting a wife notoriously consumptive, and with six thousand a year)—I could not go to the Topham Sawyers, because I had accepted an invitation to dine with my old schoolfellow Budgeon. He lives near Hyde Park Gardens, in the Tyburn quarter. He does not give dinners often, and I make it a point, when I have said I will go to a man—dammy, sir, I make it a point not to throw him over.'

Jones here remarked that the wine was with Smith, which statement the other acknowledged by filling up a bumper, and then resumed:—

'I knew that the Budgeons had asked a large party, and, indeed, all their crack people; for I had seen Mrs. Budgeon in the Park the day before, driving by the Serpentine in her open carriage, and looking uncommonly interesting. She had her best folks,—she mentioned them; nor did I forget to let her know that I was myself invited to the Topham Sawyers on the same day,—for there is no use in making your-

self too cheap ; and if you *do* move about in a decent circle, Jones, my boy, I advise you to let your friends know it.'

Jones observed that he thought the claret was corked, and the filberts were fine. Smith continued :—

' I do not always array myself in a white neckcloth and waistcoat to go to dinner, Jones ; but I think it is right on grand days to do so—I think it's right. Well, sir, I put myself into my very best fig, embroidered shirt, white waistcoat, turquoise buttons, white stockings, and that sort of thing, and set out for Budgeon's at a quarter to eight. I dressed here at the club. My fool of a servant had not brought me any white gloves, though ; so I was obliged to buy a pair for three and sixpence, as we drove by Houbigant's.

' I recollect it was the thirty-first of June, and, as a matter of course it was pouring with rain. By the way, do you *bake* your white neckcloths in damp weather, Jones ? It's the only way to keep 'em right.'

Jones said he thought this was a better bottle than the last.

' I drove up, sir, to Budgeon's door at Hyde Park Gardens, and of course had a row with the scoundrelly cabman about his fare. I gave him eighteenpence ; he said a gentleman would have given him half a crown. " Confound your impudence, sir ! " said I. " Vell," said the impudent brute, " vell, I never said you vos one." And at this moment Budgeon's door was opened by Cobb, his butler. Cobb was still in pepper-and-salt trousers, which surprised me. He looked rather dubiously at me in the cab.

" Am I late ? " says I.

" No, sir ; only—you haven't got your note ? But my master will see *you*, sir. You stop here, cab.'

' And quitting the vehicle, of which the discontented rascal of a driver still persisted in saying, that " a gentleman would gimmy 'alf a crownd", I entered Mr. Budgeon's house, splashing my white stockings in the mud as I went in, to the accompaniment of a hee-haw from the brute on the cab-box. The familiarity of the people, sir, is disgusting.

' I was troubled as I entered. The two *battants* of the hall door were not cast open ; the fellows in black were not there to bawl out your name up the stairs ; there was only Cobb, in a dirty Marsella waistcoat, jingling his watch-chain.

" Good heavens, Cobb ! " says I—for I was devilish

hungry—"what has happened?" And I began to think (for I have heard Budgeon is rather shaky) that there was an execution in the house.

"Missis, sir—little girl, sir—about thrée o'clock, sir—master will see you.—Mr. Smith, sir." And with these words Cobb ushered me into the dining-room, where Budgeon sat alone.

'There was not the least preparation for a grand dinner, as you may suppose. It is true that a soiled and crumpled bit of old tablecloth was spread at one corner of the table, with *one* knife and fork laid; but the main portion of the mahogany was only covered with its usual green baize; and Budgeon sat at a farther end in his dressing-gown, and writing letter after letter. They are a very numerous family. She was a Miss Walkinghame,—one of the Wiltshire Walkinghames. You know her name is Fanny Decima, and I don't know how far the teens in the family went. Budgeon has five sisters himself, and he was firing off notes to all these amiable relatives when I came in. They were all, as you may suppose, pretty much to the same effect:—

"MY DEAR MARIA (or Eliza or Louisa, according to circumstances),—I write a hasty line to say that our dear Fanny has just made me a present of a fifth little girl. Dr. Bloxam is with her, and I have the happiness to say that they are both doing perfectly well. With best regards to Hickson (or Thompson, or Jackson, as the case and the brother-in-law may be),

"I am, my dear, etc., affectionately yours,

"LEONARD BUDGEON."

'Twenty-three of these letters to relatives, besides thirty-eight to put off the dinner and evening party, Budgeon had written; and he bragged about it as if he had done a great feat. For my part, I thought, with rage, that the Topham Sawyers' dinner was coming off at that minute, and that I might have been present but for this disagreeable *contre-temps*.

"You're come in time to wish me joy!" says Budgeon, looking up from his *paperasses* in a piteous tone and manner.

"Joy, indeed," says I. In fact, I wished him at Bath.

"I'm so accustomed to this sort of thing," said he, "that I'm no longer excited by it at all. You'll stay and dine with me, now you're come."

'I looked daggers at him! "I might have dined at the Topham Sawyers," I said, "but for this sudden arrival."

“What is there for dinner, Cobb? You’ll lay a cover for Mr. Smith.”

Cobb looked grave. “The cook is gone to fetch Mrs. Walkingham. I’ve kep’ the cab, to go to Queen Charlotte’s Hospital for—for the nuss. Buttons is gone out with the notes, sir. The young ladies’ maid has took them to their haunt Codger’s; the other female servants is busy upstairs with missis, sir.”

“Do you mean there’s no dinner?” cries Budgeon, looking as if he was relieved, though. “Well, I have written the notes. Bloxam says my wife is on no account to be disturbed: and I tell you what, Smith, you shall give me a dinner at the club.”

“Very good,” I growled out; although it is deuced hard to be obliged to give a dinner when you have actually refused the Topham Sawyers. And Cobb, going up to his master’s dressing-room, returned thence with the coat, hat, and umbrella with which that gentleman usually walks abroad.

“Come along,” said I, with the best grace; and we were both going out accordingly, when suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Wake, Mrs. Budgeon’s maid, who has been with her ever since she was born, made her appearance.

“A man who has in his house a lady’s maid who has been with his wife ever since she was born, has probably two tyrants, certainly one, over him. I would not take a girl with ten thousand a year and a maid who has been with her from the nursery. If your wife is not jealous of you, that woman is. If your wife does not know when you slip in from the club after midnight, that woman is awake, depend upon it, and hears you go upstairs. If, under pretence of a long debate in the House of Commons, you happen to go to Greenwich with a bachelor party, that woman finds the Trafalgar bill in your pocket, and, somehow, hears of your escapade. You fancy yourself very independent, and unobserved, and that you carry on, you rogue! quite snugly and quietly through life. Fool! you are environed by spies, and circumvented by occult tyrants. Your friends’ servants and your own know all that you do. Your wife’s maid has intelligences with all the confidential females and males of your circle. You are pursued by detectives in plain (some in second-hand) clothes, and your secrets are as open to them as the area-gate by which

they enter your house. Budgeon's eye quailed before that severe light-blue one which hawk-beaked Mrs. Wake fixed upon him.

"You're not a-going out, sir?" said that woman, in a cracked voice.

"Why, Wake, I was going to—to dine at the club with Mr. Smith; that's all,—with Mr. Smith, you know;" and so, of course, *I* was dragged in.

"I'll tell my missis, sir, that Mr. Smith wished to take you away; though I'm sure he didn't know her situation, and a blessed baby born only five hours, and the medical man in the house."

"Hang it!" says I, "I never asked—I—that is——"

"Oh! I dessay, sir, it was master as ast hisself," Mrs. Wake answered. "And my poor missis upstairs, and I've been with her ever since she was born, and took her from the month,—that I did, and *I* won't desert her now. But I won't answer for her life, for Doctor Bloxam won't, if master should go out now, as you are a-goin' to, sir."

"Good heavens, Wake! why shouldn't I? There's no dinner for me. You turned me out of Mrs. Budgeon's room when I went upstairs, and ordered me not to come up again."

"She's not to be disturbed on no account, sir. The dear suffering think," Mrs. Wake said. "Her *mar* is coming, and will soon be year, that's one comfort, and will keep you company."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Walkinghame," Budgeon ruefully said. "Where is she to sleep, Wake?"

"In the best bedroom, sir, in coarse, in the yellow room, sir," Wake answered.

"And—and where am I to go?" asked the gentleman.

"Your things is halready brought down into the study, and you're to sleep on the sofy and harm-chair, of course, sir," the other said.

Budgeon, now, is a very stout, bulky little man, the "sofy" is only a rout-seat, and the arm-chair is what you call a Glastonbury—an oak-chair ornamented with middle-age gimcracks, and about as easy as Edward the Confessor's fauteuil in Westminster Abbey. I pictured the wretch to myself, stretched out on a couch which a fakeer or a hermit would find hard to lie on.

"Oh, thank you!" was all the cowed slave could say; and I saw at once, from his behaviour to that supercilious

female, and the bewildered obedience which he appeared to bestow on her, that there was some secret between them which rendered the domestic the mistress of her employer. I wonder what it could have been, Jones ? She had read private letters out of his waistcoat pocket, very likely. At any rate, my dear fellow, when you marry, take care to have no secrets, or of submitting to an inquisitor over you in the shape of a lady's maid.'

Jones (who, by the way, is not, I should say, a man of much conversational power) just thanked Smith to pass the bottle ; and the latter resumed his harrowing narrative.

'As we were conversing in the above manner, there came a banging knock at the door,—one of those coarse, vulgar, furious peals which a cabman, imitating a footman, endeavours to perform. We all started guiltily as we heard it. It was most likely some outlying guest, who, like myself, had not received his note of excuse, and had come forth to partake of Budgeon's most Barmecidal entertainment.

'“And you haven't even a-tied up the knocker ?” said Mrs. Wake, with a look of withering scorn. The knocker had slipped his memory, Budgeon owned. At which the maid said, “Of course.” Of course she said “Of course”.

'Now Mrs. Wake, looking savagely round her and round the room, saw on the table my Gibus' hat, which I had set down there, and in it my brand-new white kid gloves, that I had bought at Houbigant's for three-and-sixpence. A savage satisfaction lighted up her eyes as she viewed them, and diving down into her pocket, and producing thence a piece of string, this fiend in human shape seized hold of my gloves with a sarcastic apology, and said she was sure I would have no objection to her tying up the knocker with them, and preventing her missis from being knocked to death. So she sailed out of the room, with my three-and-sixpence in her hands, and being a tall, bony woman, who could reach up to the knockers without difficulty, she had each of them soon muffled up in a beautiful white French kid, No. 8½.

'“You see how it is, old boy,” Budgeon dismally said. “Fanny doesn't like my leaving the house ; and in her delicate condition, of course, we must humour her. I must come and dine with you some other day. We have plenty of time before us, you know. And to-night I must stop

and receive my mother-in-law and take a mutton-chop at home."

"Take a mutton-chop at home, indeed!" The wretched man little knew what truth he was telling there; for I give you my honour, sir, five minutes afterwards, Mrs. Wake, having finished tying up the door with my gloves, and all the other servants of the house being absent upon various errands connected with the interesting occasion, she re-appeared amongst us, holding an uncovered dish, on which there were two cold mutton-chops left from the children's dinner! And I left the unhappy man to eat these, and went away to devour my own chagrin.

'It was pouring with rain, sir, as I went down the street. There are no cabs within a mile of Hyde Park Gardens; and I was soon wet through, and my shirt-front and cravat all rumped with rain; otherwise, I might have gone into a tavern and dined, and slipped into the Topham Sawyers in the evening. But I was too great a figure for that; and I was forced, positively, to come back to this club to take my morning clothes out of the bag, and reassume them, and to dine here at my own charge, after having refused one of the best dinners in London.'

'Is that all, old boy?' Jones asked.

'All! no, it isn't all!' said Smith, with a horrid shriek of laughter. 'Look here, sir,' and he pulled out a note, which he read, and which was to the following effect:—

'DEAR SMITH,—You were the first person in the house after an interesting event occurred there, and Fanny and I have agreed that you must be godfather to our little stranger. Both are doing very well, and your little god-daughter elect is pronounced by the authorities to be the prettiest and largest child ever seen of her age.

'Mrs. Walkinghame is still with us, and Wake allows me to go out sometimes. When will you give me the dinner you promised me at the Megatherium? We might go to Vauxhall afterwards, where Van Amburgh, I am told, is very interesting and worth seeing.

'Yours ever, dear Smith,

'LEONARD BUDGEON.'

'There, sir,' cried Smith, 'isn't that enough to try any man's patience? Just tot up what that "interesting event" has cost me—not the dinner to Budgeon, who is a good fellow, and I don't grudge it to him—but the rest. Cabs, four shillings; gloves three-and-six; Henrica Hays, whom

I might have had with two hundred thousand pounds ; and add to this a silver mug or a papboat, which will cost me four or five pound, and a couple of guineas to that vixen of a Mrs. Wake ;—and all coming from an interesting event.'

'Suppose we have coffee ?' Jones remarked. And as I could not listen decently any more to their conversation, I laid down the newspaper and walked away.

THE DIGNITY OF LITERATURE

[*Morning Chronicle*, January 12, 1850.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MORNING CHRONICLE.'

SIR,

In a leading article of your journal of Thursday, the 3rd instant, you commented upon literary pensions and the status of literary men in this country, and illustrated your argument by extracts from the story of *Pendennis*, at present in course of publication. You have received my writings with so much kindness, that, if you have occasion to disapprove of them or the author, I can't question your right to blame me, or doubt for a moment the friendliness and honesty of my critic; and, however I might dispute the justice of your verdict in my case, I had proposed to submit to it in silence, being, indeed, very quiet in my conscience with regard to the charge made against me.

But another newspaper of high character and repute takes occasion to question the principles advocated in your article of Thursday; arguing in favour of pensions for literary persons, as you argued against them; and the only point upon which the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* appear to agree unluckily regards myself, who am offered up to general reprehension in two leading articles by the two writers: by the latter, for 'fostering a baneful prejudice' against literary men; by the former, for 'stooping to flatter' this prejudice in the public mind, and 'condescending to caricature (as is too often my habit) my literary fellow labourers in order to pay court to the non-literary class'.

The charges of the *Examiner* against a man who has never, to his knowledge, been ashamed of his profession, or (except for its dullness) of any single line from his pen—grave as they are, are, I hope, not proven. 'To stoop to flatter' any class is a novel accusation brought against my writings; and as for my scheme 'to pay court to the non-

literary class by disparaging my literary fellow labourers,' it is a design which would exhibit a degree not only of baseness but of folly upon my part of which, I trust, I am not capable. The editor of the *Examiner* may, perhaps, occasionally write, like other authors, in a hurry, and not be aware of the conclusions to which some of his sentences may lead. If I stoop to flatter anybody's prejudice for some interested motives of my own, I am no more nor less than a rogue and a cheat; which deductions from the *Examiner's* premisses I will not stoop to contradict, because the premisses themselves are simply absurd.

I deny that the considerable body of our countrymen described by the *Examiner* as 'the non-literary class' has the least gratification in witnessing the degradation or disparagement of literary men. Why accuse 'the non-literary class' of being so ungrateful? If the writings of an author give a reader pleasure or profit, surely the latter will have a favourable opinion of the person who so benefits him. What intelligent man, of what political views, would not receive with respect and welcome that writer of the *Examiner* of whom your paper once said that 'he made all England laugh and think'? Who would deny to that brilliant wit, that polished satirist, his just tribute of respect and admiration? Does any man who has written a book worth reading—any poet, historian, novelist, man of science—lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause—money, perhaps? all good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded as they are honestly won. That generous faith in men of letters, that kindly regard in which the whole reading nation holds them, appear to me to be so clearly shown in our country every day that to question them would be as absurd as, permit me to say for my part, it would be ungrateful. What is it that fills mechanics' institutes in the great provincial towns when literary men are invited to attend their festivals? Has not every literary man of mark his friends and his circle, his hundreds or his tens of thousands of readers? And has not every one had from these constant and affecting testimonials of the esteem in which they hold him? It is of course one writer's lot, from the nature of his subject or of his genius, to command the sympathies or awaken the curiosity of many more readers than shall

choose to listen to another author ; but surely all get their hearing. The literary profession is not held in disrepute ; nobody wants to disparage it ; no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it. On the contrary ; the pen gives a place in the world to men who had none before—a fair place fairly achieved by their genius ; as any other degree of eminence is by any other kind of merit. Literary men need not, as it seems to me, be in the least querulous about their position any more, or want the pity of anybody. The money-prizes which the chief among them get are not so high as those which fall to men of other callings—to bishops, or to judges, or to opera-singers and actors ; nor have they received stars and garters as yet, or peerages and governorships of islands, such as fall to the lot of military officers. The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard : for one man spends a life of learning and labour on a book which does not pay the printer's bill ; and another gets a little fortune by a few light volumes. But, putting the money out of the question, I believe that the social estimation of the man of letters is as good as it deserves to be, and as good as that of any other professional man.

With respect to the question in debate between you and the *Examiner* as to the propriety of public rewards and honours for literary men, I don't see why men of letters should not very cheerfully coincide with Mr. *Examiner* in accepting all the honours, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much ; and if it is the custom of the State to reward by money, or titles of honour, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service ; and if individuals are gratified by having 'Sir' or 'My lord' appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are ; there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword ; or why, if honour and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government ; nor surely need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every

European State but ours rewards its men of letters ; the American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage ; and if Americans, why not Englishmen ? If Pitt Crawley is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel, if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K.C.B., and his wife at being denominated my Lady O'Dowd ; are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be a sin in them to covet honour ?

And now, with regard to the charge against myself of fostering baneful prejudices against our calling—to which I no more plead guilty than I should think Fielding would have done if he had been accused of a design to bring the Church into contempt by describing Parson Trulliber—permit me to say, that before you deliver sentence it would be as well if you had waited to hear the whole of the argument. Who knows what is coming in the future numbers of the work which has incurred your displeasure and the *Examiner's*, and whether you, in accusing me of prejudice, and the *Examiner* (alas !) of swindling and flattering the public, have not been premature ? Time and the hour may solve this mystery, for which the candid reader is referred 'to our next'.

That I have a prejudice against running into debt, and drunkenness, and disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own ; and that I like to have a laugh at those pretenders in it who write confidential news about fashion and politics for provincial *gobemouches* ; but I am not aware of feeling any malice in describing this weakness, or of doing anything wrong in exposing the former vices. Have they never existed amongst literary men ? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius ? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint in the descriptions against which you protest, was, that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family and to pay his tradesmen. Nor is the picture I have drawn 'a caricature which I condescend to', any more than it is a wilful and insidious design on my part to flatter 'the non-literary class'. If it be a caricature, it is the result of a natural perversity of vision, not of an artful desire to mislead ; but my attempt was to tell the truth,

and I meant to tell it not unkindly. I have seen the bookseller whom Bludyer robbed of his books; I have carried money, and from a noble brother man-of-letters, to some one not unlike Shandon in prison, and have watched the beautiful devotion of his wife in that dreary place. Why are these things not to be described, if they illustrate, as they appear to me to do, that strange and awful struggle of good and wrong which takes place in our hearts and in the world? It may be that I worked out my moral ill, or it may be possibly that the critic of the *Examiner* fails in apprehension. My efforts as an artist come perfectly within his province as a censor; but when Mr. *Examiner* says of a gentleman that he is 'stooping to flatter a public prejudice', which public prejudice does not exist, I submit that he makes a charge which is as absurd as it is unjust; and am thankful that it repels itself.

And, instead of accusing the public of persecuting and disparaging us as a class, it seems to me that men of letters had best silently assume that they are as good as any other gentlemen; nor raise piteous controversies upon a question which all people of sense must take to be settled. If I sit at your table, I suppose that I am my neighbour's equal, as that he is mine. If I begin straightway with a protest of 'Sir, I am a literary man, but I would have you to know I am as good as you', which of us is it that questions the dignity of the literary profession—my neighbour, who would like to eat his soup in quiet, or the man of letters who commences the argument? And I hope that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident, and another as a parasite, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honour at heart. If there are no spendthrifts or parasites amongst us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the Bar felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dunup's notorious state of insolvency, or that the picture of Stiggins, in *Pickwick*, was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of 'Quirk, Gammon, and Snap': are we to be passed over because we are faultless, or because we cannot afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual—if every

bad figure is to have its obliged contrast of a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck—novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural; and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions.

Believe me, Sir, to be

Your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

REFORM CLUB, January 8, 1850.

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES

[*Morning Chronicle*, April 12, 1850.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MORNING CHRONICLE.'

SIR,

I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked, 'Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers.' 'Bedad, it's capers I mane!' the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger remarked, and instantly apologized in the handsomest terms for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks; the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers and an Irish Member of Parliament in his place in the Rotunda have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish papers sent to me by friends; and one of them who is most active in my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent upon cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself. It is these, while it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal to-morrow morning, you may probably be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in *Fraser's Magazine*, called *Catherine*, and founded upon the history of the murderess Catherine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste then prevalent for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal, and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horridly immoral. When the public went on reading the work which I had intended to ridicule, *Catherine* was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the last number of the story of *Pendennis* (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers—Bluebeard, George Barnwell, Catherine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends—meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Mrs. Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady, now acting at Her Majesty's Theatre. I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it was, with quite a different person; and never for a single instant, I declare upon my word of honour, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in *Pendennis* my tribulations begin, and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. 'Vindex' writes to the *Freeman's Journal*, saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with murderers and cut-throats—whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. The *Freeman's Journal*, in language intelligible always, if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am 'the Big Blubberman', 'the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public', that I am guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault, and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but did not succeed. The *Freeman* adds, in a concluding paragraph, that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of the *Freeman's* accomplished countrywoman; and that if I have 'this very simple

and complete defence to make, I shall hasten to offer it'. I don't take in the *Freeman's Journal*—I am not likely to be very anxious about reading it; but the *Freeman* never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend; and, calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

The *Mail*, assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the incriminated sentence thus: 'its brutality is so far neutralized by its absurdity as to render it utterly harmless.' No. 2.

No. 3. The *Packet*, speaking on the judgement of both of its contemporaries, says admirably:—

'This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we would have expected from our brethren of the Irish press, and will be no doubt a source of gratification to Miss Hayes. But . . . we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the "incredibly gross act" of associating our pure and amiable Catherine with the murderers and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically'—and then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catherine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes, lest some Saxon should kick me.

Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man—could any man out of Ireland—invent such an argument as the last? It stands thus—

1. I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured, Miss Hayes.

2. The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and, no doubt, have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady! She is to be gratified by seeing a man belaboured, who never thought of her or meant her a wrong.

3. But if I *had* injured Miss Hayes, many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency—that is, capers not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me—and if capers *had* been anchovies, I should richly have merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge except in Ireland,

believing that it must be painful to the young lady whose name has been most innocently and unfortunately brought forward ; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and that there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honour then to Miss Hayes, that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so ; and I need not tell any gentleman—what gentleman would question me ? that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

GARRICK CLUB, April 11, 1850.

VOLTIGEUR

[*The Keepsake*, 1851.]

THERE arose out of the last Epsom races a little family perplexity, whereon the owner of Voltigeur little speculated: and as out of this apparently trivial circumstance a profound and useful moral may be drawn, to be applied by the polite reader; and as Epsom races will infallibly happen next year, and I dare say for many succeeding generations; perhaps the moral which this brief story points had better be printed upon Dorling's next 'Correct Card,' as a warning to future patrons and patronesses of the turf.

The moral, then,—this text of our sermon is, NEVER—But we will keep the moral, if you please, for the end of the fable.

It happened, then, that among the parties who were collected on the Hill to see the race, the carriage of a gentleman, whom we shall call Sir Joseph Raikes, occupied a commanding position, and attracted a great deal of attention amongst the gentlemen sportsmen. Those bucks upon the ground who were not acquainted with the fair occupant of that carriage—as indeed how should many thousands of them be?—some being shabby bucks; some being vulgar bucks; some being hot and unpleasant bucks, smoking bad cigars, and only staring into Lady Raikes's carriage by that right which allows one Briton to look at another Briton, and a cat to look at a king;—of those bucks, I say, who, not knowing Lady Raikes, yet came and looked at her, there was scarce one that did not admire her, and envy the lucky rogue her husband. Of those ladies who, in their walks from their own vehicles, passed her ladyship's, there was scarce one lady who did not say:—'Is that all? Is that the beauty you are all talking about so much? She is overrated; she looks stupid; she is overdressed; she squints;' and so forth; while some of the men who *did* happen to have the honour of an acquaintance

with Lady Raikes and her husband (and many a man, who had thought Raikes rather stupid in his bachelor days, was glad enough to know him now), each as he came to the carriage, and partook of the excellent luncheon provided there, had the most fascinating grins and ogles for the lady, and the most triumphant glances for all the rest of the world,—glances which seemed to say : ‘ Look, you rascals, I know Lady Raikes ; you don’t know Lady Raikes. I can drink a glass of champagne to Lady Raikes’s health. What would you give, you dog, to have such a sweet smile from Lady Raikes ? Did you ever see such eyes ? did you ever see such a complexion ? did you ever see such a killing pink dress, and such a dear little delightfully carved ivory parasol ? ’—Raikes had it carved for her last year at Baden, when they were on their wedding-trip. It has their coats-of-arms and their ciphers intertwined elegantly round the stalk—a J and a Z ; her name is Zuleika : before she married she was Zuleika Trotter. Her elder sister, Medora, married Lord T-mn-ddy ; her younger, Haidee, is engaged to the eldest son of the second son of a noble D-ke. The Trotters are of a good family. Dolly Trotter, Zuleika’s brother, was in the same regiment (and that, I need not say, an extremely heavy one) with Sir Joseph Raikes.

He did not call himself Joseph then : quite the contrary. Larkyn Raikes, before his marriage, was one of the wildest and most irregular of our British youth. Let us not allude—he would blush to hear them—to the particulars of his past career. He turned away his servant for screwing up one of the knockers which he had removed during the period of his own bachelorhood, from an eminent physician’s house in Savile Row, on the housekeeper’s door in Larkyn Hall. There are whole hampers of those knockers stowed away somewhere, and snuff-taking Highlanders, and tin hats, and black boys,—the trophies of his youth, which Raikes would like to send back to their owners, did he know them ; and when he carried off these spoils of war he was not always likely to know. When he goes to the Bayonet and Anchor Club now (and he dined there twice during Lady Raikes’s . . . , in fine, when there was no dinner at home) the butler brings him a half-pint of sherry and a large bottle of seltzer-water, and looks at him with a sigh and wonders—‘ Is this Captain Raikes, as used to breakfast off pale ale at three, to take his regular two bottles at dinner,

and to drink brandy-and-water in the smoking billiard-room all night till all was blue ? ' Yes, it is the same Raikes ; Larkyn no more,—riotous no more—brandivorous no longer. He gave away all his cigars at his marriage : quite unlike Screwby, who also married the other day, and offered to *sell* me some. He has not betted at a race since his father paid his debts and forgave him, just before the old gentleman died and Raikes came into his kingdom. Upon that accession, Zuleika Trotter, who looked rather sweetly upon Bob Vincent before, was so much touched by Sir Joseph Raikes's determination to reform, that she dismissed Bob and became Lady Raikes.

Dolly Trotter still remains in the Paddington Dragoons : Dolly is still unmarried : Dolly smokes still : Dolly owes money still. And though his venerable father, Rear-Admiral Sir Ajax Trotter, K.C.B., has paid his debts many times, and swears if he ever hears of Dolly betting again he will disinherit his son, Dolly—the undutiful Dolly—goes on betting still.

Lady Raikes, then, beamed in the pride of her beauty upon Epsom race-course, dispensed smiles and luncheon to a host of acquaintances, and accepted in return all the homage and compliments which the young men paid her. The hearty and jovial Sir Joseph Raikes was not the least jealous of the admiration which his pretty wife caused ; not even of Bob Vincent, whom he rather pitied for his mishap, poor fellow ! (to be sure, Zuleika spoke of Vincent very scornfully, and treated his pretensions as absurd) ; and with whom, meeting him on the course, Raikes shook hands very cordially, and insisted upon bringing him up to Lady Raikes's carriage, to partake of refreshment there.

There *could* have been no foundation for the wicked rumour that Zuleika had looked sweetly upon Vincent before Raikes carried her off. Lady Raikes received Mr. Vincent with the kindest and frankest smile ; shook hands with him with perfect politeness and indifference, and laughed and talked so easily with him that it was impossible there could have been any previous discomfort between them.

Not very far off from Lady Raikes's carriage, on the hill, there stood a little black brougham—the quietest and most modest equipage in the world, and in which nevertheless there must have been something very attractive, for the young men crowded round this carriage in numbers ; and

especially that young reprobate Dolly Trotter was to be seen, constantly leaning his great elbows on the window, and poking his head into the carriage. Lady Raikes remarked that, among other gentlemen, her husband went up and spoke to the little carriage, and when he and Dolly came back to her, asked who was in the black brougham.

For some time Raikes couldn't understand which was the brougham she meant—there were so many broughams. 'The black one with the red blinds, was it? Oh, that—that was a very old friend—yes, old Lord Cripplegate was in the brougham: he had the gout, and he couldn't walk.'

As Raikes made this statement he blushed as red as a geranium; he looked at Dolly Trotter in an imploring manner, who looked at him, and who presently went away from his sister's carriage bursting with laughter. After making the above statement to his wife, Raikes was particularly polite and attentive to her, and did not leave her side; nor would he consent to her leaving the carriage. There were all sorts of vulgar people about: she would be jostled in the crowd: she could not bear the smell of the cigars—she knew she couldn't (this made Lady Raikes wince a little): the sticks might knock her darling head off; and so forth.

Raikes is a very accomplished and athletic man, and, as a bachelor, justly prided himself upon shying at the sticks better than any man in the army. Perhaps, as he passed the persons engaged in that fascinating sport, he would have himself liked to join in it; but he declined his favourite entertainment, and came back faithfully to the side of his wife.

As Vincent talked at Lady Raikes's side, he alluded to this accomplishment of her husband. 'Your husband has not many accomplishments,' Vincent said (he is a man of rather a sardonic humour); 'but in shying at the sticks he is quite unequalled: he has quite a genius for it. He ought to have the sticks painted on his carriage, as the French marshals have their batons. Hasn't he brought you a pincushion or a jack-in-the-box, Lady Raikes? and has he begun to neglect you so soon? Every father with a little boy at home' (and he congratulated her ladyship on the birth of that son and heir) 'ought surely to think of him, and bring him a soldier, or a monkey, or a toy or two.'

'Oh, yes,' cried Lady Raikes, 'her husband must go. He

must go and bring back a soldier, or a monkey, or a dear little jack-in-the-box, for dear little Dolly at home.

So away went Raikes ; indeed, nothing loath. He warmed with the noble sport : he was one of the finest players in England. He went on playing for a delightful half-hour (how swiftly, in the blessed amusement, it passed away !) ; he reduced several of the sticksters to bankruptcy by his baculine skill ; he returned to the carriage laden with jacks, wooden apples, and soldiers, enough to amuse all the nurseries in Pimlico.

During his absence Lady Raikes, in the most winning manner, had asked Mr. Vincent for his arm, for a little walk ; and did not notice the sneer with which he said that his arm had always been at her service. She was not jostled by the crowd inconveniently ; she was not offended by the people smoking (though Raikes was forbidden that amusement) ; and she walked up on Mr. Vincent's arm, and somehow found herself close to the little black brougham, in which sat gouty old Lord Cripplegate.

Gouty old Lord Cripplegate wore a light-blue silk dress, a lace mantle and other gimcracks, a white bonnet with roses, and ringlets as long as a chancellor's wig, but of the most beautiful black hue. His lordship had a pair of enormous eyes, that languished in the most killing manner ; and cheeks that were decorated with delicate dimples ; and lips of the colour of the richest sealing-wax.

'Who's that ?' asked Lady Raikes.

'That,' said Mr. Vincent, 'is Mrs. Somerset Montmorency.'

'Who's Mrs. Somerset Montmorency ?' hissed out Zuleika.

'It is possible you have not met her in society. Mrs. Somerset Montmorency doesn't go much into society,' Mr. Vincent said.

'Why did he say it was Lord Cripplegate ?' cried the lady.

Vincent, like a fiend in human shape, burst out laughing. 'Did Raikes say it was Lord Cripplegate ? Well, he ought to know.'

'What ought he to know ?' asked Zuleika.

'Excuse me, Lady Raikes,' said the other, with his constant sneer, 'there are things which people had best not know. There are things which people had best forget, as your ladyship very well knows. You forget : why shouldn't

Raikes forget ? Let bygones be bygones. Let's all forget, Zulei—— I beg your pardon. Here comes Raikes. How hot he looks ! He has got a hat full of jack-in-the-boxes. How obedient he has been ! He will not set the Thames on fire—but he's a good fellow. Yes ; we'll forget all : won't we ?' And the fiend pulled the tuft under his chin, and gave a diabolical grin with his sallow face.

Zuleika did not say one word about Lord Cripplegate when Raikes found her and flung his treasures into her lap. She did not show her anger in words, but in an ominous, boding silence ; during which her eyes might be seen moving pretty constantly to the little black brougham.

When the Derby was run, and Voltigeur was announced as the winner, Sir Joseph, who saw the race from the box of his carriage—having his arm round her ladyship, who stood on the back seat, and thought all men the greatest hypocrites in creation (and so a man is the greatest hypocrite of all animals, save one)—Raikes jumped up and gave a 'Hurrah !' which he suddenly checked when his wife asked, with a death-like calmness, 'And pray, sir, have you been betting upon the race, that you are so excited ?'

'Oh, no, my love ; of course not. But you know it's a Yorkshire horse, and I—I'm glad it wins ; that's all,' Raikes said ; in which statement there was not, I am sorry to say, a word of truth.

Raikes wasn't a betting man any more. He had forsworn it : he would never bet again. But he had just, in the course of the day, taken the odds in *one* little bet ; and he had just happened to win. When his wife charged him with the crime, he was about to avow it. 'But no,' he thought ; 'it will be a surprise for her. I will buy her the necklace she scolded me about at Lacy and Gimcrack's ; it's just the sum. She has been sulky all day. It's about that she is sulky now. I'll go and have another shy at the sticks.' And he went away, delighting himself with this notion, and with the idea that he could at last satisfy his adorable little Zuleika.

As Raikes passed Mrs. Somerset Montmorency's brougham, Zuleika remarked how that lady beckoned to him, and how Raikes went up to her. Though he did not remain by the carriage two minutes, Zuleika was ready to take an affidavit that he was there for half an hour ; and was saluted by a satanical grin from Vincent, who by this

time had returned to her carriage-side, and was humming a French tune, which says that '*on revient toujours à ses premi-ères amours, à se-es premières amours.*'

'What is that you are singing? How dare you sing that!' cried Lady Raikes, with tears in her eyes.

'It's an old song—you used to sing it,' said Mr. Vincent. 'By the way, I congratulate you. Your husband has won six hundred pounds. I heard Betterton say so, who gave him the odds.'

'He is a wretch! He gave me his word of honour that he didn't bet. He is a gambler—he'll ruin his child! He neglects his wife for that—that creature! He calls her Lord Crick—Crick—ipplegate,' sobbed her ladyship. 'Why did I marry him?'

'Why, indeed!' said Mr. Vincent.

As the two were talking, Dolly Trotter, her ladyship's brother, came up to the carriage; at which, with a scowl on his wicked countenance, and indulging inwardly in language which I am very glad not to be called upon to report, Vincent retired, biting his nails, like a traitor, and exhibiting every sign of ill humour which the villain of a novel or of a play is wont to betray.

'Don't have that fellow about you, Zuly,' Dolly said to his darling sister. 'He is a bad one. He's no principle: he—he's a gambler, and everything that's bad.'

'I know others who are gamblers,' cried out Zuleika. 'I know others who are everything that's bad, Adolphus,' Lady Raikes exclaimed.

'For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?' said Adolphus, becoming red and looking very much frightened.

'I mean my husband,' gasped the lady. 'I shall go home to papa. I shall take my dear little blessed babe with me and go to papa, Adolphus. And if you had the spirit of a man, you would—you would avenge me, that you would.'

'Against Joe!' said the heavy dragoon; 'against Joe, Zuly? Why, hang me if Joe isn't the greatest twump in Chwistendom. By Jove he is!' said the big one, shaking his fist; 'and if that scoundwel, Vincent, or any other wascal, has said a word against him, by Jove—'

'Pray stop those horrid oaths and vulgar threats, Adolphus,' her ladyship said.

'I don't know what it is,—you've got something against

Joe. Something has put you against him ; and if it's Vincent, I'll wring his——'

'Mercy! mercy! Pray cease this language,' Lady Raikes said.

'You don't know what a good fellow Joe is,' said the dragoon. 'The best twump in England, as *I've* weason to say, sister : and here he comes with the horses. God bless the old boy !'

With this, honest Sir Joseph Raikes took his seat in his carriage ; and tried, by artless blandishments, by humility, and by simple conversation, to coax his wife into good humour : but all his efforts were unavailing. She would not speak a word during the journey to London ; and when she reached home, rushed up to the nursery and instantly burst into tears upon the sleeping little Adolphus's pink and lace cradle.

'It's all about that necklace, Mrs. Prince,' the good-natured Baronet explained to the nurse of the son and heir. 'I know it's about the necklace. She rowed me about it all the way down to Epsom ; and I can't give her it now, that's flat. I've *no* money. I *won't* go tick, that's flat : and she ought to be content with what she has had ; oughtn't she now, Prince ?'

'Indeed she ought, Sir Joseph ; and you're an angel of a man, Sir Joseph ; and so I often tell my lady, Sir Joseph,' the nurse said : 'and the more you will spile her, the more she will take on, Sir Joseph.'

But if Lady Raikes was angry at not having the necklace, what must have been her ladyship's feelings when she saw in the box opposite to her at the Opera, Mrs. Somerset Montmorency, with that very necklace on her shoulders for which she had pined in vain ! How she got it ? Who gave it her ? How she came by the money to buy such a trinket ? How she dared to drive about at all in the Park, the audacious wretch ! All these were questions which the infuriate Zuleika put to herself, her confidential maid, her child's nurse, and two or three of her particular friends ; and of course she determined that there was but one clue to the mystery of the necklace, which was that her husband had purchased it with the six hundred pounds which he had won at the Derby, which he had denied having won even to her, which he had spent in this shameful manner. Nothing would suit her but a return home to her papa—nothing

would satisfy her but a separation from the criminal who had betrayed her. She wept floods of tears over her neglected boy, and repeatedly asked that as yet speechless innocent, whether he would remember his mother when her place was filled by another, and whether her little Adolphus would take care that no insult was offered to her untimely grave ?

The row at home at length grew so unbearable that Sir Joseph Raikes, who had never had an explanation since his marriage, and had given in to all his wife's caprices,—that Sir Joseph, we say, even with his 'eavenly temper, he broke out into a passion ; and one day after dinner, at which only his brother-in-law Dolly was present, told his wife that her tyranny was intolerable, and that it must come to an end.

Dolly said he was quite ' wight,' and backed up Raikes in every way.

Zuleika said they were a pair of brutes, and that she desired to return to Sir Ajax.

' Why, what the devil is urging you ? ' cried the husband ; ' you drive me mad, Zuleika.'

' Yes, what are you at, Zuleika ? You dwive him cwazy,' said her brother.

Upon which Zuleika broke out. She briefly stated that her husband was a liar ; that he was a gambler ; that he had deceived her about betting at Epsom, and had given his word to a lie ; that he had deceived her about that—that woman,—and had given his word to another lie ; and that, with the fruit of his gambling transactions at Epsom, he had purchased the diamond necklace, not for her, but for that—that person ! That was all—that was enough. Let her go home and die in Baker Street, in the room, she prayed Heaven, she never had quitted ! That was her charge. If Sir Joseph Raikes had anything to say he had better say it.

Sir Joseph Raikes said that she had the most confounded jealous temper that ever a woman was cursed with ; that he had been on his knees to her ever since his marriage, and had spent half his income in administering to her caprices and extravagances ; that as for these charges they were so monstrous he should not condescend to answer them ; and as she chose to leave her husband and her child, she might go whenever she liked.

Lady Raikes upon this rang the bell, and requested Hickson the butler to tell Dickson her maid to bring down

her bonnet and shawl; and when Hickson quitted the dining-room Dolly Trotter began.

‘Zuleika,’ said he, ‘you are enough to twy the patience of an angel; and, by Jove, you do! You’ve got the best fellow for a husband’ (a sneer from Zuleika) ‘that ever was bullied by a woman, and you tweek him like a dawg. When you were ill, you used to make him get up of a night to go to the doctor’s. When you’re well, you plague his life out of him. He pays your milliner’s bills as if you were a duchess, and you have but to ask for a thing and you get it.’

‘Oh, yes, I have necklaces!’ said Zuleika.

‘Confound you, Zuly! hadn’t he paid three hundred and eighty for a new cawwiage for you the week before? Hadn’t he fitted your dwawing-woom with yellow satin at the beginning of the season? Hadn’t he bought you the pair of ponies you wanted, and gone without a hack himself, and he gettin’ as fat as a porpoise for want of exercise, the poor old boy? And for that necklace, do you know how it was that you didn’t have it, and that you were very nearly having it, you ungwateful little devil you? It was *I* prevented you! He *did* win six hundred at the Derby; and he would have bought your necklace, but he gave me the money. The governor said he never would pay another play debt again for me; and bet I would, like a confounded, gwreat, stooped fool: and it was this old Joe—this dear old twump—who booked up for me, and took me out of the hole, like the best fellow in the whole world, by Jove! And I’ll never bet again, so help me——! And that’s why he couldn’t tell—and that’s why he wouldn’t split on me—and that’s why you didn’t have your confounded necklace, which old Cwipplegate bought for Mrs. Montmowency, who’s going to marry her, like a confounded fool for his pains!’

And here the dragoon, being blown, took a large glass of claret; and when Hickson and Dickson came downstairs, they found her ladyship in rather a theatrical attitude, on her knees, embracing her husband’s big hand, and calling down blessings upon him, and owning that she was a wretch, and a monster, and a fiend.

She was only a jealous, little spoiled fool of a woman; and I am sure those who read her history have never met with her like, or have ever plagued their husbands. Cer-

tainly they have not, if they are not married : as, let us hope, they will be.

As for Vincent, he persists in saying that the defence is a fib from beginning to end, and that the Trotters were agreed to deceive Lady Raikes. But who hasn't had his best actions misinterpreted by calumny ? And what innocence or goodwill can disarm jealousy ?

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO AN AMERICAN EDITION, 1852¹

ON coming into this country I found that the projectors of this series of little books had preceded my arrival by publishing a number of early works, which have appeared under various pseudonyms during the last fifteen years. I was not the master to choose what stories of mine should appear or not : these miscellanies were all advertised, or in course of publication ; nor have I had the good fortune to be able to draw a pen, or alter a blunder of author or printer, except in the case of the accompanying volumes, which contain contributions to *Punch*, whence I have been enabled to make something like a selection. In the *Letters of Mr. Brown*, and the succeeding short essays and descriptive pieces, something graver and less burlesque was attempted than in other pieces which I here publish. My friend, the 'Fat Contributor' accompanied Mr. Titmarsh in his *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*. The Prize Novels contain imitations, not malicious, I hope, nor unamusing, of the writings of some contemporaries who still live and flourish in the novelist's calling. I myself had scarcely entered on it when these burlesque tales were begun, and I stopped further parody from a sense that this merry task of making fun of the novelists should be left to younger hands than my own ; and, in a little book published some four years since, in England, by my friends Messrs. Hannay and Shirley Brooks, I saw a caricature of myself and writings to the full as ludicrous and faithful as the Prize Novels of Mr. Punch. Nor was there, had I desired it, any possibility of preventing the reappearance of these performances.

¹ Mr. Brown's Letters | to a | Young Man about Town ; | with *The Proser* and other Papers. | By | W. M. Thackeray, | Author of *Vanity Fair*, *James's Diary*, *The Prize Novelists*, | *The Book of Snobs*, &c., &c., | New York : | D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. | M.DCCC.LII.

Other publishers, besides the Messrs. Appleton, were ready to bring my hidden works to the light. Very many of the other books printed, I have not seen since their appearance twelve years ago, and it was with no small feelings of curiosity (remembering under what sad circumstances the tale had been left unfinished) that I bought the incomplete *Shabby Genteel Story* in a railway-car on my first journey from Boston hither, from a rosy-cheeked, little peripatetic book-merchant, who called out 'Thackeray's Works':—in such a kind, gay voice, as gave me a feeling of friendship and welcome.

Here is an opportunity of being either satiric or sentimental. The careless papers written at an early period, and never seen since the printer's boy carried them away, are brought back and laid at the father's door, and he cannot, if he would, forget or disown his own children.

Why were some of the little brats brought out of their obscurity? I own to a feeling of anything but pleasure in reviewing some of these misshapen juvenile creatures which the publisher has disinterred and resuscitated. There are two performances especially (among the critical and biographical works of the erudite Mr. Yellowplush) which I am very sorry to see reproduced, and I ask pardon of the author of *The Caxtons* for a lampoon, which I know he himself has forgiven, and which I wish I could recall.

I had never seen that eminent writer but once in public when this satire was penned, and wonder at the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such personality was harmless jocularly, and never calculate that it might give pain. The best experiences of my life have been gained since that time of youth and gaiety and careless laughter. I allude to them, perhaps, because I would not have any kind and friendly American reader judge of me by the wild performances of early years. Such a retrospect as the sight of these old acquaintances perforce occasioned cannot, if it would, be gay. The old scenes return, the remembrance of the bygone time, the chamber in which the stories were written; the faces that shone round the table. Some biographers in this country have been pleased to depict that homely apartment after a very strange and romantic fashion; and an author in the direst struggles of poverty waited upon by a family domestic in 'all the splendour of his menial decorations,' has been circumstantially described

to the reader's amusement as well as the writer's own. I may be permitted to assure the former that the splendour and the want were alike fanciful ; and that the meals were not only sufficient, but honestly paid for.

That extreme liberality with which American publishers have printed the works of English authors has had at least this beneficial result for us, that our names and writings are known by multitudes using our common mother tongue, who never had heard of us or our books but for the speculators who have sent them all over this continent.

It is, of course, not unnatural for the English writer to hope that some day he may share a portion of the profits which his works bring at present to the persons who vend them in this country ; and I am bound gratefully to say myself, that since my arrival here I have met with several publishing houses who are willing to acknowledge our little claim to participate in the advantages arising out of our books ; and the present writer having long since ascertained that a portion of a loaf is more satisfactory than no bread at all, gratefully accepts and acknowledges several slices which the book-purveyors in this city have proffered to him of their free will.

If we are not paid in full and in specie as yet, English writers surely ought to be thankful for the very great kindness and friendliness with which the American public receives them ; and if in hope some day that measures may pass here to legalize our right to profit a little by the commodities which we invent and in which we deal, I for one can cheerfully say that the goodwill towards us from publishers and public is undoubted, and wait for still better times with perfect confidence and humour.

If I have to complain of any special hardship, it is, not that our favourite works are reproduced, and our children introduced to the American public : children, whom we have educated with care, and in whom we take a little paternal pride : but that ancient magazines are ransacked, and shabby old articles dragged out, which we had gladly left in the wardrobes where they have lain hidden many years. There is no control, however, over a man's thoughts—once uttered and printed, back they may come upon us any sudden day ; and in this collection, which Messrs. Appleton are publishing, I find two or three such early productions of my own that I gladly would take back, but

that they have long since gone out of the paternal guardianship.

If not printed in this series, they would have appeared from other presses, having not the slightest need of the author's own imprimatur ; and I cannot sufficiently condole with a literary gentleman of this city, who (in his voyages of professional adventure) came upon an early performance of mine, which shall be nameless, carried the news of the discovery to a publisher of books, and had actually done me the favour to sell my book to that liberal man, when, behold, Messrs. Appleton announced the book in the press, and my *confrère* had to refund the prize-money which had been paid him. And if he is a little chagrined at finding other intrepid voyagers beforehand with him in taking possession of my island, and the American flag already floating there, he will understand the feelings of the harmless but kindly-treated aboriginal native, who makes every sign of peace, who smokes the pipe of submission, and meekly acquiesces in his own annexation.

It is said that those only who win should laugh ; I think in this case my readers will not grudge the losing side its share of harmless good humour : if I have contributed to theirs, or provided them with means of amusement, I am glad to think my books have found favour with the American public, as I am proud to own the great and cordial welcome with which they have received me.

W. M. THACKERAY.

NEW YORK, December, 1852.

MR. THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1853.]

TO THE EDITOR OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

YOU may remember, my dear sir, how I prognosticated a warm reception for your Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in New York—how I advised that he should come by a Collins rather than a Cunard liner—how that he must land at New York rather than at Boston—or at any rate, that he mustn't dare to begin lecturing at the latter city, and bring 'cold joints' to the former one. In the last particular he has happily followed my suggestion, and has opened with a warm success in the chief city. The journals have been full of him. On the 19th of November, he commenced his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association (young ardent commercialists), in the spacious New York Church belonging to the flock presided over by the Rev. Mr. Chapin; a strong row of ladies—the cream of the capital—and an 'unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities.' The critic of the *New York Tribune* is forward to commend his style of delivery as 'that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room.' So far, excellent. This witness is a *gentleman* of the press, and is a credit to his order. But there are some others who have whetted the ordinary American appetite of inquisitiveness with astounding intelligence. Sydney Smith excused the national curiosity as not only venial, but laudable. In 1824 he wrote—'Where men live in woods and forests, as is the case, of course, in remote American settlements, it is the duty of every man to gratify the inhabitants by telling them his name, place, age, office, virtues, crimes, children, fortune, and remarks.' It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that this percontatorial foible has grown with the national growth.

You cannot help perceiving that the lion in America is public property and confiscate to the common weal. They trim the creature's nails, they cut the hair off his mane and tail (which is distributed or sold to his admirers), and they draw his teeth, which are frequently preserved with much the same care as you keep any memorable grinder whose presence has been agony, and departure delight.

Bear-leading is not so in vogue across the Atlantic as at your home in England ; but lion-leading is infinitely more in fashion.

Some learned man is appointed Androcles to the new arrival. One of the familiars of the press is dispatched to attend the latest attraction, and by this reflecting medium the lion is perpetually presented to the popular gaze. The guest's most secret self is exposed by his host. Every action—every word—every gesture—is preserved and proclaimed—a sigh—a nod—a groan—a sneeze—a cough—or a wink—is each written down by this recording minister, who blots out nothing. No *tabula rasa* with him. The portrait is limned with the fidelity of Parrhasius, and filled up with the minuteness of the Daguerre process itself. No bloodhound or Bow Street officer can be keener or more exact on the trail than this irresistible and unavoidable spy. 'Tis in Austria they calotype criminals : in the far West the public press prints the identity of each notorious visitor to its shores.

In turn Mr. Dickens, Lord Carlisle, Jenny Lind, and now Mr. Thackeray, have been lionized in America.

They go to see, themselves a greater sight than all.

In providing for a gaping audience, narrators are disposed rather to go beyond reality. Your famous Oriental lecturer at the British and Foreign Institute had a wallet of personal experience, from which Lemuel Gulliver might have helped himself. With such hyperbole one or two of our 'own correspondents' of American journals tell Mr. Thackeray more about his habits than he himself was cognizant of. Specially have I selected from the *Sachem* and *Broadway Delineator* (the latter named newspaper has quite a fabulous circulation), a pleasant history of certain of the peculiarities of your great humorist at which I believe he himself must smile.

Mr. Thackeray's person, height, breadth, hair, com-

plexion, voice, gesticulation, and manner are, with a fair enough accuracy, described. Anon, these recorders, upon which we play, softly whisper,—

One of his most singular habits is that of making rough sketches for caricatures on his finger-nails. The phosphoretic ink he originally used has destroyed the entire nails, so his fingers are now tipped with horn, on which he draws his portraits. The Duke of Marlboro' (under Queen Anne), General O'Gahagan (under Lord Lake), together with Ibrahim Pasha (at the Turkish Ambassador's), were thus taken. The celebrated engravings in *The Paris Sketch Book*, *Esmond*, &c., were made from these sketches. He has an insatiable passion for snuff, which he carries loose in his pockets. At a ball at the Duke of Northumberland's he set a whole party sneezing, in a polka, in so convulsive a manner that they were obliged to break up in confusion. His pockets are all lined with tea-lead, after a fashion introduced by the late Lord Dartmouth.

Mr. T. has a passion for daguerreotypes, of which he has a collection of many thousands. Most of these he took unobserved from the outer gallery of St. Paul's. He generally carries his apparatus in one of Sangster's alpaca umbrellas, surmounted with a head of Doctor Syntax. (This umbrella, we believe, remained with the publishers of *Fraser's Magazine*, after the article on the London Exhibitions, in which it was alluded to.¹) He has been known to collar a beggar boy in the streets, drag him off to the nearest pastry-cook's, and exercise his photographic art without ceremony. In London he had a tame laughing hyena presented to him, on the breaking up of the Tower menagerie, which followed him like a dog, and was much attached to his master, though totally blind from confinement; deaf, and going on three legs and a wooden one. He was always surrounded by pets and domestic animals in his house; two owls live in the ivy-tod of the summer-house in his garden. His back sitting-room has an aviary. Monkeys, dogs, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs swarm in the chambers. The correspondent of the *Buffalo Revolver*, who stayed three weeks with Mr. Thackeray during the Great Exhibition, gave us these particulars:—

His papers on the *Greater Petty Chaps*, or *Garden Warbler* (*Sylva hortensis*), 'the Fauvette,' created an immense sensation when Madame Otto Goldschmidt was last in London. The study is at the end of the garden. The outside is richly covered with honey-suckle, jasmine, and Virginian creepers. Here Mr. T. sits in perfect solitude, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' Being an early riser, he is generally to be found there in the morning, whence he can watch the birds. His daily costume is a hanging chlamys, or frock coat, which he closely buttons, to avoid the incumbrance

¹ ['A Pictorial Rhapsody (concluded)', in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1840. See Vol. II of this edition, p. 517.]

of a waistcoat. Hence the multiplicity of his coat pockets, whose extreme utility to him during his lecture has been remarked elsewhere. He wears no braces, but his nether garments are sustained by a suspensory belt or bandage of hemp, round his loins. Socks or stockings he despises as effeminate, and has been heard to sigh for the days of the *Solea* or *σαρδάλιον*. A hair-shirt close to the skin, as Dejanira's robe, with a changeable linen front of the finest texture; a mortification, or penance, according to his cynical contempt and yet respect for human vanity, is a part of his ordinary apparel. A gibus hat and a pair of bluchers complete his attire. By a contrivance borrowed from the disguises of pantomimists, he undresses himself in the twinkling of a bed-post; and can slip into bed while an ordinary man is pulling off his coat. He is awaked from his sleep (lying always on his back in a sort of mesmeric trance) by a black servant (Jos's domestic in *Vanity Fair*), who enters the bedroom at four o'clock precisely every morning, winter or summer, tears down the bed-clothes, and literally saturates his master with a can of cold water drawn from the nearest spring. As he has no whiskers, he never needs to shave, and he is used to clean his teeth with the feather end of the quill with which he writes in bed. (In this free and enlightened country he will find he need not waste his time in cleaning his teeth at all.) With all his excessive simplicity, he is as elaborate in the arrangement of his dress as Count d'Orsay or Mr. Brummell. His toilet occupies him after matin studies till midday. He then sits down to a substantial 'bever,' or luncheon of 'tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon-shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, and sausages.' At the top of this he deposits two glasses of ratafia, and three-fourths of a glass of rum-shrub. Immediately after the meal his horses are brought to the door; he starts at once into a mad gallop, or coolly commences a gentle amble, according to the character of the work, fast or slow, that he is engaged upon.

He pays no visits, and being a solitudinarian, frequents not even a single club in London. He dresses punctiliously for dinner every day. He is but a sorry eater, and avoids all vegetable diet, as he thinks it dims the animal spirits. Only when engaged on pathetic subjects does he make a hearty meal; for the body macerated by long fasting, he says, cannot unaided contribute the tears he would shed over what he writes. Wine he abhors, as a true Mussulman. Mr. T.'s favourite drink is gin and toast and water, or cider and bitters, cream and cayenne.

In religion a Parsee (he was born in Calcutta), in morals a Stagyrite, in philosophy an Epicurean; though nothing in his conversation or manners would lead one to surmise that he belonged to either or any of these sects. In politics an unflinching Tory; fond of the throne, admiring the court, attached to the peerage, proud of the army and navy; a thick and thin upholder of Church and State, he is for tithes and taxes as in Pitt's time. He wears hair

powder to this day, from his entire reliance on the wisdom of his forefathers. Besides his novels, he is the author of the *Vestiges of the Creation*, the *Errors of Numismatics*, *Junius's Letters*, and *Ivanhoe*. The sequel to this last he published three or four years ago. He wrote all Louis Napoleon's works, and Madame H.'s exquisite love-letters; and whilst Secretary to that Prince in confinement at Ham, assisted him in his escape, by knocking down the sentry with a ruler with which he had been ruling his accounts. Mr. T. is very fond of boxing, and used to have an occasional set-to with Ben Caunt, the Tipton Slasher, and Young Sambo. He fences admirably, and ran the celebrated Bertrand through the lungs twice, at an *assaut d'armes* in Paris. He is an exquisite dancer, he founded Laurent's Casino (was a pupil of Old Grimaldi, surnamed *Iron Legs*), and played Harlequin in *Mother Goose* pantomime once, when Ella, the regular performer, was taken ill and unable to appear.

He has no voice, ear, or fancy even, for music, and the only instruments he cares to listen to are the Jew's-harp, the bagpipes, and the 'Indian drum.'

He is disputatious and loquacious to a degree in company; and at a dinner at the Bishop of Oxford's, the discussion with Mr. Macaulay, respecting the death of Mausolus, the husband of Zenobia, occupied the disputants for thirteen hours ere either rose to retire. Mr. Macaulay was found exhausted under the table. He has no acquaintance with modern languages, and his French, which he freely uses throughout his writings, is furnished by the Parisian governess in the Baron de B.'s establishment. In the classics, he is superior to either Professor Sedgwick or Blackie (*vide* his *Colloquies on Strabo*, and the *Curtian Earthquake*). He was twice senior opt. at Magdalen College, and three times running carried off Barnes's prize for Greek Theses and Cantata, κ.τ.λ.

Happily these delicate attentions have not ruffled Mr. Thackeray's good temper and genial appreciation of the high position occupied by literary men in the United States. Let me avow that this position not only reflects credit on the country which awards it, but helps to shed its lustre on the men of letters who become the guests of its hospitality. Mr. Thackeray's last lecture of the series, on the 7th ult., gracefully conceded this in the following tribute:—

In England it was my custom after the delivery of these lectures to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry, which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise, when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint could not only not be advanced, but could not even be understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life;

whence Everett goes as Minister to Washington, and Irving and Bancroft to represent the republic in the o'd country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company, I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you; and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honoured in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home, and amongst his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works: his private esteem on his character and his life. But here, among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father.

JOHN SMALL.

CHARITY AND HUMOUR

[*The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, American edition, 1853.]

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end, which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind weekday preachers done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place; and which you are all abetting—the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good will towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on everyday life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and

kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be weekday preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbours, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbours. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins, and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it, that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe, or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the

poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes ; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat ; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favourably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humour is wit and love ; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humour is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavoured throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love ; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, ' My soul's darling, I adore you ! ' He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy ; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it ; it fills his heart when she is present or absent ; influences all his words and actions ; suffuses his whole being ; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labour of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning toward the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt ; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humour : I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being ; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet

friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page ; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and can't be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points ; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humour ; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as everything else in his life should be manly and true ; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan ; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say : ' Away, you drivelling quack : do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry misled by your hypocrisy.' Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity ; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence and sympathize with honour ; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I don't love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind ; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children

of God our Father : it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him ; the smiles of children to please him ; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I don't remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the *Journal to Stella*, a sick child, to be sure—a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox—but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a Court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honourable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul, that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humourists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope ! be kind to that multitude of sins with so little charity to cover them !

Of Mr. Congreve's contribution to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak ; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told ; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does ; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs ; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked—more so than any man of his age, almost ; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends.

Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable ; it finds out a quack very soon ; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon ; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal ; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke ; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private he may have a hundred virtues ; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillons, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. 'Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose ?' sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud ? Not knowingly ; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure ; and say now, as then, that we should thank him, as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand, and use the noble English word 'gentleman'. And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life ; gentle and courteous to our neighbour ; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses ; gentle in treating his opposition ; deferential to the old ; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree ; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us ; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honouring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me—I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, cannot venture to express an opinion of my own—that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honour to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it ; and cutting the connexion between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated, by various enlightened

organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Foggy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humoured, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him, a courteousness which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag, a politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean *our* books (not books of history, but books of humour). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentlemanlike action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down

the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground ! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy ; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life ; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all ; he had a bow for all women ; a kiss for all children ; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low ; he showed us Heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes ; not gilded palace-roofs only, or Court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses, and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humourists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time ; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbour, the humourist's service became straightway immensely more available ; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied ; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires

an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand *Don Quixote*; children and common people still read *Gulliver* for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by *Jonathan Wild* than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wild's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in *Tom Jones*, and Doctor Harrison's in *Amelia*, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read—we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still—of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succour gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil downstairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding, on the happy marriage-day, we ask the groom's-man's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humour over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly—what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humour joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible, its charities are count-

less, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Béranger are hymns of love and tenderness ; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the ' Bonne Vieille,' the ' Soldats, au pas, au pas,' with tears rolling down their moustachios. At a Burns's Festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks ; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbour's ; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humour ! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities,—of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humour. It is an irresistible sympathizer ; it surprises you into compassion : you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy-queens dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed ; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humour ! humour is the mistress of tears ; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humour, and especially modern popular humour, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece, in which a wicked aristocrat is not be-pummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe

has been greatly read here, in which the Mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman who, I suspect, knows about as much about the Court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George IV, our late most religious and gracious King, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history : George IV was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families ; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, 'it lashes the aristocracy !' Not long since, I went to two penny theatres in London ; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked lord kicked out of the window—there is always a wicked lord kicked out of the window. First piece :—'Domestic drama—Thrilling interest !—Weaver's family in distress !—Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves !—Enter wicked Lord : tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in !—Enter sturdy Blacksmith.—Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion : exit wicked Lord out of the window.' Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain Earls and Magistrates toward the people. Two wicked Lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels : one Aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck trousers and Berlin cotton gloves ; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eyeglass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a pressgang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behaviour : 'Release me, villains !' says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her

pocket, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked lord to the right, wicked lord to the left ; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marlinspike, with which—whack ! whack ! down goes wicked Lord No. 1—wicked Lord No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after. Popular fun is always kind : it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well ! their lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased ; his audiences are enormous ; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him ; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth ; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humour. We have among us other literary parties ; we have Punch, as I have said, preaching from his booth ; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit ; and we have also—it must be said, and it is still to be hoped—a *Vanity-Fair* party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London *Times* newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are ; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of ; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I can't help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me ; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak ; that truth must be told ; that fault must be owned ; that pardon must be prayed for ; and that love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind

English Humourists have done ; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That *Song of the Shirt*, which *Punch* first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of *The Bridge of Sighs*, who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly ?

I never saw the writer but once ; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all ; upon our children ; upon people educated and uneducated ; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue ; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes ; made such multitudes of children happy ; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits ; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in ; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness ; you come away better for your contact with them ; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's *Christmas Carol* ? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England ; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time ; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good

feeling ; of Christmas punch-brewing ; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she is unhappy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she is tired, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she is in bed, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; when she has nothing to do, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* ; and when she has finished the book, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said : ' I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa ; '—and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can ? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way ; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember, when that famous *Nicholas Nickleby* came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. ' Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication,' wrote the poor schoolmaster, ' has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North.' He was a proprietor of a cheap school ; Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed that were never ashamed before until the kind satirist laughed at them ; relatives were frightened ; scores of little scholars were taken away ; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up ; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly ; but afterwards schoolboys' backs were not so much caned ; schoolboys' meat was less tough and more plentiful ; and schoolboys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book ! What a humour ! and what a good humour ! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for *Nicholas Nickleby*.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller ! Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger ? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family ? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris ? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family, who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to 'coals', the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber ?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times ; I delight and wonder at his genius ; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a Benediction for the meal.

MR. WASHINGTON

[*The Times*, November 23, 1853.]

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE TIMES.'

SIR,

Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New York correspondent has made public in this country.

In the first number of a periodical story which I am now publishing¹ appears a sentence in which I should never have thought of finding any harm until it has been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:—

'When pigtails grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue ribbon; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,—there came to London, out of a northern country, Mr., &c.'

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and, from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he, too, thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic's comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming to London between the years 1770–80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's industrious apprentice.) I fancy the old society,

[*The Newcomes*, chap. ii.]

with its hoops and powder—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury-bench—the news-readers in the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural and pretty consecutive. 1776—the people of London in '76—the Lords and House of Commons in '76—Lord North—Washington—what the people thought about Washington—I am thinking about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington 'Mr. Washington,' as we called Frederick the Great 'the Protestant Hero,' or Napoleon 'the Corsican Tyrant' or 'General Bonaparte.' Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington 'Mr. Washington'? and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels—of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best, of God's men.

I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

ATHENAEUM, November 22. [1853.]

REMINISCENCES · OF WEIMAR AND GOETHE

[Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, 1855.]

DEAR LEWES,

I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society ; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing : the kind old Hof-Marschall of those days, Monsieur de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted ; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and

singers from various parts of Germany performed *Gastrolle*¹ through the winter. In that winter I remember we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, Hamlet, Falstaff, and the *Robbers*; and the beautiful Schröder in *Fidelio*.

After three-and-twenty years' absence, I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,² which still belongs to the family, and has been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues and medals.

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes

¹ What in England are called 'starring engagements.'

² The *Gartenhaus*.

extraordinarily dark,¹ piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. R[ogers], which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. 'They would make me look like that,' he said; though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy* looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend

¹ This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city, where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

LONDON, 28th April, 1855.

A LEAF OUT OF A SKETCH-BOOK

[*The Victoria Regia*, A Volume of Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose, edited by Adelaide A. Procter, 1861.]

IF you will take a leaf out of my sketch-book, you are welcome. It is only a scrap, but I have nothing better to give. When the fishing-boats come in at a watering-place, haven't you remarked that though these may be choking with great fish, you can only get a few herrings or a whiting or two? The big fish are all bespoken in London. As it is with fish, so it is with authors, let us hope. Some Mr. Charles, of Paternoster Row, some Mr. Groves, of Cornhill (or elsewhere), has agreed for your turbot and your salmon, your soles and your lobsters. Take one of my little fish—any leaf you like out of the little book—a battered little book: through what a number of countries, to be sure, it has travelled in this pocket!

The sketches are but poor performances, say you. I don't say no; and value them no higher than you do, except as recollections of the past. The little scrawl helps to fetch back the scene which was present and alive once, and is gone away now, and dead. The past resurges out of its grave: comes up—a sad-eyed ghost sometimes—and gives a wan ghostlike look of recognition, ere it pops down under cover again. Here's the Thames, an old graveyard, an old church, and some old chestnuts standing behind it. Ah! it was a very cheery place that old graveyard; but what a dismal, cut-throat, crack-windowed, disreputable residence was that 'charming villa on the banks of the Thames,' which led me on the day's excursion! Why, the 'capacious stabling' was a ruinous wooden old barn, the garden was a mangy potato patch, overlooked by the territories of a neighbouring washerwoman. The housekeeper owned that the water was constantly in the cellars and ground-floor rooms in winter. Had I gone to live in that place, I should have perished like a flower in spring, or a young gazelle, let

us say, with dark blue eye. I had spent a day and hired a fly at ever so much charges, misled by an unveracious auctioneer, against whom I have no remedy for publishing that abominable work of fiction which led me to make a journey, lose a day, and waste a guinea.

What is the next picture in the little show-book ? It is a scene at Calais. The sketch is entitled 'The Little Merchant.' He was a dear pretty little rosy-cheeked merchant four years old maybe. He had a little scarlet *képi* ; a little military frock-coat ; a little pair of military red trousers and boots, which did not near touch the ground from the chair on which he sat sentinel. He was a little crockery merchant, and the wares over which he was keeping guard, sitting surrounded by walls and piles of them as in a little castle, were . . . well, I never saw such a queer little crockery merchant.

Him and his little chair, boots, *képi*, crockery, you can see in the sketch—but I see, nay hear, a great deal more. At the end of the quiet little old, old street, which has retired out of the world's business as it were, being quite too aged, feeble, and musty, to take any part in life—there is a great braying and bellowing of serpents and bassoons, a nasal chant of clerical voices, and a pattering of multitudinous feet. We run towards the market. It is a Church fête day. Banners painted and gilt with images of saints are flaming in the sun. Candles are held aloft, feebly twinkling in the noontide shine. A great procession of children with white veils, white shoes, white roses, passes, and the whole town is standing with its hat off to see the religious show. When I look at my little merchant, then, I not only see him, but that procession passing over the place ; and as I see those people in their surplices, I can almost see Eustache de St. Pierre and his comrades walking in their shirts to present themselves to Edward and Philippa of blessed memory. And they stand before the wrathful monarch—poor fellows, meekly shuddering in their chemises, with ropes round their necks ; and good Philippa kneels before the royal conqueror, and says, 'My King, my Edward, my *beau Sire* ! give these citizens their lives for our Lady's gramercy and the sake of thy Philippa !' And the Plantagenet growls, and scowls, and softens, and he lets those burgesses go. This novel and remarkable historical incident passes through my mind as I see the clergymen and clergy-

boys pass in their little short white surplices on a mid-August day. The balconies are full, the bells are all in a jangle, and the blue noonday sky quivers overhead.

I suppose other pen and pencil sketches have the same feeling. The sketch brings back, not only the scene, but the circumstances under which the scene was viewed. In taking up an old book, for instance, written in former days by your humble servant, he comes upon passages which are outwardly lively and facetious, but inspire their writer with the most dismal melancholy. I lose all cognizance of the text sometimes, which is hustled and elbowed out of sight by the crowd of thoughts which throng forward, and which were alive and active at the time that text was born. Ah, my good sir! a man's books mayn't be interesting (and I could mention other author's works besides this one's which set me to sleep), but if you knew *all* a writer's thoughts, how interesting his book would be! Why, a grocer's day-book might be a wonderful history, if alongside of the entries of cheese, pickles, and figs, you could read the circumstances of the writer's life, and the griefs, hopes, joys, which caused the heart to beat, while the hand was writing and the ink flowing fresh. Ah memory! ah the past, ah the sad, sad past! Look under this waistcoat, my dear madam. There. Over the liver. Don't be frightened. You can't see it. But there, at this moment, I assure you, there is an enormous vulture gnawing, gnawing.

Turn over the page. You can't deny that this is a nice little sketch of a quaint old town, with city towers, and an embattled town gate, with a hundred peaked gables, and rickety balconies, and gardens sweeping down to the river-wall with its toppling ancient summer-houses under which the river rushes; the rushing river, the talking river, that murmurs all day, and brawls all night over the stones. At early morning and evening under this terrace which you see in the sketch—it is the terrace of the Steinbock or Capricorn Hotel—the cows come; and there, under the walnut-trees before the tannery, is a fountain and pump where the maids come in the afternoon and for some hours make a clatter as noisy as the river. Mountains gird it around, clad in dark green firs, with purple shadows gushing over their sides, and glorious changes and gradations of sunrise and setting. A more picturesque, quaint, kind, quiet little town than this of Coire in the Grisons, I have seldom seen;

or a more comfortable little inn than this of the Steinbock or Capricorn, on the terrace of which we are standing. But quick, let us turn the page. To look at it makes one horribly melancholy. As we are on the inn-terrace one of our party lies ill in the hotel within. When will that doctor come? Can we trust to a Swiss doctor in a remote little town away at the confines of the railway world? He is a good, sensible, complacent doctor, *laus Deo* :—the people of the hotel as kind, as attentive, as gentle, as eager to oblige. But oh, the gloom of those sunshiny days; the sickening languor and doubt which fill the heart as the hand is making yonder sketch, and I think of the invalid suffering within!

Quick, turn the page. And what is here? This picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents a steamer on the Alabama river, plying (or *which plied*) between Montgomery and Mobile. See, there is a black nurse with a cotton handkerchief round her head, dandling and tossing a white baby. Look in at the open door of that cabin, or 'state room' as they call the crib yonder. A mother is leaning by a bed-place; and see, kicking up in the air, are a little pair of white fat legs, over which that happy young mother is bending in such happy, tender contemplation. That gentleman with a forked beard, and a slouched hat, whose legs are sprawling here and there, and who is stabbing his mouth and teeth with his penknife, is quite good-natured, though he looks so fierce. A little time ago as I was reading in the cabin, having one book in my hand, and another at my elbow, he affably took the book at my elbow, read in it a little, and put it down by my side again. He meant no harm. I say he is quite good-natured and kind. His manners are not those of May Fair, but is not Alabama a river as well as Thames? I wish that other little gentleman were in the cabin, who asked me to liquor twice or thrice in the course of the morning, but whose hospitality I declined, preferring not to be made merry by wine or strong waters before dinner. After dinner, in return for his hospitality, I asked *him* if he would drink? 'No, sir, I have dined,' he answered, with very great dignity, and a tone of reproof. Very good. Manners differ. I have not a word to say.

Well, my little Mentor is not in my sketch: but he is in my mind as I look at it: and this sketch, ladies and gentlemen, is especially interesting and valuable, because *the steamer blew up on the very next journey*: blew up, I give

you my honour—burst her boilers close by my state-room, so that I might, had I but waited for a week, have witnessed a celebrated institution of the country, and had the full benefit of the boiling.

I turn a page, and who are these little men who appear on it? JIM and SADY are two young friends of mine at Savannah in Georgia. I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America, a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes—and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards, for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me, and I dined with his kind masters on my second visit. Jim at my first visit had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into the full-blown beauty which you see. On the day after my arrival these young persons paid me a visit, and here is a humble portraiture of them, and an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.



Jim is five years old ; Sady is seven : only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's, was the biggest. Jim can sing but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked by Master but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes. Heard a fine



sermon yesterday but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England, never heard of America. Like orangees best. Don't know any old woman who sells orangees. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are hungry but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis and when begged to stand still turns round in a fitful manner.

Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake apiece which the housekeeper gives them. Jim tumbles downstairs.

In his little red jacket, his little—his little?—his immense red trousers.

On my word, the fair proportions of Jim are not exaggerated—such a queer little laughing blackamoorkin I have never seen. Seen? I see him now, and Sady, and a half-dozen more of the good people, creeping on silent bare feet to the drawing-room door when the music begins, and listening with all their ears, with all their eyes. Good night, kind little, warm-hearted little Sady and Jim! May peace soon be within your doors, and plenty within your walls! I have had so much kindness there, that I grieve to think of friends in arms, and brothers in anger.

THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

LETTERPRESS AND FACSIMILES

(Inserted by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.)

PROLOGUE TO THE HEIRESS OF PIMLICO

THOSE who only view our nobility in their splendid equipages or gorgeous opera-boxes, who fancy that their life is a routine of pleasure, and that the rose-leaf of luxury *has no thorns*, are, alas, wofully mistaken!

Care oppresses the *coroneted brow*, and there is a skeleton in the most elegant houses of May Fair! The authoress has visited many of them and been on terms of familiarity (she is humbly proud to say) with more than one patrician family!

The knowledge of the above truths, and the idea that to disseminate them amongst my countrymen might be productive of a *deep and lasting benefit*, has determined me (with the advice of friends) to publish my tale of THE HEIRESS OF PIMLICO. The present is the mere prologue to that absorbing and harrowing story, wherein the consequences of crime and the beneficial effects of virtue, the manners of the nobility, the best Church principles, and the purest morality are portrayed.

I have engaged an artist at considerable expense to illustrate the first part of this momentous tale, and if I receive encouragement (which I do not doubt), shall hasten to deliver THE TALE to the public.

The Rev. Mr. Oriel, the Rev. Mr. Thurifer, and *other revered clergy* of the district, have kindly consented to give the testimony of their high names to the character of the reader's obliged servant,

MARIA THERESA WIGGLESWORTH.

For many years Governess in families of the highest distinction.

17 NORTH MOTCOMB STREET,
BELGRAVE SQUARE.

IN the year 18—, a humble *but pious* governess of, as she trusts *satisfactory*, Church of England principles (being the daughter of the Rev. Clement Wigglesworth of Clapham Chapel of Ease), instructed two young ladies, by name Arabella and Emmeline.

The Lady Arabella Muggleton was daughter of the Earl of

Trumpington ; and her cousin Emmeline was only child of Admiral the Hon. Hugh Fitzmarlinspike, brother of the earl of that name.

The admiral commanded in the Mediterranean, whither his charming but volatile daughter Emmeline went to join her papa.

It was at Malta, on board the admiral's flagship, the *Rumbustical*, that Emmeline for the first time saw Henry, 25th Earl of Lancelot, to whom she was united only three days before the news arrived at Valetta of the death of the admiral's elder brother, the 2nd Earl of Fitzmarlinspike.

Our young couple passed several years abroad, and it was not until their daughter Emmeline was more than two years old that they returned to London, where his lordship occupied a house, No. 76 Chesham Place, Belgrave Square.

The cousins, my former pupils, hastened to each other's arms ; and Arabella, now an orphan, came to dwell with her relative the amiable Countess of Lancelot.

Among the earl's acquaintances, I grieve to state that there was a gentleman whom I shall call Mordant, and who speedily became an assiduous frequenter of the mansion in Chesham Place.

In vain I pointed out, in my visits to my noble pupil, the danger likely to result from the society of this *ill-regulated young man*. It was not because, in his vulgar insolence and odious contempt of the poor, Mr. Mordant (as I heard through the open door) called me 'a toothless old she-dragon', and 'a twaddling old catamaran', that I disliked him, but from his general levity and daring licence of language. That my dislike was *well founded*, this melancholy tale *will too well show*.

Lady Arabella looked down at the little Lady Emmeline with a glance of unutterable affection.

'Is she not like me?' asked the lively but frivolous countess.

Arabella thought with a sigh, 'How like the cherub is to her father!' Poor Arabella!—*The Heiress of Pimlico*, vol. ii.

The good old admiral, now Earl of Fitzmarlinspike, had 'braved the battle and the breeze' for many years on every

sea. He wore the collar and Grand Cross of our own and the French Orders, and came into the saloon shortly after ten o'clock.—*The Heiress of Pimlico*.

Mordant looked after the countess with a glance in which rage, love, hatred, contempt, demoniac talent, and withering scorn were blended. 'She has refused me,' he said, 'and she thinks she has escaped me! She has insulted me, and she imagines I will not be revenged!'

The young earl rushed into the balcony, unable to control his emotions in the salon. 'Cruel stars!' said he (apostrophizing those luminaries, whose mild effulgence twinkled in the serene azure and lit up Chesham Place and Belgrave Square), 'why, why did I marry the countess so early, and know Lady Arabella so late?'

'A letter for Miladi Arabelle!' cried Rigolette, 'and sealed with a couronne de comte? Ah, mon Dieu, what would I not give to have such a distinguished correspondence!'

'I will give you a dinner at Richemont, a box at the French comedy, and the Cachemire shawl you admired so much, for that letter, Miss Rigolette,' said Coulevre, Mr. Mordant's man, who was taking tea in the housekeeper's room.

'Lancelot a model man! haw, haw, haw, hah!' laughed Mordant, with a demoniacal sneer. 'This will show you the morality of my Lord Lancelot.' And with this Mordant handed to the countess the earl's impassioned and elegant verses to Arabella.

At the moment the unprincipled young man was speaking, Lord Lancelot entered at the portière. Having overheard their conversation, the agonized earl retreated so silently that neither the heedless 'ladye' nor her false companion were aware that they had had a listener.

With all his vices Mordant was not a coward. And when the next morning Captain Ragg waited upon Mr. Mordant with a message from the Earl of Lancelot, Mordant's reply was, 'Tell the earl to make his will.' A message which the captain promised to convey to his lordship.

It was five o'clock, and the earl, who had passed the night in writing, stole on tiptoe to the chamber of his child. Emmeline was sleeping the rosy sleep of innocence—smiling in her sleep! 'Bless thee, bless thee, my Emmeline!' exclaimed his lordship, and printed a kiss on the cheek of his darling. Captain Ragg's brougham was heard at that instant to drive to the door.

The earl and his companion now drove to Wimbledon Common, where, faithful to his diabolical appointment, Mordant was already in waiting, accompanied by his friend Lieutenant Famish. The two broughams pulled up together. How often had they done so before at the parties of the nobility and gentry!

The gentlemen were quickly placed by their seconds, and the horrid signal was given! Crack, crack! Two pistols sounded simultaneously, and at the next instant a ball had gone through Mordant's hat (a new one), and he looked opposite him and laughed a hellish laugh! 'Through his left eye!' exclaimed the fiend in human shape. 'I aimed for it, and his beauty will not even be spoiled. Famish and I must to the Continent. Well, well, a day sooner or later, what matters? My debts would have driven me away in a week. Come away, Famish.'

During the fatal rencontre a third carriage had driven up, from which two veterans descended. One was a famous general known in our Eastern and Peninsular wars, the other was the countess's father, Admiral the Earl of Fitzmarlinspike, G.C.B. 'Stop!' said the admiral. 'The husband is dead, but the father is alive and demands vengeance!' Mordant turned pale.

Again the dreadful signal to fire was given, and the intrepid Marlinspike delivered his shot at the instant. Mordant's pistol went off as it fell to the ground.

As it fell to the ground and as he sprang six feet into the air with the admiral's ball through his wicked and remorseless heart !

Gentles ! the rest of our afflicting prologue is quickly told. The body of Lord Lancelot was laid at Castle Guinever ; that of the fiendish Mordant carried back to his apartments in the Albany, of which the bailiffs had already taken possession. The Fitzmarlinspike family, 'tis known, profess the ancient faith. In the convent of Taunton is a lady, who has doffed the countess's coronet for the black veil and white cap of the nun. Among the barefooted friars at Puddleswood is one who is old and grey-bearded, and has a wooden leg. But few know that old Brother Barnabas is Fitzmarlinspike's Earl. Rigolette and Couleuvre, the domestics whose betrayal caused all this tragedy, fled, and were apprehended with the spoons. Messieurs Famish and Ragg are both in the Bench ; and the general who acted as Lord Fitzmarlinspike's second is now an altered man. And Arabella ? the lovely and innocent ? how, how is Arabella ? Who can tell how much she suffered, how bitterly she wept ?

She, of course, never married. She was appointed guardian to the little Lady Emmeline, who is now eighteen years of age, has ninety-six thousand a year, is as lovely as an angel, and called THE HEIRESS OF PIMLICO.

Specimen-Extracts from the New Novel

The Orphan of

PIMLICO

a Moral Tale of Belgian ~~man~~ ~~life~~

by

Miss. M.T. Wigglesworth

many years Governess in the Nobility's families, and authoress of

'Tories of Poesy' 'Thoughts on the Use of the Globes' &c.

LONDON. 1851

Prologue to the
'Heiress of Pimlico.'

Those who only view our nobility in their splendid equipages & gorgeous opera boxes, who fancy that their life is a zodiac of pleasures & that the rose leaf of luxury has no thorns, are, alas, wofully mistaken!

Care oppresses the coroneted brow, and there is a skeleton in the most elegant house of alloy frags! The authoress has visited many of them and been on terms of familiarity (she is so humbly proud to say) with more than one patrician family!

The knowledge of the above truths, and the idea that to disseminate them amongst my countrymen might be productive of a deep and lasting benefit, has determined me (with the advice of friends) to publish my tale of 'the Heiress of Pimlico'. The present is the more prologue to that absorbing and harrowing story, wherein the consequences and ~~the~~ beneficial effects of virtue, the manners of the nobility, the best Church-Principles, and the purest morality are portrayed.

I have engaged an artist at considerable expense to illustrate the first part of this momentous tale, and if I receive encouragement (w^{ch} I do not doubt) shall hasten to deliver THE TALE to the public.

The Rev^d Mr. Ozell, the Rev^d Mr. Thunifor and other revered clergy of the diocese have kindly consented to give their testimony of their high names to the character of the readers obliged servant

Maria Thores Higginbotham

For many years Governess in families of the highest distinction
17 North Abchurch St. Belgrave Sq.

Miss Wigglesworth (from a sketch by herself)



In the year 18— a humble but pious governess of
 as she trusts satisfactory Church of England principles
 (being the daughter of the Rev. Clement Wigglesworth
 of Clapham Chapel of Ease) instructed two young ladies
 by name Arabella and Emmeline

The lady Arabella Muggleton was daughter of the
 Earl of Trumington, and her cousin Emmeline was
 only child of Admiral the Hon^{ble} Hugh Fitzmarlen
 a spite brother of the Earl of that name.

The Admiral commanded in the Mediterranean
 whither his charming but volatile daughter Emmeline
 went to join her Papa.

It was at Malta on board the Admirals Flag Ship
 'The Remonstrical' that Emmeline for the first time
 saw Henry 25th Earl of Lancelot, to whom she was
 united only 3 days before the news arrived at Valletta
 of the death of the Admirals elder brother the 2nd Earl
 of Fitzmarlen's spite.

Our young couple passed several years abroad & it
 was not until their daughter Emmeline was more
 than two years old that they returned to London
 where his Lordship occupied a house no 7b
 Chesham Place Belgrave Square.

The courses my former pupils, hasted to, each others arms; and Archibald
 now an officer, came to divide with her relative the amiable Countess of
 Lancelot.

Among the Earls acquaintances I give to state that there was a gentle
 man whom I shall call clondont, and who speedily became an avowed
 one frequenter of the mansion in Chesham place.

In vain I pointed out, in my visits to my noble pupil, the danger likely
 to result from the society of this ill-regulated young man. It was, not be-
 cause in his vulgar insolence and others contempt of the poor old clondont
 (as I heard through the ^{open door} ~~knave~~ called me a toothless old she dragon, and
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 levity and daring licence of language. That my dislike was not founded
 this melancholy tale will too well show.

Lady Arabella looked down at the little lady Emmeline with a glance of unutterable affection.

To the old lady she said, "How like the lively but frivolous Countess

Arabella thought to be a squire. How like the character is to her father!

Poor Arabella!

The Heiress of Pimlico.

Vol. II.





The good old Admiral now Earl of *Marlborough* had 'braved the bath and the breeze' for many years on every sea. He wore the Collar and Grand Cross of his own order and the French Order, and came into the *Saloon* shortly after ten o'clock
The House of Pimlico.



The Countess
 Mordant looked after her with a glance in which rage, love, hatred, contempt, admiration, talent and unheroic pride were blended. "She has refused me," he said, "and she thinks she has escaped me! she has insulted me and she imagines I will not be avenged!"



The young Earl rushed into the balcony unable to control his emotions in the Salon. 'Good Lord! said he (apostrophizing those luminaries, whose mild effulgence twinkled in the serene azure and lit up Chesham Place and Bolingbroke Square.) Why, why did I marry the Countess so early, and know Lady Arabella so late?

"of letters for Misses Appleton and 'Raggle' and sealed with a cross in
 de Certe! de non
 Sum, what would
 I not give to have
 such a distinguished
 Correspondence!"

"I will give you a dinner at Richmond's box at the Grand Convent and the Caba
 mine should you advance so much for that letter Miss Raggle, said Calverton

Mr. Appleton's man,
 who was taking tea
 in the breakfast
 room



The Earl and his companion now drove to Wimbledon Common, where faithful to his diabolical appointment Abondant was already in waiting, accompanied by his friend Lieutenant

French.

The two
brave ones
huddled up
together:
How often
had they
done so
before at
the parties
of the nob-
ility and
gentry!

The
gentlemen
were quickly
placed by
their secrets,
and the hor-
rid signal



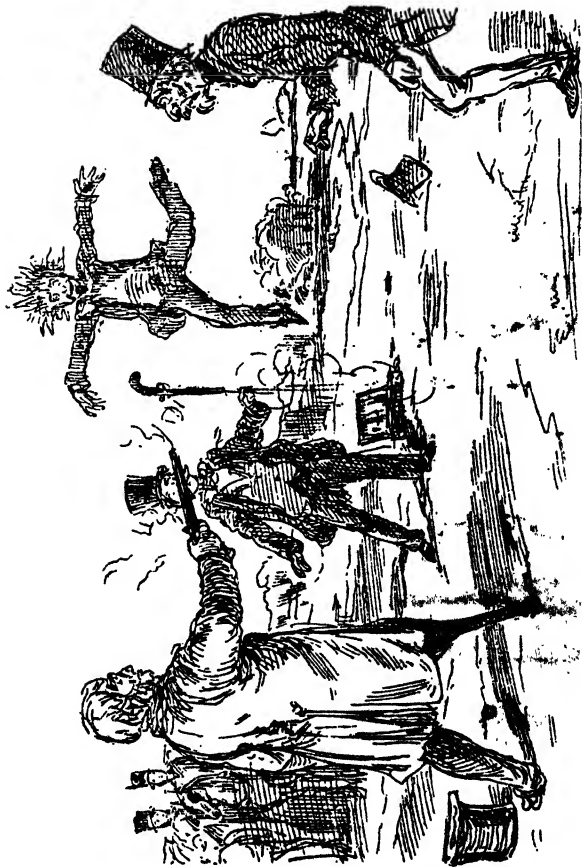
was given! Crack Crack! Two pistol sounds! Simultaneously all

at the next instant a ball had gone through Alford's hat
(a new one) and he looked opposite him & laughed a terrible
laugh! -



'Through his left eye!' exclaimed the fiend in human shape
'I aimed for it, and his beauty will not even be spoiled -'
Famish and I went to the Continent. Well well, a day soon
a little, what matters? My debts w^d have driven me
away in a twink. Come away Famish.

7.
 When the merchant turned to face some quack, and the latter maliciously discovered the state of the merchant's
 shirt-bone, he fell back as if he had been struck by lightning, and he fell to the ground
 as if he had been struck by lightning, and he fell to the ground as if he had been struck by lightning.





They set King Alfred down to bake
The good King burned the peasants' cake.
His thoughts were for his country's sake

How could he heed a quaffin. cake?

A man who has a crown at stake
 of every good, ^{multitude} ~~multitude~~ will make.

So good, ^{paid for} so pure, so brave, so true

like him the world has shown us few:

So gloriously ^{good} kind and great;

In adverse and in prosperous fate.

Not many a man our tale supplies

That's neither good nor just nor wise

Forget his house and home, to his

His muddled head on politics

chirp for a phantom set aside

The business of his own fireside.

The angry housewife gave to struck

She struck the king before the cheek.

The king was wiser and good and sweet

He took the blow and did not speak.

A harder blow than hers I know
 beat more angry

The king could take de-arching blows.



The Maids appeared in some such dress
About the time of good Queen Bess
And every morning in the year
They breakfasted on beef and beer.
You'd think their ways and diet queer
My pretty Mayfair damsels dear!



And so accented, Bess the Queen
 Old rangel and wicked might be seen
 And after dinner making sport
 And dancing to amuse the court.
 Old rangel and wicked as she was
 The Courtiers gave the Queen applause
 And however old and ill
 Herself she found a charming girl.
 Some young philosophers confess
 Is no one wiser than old Bess?
 And flatterers and brown I guess
 Have found King Hudson since Queen Bess.



A Falconer's boy behold am I
I think my falcons would not fly.



You will remark my dear Lady Highdry, that the match was decidedly against my inclination - you conceive that 2000 a year is but a poor fortune for my darling Emily, but Charles was a friend of Kicklebury's most intimate friend at Christ Church, I assure you it was not could be hard to consent to such a match that my sweet girl was embowed to select Lady Highdry. How very romantic. What was the Souper. my dear polite Chere.

A DESIGN FOR 'THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE'.



FAIRY BLACKSTICK AND ROSALBA.

(See p. 453.)



(See p. 541.)

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