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The Oxford Thackeray
With Illustrations

BARRY LYNDON
AND THE
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS WRITTEN
BETWEEN 1843 AND 1847



W. M. THACKERAY.

Sketch made by Thackeray himself from a drawing by D. Maclise
about 1840.

The Memoirs
of
Barry Lyndon, Esq.
and the
Miscellaneous Papers
Written between 1843 and 1847

By
William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by
George Saintsbury

With 57 Illustrations

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INTRODUCTION

BARRY LYNDON AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, 1843-7

The Luck of Barry Lyndon, as it was at first called, is itself a most curious instance of *heur et malheur*. Its author wrote it against the grain : and its production was spread over a long period, beginning soon after the conclusion of that Irish tour which, of course, suggested it, and extending into the Eastern one, where it had happier companions and a larger air. It did not please during its appearance in *Fraser* : and though the author reprinted it as a whole (with some omissions), it was not till a dozen years later, and then not by itself, but among the *Miscellanies*. Now, there is no book of his which it is so safe to praise. The praiser, indeed, is completely 'on velvet' : for stanch Thackerayans will not gainsay him because it is Thackeray's, nor will the adversary, because he thinks it freer from Thackeray's faults than any other of his books, less sentimental, less English, more profitably provided with gloom and grime.

It may possibly be owing to natural perversity ; but I confess that I like *Barry Lyndon* less than any other book of Thackeray's, less even than *Catherine*, which is much inferior in art, and very much less than *Philip*, which may be said to be inferior in art likewise. That I like *Catherine* better should I think relieve me from the mere charge of preferring 'rose-pink and sky-blue'. Moreover, I happen to think Thackeray's great exemplar, *Jonathan Wild*, one of the capital books of literature, and almost

faultless except for its one virtuous character : consequently, I am at least not to be ruled out of court as a confessed and incorrigible sentimentalist. So I may perhaps claim permission to say why, *among Thackeray's books* (which is an always-to-be-remembered proviso), I am not specially fond of *Barry Lyndon*.

Among anybody else's, though I should have exactly the same faults to find with it, I should consider them, no doubt, at least compensated by its merits. Parts of it are equal to almost anything that even he ever did. The opening Irish chapters are quite admirable ; they show his marvellous powers of improving experience capitally ; and it is most curious to compare them with contemporary work by actual Irish novelists, though they probably owe something in the literary way to Maginn's short Irish stories. The campaign of the two Chevaliers—*de Balibari et d'industrie*—is again super-excellent. In fact, if this had stood alone as a Fitz-Boodle paper (the great George was, it seems, supposed to have had to do with *Barry Lyndon*) it would have been classable as A 1 for many a hundred years. Lady Lyndon's first husband and the elder Chevalier de Balibari—but especially the former—are creations of the author's best ; no other living man could have drawn, with such few and such powerful strokes, a character, if only a minor character, so complete and so original as Sir Charles. Her Ladyship, though **not** quite so good as she would have been a few years later, is still excellent. Of the seasonings of eighteenth-century manners and so on the same may be said ; while everywhere and all over the book there is abundance of the incomparable Thackerayan incident, situation, phrase, insinuation, suggestion, aside—as well as direct narrative and exposition. I do not myself care very much for the tragical History of the Princess of X. : but it is beyond all question a finely told story of its kind. Barry's mother should not be forgotten, of course : nor the ingenuity (which however seems to me

a trifle overdone) of Barry's own glosses on his later rascalities. To conclude this part of the matter, it may be more than conceded—cheerfully and vigorously asserted—that the general style shows to the very full that advance in dignity, success without trick, flexibility, general artistic achievement, which has been noted in the Fitz-Boodle Papers. All these things a good critic should never have had at the time, and at all times should never have the slightest difficulty in recognizing. And yet——!

To begin the devil's advocate part, Thackeray does not seem to me either to have conceived clearly, or to have maintained steadily, his own attitude towards the story. There can be no doubt—in fact it is agreed—that he took *Jonathan Wild* in no slavish sense as a model. But in doing this he hampered himself enormously by making it an autobiography. You *can* make a man represent himself as a scoundrel or a fool or both:—the authors of the *Satyre Menippée* had done it, Butler had done it, Thackeray himself has done it here with great success in parts. But it is a frightful strain: and it is a great question whether it can possibly be done on a very large scale without 'impossibility'. Whether the actual Barry of the story *sibi constat* is a point upon which, I suppose, opinions may differ. As, according to the celebrated dictum, fine healthy Eton boys will grow into frivolous members of Parliament—or did so grow at **one time**—so the far from ungenerous scapegrace of the early chapters, and the not altogether hateful *picaro* of the middle, *might* grow into the unmitigated and even cowardly scoundrel of the end. *Facilis descensus* and many other tags will warrant it. But has not Thackeray forgotten that he is Barry rather too often? Fielding is never 'out': he keeps his cue of sardonic showman infallibly and impartially towards every puppet on the stage—the great Jonathan, the divine Letitia, Mr. Bagshot, Miss Straddle, everybody. He never confuses himself with them: and you never confuse them

with him. I do not find this always to be the case with Thackeray here. The History of the Princess is not, of course, a case in point—that is merely an ‘inset’ tale, according to the well-recognized eighteenth-century fashion. But was Mr. Barry Lyndon, either as Redmond Barry, as the Chevalier, or in his glory, exactly the person to moralize on the Seven Years’ War, as he or his creator does in chapter iv? I have no objection to moralizing if ‘de morals is goot’. Thackeray’s sermons never bore me when they are his, or Mr. Pendennis’s, or those of anybody *congruous*. But that Barry should preach me I own surprises me.

There is, moreover, another point in which the autobiographical scheme, not necessarily of course, but as a matter of fact and by likelihood beforehand, has hampered and clogged the narrative and exposition. We get too many things recounted and too few acted, with the effect of something like the *récits* in conventional French tragedy. Barry’s experiences with Dr. Johnson, for instance, would have made a famous scene of the same kind as those actually furnished by the Doctor in *The Virginians*, where the scheme is also in a way autobiographical, but more loosely managed and less concentrated on the display of a single character.

In short, to make a clean breast of it, *Barry Lyndon* fails—to me—in interest: it does not carry me along with it in either of the two ways in which a story can perform that office. That I am really very indifferent on the point of what happens to the characters (except the two above mentioned) is not in itself fatal. I do not care in the least whether Jonathan Wild escapes or does not escape the gallows which he so richly deserves: nor what becomes of the divine Letitia. But then I take the very keenest interest in the way in which the fortunes of these two very disagreeable persons are recounted by their most agreeable historian. Thackeray generally gives me both sources of interest

and almost always the latter; here he does not. Very likely it is my fault. But I perceive no evidence that he himself took much delight in the book or 'got it with a nobler gust'. That he told his daughter *she* would not like it is no evidence on this head, because he doubtless only meant that it was 'unpleasant' in subject. But he seems to have been constantly putting it off, and to have worked at it, not merely in his usual fits-and-starts manner and disliking the work as work, but generally 'against the grain'.¹ Still it has had plenty of worthy admiration, and it can very well do without my liking. That it could not have been written by any one but a consummate genius I am quite sure; but I think that genius did better work elsewhere.

In the remaining part of the volume it has been thought well to group the rest of the miscellaneous articles which Thackeray wrote for *Fraser* and other periodicals (with the exception of *Punch*) during the middle and later forties, leaving the very few which he produced subsequently for a niche at the end of a still later volume. They are extremely various in subject: but they all display, more or less, that ripening or fully ripened power, the development of which we have been watching. On the other hand, they are almost all *articles de commande*:—the free spirit is hurried through a torment and difficulty of not wholly divine obligation. In some of them, such as *Grant in Paris*, there is a touch of the earlier and confessed 'savagery' which we could spare. Who was Grant, and what was his father's house that he should be broken on such a wheel as this? In others, as in no small part of the *Punch* miscellanies, which were contemporaneous with them, and which will be given together, there is a certain

¹ He appears to have read a great deal for it: and had perhaps not digested his reading as well as he did later. It will be observed that his omissions are almost always improvements: but they might have gone further.

triviality. The things do not really ‘blemish his composure’ as the cold spite of Octavius has it of Antony, but they cannot be said exactly to add to its distinction. Others again are free from any blemish, or from all but insignificant blemishes. And the whole batch once more illustrates that magnificent *variety* of Thackeray’s genius which had hardly been anticipated by any one else. Something in the total reminds us of Hazlitt, whom he has praised so splendidly in the curious review of Horne’s *New Spirit of the Age*—the *gusto*, the variety itself, the strange and rare mixture of relish for the things of the street and the things of the study. No one perhaps was ever so literary as Thackeray while being so little bookish merely; no one could so share the interests of men of the world while transcending them. And as this is the last of such batches (till we come to the supreme *Roundabouts*) that we shall have together, it may not be improper to say something about a good many of these essays and sketches, which make a bundle only inferior to the *Roundabouts* themselves, though their author left most of them to take their original chance.

Only one of this batch, I think, was, until the supplementary collection of 1886, united to the standard body of Thackeray’s Works; and that was *Little Travels*. The 1886 collection¹ itself gave most of the rest, but not all: and the recovery of the remainder is due to the exertions of various inquirers from Mr. Shepherd to Mr. Melville. Among the latter division are most of the works of a new eidolon, Lancelot Wagstaff, almost (outside *Punch*) the last of many. The Wagstaffs ‘had it by kind’: they are of a house as ancient in this service as the *Tatler*: they came over literally with Richard Conqueror, who established this dispensation in England. ‘Théophile’ Wagstaff had fathered or godfathered *Flore et Zéphyr*

¹ I refer to it as such because it appeared in that year as one volume. In the larger ‘Library’ edition it formed two, the first of which is dated 1885.

years before : and Lancelot no doubt stood to him as Samuel Titmarsh did to Michael Angelo. Except Titmarsh himself all these agreeable persons appear to have died early, and we may henceforward almost neglect them. In Arthur's bosom they no doubt forgather with the Bickerstaff clan itself, and Jedediah Cleishbotham, and Captain Clutterbuck, and a great deal of other good company.

The two little *Pictorial Times* reviews on Macaulay and Disraeli seem to be worth giving, because they are probably samples of a much larger body of work of the kind, and because of the interest of their subjects. Thackeray had earlier first joined in and then protested against the rather inept though natural laughter at Macaulay's famous 'Windsor Castle' letter, and he was always a little disposed to rally his great senior at Trinity. One of the most amusing things in his letters is his description of Macaulay's horror at the suggestion that he and Thackeray should be 'changed over' in introductions to a lion-hunting American lady. But his admiration for the historian was as generous and as genuine as it was for most of the great men of letters of his time : and it is here heartily expressed. Nor need any one quarrel with the political touch given to it : for everybody may, and should, back his own side. It is not, however, to be so generally laid down that everybody may *black* the other side : and it is to be feared that there is a little political rancour in the *Coningsby* notice. Certainly, though there is extremely high praise in it, it is not likely, if Disraeli knew the authorship, to have been without its influence on the famous but not particularly damaging sketch of 'St. Barbe' in *Endymion*. But it must be remembered that nobody, on his own or any side, took Mr. Disraeli seriously for years after this : and that his eccentricities (in more than one sense of the word) were recent and flagrant.

Two larger things of different kinds, which follow the Macaulay piece in time of composition and in order of

place here, require no extrinsic considerations to recommend them. *Jérôme Paturot* is a delightful book in itself, and those who cannot enjoy it are deeply to be commiserated. For it is perhaps the best of a curious class of books—M. Laboulaye's *Paris en Amérique* is another, but less good—where the letters of knowledge suddenly and for but once transform themselves into letters of power. But Thackeray has made a rehash of it which is even better than the original. As for *Bluebeard's Ghost*, it is absolutely the most delectable example—next to 'The Notch in the Axe', and with a noteworthy difference from that—of its author's unequalled faculty of satiric transformation of story on the smaller scale. *Rebecca and Rowena* is of course more considerable in bulk and less uniformly satiric in appeal: 'The Notch' itself is more good-natured. But as a middle passage from the roaring burlesque of the Yellowplush and Gahagan stage towards these later and more thoroughly mellowed examples, *Bluebeard's Ghost* cannot be surpassed. A little broad farce remains, but not more than enlivens and brightens the thing: and perhaps nowhere earlier is 'my Amontillado manner' better reached than in some of the rest. The touch about the bits of string collected by the lamented Bluebeard, and Sister Anne's remark, 'Dolly Coddlin is the matter,' as she goes down the middle in Sir Roger de Coverley, are things unforgettable.

Something has been said already of *Grant in Paris* which is put in the mouth of Mr. George Fitz-Boodle in his most 'haw-haw' mood. There is plenty of amusement—of a kind—in it. And it is fair to say that Mr. James Grant, who seems to have been for some reason a special *bête noire* to *Fraser*, was a sufficiently absurd and irritating specimen of a certain kind of journalist. The only book of his that I ever read (he must be carefully distinguished from his namesake and contemporary the respectable author of *The Romance of War* and scores of other red- and

yellow-backed volumes of our youth), his *History of the Newspaper Press*, published nearly thirty years later than this and long after Thackeray's death, was a sorry performance enough; and Thackeray's own quotations show that this Paris thing was worse. Still, he was hardly worth so much powder and shot, and perhaps the particular powder and shot were sometimes such as Thackeray had better not have used. I cannot help thinking that something of the sort was in his own mind when he wrote the remarkable *Box of Novels* review which follows, and which actually opens with a *mea culpa* for past savagery. It is one of the best of all his papers of the kind, but it is also one of the most characteristic: and that being so it is very far from being without faults. There was no particular reason for anti-militarist protests in the circumstances, though, by the way, the fashion in which these are made is very difficult to reconcile with Thackeray's alleged Home Rule proclivities. But the faults are very few and the merits are great. In particular the hearty, ungrudging, yet not indiscriminating praise given to his two great forerunners in popularity, Lever and Dickens, does one good to read: and in regard to the latter occurs one of the great examples of the unmatched Thackerayan phrase—so effortless and simple apparently, so perfect in its simplicity. 'It [*The Christmas Carol*] is the work of the master of all the English humourists now alive—the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it.'

I remember, when I first read most of these pieces on their resurrection in 1886, being divided between admiration of the magnificent panegyric of Hazlitt, which opens the review of Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*, and wonder whether the attitude to the book (which I had not then read) was just or unjust. It happened, further, that I never filled in the gap till the other day, when Horne's book was reprinted—having a kindness for the author of *Orion* and rather

imagining that it would not be increased by familiarity. It certainly is not. How much exactly of the faults of the *New Spirit* is due to Richard 'Hengist' himself is uncertain: for his parts and those of his collaborators are not, I believe, certainly marked off, and one of them—Miss Barrett, soon to be Mrs. Browning, was, for a woman of genius, capable of almost any silliness. Whether the oracular platitude direct of the early Victorians be more or less ridiculous than the epigrammatic platitude reversed of the early Edwardians, may be an interesting question for debating societies: it is sufficient that either of them is enough to amuse a man, if he is in a good temper, for a time, to irritate him, if he is in a bad one, for the same time, and thereafter, in both cases, to bore him to extinction. Anything more hopelessly inept than the denunciation (to which Thackeray refers but not by name) of the *Ingoldsby Legends* in this book I do not myself know, except some contemporary exploits which it is not lawful to mention. And the praise is almost as inept as the blame—that of Dickens being one of the very clumsiest and most extravagant panegyrics ever written. At the same time Thackeray—as we have seen and shall see that, just at this time, he was unusually prone to do—'takes the great axe to it' rather disproportionately: and it would be no great loss but for the Hazlitt passage, which is a gem. Too many men are ungenerous to their contemporaries; but want of generosity to immediate predecessors is unfortunately rather the rule than the exception. In both respects Thackeray is blameless.

Little Travels varies the collection with a kind of sketch wherein Thackeray was not seldom at his very best: and there is some of that best in the piece. But the papers composing it are to some extent marred by the curious and, for him, most unusual touch of something like bad humour, which has just been mentioned. One cannot say whether this was due to the fact that, as we

know from a letter which has been published, he was not only writing *Barry Lyndon* abroad, against the grain, and without the documents he wanted, but trying to achieve a *Life of Talleyrand*, which never got into being, but which would certainly have been a great curiosity if it had. If this batch of sketches of the travel in which he usually so much delighted be compared, not merely with the sunset serenity of the *Roundabout* 'Notes on a Week's Holiday', but with the extremely early overture to *The Paris Sketch Book*, and that (a few years later than *Little Travels*) to *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, the difference of mood will appear remarkably. He grumbles at the voyage and his fellow-voyagers; he grumbles at that most harmless and attractive 'second-growth Paris', Brussels; he grumbles, not without reason but not quite in the right way, at the absence of pretty faces; he grumbles at almost everything. The criticisms on Rubens are 'knowledgeable,' and they are not wholly unjust; but he does not, as he does elsewhere, apportion the justice as distributively as he should. There may have been special reasons:—we know in the odd fragmentary way in which we do know things about him, that he had difficulties in getting payment for some of his work, difficulties about recovering some of the old Indian wreckage. Probably he was getting weary of the pillar-to-post charing and choring which had been his literary fate for some years now. It was indeed lucky that the Eastern trip came when it did: for though he worked hard on it and did not give up the hack-work when he came back, it 'changed him', as Brighton and Paris, Southampton (where he often was in these years) and Chaudefontaine could not do.

The 'Wagstaff' group, with one exception, are not of the first order, though '*The Partie Fine*' is capital in its way, and the *Chest of Cigars* interesting from the already noted resurrection of Gahagan the delectable in that state of old age which Macbeth recognized as the proper one,

but not his—loved, honoured, with troops of friends. The ‘N. P. Willis’ review has not only the circumstantial interest of Macvey Napier’s preliminary inquiries about ‘a Mr. Thackeray’ (one of the sweetest little ironies of the History of Literature) but much of its own. It is surprising that Napier let in what he did; for many a *perruque*—thick-skulled, ambrosial—must have been shaken over it: it would be delightful to have what he left out. The minor reviews help the general estimate of Thackeray’s character as a reviewer; and his inclusion of *Mrs. Perkins’s Ball* in the last is a humorous and not indecent audacity. But the two most interesting of our last half score of items are additions to the ‘gormandizing’ series:—one of them, *Greenwich—Whitebait*, belonging to the Wagstaff sketches, the other, *Barmecide Banquets*, a *Fraser* review. The first, interestingly connecting itself with one of the ‘Spec’ papers in *Punch*, is a *locus classicus*, celebrating in literature an agreeable form of festivity which, long out of fashion, is now, they say, dead. Without disrespect to The Ship (where the present writer has eaten many whitebait) it was never really merry in Greenwich after they shut up The Trafalgar, which had a much better view of the river and was older-fashioned. Some years after this, Thackeray saw, from the windows of one of these hostleries, the *Great Eastern* lying in the stream. I wonder if he had been there earlier, during the actual launch, and heard the queer *scroop*, as she ground from time to time a little farther down the launching ways, urged gingerly and sideways by hydraulic rams, lest she should rush end-on to Greenwich itself, and overleap it and the county of Kent, and plunge into the Channel? One had not been entered in Thackeray then: but it was something to be entered in Greenwich-Whitebait itself.

Barmecide Banquets is a more serious composition: and as such is transferred from the somewhat intangible and shadowy Lancelot to George Fitz-Boodle, himself the

discoverer of the Profession of Gormandizing. I do not know whether this work of Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller is actually rare, but I have sought it diligently in second-hand book-catalogues for twenty years without finding, and cookery-books are notoriously perishable. It holds a particularly interesting position as coinciding with and taking note of the actual transition from the times of vast Gargantuan 'courses' of incongruous viands huddled on the table together, and followed up by fresh mobs of food, on the one hand, and mere 'joint and pudding' on the other, to that of no food on the table and of a comparatively limited number of dishes. The authors seem to have been better on general principles than on the composition of particular *menus* (Thackeray has some delicate and wise criticism on this point), but undoubtedly beneficent in intention and 'sound upon the goose'. Their critic is good in both ways. His plea for the mahogany (even then alas! disappearing) and his argument against blocking the centre of the table; his apology for champagne (all the more creditable that we know he rightly preferred the bumper of burgundy or of bordeaux) and for 'a good drink' after dinner; how admirable they all are! And how much surprised he would have been to hear—no, not surprised; he was too wise to be surprised at anything—that, sixty years later, champagne would fetch more than double the price of first-growth claret of the same age, and a good vintage in each case!

And so farewell to this interesting group of miscellaneous essays. It is practically the last of the kind; for Thackeray soon after gave all his miscellaneous work to *Punch*, and then stopped it altogether. Before we come to the novels a few scattered articles of 1848-63, written rather on occasion and 'to oblige' than for his own purposes, shall be collected; and the wonderful series of the *Roundabouts* will crown the whole edifice. But with those here shown the day of odd jobs is practically over for him. Other times, other odd-jobs-men.

* * *Note.*—It has been observed in the Introduction to the *Fitz-Boodle Papers* that by accident or intention they are among the least illustrated portions of Thackeray's work; and this applies equally to *Barry Lyndon*, which was at first part of George's appanage, while the miscellaneous matter which follows is similarly 'unlighted'. It has, however, seemed possible and not improper to compensate this by the inclusion in the present volume of a considerable number of miscellaneous drawings of various periods, the originals of some of which are public property, while others appear here by the kind permission of the various possessors. Most of them from the Charterhouse 'scrabbles' onward have their interest; some have a great deal. 'The Bandit's Revenge' is a very delectable thing: and there is a notable repetition of the confession about 'Peg of Limavaddy' in the remark accompanying the drawing on p. 626: 'What folly it is to attempt to draw pretty little girls! This was as beautiful as an angel: and see what has been made of her!' with its context.

THE MEMOIRS OF
BARRY LYNDON, ESQ.
OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES; MISFORTUNES; HIS
SUFFERINGS IN THE SERVICE OF HIS LATE PRUSSIAN MAJESTY;
HIS VISITS TO MANY OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE; HIS
MARRIAGE, AND SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENTS IN
ENGLAND AND IRELAND; AND THE MANY
CRUEL PERSECUTIONS, CONSPIRACIES,
AND SLANDERS OF WHICH HE
HAS BEEN A VICTIM

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THE
MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON, ESQ.



CHAPTER I

MY PEDIGREE AND FAMILY.—UNDERGO THE INFLUENCE
OF THE TENDER PASSION

SINCE the days of Adam, there has been hardly a mischief done in this world but a woman has been at the bottom of it. Ever since ours was a family (and that must be very *near* Adam's time,—so old, noble, and illustrious are the Barrys, as everybody knows), women have played a mighty part with the destinies of our race.

I presume that there is no gentleman in Europe that has not heard of the house of Barry of Barryogue, of the kingdom of Ireland, than which a more famous name is not to be found in Gwillim or D'Hozier; and though as a man of the world I have learned to despise heartily the claims of some *pretenders* to high birth who have no more genealogy than the lackey who cleans my boots, and though I laugh to utter scorn the boasting of many of my countrymen, who are all for descending from kings of Ireland, and talk of a domain no bigger than would feed a pig as if it were a principality; yet truth compels me to assert that my family was the noblest of the island, and, perhaps, of the universal world; while their possessions, now insignificant, and torn from us by war, by treachery, by the loss of time, by ancestral extravagance, by adhesion to the old faith and monarch, were formerly prodigious, and embraced many counties, at a time when Ireland was vastly more prosperous than now. I would assume the Irish crown over my coat-of-arms, but that there are so many silly pretenders to that distinction who bear it and render it common.

Who knows, but for the fault of a woman, I might have been wearing it now? You start with incredulity. I say, why not? Had there been a gallant chief to lead my countrymen, instead of puling knaves who bent the knee to King Richard II, they might have been freemen; had there been a resolute leader to meet the murderous ruffian, Oliver Cromwell, we should have shaken off the English for ever. But there was no Barry in the field against the usurper; on the contrary, my ancestor, Simon de Bary, came over with the first-named monarch, and married the daughter of the then King of Munster, whose sons in battle he pitilessly slew.

In Oliver's time it was too late for a chief of the name of Barry to lift up his war-cry against that of the murderous brewer. We were princes of the land no longer; our unhappy race had lost its possessions a century previously, and by the most shameful treason. This I know to be the fact, for my mother has often told me the story, and besides had worked it in a worsted pedigree which hung up in the yellow saloon at Barryville where we lived.

That very estate which the Lyndons now possess in Ireland was once the property of my race. Rory Barry of Barryogue owned it in Elizabeth's time, and half Munster beside. The Barry was always in feud with the O'Mahonys in those times; and, as it happened, a certain English colonel passed through the former's country with a body of men-at-arms, on the very day when the O'Mahonys had made an inroad upon our territories, and carried off a frightful plunder of our flocks and herds.

This young Englishman, whose name was Roger Lyndon, Linden, or Lyndaine, having been most hospitably received by the Barry, and finding him just on the point of carrying an inroad into the O'Mahony's land, offered the aid of himself and his lances, and behaved himself so well, as it appeared, that the O'Mahonys were entirely overcome, all the Barrys' property restored, and with it, says the old chronicle, twice as much of the O'Mahonys' goods and cattle.

It was the setting-in of the winter season, and the young soldier was pressed by the Barry not to quit his house of Barryogue, and remained there during several months, his men being quartered with Barry's own gallowglasses, man by man, in the cottages round about. They conducted

themselves, as is their wont, with the most intolerable insolence towards the Irish ; so much so, that fights and murders continually ensued, and the people vowed to destroy them.

The Barry's son (from whom I descend) was as hostile to the English as any other man on his domain ; and, as they would not go when bidden, he and his friends consulted together and determined on destroying these English to a man.

But they had let a woman into their plot, and this was the Barry's daughter. She was in love with the English Lyndon, and broke the whole secret to him ; and the dastardly English prevented the just massacre of themselves by falling upon the Irish, and destroying Phaudrig Barry, my ancestor, and many hundreds of his men. The cross at Barrycross near Carrignadihioul is the spot where the odious butchery took place.

Lyndon married the daughter of Roderick Barry, and claimed the estate which he left ; and though the descendants of Phaudrig were alive, as indeed they are in my person,¹ on appealing to the English courts, the estate was awarded to the Englishman, as has ever been the case where English and Irish were concerned.

Thus had it not been for the weakness of a woman, I should have been born to the possession of those very estates which afterwards came to me by merit, as you shall hear. But to proceed with my family history.

My father was well known to the best circles in this kingdom as in that of Ireland, under the name of Roaring Harry Barry. He was bred like many other young sons of genteel families to the profession of the law, being articled to a celebrated attorney of Sackville Street in the city of Dublin ; and, from his great genius and aptitude for learning, there is no doubt he would have made an eminent figure in his profession, had not his social qualities, love of field-sports, and extraordinary graces of manner, marked him out for a higher sphere. While he was attorney's clerk he kept seven race-horses, and hunted regularly both with the Kildare and Wicklow hunts ; and rode on his

¹ As we have never been able to find proofs of the marriage of my ancestor Phaudrig with his wife, I make no doubt that Lyndon destroyed the contract, and murdered the priest and witnesses of the marriage.—B. L.

grey horse Endymion that famous match against Captain Punter, which is still remembered by lovers of the sport, and of which I caused a splendid picture to be made and hung over my dining-hall mantelpiece at Castle Lyndon. A year afterwards he had the honour of riding that very horse Endymion before his late Majesty King George II on Epsom Downs, and won the plate there and the attention of the august sovereign.

Although he was only the second son of our family, my dear father came naturally into the estate (now miserably reduced to 400*l.* a year); for my grandfather's eldest son Cornelius Barry (called the Chevalier Borgne, from a wound which he received in Germany), remained constant to the old religion in which our family was educated, and not only served abroad with credit, but against his Most Sacred Majesty George II in the unhappy Scotch disturbances in '45. We shall hear more of the Chevalier hereafter.

For the conversion of my father I have to thank my dear mother, Miss Bell Brady, daughter of Ulysses Brady of Castle Brady, county Kerry, Esquire and J.P. She was the most beautiful woman of her day in Dublin, and universally called the Dasher there. Seeing her at the assembly, my father became passionately attached to her; but her soul was above marrying a Papist or an attorney's clerk; and so for the love of her, the good old laws being then in force, my dear father slipped into my uncle Cornelius's shoes and took the family estate. Besides the force of my mother's bright eyes, several persons, and of the genteel society too, contributed to this happy change; and I have often heard my mother laughingly tell the story of my father's recantation, which was solemnly pronounced at the tavern in the company of Sir Dick Ringwood, Lord Bagwig, Captain Punter, and two or three other young sparks of the town. Roaring Harry won 300 pieces that very night at faro, and laid the necessary information the next morning against his brother; but his conversion caused a coolness between him and my uncle Corney, who joined the rebels in consequence.

This great difficulty being settled, my Lord Bagwig lent my father his own yacht, then lying at the Pigeon House, and the handsome Bell Brady was induced to run away with him to England, although her parents were against the match, and her lovers (as I have heard her tell many thou-

sands of times) were among the most numerous and the most wealthy in all the kingdom of Ireland. They were married at the Savoy, and my grandfather dying very soon, Harry Barry, Esquire, took possession of his paternal property and supported our illustrious name with credit in London. He pinked the famous Count Tiercelin behind Montague House, he was a member of White's, and a frequenter of all the chocolate houses; and my mother, likewise, made no small figure. At length, after his great day of triumph before his Sacred Majesty at Newmarket, Harry's fortune was just on the point of being made, for the gracious monarch promised to provide for him. But, alas! he was taken in charge by another monarch, whose will will have no delay or denial,—by Death, namely, who seized upon my father at Chester races, leaving me a helpless orphan. Peace be to his ashes! He was not faultless, and dissipated all our princely family property; but he was as brave a fellow as ever tossed a bumper or called a main, and he drove his coach-and-six like a man of fashion.

I do not know whether his gracious Majesty was much affected by this sudden demise of my father, though my mother says he shed some royal tears on the occasion. But they helped us to nothing; and all that was found in the house for the wife and creditors was a purse of ninety guineas, which my dear mother naturally took, with the family plate, and my father's wardrobe and her own; and, putting them into our great coach, drove off to Holyhead, whence she took shipping for Ireland. My father's body accompanied us in the finest hearse and plumes money could buy; for though the husband and wife had quarrelled repeatedly in life, yet at my father's death his high-spirited widow forgot all her differences, gave him the grandest funeral that had been seen for many a day, and erected a monument over his remains (for which I subsequently paid), which declared him to be the wisest, purest, and most affectionate of men.

In performing these sad duties over her deceased lord, the widow spent almost every guinea she had, and, indeed, would have spent a great deal more, had she discharged one-third of the demands which the ceremonies occasioned. But the people around our old house of Barryogue, although they did not like my father for his change of faith, yet

stood by him at this moment, and were for exterminating the mutes sent by Mr. Plumer of London with the lamented remains. The monument and vault in the church were then, alas ! all that remained of my vast possessions ; for my father had sold every stick of the property to one Notley, an attorney, and we received but a cold welcome in his house—a miserable old tumbledown place it was.¹

The splendour of the funeral did not fail to increase the widow Barry's reputation as a woman of spirit and fashion ; and when she wrote to her brother Michael Brady, that worthy gentleman immediately rode across the country to fling himself in her arms, and to invite her in his wife's name to Castle Brady.

Mick and Barry had quarrelled, as all men will, and very high words had passed between them during Barry's courtship of Miss Bell. When he took her off, Brady swore he would never forgive Barry or Bell : but coming to London in the year '46, he fell in once more with Roaring Harry, and lived in his fine house in Clarges Street, and lost a few pieces to him at play, and broke a watchman's head or two in his company,—all of which reminiscences endeared Bell and her son very much to the good-hearted gentleman, and he received us both with open arms. Mrs. Barry did not, perhaps wisely, at first make known to her friends what was her condition ; but arriving in a huge gilt coach, with enormous armorial bearings, was taken by her sister-in-law and the rest of the county for a person of considerable property and distinction.

For a time, then, and as was right and proper, Mrs. Barry gave the law at Castle Brady. She ordered the servants to and fro, and taught them, what indeed they much wanted, a little London neatness ; and 'English Redmond,' as I was called, was treated like a little lord, and had a maid and a footman to himself ; and honest Mick paid their wages,—which was much more than he was used to do for his own domestics,—doing all in his power to make his sister decently comfortable under her afflictions. Mamma, in return, determined that, when her affairs were arranged,

¹ In another part of his memoir Mr. Barry will be found to describe this mansion as one of the most splendid palaces in Europe. but this is a practice not unusual with his nation ; and with respect to the Irish principality claimed by him, it is known that Mr. Barry's grandfather was an attorney and maker of his own fortune.

she would make her kind brother a handsome allowance for her son's maintenance and her own ; and promised to have her handsome furniture brought over from Clarges Street to adorn somewhat the dilapidated rooms of Castle Brady.

But it turned out that the rascally landlord seized upon every chair and table that ought by rights to belong to the widow. The estate to which I was heir was in the hands of rapacious creditors ; and the only means of subsistence remaining to the widow and child was a rent-charge of 50*l.* upon my Lord Bagwig's property, who had many turf-dealings with the deceased. And so my dear mother's liberal intentions towards her brother were, of course, never fulfilled.

It must be confessed, very much to the discredit of Mrs. Brady, of Castle Brady, that when her sister-in-law's poverty was thus made manifest, she forgot all the respect which she had been accustomed to pay her, instantly turned my maid and man-servant out of doors, and told Mrs. Barry that she might follow them as soon as she chose. Mrs. Mick was of a low family, and a sordid way of thinking ; and after about a couple of years (during which she had saved almost all her little income) the widow complied with Madam Brady's desire. At the same time, giving way to a just, though prudently dissimulated resentment, she made a vow that she would never enter the gates of Castle Brady while the lady of the house remained alive within them.

She fitted up her new abode with much economy and considerable taste, and never, for all her poverty, abated a jot of the dignity which was her due, and which all the neighbourhood awarded to her. How, indeed, could they refuse respect to a lady who had lived in London, frequented the most fashionable society there, and had been presented (as she solemnly declared) at court ? These advantages gave her a right which seems to be pretty unsparingly exercised in Ireland by those natives who have it,—the right of looking down with scorn upon all persons who have not had the opportunity of quitting the mother-country and inhabiting England for a while. Thus, whenever Madam Brady appeared abroad in a new dress, her sister-in-law would say, ' Poor creature ! how can it be expected that she should know anything of the fashion ? ' And though pleased to be called the Handsome Widow,

as she was, Mrs. Barry was still better pleased to be called the *English* widow.

Mrs. Brady, for her part, was not slow to reply ; she used to say that the defunct Barry was a bankrupt and a beggar ; and as for the fashionable society which he saw, he saw it from my Lord Bagwig's side-table, whose flatterer and hanger-on he was known to be. Regarding Mrs. Barry, the lady of Castle Brady would make insinuations still more painful. However, why should we allude to these charges, or rake up private scandal of near sixty¹ years old ? It was in the reign of George II that the above-named personages lived and quarrelled ; good or bad, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, they are all equal now ; and do not the Sunday papers and the courts of law supply us every week with more novel and interesting slander ?

At any rate, it must be allowed that Mrs. Brady, after her husband's death and her retirement, lived in such a way as to defy slander. For whereas Bell Brady had been the gayest girl in the whole county of Wexford, with half the bachelors at her feet, and plenty of smiles and encouragement for every one of them, Bell Barry adopted a dignified reserve that almost amounted to pomposity, and was as starch as any Quakeress. Many a man renewed his offers to the widow, who had been smitten by the charms of the spinster ; but Mrs. Barry refused all offers of marriage, declaring that she lived now for her son only, and for the memory of her departed saint.

'Saint, forsooth !' said ill-natured Mrs. Brady. 'Harry Barry was as big a sinner as ever was known ; and 'tis notorious that he and Bell hated each other. If she won't marry now, depend on it, the artful woman has a husband in her eye for all that, and only waits until Lord Bagwig is a widower.'

And suppose she did, what then ? Was not the widow of a Barry fit to marry with any lord of England ? and was it not always said that a woman was to restore the fortunes of the Barry family ? If my mother fancied that *she* was to be that woman, I think it was a perfectly justifiable notion on her part ; for the earl (my godfather) was always most attentive to her ; and I never knew how deeply this notion of advancing my interests in the world

¹ [Mr. Barry's papers were written about 1800].— Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

had taken possession of mamma's mind, until his lordship's marriage in the year '57 with Miss Goldmore, the Indian nabob's rich daughter.

Meanwhile, we continued to reside at Barryville, and, considering the smallness of our income, kept up a wonderful state. Of the half-dozen families that formed the congregation at Brady's Town, there was not a single person whose appearance was so respectable as that of the widow, who, though she always dressed in mourning, in memory of her deceased husband, took care that her garments should be made so as to set off her handsome person to the greatest advantage; and, indeed, I think, spent six hours out of every day in the week in cutting, trimming, and altering them to the fashion. She had the largest of hoops, and the handsomest of furbelows, and once a month (under my Lord Bagwig's cover) would come a letter from London containing the newest accounts of the fashions there. Her complexion was so brilliant that she had no call to use rouge, as was the mode in those days. No, she left red and white, she said (and hence the reader may imagine how the two ladies hated each other) to Madam Brady, whose yellow complexion no plaster could alter. In a word, she was so accomplished a beauty, that all the women in the country took pattern by her, and the young fellows from ten miles round would ride over to Castle Brady church to have the sight of her.

But if (like every other woman that ever I saw or read of) she was proud of her beauty, to do her justice she was still more proud of her son, and has said a thousand times to me that I was the handsomest young fellow in the world. This is a matter of taste. A man of sixty may, however, say what he was at fourteen without much vanity, and I must say I think there was some cause for my mother's opinion. The good soul's pleasure was to dress me; and on Sundays and holidays I turned out in a velvet coat with a silver-hilted sword by my side and a gold garter at my knee, as fine as any lord in the land. My mother worked me several most splendid waistcoats, and I had plenty of lace for my ruffles, and a fresh riband to my hair, and as we walked to church on Sundays, even envious Mrs. Brady was found to allow that there was not a prettier pair in the kingdom.

Of course, too, the lady of Castle Brady used to sneer,

because on these occasions a certain Tim, who used to be called my valet, followed me and my mother to church, carrying a huge prayer-book and a cane, and dressed in the livery of one of our own fine footmen from Clarges Street, which, as Tim was a bandy-shanked little fellow, did not exactly become him. But, though poor, we were gentlefolks, and not to be sneered out of these becoming appendages to our rank ; and so would march up the aisle to our pew with as much state and gravity as the lord-lieutenant's lady and son might do. When there, my mother would give the responses and amens in a loud, dignified voice that was delightful to hear, and, besides, had a fine loud voice for singing, which art she had perfected in London under a fashionable teacher ; and she would exercise her talent in such a way that you would hardly hear any other voice of the little congregation which chose to join in the psalm. In fact, my mother had great gifts in every way, and believed herself to be one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and meritorious persons in the world. Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbours regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her.

When we left Castle Brady we came to occupy a house in Brady's Town, which mamma christened Barryville. I confess it was but a small place, but, indeed, we made the most of it. I have mentioned the family pedigree which hung up in the drawing-room, which mamma called the yellow saloon, and my bedroom was called the pink bedroom, and hers the orange-tawny apartment (how well I remember them all !) ; and at dinner-time Tim regularly rang a great bell, and we each had a silver tankard to drink from, and mother boasted with justice that I had as good a bottle of claret by my side as any squire of the land. So, indeed, I had, but I was not, of course, allowed at my tender years to drink any of the wine, which thus attained a considerable age, even in the decanter.

Uncle Brady (in spite of the family quarrel) found out the above fact one day by calling at Barryville at dinner-time, and unluckily tasting the liquor. You should have seen how he sputtered and made faces ! But the honest gentleman was not particular about his wine or the company in which he drank it. He would get drunk, indeed, with the

parson or the priest indifferently ; with the latter, much to my mother's indignation, for, as a true blue Nassauite, she heartily despised all those of the old faith, and would scarcely sit down in the room with a benighted Papist. But the squire had no such scruples ; he was, indeed, one of the easiest, idlest, and best-natured fellows that ever lived, and many an hour would he pass with the lonely widow when he was tired of Madam Brady at home. He liked me, he said, as much as one of his own sons, and at length, after the widow had held out for a couple of years, she agreed to allow me to return to the castle ; though, for herself, she resolutely kept the oath which she had made with regard to her sister-in-law.

The very first day I returned to Castle Brady my trials may be said, in a manner, to have begun. My cousin, Master Mick, a huge monster of nineteen (who hated me, and I promise you I returned the compliment), insulted me at dinner about my mother's poverty, and made all the girls of the family titter. So when we went to the stables, whither Mick always went for his pipe of tobacco after dinner, I told him a piece of my mind, and there was a fight for at least ten minutes, during which I stood to him like a man, and blacked his left eye, though I was myself only twelve years old at the time. Of course he beat me, but a beating makes only a small impression on a lad of that tender age, as I had proved many times in battles with the ragged Brady's Town boys before, not one of whom, at my time of life, was my match. My uncle was very much pleased when he heard of my gallantry ; my cousin Nora brought brown paper and vinegar for my nose, and I went home that night with a pint of claret under my girdle, not a little proud, let me tell you, at having held my own against Mick so long.

And though he persisted in his bad treatment of me, and used to cane me whenever I fell in his way, yet I was very happy now at Castle Brady with the company there, and my cousins, or some of them, and the kindness of my uncle, with whom I became a prodigious favourite. He bought a colt for me, and taught me to ride. He took me out coursing and fowling, and instructed me to shoot flying. And at length I was released from Mick's persecution, for his brother, Master Ulick, returning from Trinity College, and hating his elder brother, as is mostly

the way in families of fashion, took me under his protection, and from that time, as Ulick was a deal bigger and stronger than Mick, I, English Redmond, as I was called, was left alone, except when the former thought fit to thrash me, which he did whenever he thought proper.

Nor was my learning neglected in the ornamental parts, for I had an uncommon natural genius for many things, and soon topped in accomplishments most of the persons around me. I had a quick ear and a fine voice, which my mother cultivated to the best of her power, and she taught me to step a minuet gravely and gracefully, and thus laid the foundation of my future success in life. The common dances I learned, as, perhaps, I ought not to confess, in the servants' hall, which, you may be sure, was never without a piper, and where I was considered unrivalled both at a hornpipe and a jig.

In the matter of book-learning, I had always an uncommon taste for reading plays and novels, as the best part of a gentleman's polite education, and never let a pedlar pass the village, if I had a penny, without having a ballad or two from him. As for your dull grammar, and Greek, and Latin, and stuff, I have always hated them from my youth upwards, and said, very unmistakably, I would have none of them.

This I proved pretty clearly at the age of thirteen, when my aunt Biddy Brady's legacy of 100*l.* came in to mamma, who thought to employ the sum on my education, and sent me to Doctor Tobias Ticker's famous academy at Ballywhacket—Backwhacket, as my uncle used to call it. But six weeks after I had been consigned to his reverence, I suddenly made my appearance again at Castle Brady, having walked forty miles from the odious place, and left the doctor in a state near upon apoplexy. The fact was, that at law, prison-bars, or boxing, I was at the head of the school, but could not be brought to excel in the classics; and after having been flogged seven times without its doing me the least good in my Latin, I refused to submit altogether (finding it useless) to an eighth application of the rod. 'Try some other way, sir,' said I, when he was for horsing me once more; but he wouldn't; whereon, and to defend myself, I flung a slate at him, and knocked down a Scotch usher with a leaden inkstand. All the lads huzzaed at this, and some of the servants wanted to stop me; but

taking out a large clasp-knife that my cousin Nora had given me, I swore I would plunge it into the waistcoat of the first man who dared to balk me, and faith, they let me pass on. I slept that night twenty miles off Ballywhacket, at the house of a cottier, who gave me potatoes and milk, and to whom I gave a hundred guineas after, when I came to visit Ireland in my days of greatness. I wish I had the money now. But what's the use of regret? I have had many a harder bed than that I shall sleep on to-night, and many a scantier meal than honest Phil Murphy gave me on the evening I ran away from school. So six weeks was all the schooling I ever got. And I say this to let parents know the value of it, for though I have met more learned bookworms in the world, especially a great hulking, clumsy, blear-eyed old doctor, whom they called Johnson and who lived in a court off Fleet Street, in London, yet I pretty soon silenced him in an argument (at Button's Coffee-house), and in that, and in poetry, and in what I call natural philosophy, or the science of life, and in riding, music, leaping, the small-sword, the knowledge of a horse, or a main of cocks, and the manners of an accomplished gentleman and a man of fashion, I may say for myself that Redmond Barry has seldom found his equal. 'Sir,' said I to Mr. Johnson, on the occasion I allude to—he was accompanied by a Mr. Buswell of Scotland, and I was presented to the club by a Mr. Goldsmith, a countryman of my own.—'Sir,' said I, in reply to the schoolmaster's great thundering quotation in Greek, 'you fancy you know a great deal more than me, because you quote your *Aristotle* and your *Pluto*, but can you tell me which horse will win at Epsom Downs next week?—Can you run six miles without breathing?—Can you shoot the ace of spades ten times without missing? If so, talk about Aristotle and Pluto to me.'

'D'ye know who ye're speaking to?' roared out the Scotch gentleman, Mr. Buswell, at this.

'Hold your tongue, Mr. Boswell,' said the old schoolmaster. 'I had no right to brag of my Greek to the gentleman, and he has answered me very well.'

'Doctor,' says I, looking waggishly at him, 'do you know ever a rhyme for Aristotle?'

'Port, if you please,' says Mr. Goldsmith, laughing. And we had *six rhymes for Aristotle* before we left the coffee-house that evening. It became a regular joke afterwards when

I told the story, and at White's, or the Cocoa-tree, you would hear the wags say, 'Waiter, bring one of Captain Barry's rhymes for Aristotle!' Once, when I was in liquor at the latter place, young Dick Sheridan called me a great Staggerite, a joke which I could never understand. But I am wandering from my story, and must get back to home, and dear old Ireland again.

I have made acquaintance with the best in the land since, and my manners are such, I have said, as to make me the equal of them all; and, perhaps, you will wonder how a country boy, as I was, educated amongst Irish squires, and their dependents of the stable and farm, should arrive at possessing such elegant manners as I was indisputably allowed to have. I had, the fact is, a very valuable instructor in the person of an old gamekeeper, who had served the French king at Fontenoy, and who taught me the dances, and customs, and a smattering of the language of that country, with the use of the sword, both small and broad. Many and many a long mile I have trudged by his side as a lad, he telling me wonderful stories of the French king, and the Irish brigade, and Marshal Saxe, and the opera-dancers; he knew my uncle, too, the Chevalier Borgne, and, indeed, had a thousand accomplishments which he taught me in secret. I never knew a man like him for making or throwing a fly, for physicking a horse, or breaking, or choosing one; he taught me manly sports, from birds'-nesting upwards, and I always shall consider Phil Purcell as the very best tutor I could have had. His fault was drink, but for that I have always had a blind eye; and he hated my cousin Mick like poison, but I could excuse him that too.

With Phil, and at the age of fifteen, I was a more accomplished man than either of my cousins; and I think Nature had been, also, more bountiful to me in the matter of person. Some of the Castle Brady girls (as you shall hear presently) adored me. At fairs and races many of the prettiest lasses present said they would like to have me for their bachelor, and yet somehow, it must be confessed, I was not popular.

In the first place, every one knew I was bitter poor; and I think, perhaps, it was my good mother's fault that I was bitter proud too. I had a habit of boasting in company of my birth, and the splendour of my carriages, gardens, cellars, and domestics, and this before people who were

perfectly aware of my real circumstances. If it was boys, and they ventured to sneer, I would beat them, or die for it; and many's the time I've been brought home wellnigh killed by one or more of them, on what, when my mother asked me, I would say was 'a family quarrel.' 'Support your name with your blood, Reddy, my boy,' would that saint say, with the tears in her eyes; and so would she herself have done with her voice, aye, and her teeth and nails.

Thus, at fifteen, there was scarce a lad of twenty, for half a dozen miles round, that I had not beat for one cause or other. There were the vicar's two sons of Castle Brady—in course I could not associate with such beggarly brats as them, and many a battle did we have as to who should take the wall in Brady's Town; there was Pat Lurgan, the blacksmith's son, who had the better of me four times before we came to the crowning fight, when I overcame him; and I could mention a score more of my deeds of prowess in that way, but that fisticuff facts are dull subjects to talk of, and to discuss before high-bred gentlemen and ladies.

However, there is another subject, ladies, on which I must discourse, and *that* is never out of place. Day and night you like to hear of it; young and old, you dream and think of it. Handsome and ugly (and, faith, before fifty, I never saw such a thing as a plain woman), it's the subject next to the hearts of all of you; and I think you guess my riddle without more trouble. *Love!* sure the word is formed on purpose out of the prettiest soft vowels and consonants in the language, and he or she who does not care to read about it is not worth a fig to my thinking.

[It may possibly be becoming for ladies to fall in love only once in their lives—viz. with the happy individual on whom their hands are bestowed:—it may, I say, be possibly becoming and virtuous in them to bring virgin hearts to St. George's, Hanover Square; and it is certain that the jealous, greedy, selfish sultan, Man, would so confine their affections, if he could, nor allow them to think and feel until such time as he chooses to select them as objects of his favour. But for his own part, Man, the whiskered lord and master, is by no means so squeamish, as every man of tolerable sensibilities will aver who reads this, and will take the trouble of computing how many

times from his earliest youth up to the perusal of this sentence, he has given way to the tender passion.

Can any man lay his hand upon his waistcoat and conscientiously say, 'Until I saw the present Mrs. Jones, I never was in love in my life?' Can any man say so? He is a poor creature if he can; and I make no doubt he has had at least forty first-loves since he began to be capable of admiring at all. As for the ladies—they, of course, I put out of the question,—they *are* fresh, no doubt: they never fall in love until mamma tells them that Mr. So-and-so is an amiable young man, and in every way eligible; they never flirt with Captain Smith at a ball; and sigh as they lie at home in bed, and think what a charming, dashing fellow he is; they never hear the young curate read his sermon so sweetly, and think how pale and interesting he looks, and how lonely he must feel in his curacy-house, and what a noble work it would be to share the solitude, and soothe the pains, and listen to the delightful doctrine, of so excellent a man; they never think of attaching themselves to any mortal except their brother, until he brings home a young friend from college, and says, 'Mary, Tom Atkinson admires you hugely, and is heir to two thousand a year!' They never begin the attack, as I have heard; but their young hearts wait like so many fortresses, to be attacked and carried after a proper period of siege—by blockade, or by bribery, or by capitulation, or by fiery escalade.

Whilst ladies persist in maintaining the strictly defensive condition, men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line, that of attack; otherwise, if both parties held aloof, there would be no more marriages; and the two hosts would die in their respective inaction, without ever coming to a battle. Thus it is evident that as the ladies will not, the men must take the offensive. I, for my part, have made in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several strongly fortified hearts. Sometimes I began my works too late in the season, and winter suddenly came and rendered further labours impossible; sometimes I have attacked the breach madly, sword in hand, and have been plunged violently from the scaling-ladder into the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent lodgement in the place, when—bang! blows up a mine, and I am scattered to the deuce! and sometimes when I have been

in the very heart of the citadel—ah, that I should say it!—a sudden panic has struck me, and I have run like the British out of Carthage! One grows tired after a while of such perpetual activity. Is it not time that the ladies should take an innings? Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare that for the next hundred years we will make love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us on with our cloaks at the hall-door; and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield and say, 'La, Miss Hopkins—I really never—I am so agitated—ask papa!'

My day is over, however; my race is run, and the above hint is only thrown out for those who shall come after me. But in the matter of love I showed my genius early; and if in after-times I achieved, as shall be shown, vast and signal victories over the fair sex, this fact only proves my merit and courage the more; for in my first affair I was woefully unsuccessful.

Ah! that first affair, how well one remembers it! What a noble discovery it is that the boy makes when he finds himself actually and truly in love with some one! What a delicious magnificent secret it is that he carries about with him! My first love was like my first gold watch (an elegant French gold repeater). I used to go into corners, and contemplate and gloat over my treasure; to take it to bed with me, and lay it under my pillow of nights, and wake of mornings with the happy consciousness that it was there. What a change does that blessed first love make in a lad! You fall in love, say of a Sunday; a young woman at church modestly hands you the psalm-book, and blushes and droops down her eyes, as she tremulously sings the Old Hundredth. By the time the music is done, you have passed over into a new state of existence, and your childhood lies far away from you. It was only on Saturday that you had made a party for cricket, and were longing for Monday to be a fine day. It was but last Friday, Heaven bless us! that you and Harry Hunter had been examining curiously a certain apple-tree in Farmer Smith's orchard, and had settled (after knocking down one of the fruits with a stone, and trying each of you a slice of it) that the apples would be

ripe in about a fortnight, and the tree in a fit state for robbing. Psha! is it possible that only three days since you had an ambition for robbing orchards, and looked forward to the pleasure of hiding a store of the stolen pippins under your bed? Is it possible that the setting up of three yellow stumps upon a meadow, and the dexterous knocking down of them, should have been the chief ambition of your life? There lies the cricket-ball, which you greased carefully overnight; before going to church even, you looked at it to examine its condition, and I believe spent the best part of the half-hour during sermon in the morning in cutting a pair of bails for the wickets. Evening service is over—Fanny Edwards and her mother have slowly strolled home over the fields to tea; and as you pass by Smith's apple-tree you blush to think that you could ever have had a longing for the silly green codlins shining among the leaves, and put away your wicket-sticks in a rage. And what is the cause of all this? You and Fanny have been holding on by one hymn-book; you have done it any time these six years; but what made her blush and you tremble so this time? She is eight years older than you (that follows, of course); and if there was a humiliation for you in the world some few months back, it was to be obliged to walk with her. You cried for rage one day when she gave you a kiss, and called you a pretty little boy; after dinner, when you were told by your papa to walk off to the ladies, you sat in the very farthest corner of the room away from her, or passed the evening with the gardener's boy, or with Tom in the stables, or with making ducks and drakes on the ponds,—anyhow rather than with Fanny Edwards, whom you abominated next to the schoolmaster.

What a change now!—ah, gods, what a royal change! How different is Fanny Edwards! What has happened to her that she has become an angel since yesterday, or what strange enchantment has fallen upon you, that she should seem like one? Shall we go on in this strain, and discourse through this entire chapter upon the nature and peculiarities of love, and its influences upon the youthful bosom? No, no! such things had best be thought about, not spoken of. Let any man who has a mind to do so, fall back in his chair, dropping the book out of his hand—fall back into his chair, and call back the sleeping sweet reminiscences

of his early love-days, long before he ever saw Mrs. Jones. She, good woman, has sent down half a dozen times already to say that tea is waiting. Never mind ; sit still, Jones, and dream on. Call back again that early, brilliant, immortal first love. What matters what the object of it was ? Perhaps a butcher's daughter down the village ; perhaps a great, skinny, ogling French governess ; perhaps a fat, meek, fair-haired clergyman's daughter, that was ten years older than yourself, as a matter of course.

Never mind who it was : it is not of the least consequence. As a general rule, nothing comes of a first love ; and a wise and lucky chance it is, too ; for ten to one the object of it is unworthy, and the gratification of it would make a poor lad miserable for life. And it has always appeared to me that the tender passion in due season gushes instinctively out of a man's heart ; and that he loves as a bird sings or a rose blows, from nature, and because he cannot help it. As I have read in a Persian song-book,—

The nightingale sings in the garden : perhaps it is a princess
who hears his music.

The rose blushes in the parterre : perhaps it is gathered by the
black cook, who has come to cut pot-herbs for dinner.

Fate sports with us, my friends ; women have ruled us since the days of Adam. With this sentiment I began, and with it will end my chapter.]¹

My uncle's family consisted of ten children ; who, as is the custom in such large families, were divided into two camps, or parties ; the one siding with their mamma, the other taking the part of my uncle in all the numerous quarrels which arose between that gentleman and his lady. Mrs. Brady's faction was headed by Mick, the eldest son, who hated me so, and disliked his father for keeping him out of his property : while Ulick, the second brother, was his father's own boy ; and, in revenge, Master Mick was desperately afraid of him. I need not mention the girls' names ; I had plague enough with them in after-life, Heaven knows ; and one of them was the cause of all my early troubles ; this was (though to be sure all her sisters denied it) the belle of the family, Miss Honoria Brady by name, [—the remembrance of whom inspired all those

¹ Omitted in later editions ; in *Fraser's Magazine*, chapter i ended here.

remarks concerning love, with which I finished off the foregoing chapter, and which I hope all fair young ladies and youths entering life have well considered.]¹

She said she was only nineteen at the time ; but I could read the fly-leaf in the family Bible as well as another (it was one of the three books which, with the backgammon-board, formed my uncle's library), and know that she was born in the year '37, and christened by Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin : hence she was three-and-twenty years old at the time she and I were so much together.

When I come to think about her now, I know she never could have been handsome ; for her figure was rather of the fattest, and her mouth of the widest ; she was freckled over like a partridge's egg, and her hair was the colour of a certain vegetable which we eat with boiled beef, to use the mildest term. Often and often would my dear mother make these remarks concerning her ; but I did not believe them then, and somehow had gotten to think Honoria an angelical being far above all the other angels of her sex.

And as we know very well that a lady who is skilled in dancing or singing never can perfect herself without a deal of study in private, and that the song or the minuet which are performed with so much graceful ease in the assembly-room have not been acquired without vast labour and perseverance in private ; so it is with the dear creatures who are skilled in coquetting. Honoria, for instance, was always practising, and she would take poor me to rehearse her accomplishment upon ; or the exciseman, when he came his rounds, or the steward, or the poor curate, or the young apothecary's lad from Brady's Town, whom I recollect beating once for that very reason. If he is alive now I make him my apologies. Poor fellow ! as if it was *his* fault that he should be a victim to the wiles of one of the greatest coquettes (considering her obscure life and rustic breeding) in the world.

If the truth must be told, and every word of this narrative of my life is of the most sacred veracity, my passion for Nora began in a very vulgar and unromantic way. I did not save her life ; on the contrary, I once very nearly killed her, as you shall hear. I did not behold her by moonlight playing on the guitar, or rescue her from the

hands of ruffians, as Alfonso does Lindamira in the novel ; but one day after dinner at Brady's Town in summer, going into the garden to pull gooseberries for my dessert, and thinking only of gooseberries, I pledge my honour, I came upon Miss Nora and one of her sisters, with whom she was friends at the time, who were both engaged in the very same amusement.

'What's the Latin for gooseberry, Redmond?' says she. She was always 'poking her fun,' as the Irish phrase it.

'I know the Latin for goose,' says I.

'And what's that?' cries Miss Mysie, as pert as a peacock.

'Bo to you!' says I (for I had never a want of wit); and so we fell to work at the gooseberry-bush, laughing and talking as happy as might be. In the course of our diversion Nora managed to scratch her arm, and it bled, and she screamed, and it was mighty round and white, and I tied it up, and I believe was permitted to kiss her hand; and though it was as big and clumsy a hand as ever you saw, yet I thought the favour the most ravishing one that was ever conferred upon me, and went home in a rapture [the exact condition of the young lad described in the last chapter.]¹

I was much too simple a fellow to disguise any sentiment I chanced to feel in those days; and not one of the eight Castle Brady girls but was soon aware of my passion, and joked and complimented Nora about her bachelor.

The torments of jealousy the cruel coquette made me endure were horrible. Sometimes she would treat me as a child, sometimes as a man. She would always leave me if ever there came a stranger to the house,

'For after all, Redmond,' she would say, 'you are but fifteen, and you hav'n't a guinea in the world;' at which I would swear that I would become the greatest hero ever known out of Ireland, and vow that before I was twenty I would have money enough to purchase an estate six times as big as Castle Brady. All which vain promises, of course, I did not keep; but I make no doubt they influenced me in my very early life, and caused me to do those great actions for which I have been celebrated, and which shall be narrated presently in order.

¹ Omitted in later editions.

I must tell one of them, just that my dear young lady readers may know what sort of a fellow Redmond Barry was, and what a courage and undaunted passion he had. I question whether any of the jenny-jessamines of the present day would do half as much in the face of danger.

About this time it must be premised the United Kingdom was in a state of great excitement from the threat generally credited of a French invasion. The Pretender was said to be in high favour at Versailles, a descent upon Ireland was especially looked to, and the noblemen and people of condition in that and all other parts of the kingdom showed their loyalty by raising regiments of horse and foot to resist the invaders. Brady's Town sent a company to join the Kilwangan regiment, of which Master Mick was the captain; and we had a letter from Master Ulick at Trinity College, stating that the university had also formed a regiment, in which he had the honour to be a corporal. How I envied them both! especially that odious Mick, as I saw him in his laced scarlet coat with a ribbon in his hat march off at the head of his men. He, the poor spiritless creature, was a captain, and I nothing,—I who felt I had as much courage as the Duke of Cumberland himself, and felt, too, that a red jacket would mightily become me! My mother said I was too young to join the new regiment; but the fact was, that it was she herself who was too poor, for the cost of a new uniform would have swallowed up half her year's income, and she would only have her boy appear in a way suitable to his birth, riding the finest of racers, dressed in the best of clothes, and keeping the genteelst of company.

Well, then, the whole country was alive with war's alarms, the three kingdoms ringing with military music, and every man of merit paying his devoirs at the court of Bellona, whilst poor I was obliged to stay at home in my fustian jacket and sigh for fame in secret. Mr. Mick came to and fro from the regiment, and brought numerous of his comrades with him. Their costume and swaggering airs filled me with grief, and Miss Nora's unvarying attentions to them served to make me half wild. No one, however, thought of attributing this sadness to the young lady's score, but rather to my disappointment at not being allowed to join the military profession.

Once the officers of the Fencibles gave a grand ball at

Kilwangan, to which, as a matter of course, all the ladies of Castle Brady (and a pretty ugly coachful they were) were invited. I knew to what tortures the odious little flirt of a Nora would put me with her eternal coquetries with the officers, and refused for a long time to be one of the party to the ball. But she had a way of conquering me, against which all resistance of mine was in vain. She vowed that riding in a coach always made her ill. 'And how can I go to the ball,' said she, 'unless you take me on Daisy behind you on the pillion?' Daisy was a good blood mare of my uncle's, and to such a proposition I could not for my soul say no; so we rode in safety to Kilwangan, and I felt myself as proud as any prince when she promised to dance a country-dance with me.

When the dance was ended, the little ungrateful flirt informed me that she had quite forgotten her engagement, and actually danced the set with an Englishman! I have endured torments in my life, but none like that. She tried to make up for her neglect, but I would not. Some of the prettiest girls there offered to console me, for I was the best dancer in the room. I made one attempt, but was too wretched to continue, and so remained alone all night in a state of agony. I would have played but I had no money, only the gold piece that my mother bade me always keep in my purse as a gentleman should. I did not care for drink, or know the dreadful comfort of it in those days; but I thought of killing myself and Nora, and most certainly of making away with Captain Quin!

At last, and at morning, the ball was over. The rest of our ladies went off in the lumbering creaking old coach; Daisy was brought out, and Miss Nora took her place behind me, which I let her do without a word. But we were not half a mile out of town when she began to try with her coaxing and blandishments to dissipate my ill humour.

'Sure it's a bitter night, Redmond dear, and you'll catch cold without a handkerchief to your neck.' To this sympathetic remark from the pillion, the saddle made no reply.

'Did you and Miss Clancy have a pleasant evening, Redmond? You were together, I saw, all night.' To this the saddle only replied by grinding his teeth, and giving a lash to Daisy.

'Oh! mercy, you make Daisy rear and throw me, you

careless creature, you ; and you know, Redmond, I'm so timid.' The pillion had by this got her arm round the saddle's waist, and, perhaps, gave it the gentlest squeeze in the world.

' I hate Miss Clancy, you know I do ! ' answers the saddle ; ' and I only danced with her because—because—the person with whom I intended to dance chose to be engaged the whole night.'

' Sure there were my sisters,' said the pillion, now laughing outright in the pride of her conscious superiority ; ' and for me, my dear, I had not been in the room five minutes before I was engaged for every single set.'

' Were you obliged to dance five times with Captain Quin ? ' said I ; and, oh ! strange delicious charm of coquetry, I do believe Miss Nora Brady at twenty-three years of age felt a pang of delight in thinking that she had so much power over a guileless lad of fifteen.

Of course she replied that she did not care a fig for Captain Quin ; that he danced prettily, to be sure, and was a pleasant rattle of a man ; that he looked well in his regimentals, too ; and if he chose to ask her to dance, how could she refuse him ?

' But you refused me, Nora.'

' Oh ! I can dance with you any day,' answered Miss Nora, with a toss of her head ; ' and to dance with your cousin at a ball looks as if you could find no other partner. Besides,' said Nora—and this was a cruel, unkind cut, which showed what a power she had over me, and how mercilessly she used it,—' besides, Redmond, Captain Quin's a man, and you are only a boy ! '

' If ever I meet him again,' I roared out with an oath, ' you shall see which is the best man of the two. I'll fight him with sword or with pistol, captain as he is. A man, indeed ! I'll fight any man—every man ! Didn't I stand up to Mick Brady when I was eleven years old ?—Didn't I beat Tom Sullivan, the great hulking brute, who is nineteen ?—Didn't I do for the French usher ? Oh, Nora, it's cruel of you to sneer at me so ! '

But Nora was in the sneering mood that night, and pursued her sarcasms, and pointed out that Captain Quin was already known as a valiant soldier, famous as a man of fashion in London, and that it was mighty well of Redmond to talk and boast of beating ushers and farmers'

boys, but to fight an Englishman was a very different matter.

Then she fell to talk of the invasion, and of military matters in general, of King Frederick (who was called, in those days, the Protestant hero [—apt title!]¹), of Monsieur Thurot and his fleet, of Monsieur Conflans and his squadron, of Minorca, how it was attacked, and where it was, and both agreed it must be in America, and hoped the French might be soundly beaten there.

I sighed after a while (for I was beginning to melt), and said how much I longed to be a soldier; on which Nora recurred to her infallible, 'Ah! now, would you leave me, then? But, sure, you're not big enough for anything more than a little drummer.' To which I replied, by swearing that a soldier I would be, and a general too.

As we were chattering in this silly way, we came to a place that has ever since gone by the name of Redmond's Leap Bridge. It was an old high bridge, over a stream sufficiently deep and rocky, and as the mare Daisy with her double load was crossing this bridge, Miss Nora, giving a loose to her imagination, and still harping on the military theme (I would lay a wager that she was thinking of Captain Quin), Miss Nora said, 'Suppose, now, Redmond, you, who are such a hero, was passing over the bridge, and the inimy on the other side?'

'I'd draw my sword, and cut my way through them.'

'What, with me on the pillion? Would you kill poor me?' (This young lady was perpetually speaking of 'poor me!')

'Well, then, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd jump Daisy into the river, and swim you both across, where no enemy could follow us.'

'Jump twenty feet! you wouldn't dare to do any such thing on Daisy. There's the Captain's horse, Black George, I've heard say that Captain Qui——'

She never finished the word, for, maddened by the continual recurrence of that odious monosyllable, I shouted to her to 'hold tight by my waist,' and, giving Daisy the spur, in a minute sprang with Nora over the parapet into the deeper water below. I don't know why now, whether it was I wanted to drown myself and Nora, or to perform an

¹ Omitted in later editions.

act that even Captain Quin should crane at, or whether I fancied that the enemy actually was in front of us, I can't tell now ; but over I went. The horse sank over his head, the girl screamed as she sank, and screamed as she rose, and I landed her, half fainting, on the shore, where we were soon found by my uncle's people, who returned on hearing the screams. I went home, and was ill speedily of a fever, which kept me to my bed for six weeks, and I quitted my couch prodigiously increased in stature, and, at the same time, still more violently in love than I had been even before.

At the commencement of my illness, Miss Nora had been pretty constant in her attendance at my bedside, forgetting, for the sake of me, the quarrel between my mother and her family, which my good mother was likewise pleased, in the most Christian manner, to forget. And, let me tell you, it was no small mark of goodness in a woman of her haughty disposition, who, as a rule, never forgave anybody, for my sake to give up her hostility to Miss Brady, and to receive her kindly. For, like a mad boy as I was, it was Nora I was always raving about and asking for ; I would only accept medicines from her hand, and would look rudely and sulkily upon the good mother, who loved me better than anything else in the world, and gave up even her favourite habits, and proper and becoming jealousies, to make me happy.

As I got well, I saw that Nora's visits became daily more rare : 'Why don't she come ?' I would say, peevishly, a dozen times in the day ; in reply to which query, Mrs. Barry would be obliged to make the best excuses she could find,—such as that Nora had sprained her ankle, or that they had quarrelled together, or some other answer to soothe me. And many a time has the good soul left me to go and break her heart in her own room alone, and come back with a smiling face, so that I should know nothing of her mortification. Nor, indeed, did I take much pains to ascertain it ; nor should I, I fear, have been very much touched even had I discovered it, for the commencement of manhood, I think, is the period of our extremest selfishness. We get such a desire then to take wing, and leave the parent-nest, that no tears, entreaties, or feelings of affection will counterbalance this overpowering longing after independence. She must have been very sad, that poor mother of mine—

Heaven be good to her!—at that period of my life; and has often told me since what a pang of the heart it was to her to see all her care and affection of years forgotten by me in a minute, and for the sake of a little, heartless jilt, who was only playing with me while she could get no better suitor. For the fact is, that during the last four weeks of my illness, no other than Captain Quin was staying at Castle Brady, and making love to Miss Nora in form; and my mother did not dare to break this news to me, and you may be sure that Nora herself kept it a secret. It was only by chance that I discovered it.

Shall I tell you how? The minx had been to see me one day, as I sat up in my bed, convalescent, and was in such high spirits, and so gracious and kind to me, that my heart poured over with joy and gladness, and I had even for my poor mother a kind word and a kiss that morning. I felt myself so well that I ate up a whole chicken, and promised my uncle, who had come to see me, to be ready, against partridge-shooting, to accompany him, as my custom was.

The next day but one was a Sunday, and I had a project for that day which I determined to realize, in spite of all the doctors and my mother's injunctions, which were that I was on no account to leave the house, for the fresh air would be the death of me.

Well, I lay wondrous quiet, composing a copy of verses, the first I ever made in my life, and I give them here spelt as I spelt them in those days when I knew no better. And though they are not so polished and elegant as *Ardelia, ease a love-sick swain*: and, *When Sol bedecks the Daisied Mead*; and other lyrical effusions of mine which obtained me so much reputation in after-life, I still think them pretty good for a humble lad of fifteen:—

THE ROSE OF FLORA

*Sent by a Young Gentleman of Quality to Miss Br—dy, of C—stle
Br—dy*

On Brady's tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady,
(And how I love her no one knows);
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presents her with this blooming rose.

‘O Lady Nora,’ says the goddess Flora,
 ‘I’ve many a rich and bright parterre ;
 In Brady’s towers there’s seven more flowers,
 But you’re the fairest lady there :
 Not all the county, nor Ireland’s bounty,
 Can prouice a treasure that’s half so fair !’

What cheek is redder ? sure roses fed her !
 Her hair is maregolds, and her eye of blew
 Beneath her eyelid, is like the v’let,
 That darkly glistens with gentle jew !
 The lily’s nature is not surely whiter
 Than Nora’s neck is.—and her arrums too.

‘Come, gentle Nora,’ says the goddess Flora,
 ‘My dearest creature, take my advice,
 There is a poet, full well you know it,
 Who spends his life-time in heavy sighs,—
 Young Redmond Barry, ’tis him you’ll marry,
 If rhyme and raisin you’d choose likewise.’

On Sunday, no sooner was my mother gone to church, than I summoned Phil the valet, and insisted upon his producing my best suit, in which I arrayed myself (although I found that I had shot up so in my illness that the old dress was woefully too small for me), and, with my notable copy of verses in my hand, ran down towards Castle Brady, bent upon beholding my beauty. The air was so fresh and bright, and the birds sang so loud amidst the green trees, that I felt more elated than I had been for months before, and sprang down the avenue (my uncle had cut down every stick of the trees, by the way) as brisk as a young fawn. My heart began to thump as I mounted the grass-grown steps of the terrace, and passed in by the rickety hall-door. The master and mistress were at church, Mr. Screw, the butler, told me, after giving a start back at seeing my altered appearance, and gaunt, lean figure, and so were six of the young ladies.

‘Was Miss Nora one ?’ I asked.

‘No, Miss Nora was not one,’ said Mr. Screw, assuming a very puzzled, and yet knowing look.

‘Where was she ?’ To this question he answered, or rather made believe to answer, with usual Irish ingenuity, and left me to settle whether she was gone to Kilwangan on the pillion behind her brother, or whether she and her sister had gone for a walk, or whether she was ill in her

room ; and while I was settling this query Mr. Screw left me abruptly.

I rushed away to the back court, where the Castle Brady stables stand, and there I found a dragoon whistling the 'Roast Beef of Old England,' as he cleaned down a cavalry horse. 'Whose horse, fellow, is that?' cried I. 'Feller, indeed!' replied the Englishman; 'the horse belongs to my captain, and he's a better *feller* nor you any day.'

I did not stop to break his bones, as I would on another occasion, for a horrible suspicion had come across me, and I made for the garden as quickly as I could.

I knew somehow what I should see there. I saw Captain Quin and Nora pacing the alley together. Her arm was under his, and the scoundrel was fondling and squeezing the hand which lay closely nestling against his odious waistcoat. Some distance beyond them was Captain Fagan of the Kilwangan regiment, who was paying court to Nora's sister Mysie.

I am not afraid of any man or ghost; but as I saw that sight my knees fell a-trembling violently under me, and such a sickness came over me, that I was fain to sink down on the grass by a tree against which I leaned, and lost almost all consciousness for a minute or two; then I gathered myself up, and, advancing towards the couple on the walk, loosened the blade of the little silver-hilted hanger I always wore in its scabbard; for I was resolved to pass it through the body of the delinquents, and spit them like two pigeons. I don't tell what feelings else besides those of rage were passing through my mind, what bitter blank disappointment, what mad wild despair, what a sensation as if the whole world was tumbling from under me: I make no doubt that my reader hath been jilted by the ladies many times, and so bid him recall his own sensations when the shock first fell upon him.

'No, Norelia,' said the captain (for it was the fashion of those times for lovers to call themselves by the most romantic names out of novels), 'except for you and four others, I vow before all the gods, my heart has never felt the soft flame!'

'Ah! you men, you men, Eugenio!' said she (the beast's name was John), 'your passion is not equal to ours. We are like—like some plant I've read of—we bear but one flower, and then we die!'

‘Do you mean you never felt an inclination for another?’ said Captain Quin.

‘Never, my Eugenio, but for thee! How can you ask a blushing nymph such a question?’

‘Darling Norelia!’ said he, raising her hand to his lips.

I had a knot of cherry-coloured ribands, which she had given me out of her breast, and which somehow I always wore upon me. I pulled these out of my bosom and flung them in Captain Quin’s face, and rushed out with my little sword drawn, shrieking, ‘She’s a liar—she’s a liar, Captain Quin! Draw, sir, and defend yourself, if you are a man!’ and with these words I leaped at the monster, and collared him, while Nora made the air echo with her screams; at the sound of which the other captain and Mysie hastened up.

Although I sprang up like a weed in my illness, and was now nearly attained to my full growth of six feet, yet I was but a lath by the side of the enormous English captain, who had calves and shoulders such as no chairman at Bath ever boasted. He turned very red, and then exceedingly pale at my attack upon him, and slipped back and clutched at his sword—when Nora, in an agony of terror, flung herself round him, screaming, ‘Eugenio! Captain Quin, for Heaven’s sake spare the child—he is but an infant!’

‘And ought to be whipped for his impudence,’ said the captain; ‘but never fear, Miss Brady, I shall not touch him; your *favourite* is safe from me.’ So saying, he stooped down and picked up the bunch of ribands which I had flung at Nora’s feet, and handing it to her, said in a sarcastic tone, ‘When ladies make presents to gentlemen, it is time for *other* gentlemen to retire.’

‘Good heavens, Quin!’ cried the girl, ‘he is but a boy.’

‘I’m a man,’ roared I, ‘and will prove it.’

‘And don’t signify any more than my parrot or lap-dog. Mayn’t I give a bit of riband to my own cousin?’

‘You are perfectly welcome, miss,’ continued the captain, ‘as many yards as you like.’

‘Monster!’ exclaimed the dear girl; ‘your father was a tailor, and you are always thinking of the shop. But I’ll have my revenge, I will! Reddy, will you see me insulted?’

‘Indeed, Miss Nora,’ says I, ‘I intend to have his blood as sure as my name’s Redmond.’

‘I’ll send for the usher to cane you, little boy,’ said the

captain, regaining his self-possession; 'but as for you, miss, I have the honour to wish you a good day.'

He took off his hat with much ceremony, and made a low *congé*, and was just walking off, when Mick, my cousin, came up, whose ear had likewise been caught by the scream.

'Hoity-toity! Jack Quin, what's the matter here?' says Mick; 'Nora in tears, Redmond's ghost here with his sword drawn, and you making a bow?'

'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Brady,' said the Englishman; 'I have had enough of Miss Nora here and your Irish ways. I ain't used to 'em, sir.'

'Well, well! what is it?' said Mick, good-humouredly (for he owed Quin a great deal of money, as it turned out); 'we'll make you used to our ways, or adopt English ones.'

'It's not the English way for ladies to have two lovers' (the 'Henglish way,' as the captain called it), 'and so, Mr. Brady, I'll thank you to pay me the sum you owe me, and I resign all claims to this young lady. If she has a fancy for schoolboys, let her take 'em, sir.'

'Pooh, pooh! Quin, you are joking,' said Mick.

'I never was more in earnest,' replied the other.

'By Heaven, then look to yourself!' shouted Mick. 'Infamous seducer! infernal deceiver!—you come and wind your toils round this suffering angel here—you win her heart and leave her—and fancy her brother won't defend her? Draw this minute, you slave! and let me cut the wicked heart out of your body!'

'This is regular assassination,' said Quin, starting back; 'there's two on 'em on me at once. Fagan, you won't let 'em murder me?'

'Faith!' said Captain Fagan, who seemed mightily amused, 'you may settle your own quarrel, Captain Quin;' and coming over to me, whispered, 'At him again, you little fellow.'

'As long as Mr. Quin withdraws his claim,' said I, 'I, of course, do not interfere.'

'I do, sir,—I do,' said Mr. Quin, more and more flustered.

'Then defend yourself like a man,—curse you!' cried Mick again. 'Mysie, lead this poor victim away—Redmond and Fagan will see fair play between us.'

'Well, now—I don't—give me time—I'm puzzled—I—I don't know which way to look.'

'Like the donkey betwixt the two bundles of hay,' said Mr. Fagan, dryly, 'and there's pretty pickings on either side.'

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH I SHOW MYSELF TO BE A MAN OF SPIRIT

DURING this dispute, my cousin Nora did the only thing that a lady, under such circumstances, could do, and fainted in due form. I was in hot altercation with Mick at the time, or I should have, of course, flown to her assistance, but Captain Fagan (a dry sort of fellow this Fagan was) prevented me, saying, 'I advise you to leave the young lady to herself, Master Redmond, and be sure she will come to.' And so, indeed, after a while, she did, which has shown me since that Fagan knew the world pretty well, for many's the lady I've seen in after times recover in a similar manner. Quin did not offer to help her, you may be sure, for, in the midst of the diversion, caused by her screaming, the faithless bully stole away.

'Which of us is Captain Quin to engage?' said I to Mick; for it was my first affair, and I was as proud of it as of a suit of laced velvet. 'Is it you or I, cousin Mick, that is to have the honour of chastising this insolent Englishman?' And I held out my hand as I spoke, for my heart melted towards my cousin under the triumph of the moment.

But he rejected the proffered offer of friendship. 'You—you!' said he, in a towering passion; 'hang you for a meddling brat, your hand is in everybody's pie. What business had you to come brawling and quarrelling here, with a gentleman who has fifteen hundred a year?'

'Oh,' gasped Nora, from the stone bench, 'I shall die; I know I shall. I shall never leave this spot.'

'The Captain's not gone yet,' whispered Fagan, on which Nora, giving him an indignant look, jumped up and walked towards the house.

'Meanwhile,' Mick continued, 'what business have you, you meddling rascal, to interfere with a daughter of this house?'

'Rascal yourself!' roared I; 'call me another such name, Mick Brady, and I'll drive my hanger into your weasand. Recollect, I stood to you when I was eleven years old. I'm your match now, and, by Jove, provoke me, and I'll beat

you like—like your younger brother always did.’ That was a home-cut, and I saw Mick turn blue with fury.

‘This is a pretty way to recommend yourself to the family,’ said Fagan, in a soothing tone.

‘The girl’s old enough to be his mother,’ growled Mick.

‘Old or not,’ I replied : ‘you listen to this, Mick Brady’ (and I swore a tremendous oath, that need not be put down here), ‘the man that marries Nora Brady must first kill me—do you mind that?’

‘Pooh, sir,’ said Mick, turning away, ‘kill you,—flog you, you mean! I’ll send for Nick the huntsman to do it;’ and so he went off.

Captain Fagan now came up, and, taking me kindly by the hand, said I was a gallant lad, and he liked my spirit. ‘But what Brady says is true,’ continued he; ‘it’s a hard thing to give a lad counsel who is in such a far-gone state as you; but, believe me, I know the world, and if you will but follow my advice, you won’t regret having taken it. Nora Brady has not a penny; you are not a whit richer. You are but fifteen, and she’s four-and-twenty. In ten years, when you’re old enough to marry, she will be an old woman; and, my poor boy, don’t you see—though it’s a hard matter to see—that she’s a flirt, and does not care a pin for you or Quin either?’

But who in love (or in any other point, for the matter of that) listens to advice? I never did, and I told Captain Fagan fairly, that Nora might love me or not, as she liked, but that Quin should fight me before he married her—that I swore.

‘Faith,’ says Fagan, ‘I think you are a lad that’s likely to keep your word;’ and, looking hard at me for a second or two, he walked away likewise, humming a tune; and I saw he looked back at me as he went through the old gate out of the garden. And when he was gone, and I was quite alone, I flung myself down on the bench where Nora had made believe to faint, and had left her handkerchief; and, taking it up, hid my face in it, and burst into such a passion of tears, as I would then have had nobody see for the world. The crumpled riband which I had flung at Quin lay in the walk, and I sat there for hours, as wretched as any man in Ireland, I believe, for the time being. But it’s a changeable world! When we consider how great our sorrows *seem*, and how small they *are*;

how we think we shall die of grief, and how quickly we forget, I think we ought to be ashamed of ourselves and our fickle-heartedness. For, after all, what business has Time to bring us consolation? I have not, perhaps, in the course of my multifarious adventures and experience, hit upon the right woman; and have forgotten, after a little, every single creature I adored; but I think, if I could but have lighted on the right one, I would have loved her *for ever*.

I must have sat for some hours bemoaning myself on the garden-bench, for it was morning when I came to Castle Brady, and the dinner-bell clanged as usual at three o'clock, which wakened me up from my reverie. Presently I gathered up the handkerchief, and once more took the riband. As I passed through the offices, I saw the captain's saddle was still hanging up at the stable-door, and saw his odious red-coated brute of a servant swaggering with the scullion-girls and kitchen-people. 'The Englishman's still there, Master Redmond,' said one of the maids to me (a sentimental black-eyed girl, who waited on the young ladies). 'He's there in the parlour, with the sweetest fillet of *vale*; go in, and don't let him browbeat you, Master Redmond.'

And in I went, and took my place at the bottom of the big table, as usual, and my friend the butler speedily brought me a cover.

'Hallo, Reddy, my boy!' said my uncle, 'up and well?—that's right.'

'He'd better be home with his mother,' growled my aunt.

'Don't mind her,' says uncle Brady; 'it's the cold goose she ate at breakfast didn't agree with her. Take a glass of spirits, Mrs. Brady, to Redmond's health.' It was evident he did not know of what had happened; but Mick, who was at dinner too, and Ulick, and almost all the girls, looked exceedingly black, and the captain foolish; and Miss Nora, who was again by his side, ready to cry. Captain Fagan sat smiling; and I looked on as cold as a stone. I thought the dinner would choke me, but I was determined to put a good face on it; and when the cloth was drawn, filled my glass with the rest; and we drank the King and the Church, as gentlemen should. My uncle was in high good humour, and especially always joking with Nora and the captain. It was, 'Nora, divide that merrythought

with the captain! see who'll be married first.' 'Jack Quin, my dear boy, never mind a clean glass for the claret, we're short of crystal at Castle Brady; take Nora's and the wine will taste none the worse;' and so on. He was in the highest glee,—I did not know why. Had there been a reconciliation between the faithless girl and her lover since they had come into the house?

I learned the truth very soon. At the third toast, it was always the custom for the ladies to withdraw; but my uncle stopped them this time, in spite of the remonstrances of Nora, who said, 'O, pa! do let us go!' and said, 'No, Mrs. Brady and ladies, if you please; this is a sort of toast that is drunk a great dale too seldom in my family, and you'll please to receive it with all the honours. Here's CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN QUIN, and long life to them. Kiss her, Jack, you rogue; for, faith, you've got a treasure!'

'He has already,' . . . I screeched out, springing up.

'Hold your tongue, you fool—hold your tongue!' said big Ulick, who sat by me; but I wouldn't hear.

'He has already,' I screamed, 'been slapped in the face this morning, Captain John Quin; he's already been called coward, Captain John Quin; and this is the way I'll drink his health. "Here's your health, Captain John Quin:"' and I flung a glass of claret into his face. I don't know how he looked after it, for the next moment I myself was under the table, tripped up by Ulick, who hit me a violent cuff on the head as I went down; and I had hardly leisure to hear the general screaming and scurrying that was taking place above me, being so fully occupied with kicks, and thumps, and curses, with which Ulick was belabouring me. 'You fool!' roared he—'you great blundering marplot—you silly beggarly brat' (a thump at each), 'hold your tongue!' These blows from Ulick, of course, I did not care for, for he had always been my friend, and had been in the habit of thrashing me all my life.

When I got up from under the table all the ladies were gone; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the captain's nose was bleeding, as mine was—*his* was cut across the bridge, and his beauty spoiled for ever. Ulick shook himself, sat down quietly, filled a bumper, and pushed the bottle to me. 'There, you young donkey,' said he, 'sup that; and let's hear no more of your braying.'

‘In Heaven’s name, what does all the row mean?’ says my uncle. ‘Is the boy in the fever again?’

‘It’s all your fault,’ said Mick, sulkily: ‘yours and those who brought him here.’

‘Hold your noise, Mick!’ says Ulick, turning on him; ‘speak civil of my father and me, and don’t let me be called upon to teach you manners.’

‘It is your fault,’ repeated Mick. ‘What business has the vagabond here? If I had my will, I’d have him flogged and turned out.’

‘And so he should be,’ said Captain Quin.

‘You’d best not try it, Quin,’ said Ulick, who was always my champion; and, turning to his father, ‘The fact is, sir, that the young monkey has fallen in love with Nora, and finding her and the captain mighty sweet in the garden to-day, he was for murdering Jack Quin.’

‘Gad, he’s beginning young,’ said my uncle, quite good-humouredly. ‘Faith, Fagan, that boy’s a Brady, every inch of him.’

‘And I’ll tell you what, Mr. B,’ cried Quin, bristling up; ‘I’ve been insulted grossly in this ’ouse. I ain’t at all satisfied with these here ways of going on. I’m an Englishman, I am, and a man of property: and I—I——’

‘If you’re insulted, and not satisfied, remember there’s two of us, Quin,’ said Ulick, gruffly. On which the captain fell to washing his nose in water, and answered never a word.

‘Mr. Quin,’ said I, in the most dignified tone I could assume, ‘may also have satisfaction any time he pleases, by calling on Redmond Barry, Esquire, of Barryville.’ At which speech my uncle burst out a-laughing (as he did at every-thing); and in this laugh, Captain Fagan, much to my mortification, joined. I turned rather smartly upon him, however, and bade him to understand, that though I was a boy, for my cousin Ulick, who had been my best friend through life, I could put up with rough treatment from him; yet, even that sort of treatment I would bear from him no longer; and that any other person who ventured on the like would find me a man to their cost. ‘Mr. Quin,’ I added, ‘knows that fact very well; and, if *he’s* a man, he’ll know where to find me.’

My uncle now observed that it was getting late, and that my mother would be anxious about me. ‘One of you had better go home with him,’ said he, turning to his sons,

‘or the lad may be playing more pranks.’ But Ulick said, with a nod to his brother, ‘Both of us ride home with Quin here.’

‘I’m not afraid of Freeny’s people,’ said the captain, with a faint attempt at a laugh; ‘my man is armed, and so am I.’

‘You know the use of arms very well, Quin,’ said Ulick; ‘and no one can doubt your courage; but Mick and I will see you home for all that.’

‘Why, you’ll not be home till morning, boys. Kilwangan’s a good ten mile from here.’

‘We’ll sleep at Quin’s quarters,’ replied Ulick: ‘*we’re going to stop a week there.*’

‘Thank you,’ says Quin, very faint; ‘it’s very kind of you.’

‘You’ll be lonely, you know, without us.’

‘Oh, yes, very lonely!’ says Quin.

‘And in *another week*, my boy,’ says Ulick (and here he whispered something in the captain’s ear, in which I thought I caught the words ‘marriage,’ ‘parson,’ and felt all my fury returning again).

‘As you please,’ whined out the captain; and the horses were quickly brought round, and the three gentlemen rode away.

Fagan stopped, and, at my uncle’s injunction, walked across the old treeless park with me. He said that, after the quarrel at dinner, he thought I would scarcely want to see the ladies that night, in which opinion I concurred entirely; and so we went off without an adieu.

‘A pretty day’s work of it you have made, Master Redmond,’ said he. ‘What! you, a friend to the Bradys, and knowing your uncle to be distressed for money, try and break off a match which will bring fifteen hundred a year into the family? Quin has promised to pay off the four thousand pounds which is bothering your uncle so. He takes a girl without a penny—a girl with no more beauty than yonder bullock. Well, well, don’t look furious; let’s say she *is* handsome—there’s no accounting for tastes,—a girl that has been flinging herself at the head of every man in these parts these ten years past, and *missing* them all. And you, as poor as herself, a boy of fifteen—well, sixteen, if you insist—and a boy who ought to be attached to your uncle as to your father—’

‘And so I am,’ said I.

‘And this is the return you make him for his kindness ! Didn’t he harbour you in his house when you were an orphan, and hasn’t he given you rent-free your fine mansion of Barryville yonder ? And now, when his affairs can be put into order, and a chance offers for his old age to be made comfortable, who flings himself in the way of him and competence ?—You, of all others ; the man in the world most obliged to him. It’s wicked, ungrateful, unnatural. From a lad of such spirit as you are, I expected truer courage.’

‘I am not afraid of any man alive,’ exclaimed I (for this latter part of the captain’s argument had rather staggered me, and I wished, of course, to turn it, as one always should when the enemy’s too strong) ; ‘and it’s I am the injured man, Captain Fagan. No man was ever, since the world began, treated so. Look here—look at this riband. I’ve worn it in my heart for six months. I’ve had it there all the time of the fever. Didn’t Nora take it out of her own bosom and give it me ? Didn’t she kiss me when she gave it me, and call me her darling Redmond.’

‘She was *practising*,’ replied Mr. Fagan, with a sneer. ‘I know women, sir. Give them time, and let nobody else come to the house, and they’ll fall in love with a chimney-sweep. There was a young lady in Fermoy——’

‘A young lady in flames,’ roared I (but I used a still hotter word). ‘Mark this, come what will of it, I swear I’ll fight the man who pretends to the hand of Nora Brady. I’ll follow him, if it’s into the church, and meet him there, I’ll have his blood, or he shall have mine ; and this riband shall be found dyed in it. Yes ! and if I kill him, I’ll pin it on his breast, and then she may go take back her token.’ This I said because I was very much excited at the time, and because I had not read my novels and romantic plays for nothing.

‘Well,’ says Fagan after a pause, ‘if it must be, it must. For a young fellow, you are the most bloodthirsty I ever saw. Quin’s a determined fellow, too.’

‘Will you take my message to him ?’ said I, quite eagerly.

‘Hush !’ said Fagan : ‘your mother may be on the look-out. Here we are, close to Barryville.’

‘Mind ! not a word to my mother,’ I said ; and went

into the house swelling with pride and exultation to think that I should have a chance against the Englishman I hated so.

Tim, my servant, had come up from Barryville on my mother's return from church, for the good lady was rather alarmed at my absence, and anxious for my return. But he had seen me go in to dinner, at the invitation of the sentimental lady's-maid; and when he had had his own share of the good things in the kitchen, which was always better furnished than ours at home, had walked back again to inform his mistress where I was, and, no doubt, to tell her, in his own fashion, of all the events that had happened at Castle Brady. In spite of my precautions to secrecy, then, I half suspected that my mother knew all, from the manner in which she embraced me on my arrival, and received our guest, Captain Fagan. The poor soul looked a little anxious and flushed, and every now and then gazed very hard in the captain's face, but she said not a word about the quarrel, for she had a noble spirit, and would as lief have seen any one of her kindred hanged as shirking from the field of honour. What has become of those gallant feelings nowadays? Sixty years ago a man was a *man*, in old Ireland, and the sword that was worn by his side was at the service of any gentleman's gizzard, upon the slightest difference. But the good old times and usages are fast fading away. One scarcely ever hears of a fair meeting now, and the use of those cowardly pistols, in place of the honourable and manly weapon of gentlemen, has introduced a deal of knavery into the practice of duelling that cannot be sufficiently deplored.

When I arrived at home I felt that I was a man in earnest, and welcoming Captain Fagan to Barryville, and introducing him to my mother, in a majestic and dignified way, said the captain must be thirsty after his walk, and called upon Tim to bring up a bottle of the yellow-sealed Bordeaux, and cakes and glasses, immediately.

Tim looked at the mistress in great wonderment; and the fact is, that six hours previous I would as soon have thought of burning the house down as calling for a bottle of claret on my own account; but I felt I was a man now, and had a right to command; and my mother felt this too, for she turned to the fellow and said, sharply, 'Don't you hear, you rascal, what *your master* says? Go, get the wine, and

the cakes and glasses, directly.' Then (for you may be sure she did not give Tim the keys of our little cellar) she went and got the liquor herself; and Tim brought it in, on the silver tray, in due form. My dear mother poured out the wine, and drank the captain welcome; but I observed her hand shook very much as she performed this courteous duty, and the bottle went clink, clink, against the glass. When she had tasted her glass, she said she had a headache, and would go to bed; and so I asked her blessing, as becomes a dutiful son—(the modern *bloods* have given up the respectful ceremonies which distinguished a gentleman in my time)—and she left me and Captain Fagan to talk over our important business.

'Indeed,' said the captain, 'I see now no other way out of the scrape than a meeting. The fact is, there was a talk of it at Castle Brady, after your attack upon Quin this afternoon, and he vowed that he would cut you in pieces; but the tears and supplications of Miss Honoria induced him, though very unwillingly, to relent. Now, however, matters have gone too far. No officer, bearing his Majesty's commission, can receive a glass of wine on his nose—this claret of yours is very good, by the way, and by your leave we'll ring for another bottle—without resenting the affront. Fight you must, and Quin is a huge strong fellow.'

'He'll give the better mark,' said I. 'I am not afraid of him.'

'In faith,' said the captain, 'I believe you are not; for a lad I never saw more game in my life.'

'Look at that sword, sir,' says I, pointing to an elegant silver-mounted one, in a white shagreen case, that hung on the mantelpiece, under the picture of my father, Harry Barry. 'It was with that sword, sir, that my father pinked Mohawk O'Driscoll, in Dublin, in the year 1740: with that sword, sir, he met Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, the Hampshire baronet, and ran him through the neck. They met, on horseback, with sword and pistol, on Hounslow Heath, as, I dare say, you have heard tell of, and those are the pistols (they hung on each side of the picture) which the gallant Barry used. He was quite in the wrong, having insulted Lady Fuddlestone, when in liquor, at the Brentford assembly. But like a gentleman, he scorned to apologize, and Sir Huddlestone received a ball through his hat, before they engaged with the sword. I am Harry

Barry's son, sir, and will act as becomes my name and my quality.'

'Give me a kiss, my dear boy,' said Fagan, with tears in his eyes. 'You're after my own soul. As long as Jack Fagan lives, you shall never want a friend or a second.'

Poor fellow ! he was shot six months afterwards, carrying orders to my Lord George Sackville, at Minden, and I lost thereby a kind friend. But we don't know what is in store for us, and that night was a merry one at least. We had a second bottle, and a third too (I could hear the poor mother going downstairs for each, but she never came into the parlour with them, and sent them in by the butler, Mr. Tim) ; and we parted at length, he engaging to arrange matters with Mr. Quin's second that night, and to bring me news in the morning as to the place where the meeting should take place. I have often thought since, how different my fate might have been, had I not fallen in love with Nora at that early age ; and had I not flung the wine in Quin's face, and so brought on the duel ! I might have settled down in Ireland but for that (for Miss Quinlan was an heiress, within twenty miles of us, and Peter Burke, of Kilwangan, left his daughter Judy 700*l.* a year, and I might have had either of them, had I waited a few years). But it was in my fate to be a wanderer, and that battle with Quin sent me on my travels at a very early age, as you shall hear anon.

I never slept sounder in my life, though I woke a little earlier than usual, and you may be sure my first thought was of the event of the day, for which I was fully prepared. I had ink and pen in my room—had I not been writing these verses to Nora but the day previous, like a poor fond fool as I was ? And now I sat down and wrote a couple of letters more ; they might be the last, thought I, that I ever should write in my life. The first was to my mother. 'HONOURED MADAM'—I wrote—'This will not be given you unless I fall by the hand of Captain Quin, whom I meet this day in the field of honour, with sword and pistol. If I die, it is as a good Christian and a gentleman,—how should I be otherwise when educated by such a mother as you ? I forgive all my enemies—I beg your blessing, as a dutiful son. I desire that my mare Nora, which my uncle gave me, and which I called after the most faithless of her sex, may be returned to Castle Brady, and beg you will give my

silver-hilted hanger to Phil Purcell, the gamekeeper. Present my duty to my uncle and Ulick, and all the girls of *my* party there. And I remain your dutiful son,—
REDMOND BARRY.'

To Nora I wrote,—'This letter will be found in my bosom along with the token you gave me. It will be dyed in my blood (unless I have Captain Quin's, whom I hate, but forgive), and will be a pretty ornament for you on your marriage day. Wear it, and think of the poor boy to whom you gave it, and who died (as he was always ready to do) for your sake.—REDMOND.'

These letters being written, and sealed with my father's great silver seal of the Barry arms, I went down to breakfast, where my mother was waiting for me, you may be sure. We did not say a single word about what was taking place; on the contrary, we talked of anything but that; about who was at church the day before, and about my wanting new clothes now I was grown so tall. She said, I must have a suit against winter, if—if—she could afford it. She winced rather at the 'if,' Heaven bless her! I knew what was in her mind. And then she fell to telling me about the black pig that must be killed, and that she had found the speckled hen's nest that morning, whose eggs I liked so, and other such trifling talk. Some of these eggs were for breakfast, and I ate them with a good appetite; but in helping myself to salt I spilled it, on which she started up with a scream. '*Thank God,*' said she, '*it's fallen towards me.*' And then, her heart being too full, she left the room. Ah! they have their faults, those mothers; but are there any other women like them?

When she was gone I went to take down the sword with which my father had vanquished the Hampshire baronet, and, would you believe it, the brave woman had tied a *new riband* to the hilt, for indeed she had the courage of a lioness and a Brady united. And then I took down the pistols, which were always kept bright and well oiled, and put some fresh flints I had into the locks, and got balls and powder ready against the captain should come. There was claret and a cold fowl put ready for him on the sideboard, and a case-bottle of old brandy too, with a couple of little glasses on the silver tray with the Barry arms emblazoned. In after-life, and in the midst of my fortune and splendour, I paid thirty-five guineas, and almost as much more

interest, to the London goldsmith who supplied my father with that very tray. A scoundrel pawnbroker would only give me sixteen for it afterwards, so little can we trust the honour of rascally tradesmen !

At eleven o'clock Captain Fagan arrived, on horseback, with a mounted dragoon after him. He paid his compliments to the collation which my mother's care had provided for him, and then said, 'Look ye, Redmond, my boy ; this is a silly business. The girl will marry Quin, mark my words ; and as sure as she does you'll forget her. You are but a boy. Quin is willing to consider you as such. Dublin's a fine place, and if you have a mind to take a ride thither and see the town for a month, here are twenty guineas at your service. Make Quin an apology, and be off.'

'A man of honour, Mr. Fagan,' says I, 'dies, but never apologizes. I'll see the captain hanged before I apologize.'

'Then there's nothing for it but a meeting.'

'My mare is saddled and ready,' says I, 'where's the meeting, and who's the captain's second ?'

'Your cousins go out with him,' answered Mr. Fagan.

'I'll ring for my groom to bring my mare round,' I said, 'as soon as you have rested yourself.' Tim was accordingly dispatched for Nora, and I rode away, but I didn't take leave of Mrs. Barry. The curtains of her bedroom windows were down, and they didn't move as we mounted and trotted off. . . . *But two hours afterwards*, you should have seen her as she came tottering downstairs, and heard the scream which she gave as she hugged her boy to her heart, quite unharmed and without a wound in his body.

What had taken place I may as well tell here. When we got to the ground, Ulick, Mick, and the captain were already there, Quin, flaming in red regimentals, as big a monster as ever led a grenadier company. The party were laughing together at some joke of one or the other, and I must say I thought this laughter very unbecoming in my cousins, who were met, perhaps, to see the death of one of their kindred.

'I hope to spoil this sport,' says I to Captain Fagan, in a great rage, 'and trust to see this sword of mine in yonder big bully's body.'

'Oh ! it's with pistols we fight,' replied Mr. Fagan. 'You are no match for Quin with the sword.'

'I'll match any man with the sword,' said I.

‘But swords are to-day impossible; Captain Quin is—is lame. He knocked his knee against the swinging park gate last night, as he was riding home, and can scarce move it now.’

‘Not against Castle Brady gate,’ says I, ‘that has been off the hinges these ten years.’ On which Fagan said it must have been some other gate, and repeated what he had said to Mr. Quin and my cousins, when, on alighting from our horses, we joined and saluted those gentlemen.

‘Oh, yes! dead lame,’ said Ulick, coming to shake me by the hand, while Captain Quin took off his hat and turned extremely red. ‘And very lucky for you, Redmond, my boy,’ continued Ulick; ‘you were a dead man else, for he is a devil of a fellow—isn’t he, Fagan?’

‘A regular Turk,’ answered Fagan; adding, ‘I never yet knew the man who stood to Captain Quin.’

‘Hang the business!’ said Ulick; ‘I hate it. I’m ashamed of it. Say you’re sorry, Redmond; you can easily say that.’

‘If the young *feller* will go to *Dubling*, as proposed—’ here interposed Mr. Quin.

‘I am *not* sorry—I’ll *not* apologize—and I’ll as soon go to *Dubling* as to —!’ said I, with a stamp of my foot.

‘There’s nothing else for it,’ said Ulick, with a laugh to Fagan. ‘Take your ground, Fagan,—twelve paces, I suppose?’

‘Ten, sir,’ said Mr. Quin, in a big voice; ‘and make them short ones, do you hear, Captain Fagan?’

‘Don’t bully, Mr. Quin,’ said Ulick, surlily; ‘here are the pistols.’ And he added, with some emotion, to me, ‘God bless you, my boy; and when I count three, fire.’

Mr. Fagan put my pistol into my hand,—that is, not one of mine (which were to serve, if need were, for the next round), but one of Ulick’s. ‘They are all right,’ said he. ‘Never fear: and, Redmond, fire at his neck—hit him there under the gorget. See how the fool shows himself open.’

Mick, who had never spoken a word, Ulick, and the captain retired to one side, and Ulick gave the signal. It was slowly given, and I had leisure to cover my man well. I saw him changing colour and trembling as the numbers were given. At ‘three,’ both our pistols went off. I heard something whiz by me, and my antagonist, giving a most horrible groan, staggered backwards and fell.

'He's down—he's down!' cried the seconds, running towards him. Ulick lifted him up—Mick took his head.

'He's hit here, in the neck,' said Mick; and laying open his coat, blood was seen gurgling from under his gorget, at the very spot at which I aimed,

'How is it with you?' said Ulick. 'Is he really hit?' said he, looking hard at him. The unfortunate man did not answer, but when the support of Ulick's arm was withdrawn from his back, groaned once more, and fell backwards.

'The young fellow has begun well,' said Mick, with a scowl. 'You had better ride off, young sir, before the police are up. They had wind of the business before we left Kilwangan.'

'Is he quite dead?' said I.

'Quite dead,' answered Mick.

'Then the world's rid of a coward,' said Captain Fagan, giving the huge prostrate body a scornful kick with his foot. 'It's all over with him, Reddy,—he doesn't stir.'

'We are not cowards, Fagan,' said Ulick, roughly, 'whatever he was! Let's get the boy off as quick as we may. Your man shall go for a cart, and take away the body of this unhappy gentleman. This has been a sad day's work for our family, Redmond Barry, and you have robbed us of 1500*l.* a year.'

'It was Nora did it,' said I; 'not I.' And I took the riband she gave me out of my waistcoat, and the letter, and flung them down on the body of Captain Quin. 'There!' says I—'take her those ribands. She'll know what they mean; and that's all that's left to her of two lovers she had and ruined.'

I did not feel any horror or fear, young as I was, in seeing my enemy prostrate before me; for I knew that I had met and conquered him honourably in the field, as became a man of my name and blood.

'And now, in Heaven's name, get the youngster out of the way,' said Mick.

Ulick said he would ride with me, and off accordingly we galloped, never drawing bridle till we came to my mother's door. When there, Ulick told Tim to feed my mare, as I would have far to ride that day, and I was in the poor mother's arms in a minute.

I need not tell how great were her pride and exultation when she heard from Ulick's lips the account of my

behaviour at the duel. He urged, however, that I should go into hiding for a short time; and it was agreed between them that I should drop my name of Barry, and, taking that of Redmond, go to Dublin, and there wait until matters were blown over. This arrangement was not come to without some discussion; for why should I not be as safe at Barryville, she said, as my cousin and Ulick at Castle Brady?—bailiffs and duns never got near *them*; why should constables be enabled to come upon me? But Ulick persisted in the necessity of my instant departure, in which argument, as I was anxious to see the world, I must confess I sided with him; and my mother was brought to see that in our small house at Barryville, in the midst of the village, and with the guard but of a couple of servants, escape would be impossible. So the kind soul was forced to yield to my cousin's entreaties, who promised her, however, that the affair would soon be arranged, and that I should be restored to her. Ah! how little did he know what fortune was in store for me!

My dear mother had some forebodings, I think, that our separation was to be a long one; for she told me that all night long she had been consulting the cards regarding my fate in the duel; and that all the signs betokened a separation; and, taking out a stocking from her escritoire, the kind soul put twenty guineas in a purse for me (she had herself but twenty-five), and made up a little valise, to be placed at the back of my mare, in which were my clothes, linen, and a silver dressing-case of my father's. She bade me, too, to keep the sword and the pistols I had known to use so like a man. She hurried my departure now (though her heart, I know, was full), and almost in half an hour after my arrival at home I was once more on the road again, with the wide world, as it were, before me. I need not tell how Tim and the cook cried at my departure, and, mayhap, I had a tear or two myself in my eyes; but no lad of sixteen is *very* sad who has liberty for the first time, and twenty guineas in his pocket; and I rode away, thinking, I confess, not so much of the kind mother left alone, and of the home behind me, as of to-morrow, and all the wonders it would bring.

CHAPTER III

I MAKE A FALSE START IN THE GENTEEL WORLD

I RODE that night as far as Carlow, where I lay at the best inn ; and being asked what was my name by the landlord of the house, gave it as Mr. Redmond, according to my cousin's instructions, and said I was of the Redmonds of Waterford county, and was on my road to Trinity College, Dublin, to be educated there. Seeing my handsome appearance, silver-hilted sword, and well-filled valise, my landlord made free to send up a jug of claret without my asking, and charged, you may be sure, pretty handsomely for it in the bill. No gentleman in those good old days went to bed without a good share of liquor to set him sleeping, and on this my first day's entrance into the world, I made a point to act the fine gentleman completely, and, I assure you, succeeded in my part to admiration. The excitement of the events of the day, the quitting my home, the meeting with Captain Quin, were enough to set my brains in a whirl, without the claret, which served to finish me completely. I did not dream of the death of Quin, as some milksops, perhaps, would have done ; indeed, I have never had any of that foolish remorse consequent upon any of my affairs of honour ; always considering, from the first, that where a gentleman risks his own life in manly combat, he is a fool to be ashamed because he wins. I slept at Carlow as sound as man could sleep ; drank a tankard of small beer and a toast to my breakfast ; and exchanged the first of my gold pieces to settle the bill, not forgetting to pay all the servants liberally, and as a gentleman should. I began so the first day of my life, and so have continued. No man has been at greater straits than I, and has borne more pinching poverty and hardship ; but nobody can say of me that, if I had a guinea, I was not free-handed with it, and did not spend it as well as a lord could do.

I had no doubts of the future ; thinking that a man of my person, parts, and courage could make his way anywhere. Besides, I had twenty gold guineas in my pocket, a sum which (although I was mistaken) I calculated would last me for four months at least, during which time something

would be done towards the making of my fortune. So I rode on, singing to myself, or chatting with the passers-by ; and all the girls along the road said, ' God save me, for a clever gentleman ! ' As for Nora and Castle Brady, between to-day and yesterday there seemed to be a gap as of half a score of years. I vowed I would never re-enter the place but as a great man ; and I kept my vow too, as you shall hear in due time.

There was much more liveliness and bustle on the king's high road in those times than in these days of stage-coaches, which carry you from one end of the kingdom to another in a few score hours. The gentry rode their own horses or drove in their own coaches, and spent three days on a journey which now occupies ten hours ; so that there was no lack of company for a person travelling towards Dublin. I made part of the journey from Carlow towards Naas with a well-armed gentleman from Kilkenny, dressed in green and a gold cord, with a patch on his eye, and riding a powerful mare. He asked me the question of the day, and whither I was bound, and whether my mother was not afraid on account of the highwaymen to let one so young as myself to travel ? But I said, pulling out one of them from a holster, that I had a pair of good pistols that had already done execution, and were ready to do it again ; and here, a pock-marked man coming up, he put spurs into his bay mare and left me. She was a much more powerful animal than mine, and, besides, I did not wish to fatigue my horse, wishing to enter Dublin that night, and in reputable condition.

As I rode towards Kilcullen, I saw a crowd of the peasant people assembled round a one-horse chair, and my friend in green, as I thought, making off half a mile up the hill. A footman was howling ' stop thief ' at the top of his voice ; but the country fellows were only laughing at his distress, and making all sorts of jokes at the adventure which had just befallen.

' Sure, you might have kept him off with your blunder-bush ! ' says one fellow.

' Oh, the coward ! to let the captain *bate* you ; and he only one eye ! ' cries another.

' The next time my lady travels, she'd better lave you at home ! ' said a third.

' What is this noise, fellows ? ' said I, riding up amongst

them, and, seeing a lady in the carriage very pale and frightened, gave a slash of my whip, and bade the red-shanked ruffians keep off. 'What has happened, madam, to annoy your ladyship?' I said, pulling off my hat, and bringing my mare up in a prance to the chair-window.

The lady explained. She was the wife of Captain Fitzsimons, and was hastening to join the captain at Dublin. Her chair had been stopped by a highwayman; the great oaf of a servant-man had fallen down on his knees armed as he was; and though there were thirty people in the next field working when the ruffian attacked her, not one of them would help her, but, on the contrary, wished the captain, as they called the highwayman, good luck.

'Sure he's the friend of the poor,' said one fellow, 'and good luck to him!'

'Was it any business of ours?' asked another. And another told, grinning, that it was the famous Captain Freeny, who, having bribed the jury to acquit him, two days back, at Kilkenny assizes, had mounted his horse at the jail door, and the very next day had robbed two barristers who were going the circuit.¹

I told this pack of rascals to be off to their work, or they should taste of my thong, and proceeded, as well as I could, to comfort Mrs. Fitzsimons under her misfortunes. 'Had she lost much?' 'Everything: her purse, containing upwards of a hundred guineas; her jewels, snuff-boxes, watches, and a pair of diamond shoe-buckles of the captain's.' These mishaps I sincerely commiserated; and knowing her by her accent to be an Englishwoman, deplored the difference that existed between the two countries, and said that in *our* country (meaning England) such atrocities were unknown.

'You, too, are an Englishman?' said she, with rather a tone of surprise. On which I said, I was proud to be such, as, in fact, I was; and I never knew a true Tory gentleman of Ireland who did not wish he could say as much.

¹ [Mr. Barry's story may be correct; but we find in the autobiography of Captain Freeny that it was not he, but a couple of his associates, who were acquitted from a bribe of five guineas distributed amongst the jury. He describes the robbery of a lady under precisely similar circumstances. In the present day the peasantry of Tipperary look on at murders.]—Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

I rode by Mrs. Fitzsimons' chair all the way to Naas ; and, as she had been robbed of her purse, asked permission to lend her a couple of pieces to pay her expenses at the inn, which sum she was graciously pleased to accept, and was, at the same time, kind enough to invite me to share her dinner. To the lady's questions regarding my birth and parentage, I replied that I was a young gentleman of large fortune (this was not true ; but what is the use of crying bad fish ? My dear mother instructed me early in this sort of prudence) and good family in the county of Waterford ; that I was going to Dublin for my studies, and that my mother allowed me five hundred per annum. Mrs. Fitzsimons was equally communicative. She was the daughter of General Granby Somerset, of Worcestershire, of whom, of course, I had heard (and though I had not, of course I was too well-bred to say so) ; and had made, as she must confess, a runaway match with Ensign Fitzgerald Fitzsimons. Had I been in Donegal ?—No ! That was a pity. The captain's father possesses a hundred thousand acres there, and Fitzsimonsburgh Castle's the finest mansion in Ireland. Captain Fitzsimons is the eldest son ; and, though he has quarrelled with his father, must inherit the vast property. She went on to tell me about the balls at Dublin, the banquets at the Castle, the horse races at the Phoenix, the *ridottos* and routs, until I became quite eager to join in those pleasures ; and I only felt grieved to think that my position would render secrecy necessary, and prevent me from being presented at the court, of which the Fitzsimonses were the most elegant ornaments. How different was her lively rattle to that of the vulgar wenches at the Kilwangan assemblies. In every sentence she mentioned a lord or a person of quality. She evidently spoke French and Italian, of the former of which languages I have said I knew a few words ; and, as for her English accent, why, perhaps, I was no judge of that, for, to say the truth, she was the first *real* English person I had ever met. She recommended me, further, to be very cautious with regard to the company I should meet at Dublin, where rogues and adventurers of all countries abounded ; and my delight and gratitude to her may be imagined, when, as our conversation grew more intimate (as we sat over our dessert), she kindly offered to accommodate me with lodgings in her own

house, where her Fitzsimons, she said, would welcome with delight her gallant young preserver.

‘Indeed, madam,’ said I, ‘I have preserved nothing for you.’ Which was perfectly true; for had I not come up too late after the robbery to prevent the highwayman from carrying off her money and pearls?

‘And sure, ma’am, them wasn’t much,’ said Sullivan, the blundering servant, who had been so frightened at Freny’s approach, and was waiting on us at dinner. ‘Didn’t he return you the thirteepence in copper, and the watch, saying it was only pinchbeck?’

But his lady rebuked him for a saucy varlet, and turned him out of the room at once, saying to me when he had gone, ‘that the fool didn’t know what was the meaning of a hundred-pound bill, which was in the pocket-book that Freny took from her.’

Perhaps had I been a little older in the world’s experience, I should have begun to see that Madam Fitzsimons was not the person of fashion she pretended to be; but, as it was, I took all her stories for truth, and, when the landlord brought the bill for dinner, paid it with the air of a lord. Indeed, she made no motion to produce the two pieces I had lent to her; and so we rode on slowly towards Dublin, into which city we made our entrance at nightfall. The rattle and splendour of the coaches, the flare of the linkboys, the number and magnificence of the houses, struck me with the greatest wonder; though I was careful to disguise this feeling, according to my dear mother’s directions, who told me that it was the mark of a man of fashion never to wonder at anything, and never to admit that any house, equipage, or company he saw, was more splendid or genteel than what he had been accustomed to at home.

We stopped, at length, at a house of rather mean appearance, and were let into a passage by no means so clean as that at Barryville, where there was a great smell of supper and punch. A stout, redfaced man, without a periwig, and in rather a tattered nightgown and cap, made his appearance from the parlour, and embraced his lady (for it was Captain Fitzsimons) with a great deal of cordiality. Indeed, when he saw that a stranger accompanied her, he embraced her more rapturously than ever. In introducing me, she persisted in saying that I was her preserver, and complimented my gallantry as much as

if I had killed Freeny, instead of coming up when the robbery was over. The captain said he knew the Redmonds of Waterford intimately well, which assertion alarmed me, as I knew nothing of the family to which I was stated to belong. But I posed him, by asking *which* of the Redmonds he knew, for I had never heard his name in our family. He said, he 'knew the Redmonds of Redmondstown.' 'Oh,' says I, 'mine are the Redmonds of Castle Redmond;' and so I put him off the scent. I went to see my nag put up at a livery stable hard by, with the captain's horse and chair, and returned to my entertainer.

Although there were the relics of some mutton-chops and onions on a cracked dish before him, the captain said, 'My love, I wish I had known of your coming, for Bob Moriarty and I just finished the most delicious venison pasty, which his grace the Lord Lieutenant sent us, with a flask of sillery from his own cellar. You know the wine, my dear? But as by-gones are by-gones, and no help for them, what say ye to a fine lobster and a bottle of as good claret as any in Ireland? Betty, clear these things from the table, and make the mistress and our young friend welcome to our home.'

Not having small change, Mr. Fitzsimons asked me to lend him a tenpenny-piece to purchase the dish of lobsters; but his lady, handing out one of the guineas I had given her, bade the girl get the change for that, and procure the supper, which she did presently, bringing back only a very few shillings out of the guinea to her mistress, saying that the fishmonger had kept the remainder for an old account. 'And the more great, big, blundering fool you, for giving the gold piece to him,' roared Mr. Fitzsimons. I forget how many hundred guineas he said he had paid the fellow during the year.

Our supper was seasoned, if not by any great elegance, at least by a plentiful store of anecdotes, concerning the highest personages of the city, with whom, according to himself, the captain lived on terms of the utmost intimacy. Not to be behindhand with him, I spoke of my own estates and property as if I was as rich as a duke. I told all the stories of the nobility I had ever heard from my mother, and some that, perhaps, I had invented; and ought to have been aware that my host was an impostor himself, as he did not find out my own blunders and misstatements.

But youth is ever too confident. It was some time before I knew that I had made no very desirable acquaintance in Captain Fitzsimons and his lady, and, indeed, went to bed congratulating myself upon my wonderful good luck in having, at the outset of my adventures, fallen in with so distinguished a couple.

The appearance of the chamber I occupied might, indeed, have led me to imagine that the heir of Fitzsimonsburgh Castle, county Donegal, was not as yet reconciled with his wealthy parents, and, had I been an English lad, probably my suspicion and distrust would have been aroused instantly. But, perhaps, as the reader knows, we are not so particular in Ireland on the score of neatness as people are in this precise country, hence the disorder of my bed-chamber did not strike me so much. For were not all the windows broken and stuffed with rags even at Castle Brady, my uncle's superb mansion? Was there ever a lock to the doors there, or if a lock a handle to the lock, or a hasp to fasten it to? So, though my bedroom boasted of these inconveniences, and a few more, though my counterpane was evidently a greased brocade dress of Mrs. Fitzsimons's, and my cracked toilet-glass not much bigger than a half-crown, yet I was used to this sort of ways in Irish houses, and still thought myself in that of a man of fashion. There was no lock to the drawers, which, when they *did* open, were full of my hostess's rouge-pots, shoes, stays, and rags, so I allowed my wardrobe to remain in my valise, but set out my silver dressing apparatus upon the ragged cloth on the drawers, where it shone to great advantage.

When Sullivan appeared in the morning, I asked him about my mare, which he informed me was doing well; I then bade him bring me hot shaving-water, in a loud, dignified tone.

'Hot shaving-water!' says he, bursting out laughing (and I confess not without reason). 'Is it yourself you're going to shave?' said he. 'And maybe when I bring you up the water I'll bring you up the cat too, and you can shave her.' I flung a boot at the scoundrel's head in reply to this impertinence, and was soon with my friends in the parlour for breakfast. There was a hearty welcome, and the same cloth that had been used the night before, as I recognized by the black mark of the Irish-stew dish, and the stain left by a pot of porter at supper.

My host greeted me with great cordiality; Mrs. Fitzsimons said I was an elegant figure for the Phoenix; and, indeed, without vanity, I may say of myself that there were worse-looking fellows in Dublin than I. I had not the powerful chest and muscular proportion which I have since attained (to be exchanged, alas! for gouty legs and chalk-stones in my fingers, but 'tis the way of mortality), but I had arrived at near my present growth of six feet, and with my hair in buckle, a handsome lace *jabot* and wristbands to my shirt, and a red plush waistcoat, barred with gold, looked the gentleman I was born. I wore my drab coat with plate buttons, that was grown too small for me, and quite agreed with Captain Fitzsimons that I must pay a visit to his tailor, in order to procure myself a coat more fitting my size.

'I needn't ask whether you had a comfortable bed,' said he. 'Young Fred Pimpleton (Lord Pimpleton's second son) slept in it for seven months, during which he did me the honour to stay with me, and if *he* was satisfied, I don't know who else wouldn't be.'

After breakfast we walked out to see the town, and Mr. Fitzsimons introduced me to several of his acquaintances whom we met, as his particular young friend Mr. Redmond, of Waterford county; he also presented me at his hatter's and tailor's as a gentleman of great expectations and large property; and although I told the latter that I should not pay him ready cash for more than one coat, which fitted me to a nicety, yet he insisted upon making me several, which I did not care to refuse. The captain, also, who certainly wanted such a renewal of raiment, told the tailor to send him home a handsome military frock, which he selected.

Then we went home to Mrs. Fitzsimons, who drove out in her chair to the Phoenix Park, where a review was, and where numbers of the young gentry were round about her, to all of whom she presented me as her preserver of the day before. Indeed, such was her complimentary account of me, that before half an hour I had got to be considered as a young gentleman of the highest family in the land, related to all the principal nobility, a cousin of Captain Fitzsimons, and heir to 10,000*l.* a year. Fitzsimons said he had ridden over every inch of my estate; and faith, as he chose to tell these stories for me, I let him have his

way—indeed was not a little pleased (as youth is) to be made much of, and to pass for a great personage. I had little notion then that I had got among a set of impostors—that Captain Fitzsimons was only an adventurer, and his lady a person of no credit; but such are the dangers to which youth is perpetually subject, and hence let young men take warning by me.¹

I purposely hurry over the description of my life, in which the incidents were painful, of no great interest except to my unlucky self, and of which my companions were certainly not of a kind befitting my quality. The fact was, a young man could hardly have fallen into worse hands than those in which I now found myself. I have been to Donegal since, and have never seen the famous Castle of Fitzsimonsburgh, which is, likewise, unknown to the oldest inhabitants of that county; nor are the Granby Somersets much better known in Hampshire. The couple into whose hands I had fallen were of a sort much more common than those at present, for the vast wars of later days have rendered it very difficult for noblemen's footmen or hangers-on to procure commissions, and such, in fact, had been the original station of Captain Fitzsimons. Had I known his origin, of course I would have died rather than have associated with him; but in those simple days of youth I took his tales for truth, and fancied myself in high luck at being, in my outset into life, introduced into such a family. Alas! we are the sport of destiny. When I consider upon what small circumstances all the great events of my life have turned, I can hardly believe myself to have been anything but a puppet in the hands of Fate, which has played its most fantastic tricks upon me.

The captain had been a gentleman's gentleman, and his lady of no higher rank. The society which this worthy pair kept was at a sort of ordinary which they held, and at which their friends were always welcome on payment

¹ [The Editor of the Memoirs of Barry Lyndon cannot help pointing out here a truth which seems to have escaped the notice of the amiable autobiographer, viz. that there were more than two impostors present at Captain and Mrs. Fitzsimons's table, when they and their young guest dined there. It never seems to have struck Mr. Barry that had he not represented himself to be a man of fortune none of the difficulties here described would have occurred [to him.—Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.]

of a certain moderate sum for their dinner. After dinner, you may be sure that cards were not wanting, and that the company who played did not play for love merely. To these parties persons of all sorts would come ; young bloods from the regiments garrisoned in Dublin ; young clerks from the Castle ; horse-riding, wine-tipping, watchman-beating men of fashion about town, such as existed in Dublin in that day more than in any other city with which I am acquainted in Europe. I never knew young fellows make such a show, and upon such small means. I never knew young gentlemen with what I may call such a genius for idleness ; and whereas an Englishman, with fifty guineas a year, is not able to do much more than to starve, and toil like a slave in a profession, a young Irish buck, with the same sum, will keep his horses, and drink his bottle, and live as lazy as a lord. Here was a doctor who never had a patient, cheek by jowl with an attorney who never had a client ; neither had a guinea—each had a good horse to ride in the park, and the best of clothes to their backs. A sporting clergyman without a living ; several young wine-merchants, who consumed much more liquor than they had or sold ; and men of similar character, formed the society at the house into which, by ill luck, I was thrown. What could happen to a man but misfortune from associating with such company ? (I have not mentioned the ladies of the society, who were, perhaps, no better than the males)—and in a very, very short time I became their prey.

As for my poor twenty guineas, in three days I saw, with terror, that they had dwindled down to eight ; theatres and taverns having already made such cruel inroads in my purse. At play I had lost, it is true, a couple of pieces, but seeing that every one round about me played upon honour and gave their bills, I, of course, preferred that medium to the payment of ready money, and when I lost paid on account.

With the tailors, saddlers, and others, I employed similar means ; and in so far Mr. Fitzsimons' representation did me good, for the tradesmen took him at his word regarding my fortune (I have since learned that the rascal pigeoned several other young men of property), and for a little time supplied me with any goods I might be pleased to order. At length, my cash running low, I was compelled

to pawn some of the suits with which the tailor had provided me ; for I did not like to part with my mare, on which I daily rode in the park, and which I loved as the gift of my respected uncle. I raised some little money, too, on a few trinkets which I had purchased of a jeweller who pressed his credit upon me, and thus was enabled to keep up appearances for yet a little time.

I asked at the post office repeatedly for letters for Mr. Redmond, but none such had arrived ; and, indeed, I always felt rather relieved when the answer of ' No,' was given to me ; for I was not very anxious that my mother should know my proceedings in the extravagant life which I was leading at Dublin. It could not last very long, however ; for when my cash was quite exhausted, and I paid a second visit to the tailor, requesting him to make me more clothes, the fellow hummed and ha'd, and had the impudence to ask payment for those already supplied ; on which, telling him I should withdraw my custom from him, I abruptly left him. The goldsmith, too (a rascal Jew), declined to let me take a gold chain to which I had a fancy, and I felt now, for the first time, in some perplexity. To add to it, one of the young gentlemen who frequented Mr. Fitzsimons' boarding-house had received from me, in the way of play, an I O U for eighteen pounds (which I lost to him at piquet), and which, owing Mr. Curbyn, the livery-stable keeper, a bill, he passed into that person's hands. Fancy my rage and astonishment, then, on going for my mare, to find that he positively refused to let me have her out of the stable, except under payment of my promissory note ! It was in vain that I offered him his choice of four notes that I had in my pocket—one of Fitzsimons' for 20*l.*, one of Counsellor Mulligan's, and so forth,—the dealer, who was a Yorkshireman, shook his head, and laughed at every one of them ; and said, ' I tell you what, Master Redmond, you appear a young fellow of birth and fortune, and let me whisper in your ear that you have fallen into very bad hands—it's a regular gang of swindlers ; and a gentleman of your rank and quality should never be seen in such company. Go home, pack up your valise, pay the little trifle to me, mount your mare, and ride back again to your parents,—it's the very best thing you can do.'

In a pretty nest of villains, indeed, was I plunged ! It

seemed as if all my misfortunes were to break on me at once ; for, on going home and ascending to my bedroom in a disconsolate way, I found the captain and his lady there before me, my valise open, my wardrobe lying on the ground, and my keys in the possession of the odious Fitzsimons. ‘ Whom have I been harbouring in my house ? ’ roared he, as I entered the apartment. ‘ Who are you, sirrah ? ’

‘ *Sirrah !* Sir,’ said I, ‘ I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland.’

‘ You’re an impostor, young man, a schemer, a deceiver ! ’ shouted the captain.

‘ Repeat the words again, and I will run you through the body,’ replied I.

‘ Tut, tut ! I can play at fencing as well as you, Mr. REDMOND BARRY. Ah ! you change colour, do you—your secret is known, is it ? You come like a viper into the bosom of innocent families ; you represent yourself as the heir of my friends the Redmonds of Castle Redmond ; I inthroyce you to the nobility and gentry of this methropolis’ (the captain’s brogue was large, and his words, by preference, long) ; ‘ I take you to my tradesmen, who give you credit, and what do I find ? That you have pawned the goods which you took up at their houses.’

‘ I have given them my acceptances, sir,’ said I with a dignified air.

‘ *Under what name*, unhappy boy—under what name ? ’ screamed Mrs. Fitzsimons ; and then, indeed, I remembered that I had signed the documents Barry Redmond instead of Redmond Barry ; but what else could I do ? Had not my mother desired me to take no other designation ? After uttering a furious tirade against me, in which he spoke of the fatal discovery of my real name on my linen—of his misplaced confidence and affection, and the shame with which he should be obliged to meet his fashionable friends, and confess that he had harboured a swindler, he gathered up the linen clothes, silver toilette articles, and the rest of my gear, saying, that he should step out that moment for an officer, and give me up to the just revenge of the law.

During the first part of his speech, the thought of the imprudence of which I had been guilty, and the predicament in which I was plunged, had so puzzled and con-

founded me, that I had not uttered a word in reply to the fellow's abuse, but had stood quite dumb before him. The sense of danger, however, at once roused me to action. 'Hark ye, Mr. Fitzsimons,' said I; 'I will tell you why I was obliged to alter my name, which *is* Barry, and the best name in Ireland. I changed it, sir, because, on the day before I came to Dublin, I killed a man in deadly combat—an Englishman, sir, and a captain in his Majesty's service; and if you offer to let or hinder me in the slightest way, the same arm which destroyed him is ready to punish you; and, by Heaven, sir, you or I don't leave this room alive!'

So saying, I drew my sword like lightning, and giving a 'ha, ha!' and a stamp with my foot, lunged it within an inch of Fitzsimons's heart, who started back and turned deadly pale, while his wife, with a scream, flung herself between us.

'Dearest Redmond,' she cried, 'be pacified. Fitzsimons, you don't want the poor child's blood. Let him escape—in Heaven's name let him go.'

'He may go hang for me,' said Fitzsimons, sulkily; 'and he'd better be off quickly, too, for the jeweller and the tailor have called once, and will be here again before long. It was Moses the pawnbroker that peached; I had the news from him myself.' By which I conclude that Mr. Fitzsimons had been with the new-laced frock-coat which he procured from the merchant-tailor on the day when the latter first gave me credit.

What was the end of our conversation? Where was now a home for the descendant of the Barrys? Home was shut to me by my misfortune in the duel. I was expelled from Dublin by a persecution occasioned, I must confess, by my own imprudence. I had no time to wait and choose. No place of refuge to fly to. Fitzsimons, after his abuse of me, left the room growling, but not hostile; his wife insisted that we should shake hands, and he promised not to molest me. Indeed, I owed the fellow nothing; and, on the contrary, had his acceptance actually in my pocket for money lost at play. As for my friend, Mrs. Fitzsimons, she sat down on the bed and fairly burst out crying. She had her faults, but her heart was kind; and though she possessed but three shillings in the world, and fourpence in copper, the poor soul made me take it before I left her—to go—whither? My mind

was made up : there was a score of recruiting parties in the town beating up for men to join our gallant armies in America and Germany ; I knew where to find one of these, having stood by the sergeant at a review in the Phoenix Park, where he pointed out to me characters on the field, for which I treated him to drink.

I gave one of my shillings to Sullivan, the butler of the Fitzsimonses, and, running into the street, hastened to the little ale-house at which my acquaintance was quartered, and before ten minutes had accepted his Majesty's shilling. I told him frankly that I was a young gentleman in difficulties ; that I had killed an officer in a duel, and was anxious to get out of the country. But I need not have troubled myself with any explanations ; King George was too much in want of men then to heed from whence they came, and a fellow of my inches, the sergeant said, was always welcome. Indeed, I could not, he said, have chosen my time better. A transport was lying at Dunleary, waiting for a wind, and on board that ship, to which I marched that night, I made some surprising discoveries, which shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH BARRY TAKES A NEAR VIEW OF MILITARY GLORY

I NEVER had a taste for anything but genteel company, and hate all descriptions of low life. Hence my account of the society in which I at present found myself must of necessity be short, and indeed, the recollection of it is profoundly disagreeable to me. Pah ! the reminiscences of the horrid black-hole of a place in which we soldiers were confined, of the wretched creatures with whom I was now forced to keep company, of the ploughmen, poachers, pickpockets, who had taken refuge from poverty, or the law, as, in truth, I had done myself, is enough to make me ashamed even now, and it calls the blush into my old cheeks to think I was ever forced to keep such company. I should have fallen into despair but that, luckily, events occurred to

rouse my spirits, and in some measure to console me for my misfortunes.

The first of these consolations I had was a good quarrel, which took place on the day after my entrance into the transport-ship, with a huge red-haired monster of a fellow—a chairman, who had enlisted to fly from a vixen of a wife, who, boxer as he was, had been more than a match for him. As soon as this fellow—Toole, I remember, was his name—got away from the arms of the washerwoman, his lady, his natural courage and ferocity returned, and he became the tyrant of all round about him. All recruits, especially, were the object of the brute's insult and ill-treatment.

I had no money, as I said, and was sitting very disconsolately over a platter of rancid bacon and mouldy biscuit, which was served to us at mess, when it came to my turn to be helped to drink, and I was served, like the rest, with a dirty tin noggin, containing somewhat more than half a pint of rum-and-water. The beaker was so greasy and filthy that I could not help turning round to the messman and saying, 'Fellow, get me a glass!' At which all the wretches round about me burst into a roar of laughter, the very loudest among them being, of course, Mr. Toole. 'Get the gentleman a towel for his hands, and serve him a basin of turtle-soup,' roared the monster, who was sitting, or rather squatting, on the deck opposite me, and as he spoke he suddenly seized my beaker of grog and emptied it, in the midst of another burst of applause.

'If you want to vex him, ax him about his wife, the washerwoman, who *bates* him,' here whispered in my ear another worthy, a retired link-boy, who, disgusted with his profession, had adopted the military life.

'Is it a towel of your wife's washing, Mr. Toole?' said I. 'I'm told she wiped your face often with one.'

'Ax him why he wouldn't see her yesterday, when she came to the ship,' continued the link-boy. And so I put to him some other foolish jokes about soap-suds, hen-pecking, and flat-irons, which set the man into a fury, and succeeded in raising a quarrel between us. We should have fallen-to at once, but a couple of grinning marines, who kept watch at the door, for fear we should repent of our bargain and have a fancy to escape, came forward and interposed between us with fixed bayonets, and the serjeant, coming down the ladder and hearing the dispute, con-

descended to say that we might fight it out like men with *fistes* if we chose, and that the fore-deck should be free to us for that purpose. But the use of *fistes*, as the Englishman called them, was not then general in Ireland, and it was agreed that we should have a pair of cudgels, with one of which weapons I finished the fellow in four minutes, giving him a thump across his stupid sconce which laid him lifeless on the deck, and not receiving myself a single hurt of consequence.

This victory over the cock of the vile dunghill obtained me respect among the wretches of whom I formed part, and served to set up my spirits, which otherwise were flagging; and my position was speedily made more bearable by the arrival on board our ship of an old friend. This was no other than my second in the fatal duel which had sent me thus early out into the world, Captain Fagan. There was a young nobleman who had a company in our regiment (Gale's Foot), and who, preferring the delights of the Mall and the clubs to the dangers of a rough campaign, had given Fagan the opportunity of an exchange, which, as the latter had no fortune but his sword, he was glad to make. The sergeant was putting us through our exercise on deck (the seamen and officers of the transport looking grinning on) when a boat came from the shore bringing our captain to the ship, and though I started and blushed red as he recognized me—a descendant of the Barrys—in this degrading posture, I promise you that the sight of Fagan's face was most welcome to me, for it assured me that a friend was near me. Before that I was so melancholy that I would certainly have deserted had I found the means, and had not the inevitable marines kept a watch to prevent any such escapes. Fagan gave me a wink of recognition, but offered no public token of acquaintance, and it was not until two days afterwards, and when we had bidden adieu to old Ireland and were standing out to sea, that he called me into his cabin, and then, shaking hands with me cordially, gave me news, which I much wanted, of my family. 'I had news of you in Dublin,' he said. 'Faith, you've begun early, like your father's son, and I think you could not do better than as you have done. But why did you not write home to your poor mother? She has sent a half-dozen letters to you at Dublin.'

I said I had asked for letters at the post-office, but there were none for Mr. Redmond. I did not like to add that I had been ashamed after the first week to write to my mother.

'We must write to her by the pilot,' said he, 'who will leave us in two hours, and you can tell her that you are safe, and married to Brown Bess.' I sighed when he talked about being married; on which he said, with a laugh, 'I see you are thinking of a certain young lady at Brady's Town.'

'Is Miss Brady well?' said I, and indeed could hardly utter it, for I certainly *was* thinking about her; for, though I had forgotten her in the gaieties of Dublin, I have always found adversity makes man very affectionate.

'There's only seven Miss Bradys now,' answered Fagan, in a solemn voice, 'poor Nora——'

'Good Heavens! what of her?' I thought grief had killed her.

'She took on so at your going away that she was obliged to console herself with a husband. She's now Mrs. John Quin.'

'Mrs. John Quin! Was there *another* Mr. John Quin?' asked I, quite wonder-stricken.

'No, the very same one, my boy. He recovered from his wound. The ball you hit him with was not likely to hurt him. It was only made of tow. Do you think the Bradys would let you kill fifteen hundred a year out of the family?' And then Fagan further told me that, in order to get me out of the way, for the cowardly Englishman could never be brought to marry from fear of me, the plan of the duel had been arranged. 'But hit him you certainly did, Redmond, and with a fine thick plugget of tow, and the fellow was so frightened that he was an hour in coming to. We told your mother the story afterwards, and a pretty scene she made; she dispatched a half-score of letters to Dublin after you, but I suppose addressed them to you in your real name, by which you never thought to ask for them.'

'The coward!' said I (though, I confess, my mind was considerably relieved at the thoughts of not having killed him). 'And did the Bradys of Castle Brady consent to admit a poltroon like that into one of the most ancient and honourable families of the world.'

'He has paid off your uncle's mortgage,' said Fagan,

‘ he gives Nora a coach-and-six, he is to sell out, and Lieutenant Ulick Brady of the militia is to purchase his company. That coward of a fellow has been the making of your uncle’s family. Faith! the business was well done.’ And then, laughing, he told me how Mick and Ulick had never let him out of their sight, although he was for deserting to England, until the marriage was completed, and the happy couple off on their road to Dublin. ‘ Are you in want of cash, my boy?’ continued the good-natured captain. ‘ You may draw upon me, for I got a couple of hundred out of Master Quin for my share, and while they last you shall never want.’

And so he bade me sit down and write a letter to my mother, which I did forthwith in very sincere and repentant terms, stating that I had been guilty of extravagances, that I had not known until that moment under what a fatal error I had been labouring, and that I had embarked for Germany as a volunteer. And the letter was scarcely finished when the pilot sang out that he was going on shore; and he departed, taking with him, from many an anxious fellow besides myself, our adieus to friends in old Ireland.

Although I was called Captain Barry for many years of my life, and have been known as such by the first people of Europe, yet I may as well confess I had no more claim to the title than many a gentleman who assumes it, and never had a right to an epaulet, or to any military decoration higher than a corporal’s stripe of worsted. I was made corporal by Fagan during our voyage to the Elbe, and my rank was confirmed on terra firma. I was promised a halbert, too, and afterwards, perhaps, an ensigny, if I distinguished myself; but Fate did not intend that I should remain long an English soldier, as shall appear presently. Meanwhile, our passage was very favourable; my adventures were told by Fagan to his brother officers, who treated me with kindness; and my victory over the big chairman procured me respect from my comrades of the fore-deck. Encouraged and strongly exhorted by Fagan, I did my duty resolutely; but, though affable and good-humoured with the men, I never at first condescended to associate with such low fellows, and, indeed, was called generally amongst them ‘ my lord.’ I believe it was the ex-linkboy, a facetious knave, who gave me the title, and

I felt that I should become such a rank as well as any peer in the kingdom.

It would require a greater philosopher and historian than I am to explain the causes of the famous Seven Years' War in which Europe was engaged; and, indeed, its origin has always appeared to me to be so complicated, and the books written about it so amazingly hard to understand, that I have seldom been much wiser at the end of a chapter than at the beginning, and so shall not trouble my reader with any personal disquisitions concerning the matter. All I know is, that after his Majesty's love of his Hanoverian dominions had rendered him most unpopular in his English kingdom, with Mr. Pitt at the head of the anti-German war-party, all of a sudden, Mr. Pitt becoming minister, the rest of the empire applauded the war as much as they had hated it before. The victories of Dettingen and Crefeld were in everybody's mouths, and 'the Protestant hero,' as we used to call the godless old Frederick of Prussia, was adored by us as a saint a very short time after we had been about to make war against him, in alliance with the empress-queen. Now, somehow, we were on Frederick's side; the empress, the French, the Swedes, and the Russians were leagued against us; and I remember, when the news of the battle of Lissa came even to our remote quarter of Ireland, we considered it as a triumph for the cause of Protestantism, and illuminated, and bonfired, and had a sermon at church, and kept the Prussian's king's birthday, on which my uncle would get drunk, as indeed on any other occasion. Most of the low fellows enlisted with myself were, of course, Papists (the English army was filled with such out of that never-failing country of ours), and these, forsooth, were fighting the battles of Protestantism with Frederick, who was belabouring the Protestant Swedes and the Protestant Saxons, as well as the Russians of the Greek Church, and the Papist troops of the emperor and the King of France. It was against these latter that the English auxiliaries were employed, and we know that, be the quarrel what it may, an Englishman and a Frenchman are pretty willing to make a fight of it.

We landed at Cuxhaven, and before I had been a month in the Electorate I was transformed into a tall and proper young soldier, and, having a natural aptitude for military exercise, was soon as accomplished at the drill as the oldest

sergeant in the regiment. It is well, however, to dream of glorious war in a snug arm-chair at home, aye, or to make it as an officer, surrounded by gentlemen, gorgeously dressed, and cheered by chances of promotion. But those chances do not shine on poor fellows in worsted lace; the rough texture of our red coats made me ashamed when I saw an officer go by; my soul used to shudder when, on going the rounds, I would hear their voices as they sat jovially over the mess-table; my pride revolted at being obliged to plaster my hair with flour and candle-grease, instead of using the proper pomatum for a gentleman. Yes, my tastes have always been high and fashionable, and I loathed the horrid company in which I was fallen. What chances had I of promotion? None of my relatives had money to buy me a commission, and I became soon so low-spirited that I longed for a general action and a ball to finish me, and vowed that I would take some opportunity to desert.

When I think that I, the descendant of the kings of Ireland, was threatened with a caning by a young scoundrel who had just joined from Eton College—when I think that he offered to make me his footman, and that I did not, on either occasion, murder him! On the first occasion I burst into tears, I do not care to own it, and had serious thoughts of committing suicide, so great was my mortification. But my kind friend Fagan came to my aid in the circumstance with some very timely consolation. ‘My poor boy,’ said he, ‘you must not take the matter to heart so. Caning is only a relative disgrace. Young Ensign Fakenham was flogged himself at Eton School only a month ago. I would lay a wager that his scars are not yet healed. You must cheer up, my boy; do your duty, be a gentleman, and no serious harm can fall on you.’ And I heard afterwards that my champion had taken Mr. Fakenham very severely to task for this threat, and said to him that any such proceedings for the future he should consider as an insult to himself, whereon the young ensign was, for the moment, civil. As for the sergeants, I told one of them, that if any man struck me, no matter who he might be, or what the penalty, I would take his life. And, faith! there was an air of sincerity in my speech which convinced the whole bevy of them; and as long as I remained in the English service no rattan was ever laid on the shoulders of Redmond Barry. Indeed, I was in that savage, moody

state, that my mind was quite made up to the point, and I looked to hear my own dead march played as sure as I was alive. When I was made a corporal, some of my evils were lessened; I messed with the sergeants by special favour, and used to treat them to drink, and lose money to the rascals at play, with which cash my good friend Mr. Fagan punctually supplied me.

Our regiment, which was quartered about Stade and Lüneburg, speedily got orders to march southwards towards the Rhine, for news came that our great general, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, had been defeated—no, not defeated, but foiled in his attack upon the French under the Duke of Broglie, at Bergen, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, and had been obliged to fall back. As the allies retreated, the French rushed forward, and made a bold push for the Electorate of our gracious monarch in Hanover, threatening that they would occupy it as they had done before when D'Estrées beat the hero of Culloden, the gallant Duke of Cumberland, and caused him to sign the capitulation of Closter Zeven. An advance upon Hanover always caused a great agitation in the royal bosom of the King of England, more troops were sent to join us, convoys of treasure were passed over to our forces, and to our ally's the King of Prussia; and although, in spite of all assistance, the army under Prince Ferdinand was very much weaker than that of the invading enemy, yet we had the advantage of better supplies, one of the greatest generals in the world, and, I was going to add, of British valour, but the less we say about *that* the better. My Lord George Sackville did not exactly cover himself with laurels at Minden, otherwise there might have been won there one of the greatest victories of modern times.

Throwing himself between the French and interior of the Electorate, Prince Ferdinand wisely took possession of the free town of Bremen, which he made his store-house and place of arms, and round which he gathered all his troops, making ready to fight the famous battle of Minden.

Were these memoirs not characterized by truth, and did I deign to utter a single word for which my own personal experience did not give me the fullest authority, I might easily make myself the hero of some strange and popular adventures, and, after the fashion of novel-writers, introduce my readers to the great characters of this remarkable time.

These persons (I mean the romance-writers), if they take a drummer or a dustman for a hero, somehow manage to bring him in contact with the greatest lords and most notorious personages of the empire, and I warrant me there's not one of them but, in describing the battle of Minden, would manage to bring Prince Ferdinand, and my Lord George Sackville, and my Lord Granby into presence. It would have been easy for me to have *said* I was present when the orders were brought to Lord George to charge with the cavalry and finish the rout of the Frenchmen, and when he refused to do so, and thereby spoiled the great victory. But the fact is, I was two miles off from the cavalry when his lordship's fatal hesitation took place, and none of us soldiers of the line knew of what had occurred until we came to talk about the fight over our kettles in the evening, and repose after the labours of a hard-fought day. I saw no one of higher rank that day than my colonel and a couple of orderly officers riding by in the smoke—no one on *our* side, that is. A poor corporal (as I then had the disgrace of being) is not generally invited into the company of commanders and the great; but, in revenge, I saw, I promise you, some very good company on the *French* part, for their regiments of Lorraine and Royal Cravate were charging us all day; and in *that* sort of *mêlée* high and low are pretty equally received. I hate bragging, but I cannot help saying that I made a very close acquaintance with the colonel of the Cravates, for I drove my bayonet into his body, and finished off a poor little ensign, so young, slender, and small, that a blow from my pig-tail would have dispatched him, I think, in place of the butt of my musket, with which I clubbed him down. I killed, besides, four more officers and men, and in the poor ensign's pocket found a purse of fourteen louis-d'or, and a silver box of sugar-plums, of which the former present was very agreeable to me. If people would tell their stories of battles in this simple way, I think the cause of truth would not suffer by it. All I know of this famous fight of Minden (except from books) is told here above. The ensign's silver *bombon* box and his purse of gold; the livid face of the poor fellow as he fell; the huzzas of the men of my company as I went out under a smart fire and rifled him; their shouts and curses as we came hand in hand with the Frenchmen,—

these are, in truth, not very dignified recollections, and had best be passed over briefly. When my kind friend Fagan was shot, a brother captain, and his very good friend, turned to Lieutenant Rawson, and said, 'Fagan's down; Rawson, there's your company.' It was all the epitaph my brave patron got. 'I should have left you a hundred guineas, Redmond,' were his last words to me, 'but for a cursed run of ill luck last night at faro;' and he gave me a faint squeeze of the hand; and, as the word was given to advance, I left him. When we came back to our old ground, which we presently did, he was lying there still, but he was dead. Some of our people had already torn off his epaulets, and, no doubt, had rifled his purse. Such knaves and ruffians do men in war become! It is well for gentlemen to talk of the age of chivalry; but remember the starving brutes whom they lead—men nursed in poverty, entirely ignorant, made to take a pride in deeds of blood—men who can have no amusement but in drunkenness, debauch, and plunder. It is with these shocking instruments that your great warriors and kings have been doing their murderous work in the world; and while, for instance, we are at the present moment admiring the 'Great Frederick,' as we call him, and his philosophy, and his liberality, and his military genius, I, who have served him, and been, as it were, behind the scenes of which that great spectacle is composed, can only look at it with horror. What a number of items of human crime, misery, slavery, to form that sum-total of glory! I can recollect a certain day, about three weeks after the battle of Minden, and a farm-house in which some of us entered; and how the old woman and her daughters served us, trembling, to wine; and how we got drunk over the wine, and the house was in a flame, presently: and woe betide the wretched fellow afterwards who came home to look for his house and his children!

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH BARRY TRIES TO REMOVE AS FAR FROM
MILITARY GLORY AS POSSIBLE

AFTER the death of my protector, Captain Fagan, I am forced to confess that I fell into the very worst of courses and company. Being a rough soldier of fortune himself, he had never been a favourite with the officers of his regiment; who had a contempt for Irishmen, as Englishmen sometimes will have, and used to mock his brogue, and his blunt, uncouth manners. I had been insolent to one or two of them, and had only been screened from punishment by his intercession; and especially his successor, Mr. Rawson, had no liking for me, and put another man into the sergeant's place vacant in his company after the battle of Minden. This act of injustice rendered my service very disagreeable to me; and, instead of seeking to conquer the dislike of my superiors, and win their goodwill by good behaviour, I only sought for means to make my situation easier to me, and grasped at all the amusements in my power. In a foreign country, with the enemy before us, and the people continually under contribution from one side or the other, numberless irregularities were permitted to the troops which would not have been allowed in more peaceable times. I descended gradually to mix with the sergeants, and to share their amusements; drinking and gambling were, I am sorry to say, our principal pastimes; and I fell so readily into their ways that, though only a young lad of seventeen, I was the master of them all in daring wickedness; though there were some among them who, I promise you, were far advanced in the science of every kind of profligacy. I should have been under the provost-marshal's hands, for a dead certainty, had I continued much longer in the army: but an accident occurred which took me out of the English service in rather a singular manner.

The year in which George II died, our regiment had the honour to be present at the battle of Warburg (where the Marquis of Granby and his horse fully retrieved the discredit which had fallen upon the cavalry since Lord George

Sackville's defalcation at Minden), and where Prince Ferdinand once more completely defeated the Frenchmen. During the action, my lieutenant, Mr. Fakenham, of Fakenham, the gentleman who had threatened me, it may be remembered, with the caning, was struck by a musket-ball in the side. He had shown no want of courage in this or any other occasion where he had been called upon to act against the French; but this was his first wound, and the young gentleman was exceedingly frightened by it. He offered five guineas to be carried into the town which was hard by; and I and another man, taking him up in a cloak, managed to transport him into a place of decent appearance, where we put him to bed, and where a young surgeon (who desired nothing better than to take himself out of the fire of the musketry) went presently to dress his wound.

In order to get into the house, we had been obliged, it must be confessed, to fire into the locks with our pieces, which summons brought an inhabitant of the house to the door, a very pretty and black-eyed young woman, who lived there with her old half-blind father, a retired Jagdmeister of the Duke of Cassel, hard by. When the French were in the town, meinherr's house had suffered like those of his neighbours; and he was at first exceedingly unwilling to accommodate our guests. But the first knocking at the door had the effect of bringing a speedy answer; and Mr. Fakenham, taking a couple of guineas out of a very full purse, speedily convinced the people that they had only to deal with a person of honour.

Leaving the doctor (who was very glad to stop) with his patient, who paid me the stipulated reward, I was returning to my regiment with my other comrade, after having paid, in my German jargon, some deserved compliments to the black-eyed beauty of Warburg, and thinking, with no small envy, how comfortable it would be to be billeted there, when the private who was with me cut short my reveries, by suggesting that we should divide the five guineas that the lieutenant had given me.

'There is your share,' said I, giving the fellow one piece, which was plenty, as I was the leader of the expedition. But he swore a dreadful oath that he would have half; and, when I told him to go to a quarter which I shall not name, the fellow, lifting his musket, hit me a blow with the

butt-end of it which sent me lifeless to the ground ; and, when I awoke from my trance, I found myself bleeding with a large wound in the head, and had barely time to stagger back to the house where I had left the lieutenant, when I again fell fainting at the door.

Here I must have been discovered by the surgeon on his issuing out ; for when I awoke a second time I found myself in the ground-floor room of the house, supported by the black-eyed girl, while the surgeon was copiously bleeding me at the arm. There was another bed in the room where the lieutenant had been laid,—it was that occupied by Gretel, the servant ; while Lischen, as my fair one was called, had, till now, slept in the couch where the wounded officer lay.

‘ Who are you putting into that bed ? ’ said he, languidly, in German ; for the ball had been extracted from his side with much pain and loss of blood.

They told him it was the corporal who had brought him.

‘ A corporal ? ’ said he, in English ; ‘ turn him out.’ And you may be sure I felt highly complimented by the words. But we were both too faint to compliment or to abuse each other much, and I was put to bed carefully ; and, on being undressed, had an opportunity to find that my pockets had been rifled by the English soldier after he had knocked me down. However, I was in good quarters ; the young lady who sheltered me presently brought me a refreshing drink ; and, as I took it, I could not help pressing the kind hand that gave it me ; nor, in truth, did this token of my gratitude seem unwelcome.

This intimacy did not decrease with further acquaintance. I found Lischen the tenderest of nurses. Whenever any delicacy was to be provided for the wounded lieutenant, a share was always sent to the bed opposite his, and to the avaricious man’s no small annoyance. His illness was long. On the second day the fever declared itself ; for some nights he was delirious ; and I remember it was when a commanding officer was inspecting our quarters, with an intention, very likely, of billeting himself on the house, that the howling and mad words of the patient overhead struck him, and he retired rather frightened. I had been sitting up very comfortably in the lower apartment, for my hurt was quite subsided ; and it was only when the officer asked me, with a rough voice, why I was not at my regiment,

that I began to reflect how pleasant my quarters were to me, and that I was much better here than crawling under an odious tent with a parcel of tipsy soldiers, or going the night-rounds, or rising long before daybreak for drill.

The delirium of Mr. Fakenham gave me a hint, and I determined forthwith to *go mad*. There was a poor fellow about Brady's Town called 'Wandering Billy,' whose insane pranks I had often mimicked as a lad, and I again put them in practice. That night I made an attempt upon Lischen, saluting her with a yell and a grin which frightened her almost out of her wits; and when anybody came I was raving. The blow on the head had disordered my brain; the doctor was ready to vouch for this fact. One night I whispered to him that I was Julius Caesar, and considered him to be my affianced wife Queen Cleopatra, which convinced him of my insanity. Indeed, if her Majesty had been like my Aesculapius, she must have had a carrotty beard, such as is rare in Egypt.

A movement on the part of the French speedily caused an advance on our part. The town was evacuated, except by a few Prussian troops, whose surgeons were to visit the wounded in the place; and, when we were well, we were to be drafted to our regiments. I determined that I never would join mine again. My intention was to make for Holland, almost the only neutral country of Europe in these times, and thence to get a passage somehow to England, and home to dear old Brady's Town.

If Mr. Fakenham is now alive [(I have lost sight of him since the year 1814, when I met him at Brixton),]¹ I here tender him my apologies for my conduct to him. He was very rich; he used me very ill. I managed to frighten away his servant who came to attend him after the affair of Warburg, and from that time would sometimes condescend to wait upon the patient, who always treated me with scorn; but it was my object to have him alone, and I bore his brutality with the utmost civility and mildness, meditating in my own mind a very pretty return for all his favours to me. Nor was I the only person in the house to whom the worthy gentleman was uncivil. He ordered the fair Lischen hither and thither, made impertinent love to her, abused her soups, quarrelled with her omelets,

¹ Omitted in later editions.

and grudged the money which was laid out for his maintenance, so that our hostess detested him as much as, I think, without vanity, she regarded me.

For, if the truth must be told, I had made very deep love to her during my stay under her roof, as is always my way with women, of whatever age or degree of beauty. To a man who has to make his way in the world, these dear girls can always be useful in one fashion or another; never mind if they repel your passion; at any rate, they are not offended with your declaration of it, and only look upon you with more favourable eyes in consequence of your misfortune. As for Lischen, I told her such a pathetic story of my life (a tale a great deal more romantic than that here narrated,—for I did not restrict myself to the exact truth in that history, as in these pages I am bound to do) that I won the poor girl's heart entirely, and, besides, made considerable progress in the German language under her instruction. Do not think me very cruel and heartless, ladies; this heart of Lischen's was like many a town in the neighbourhood in which she dwelt, and had been stormed and occupied several times before I came to invest it; now mounting French colours, now green-and-yellow Saxon, now black-and-white Prussian, as the case may be. A lady who sets her heart upon a lad in uniform must prepare to change lovers pretty quickly, or her life will be but a sad one.

The German surgeon who attended us after the departure of the English only condescended to pay our house a visit twice during my residence; and I took care, for a reason I had, to receive him in a darkened room, and much to the annoyance of Mr. Fakenham, who lay there: but I said the light affected my eyes dreadfully since my blow on the head; and so I covered up my head with clothes when the doctor came, and told him that I was an Egyptian mummy, or talked to him some insane nonsense, in order to keep up my character.

'What is that nonsense you were talking about an Egyptian mummy, fellow?' asked Mr. Fakenham, peevishly.

'Oh! you'll know soon, sir,' said I.

The next time that I expected the doctor to come, instead of receiving him in a darkened room, with handkerchiefs muffled, I took care to be in the lower room, and was having

a game at cards with Lischen as the surgeon entered. I had taken possession of a dressing-jacket of the lieutenant's, and some other articles of his wardrobe, which fitted me pretty well, and, I flatter myself, was no ungentlemanlike figure.

'Good morrow, corporal,' said the doctor, rather gruffly, in reply to my smiling salute.

'Corporal! Lieutenant, if you please,' answered I, giving an arch look at Lischen, whom I had not yet instructed in my plot.

'How lieutenant?' asked the surgeon. 'I thought the lieutenant was——'

'Upon my word, you do me great honour,' cried I, laughing; 'you mistook me for the mad corporal upstairs. The fellow has once or twice pretended to be an officer, but my kind hostess here can answer which is which.'

'Yesterday he fancied he was Prince Ferdinand,' said Lischen; 'the day you came he said he was an Egyptian mummy.'

'So he did,' said the doctor; 'I remember; but, ha! ha! do you know, lieutenant, I have in my notes made a mistake in you two?'

'Don't talk to me about his malady; he is calm now.'

Lischen and I laughed at this error as at the most ridiculous thing in the world; and, when the surgeon went up to examine his patient, I cautioned him not to talk to him about the subject of his malady, for he was in a very excited state.

The reader will be able to gather from the above conversation what my design really was. I was determined to escape, and to escape under the character of Lieutenant Fakenham, taking it from him to his face, as it were, and making use of it to meet my imperious necessity. It was forgery and robbery, if you like; for I took all his money and clothes,—I don't care to conceal it; but the need was so urgent, that I would do so again; and I knew I could not effect my escape without his purse, as well as his name. Hence it became my duty to take possession of one and the other.

As the lieutenant lay still in bed upstairs, I did not hesitate at all about assuming his uniform, especially after taking care to inform myself from the doctor whether any men of ours who might know me were in the town. But there

were none that I could hear of ; and so I calmly took my walks with Madame Lischen, dressed in the lieutenant's uniform, made inquiries as to a horse that I wanted to purchase, reported myself to the commandant of the place as Lieutenant Fakenham, of Gale's English regiment of foot, convalescent, and was asked to dine with the officers of the Prussian regiment at a very sorry mess they had. How Fakenham would have stormed and raged had he known the use I was making of his name !

Whenever that worthy used to inquire about his clothes, which he did with many oaths and curses that he would have me caned at the regiment for inattention, I, with a most respectful air, informed him that they were put away in perfect safety below ; and, in fact, had them very neatly packed, and ready for the day when I proposed to depart. His papers and money, however, he kept under his pillow ; and, as I had purchased a horse, it became necessary to pay for it.

At a certain hour, then, I ordered the animal to be brought round, when I would pay the dealer for him. (I shall pass over my adieu with my kind hostess, which were very tearful indeed), and then, making up my mind to the great action, walked upstairs to Fakenham's room attired in his full regimentals, and with his hat cocked over my left eye.

'You *gweat scoundwel!*' said he, with a multiplicity of oaths ; 'you mutinous dog ; what do you mean by *dwessing* yourself in my *wegimentals* ? As sure as my name's Fakenham, when we get back to the *wegiment*, I'll have your soul cut out of your body.'

'I'm promoted lieutenant,' said I, with a sneer ; 'I'm come to take my leave of you ;' and then going up to his bed, I said, 'I intend to have your papers and purse.' With this I put my hand under his pillow, at which he gave a scream that might have called the whole garrison about my ears. 'Hark ye, sir !' said I, 'no more noise, or you are a dead man !' and, taking a handkerchief, I bound it tight around his mouth so as wellnigh to throttle him, and, pulling forward the sleeves of his shirt, tied them in a knot together, and so left him, removing the papers and the purse, you may be sure, and wishing him politely a good day,

'It is the mad corporal,' said I to the people down below

who were attracted by the noise from the sick man's chamber ; and so taking leave of the old blind Jagdmeister, and an adieu I will not say how tender of his daughter, I mounted my newly purchased animal, and, as I pranced away, and the sentinels presented arms to me at the town-gates, felt once more that I was in my proper sphere, and determined never again to fall from the rank of a gentleman.

I took at first the way towards Bremen, where our army was, as bringing reports and letters from the Prussian commandant of Warburg to head quarters ; but, as soon as I got out of sight of the advanced sentinels, I turned bridle and rode into the Hesse-Cassel territory, which is luckily not very far from Warburg, and I promise you I was very glad to see the blue-and-red stripes on the barriers, which showed me that I was out of the land occupied by our countrymen. I rode to Hof, and the next day to Cassel, giving out that I was the bearer of dispatches to Prince Henry, then on the Lower Rhine, and put up at the best hotel of the place, where the field-officers of the garrison had their ordinary. These gentlemen I treated to the best wines that the house afforded, for I was determined to keep up the character of the English gentleman, and I talked to them about my English estates with a fluency that almost made me believe in the stories which I invented. I was even asked to an assembly at Wilhelms-höhe, the Elector's palace, and danced a minuet there with the Hofmarschall's lovely daughter, and lost a few pieces to his excellency the first hunt-master of his highness.

At our table at the inn there was a Prussian officer who treated me with great civility, and asked me a thousand questions about England, which I answered as best I might. But this best, I am bound to say, was bad enough. I knew nothing about England, and the court, and the noble families there ; but, led away by the vaingloriousness of youth (and a propensity which I possessed in my early days, but of which I have long since corrected myself, to boast and talk in a manner not altogether consonant with truth), I invented a thousand stories which I told him ; described the king and the ministers to him, said the British ambassador at Berlin was my uncle, and promised my acquaintance a letter of recommendation to him. When the officer asked me my uncle's name, I was not able

to give him the real name, and so said his name was O'Grady : it is as good a name as any other, and those of Kilballyowen, county Cork, are as good a family as any in the world, as I have heard. As for stories about my regiment, of these, of course, I had no lack. I wish my other histories had been equally authentic.

On the morning I left Cassel, my Prussian friend came to me with an open, smiling countenance, and said he too was bound for Düsseldorf, whither I said my route lay ; and so laying our horses' heads together, we jogged on. The country was desolate beyond description. The prince in whose dominions we were was known to be the most ruthless seller of men in Germany. He would sell to any bidder, and, during the five years which the war (afterwards called the Seven Years' War) had now lasted, had so exhausted the males of his principality, that the fields remained untilled, even the children of twelve years old were driven off to the war, and I saw herds of these wretches marching forwards, attended by a few troopers, now under the guidance of a red-coated Hanoverian sergeant, now with a Prussian sub-officer accompanying them, with some of whom my companion exchanged signs of recognition.

'It hurts my feelings,' said he, 'to be obliged to commune with such wretches, but the stern necessities of war demand men continually, and hence these recruiters whom you see market in human flesh. They get five-and-twenty dollars a man from our government for every man they bring in. For fine men—for men like you,' he added, laughing, 'we would go as high as a hundred. In the old king's time we would have given a thousand for you, when he had his giant regiment that our present monarch disbanded.'

'I knew one of them,' said I, 'who served with you : we used to call him Morgan Prussia.'

'Indeed ! and who was this Morgan Prussia ?'

'Why, a huge grenadier of ours, who was somehow snapped up in Hanover by some of your recruiters.'

'The rascals !' said my friend, 'and did they dare take an Englishman ?'

'Faith, this was an Irishman, and a great deal too sharp for them, as you shall hear. Morgan was taken, then, and drafted into the giant guard, and was the biggest man almost among all the giants there. Many of these monsters

used to complain of their life, and their caning, and their long drills, and their small pay, but Morgan was not one of the grumblers. "It's a deal better," said he, "to get fat here in Berlin than to starve in rags in Tipperary!"³

'Where is Tipperary?' asked my companion.

'That is exactly what Morgan's friends asked him. It is a beautiful district in Ireland, the capital of which is the magnificent city of Clonmel; a city, let me tell you, sir, only inferior to Dublin and London, and far more sumptuous than any on the Continent. Well, Morgan said that his birthplace was near that city, and the only thing which caused him unhappiness, in his present situation, was the thought that his brothers were still starving at home, when they might be so much better off in his Majesty's service.

"Faith," says Morgan to the sergeant, to whom he imparted the information, "it's my brother *Bin* that would make the fine sergeant of the guards, entirely!"

"Is Ben as tall as you are?" asked the sergeant.

"As tall as *me*, is it? Why, man, I'm the shortest of my family! There's six more of us, but Bin's the biggest of all. Oh! out and out the biggest. Seven feet in his stockin-*fut*, as sure as my name's Morgan!"

"Can't we send and fetch them over, these brothers of yours?"

"Not you. Ever since I was seduced by one of you gentlemen of the cane, they've a mortal aversion to all sergeants," answered Morgan: "but it's a pity they cannot come, too. What a monster Bin would be in a grenadier's cap!"

'He said nothing more at the time regarding his brothers, but only sighed as if lamenting their hard fate. However, the story was told by the sergeant to the officers, and by the officers to the king himself; and his Majesty was so inflamed by curiosity that he actually consented to let Morgan go home in order to bring back with him his seven enormous brothers.'

'And were they as big as Morgan pretended?' asked my comrade. I could not help laughing at his simplicity.

'Do you suppose,' cried I, 'that Morgan ever came back? No, no; once free, and he was too wise for that. He has bought a snug farm in Tipperary with the money that

was given him to secure his brothers, and I fancy few men of the guards ever profited so much by it.'

The Prussian captain laughed exceedingly at this story, said that the English were the cleverest nation in the world, and, on my setting him right, agreed that the Irish were even more so ; and we rode on very well pleased with each other, for he had a thousand stories of the war to tell, and the skill and gallantry of Frederick, and the thousand escapes, and victories, and defeats scarcely less glorious than victories, through which the king had passed. Now that I was a gentleman, I could listen with admiration to these tales ; and yet the sentiment recorded at the end of the last chapter was uppermost in my mind but three weeks back, when I remembered that it was the great general got the glory, and the poor soldier only insult and the cane.

'By the way, to whom are you taking dispatches ?' asked the officer.

It was another ugly question which I determined to answer at haphazard ; and so I said, 'To General Rolls.' I had seen the general a year before, and gave the first name in my head. My friend was quite satisfied with it, and we continued our ride until evening came on ; and, our horses being weary, it was agreed that we should come to a halt.

'There is a very good inn,' said the captain, as we rode up to what appeared to me a very lonely-looking place.

'This may be a very good inn for Germany,' said I, 'but it would not pass in Old Ireland. Corbach is only a league off : let us push on for Corbach.'

'Do you want to see the loveliest woman in Europe ?' said the officer. 'Ah ! you sly rogue, I see *that* will influence you ;' and, truth to say, such a proposal *was* always welcome to me, as I don't care to own. 'The people are great farmers,' said the captain, 'as well as innkeepers ;' and, indeed, the place seemed more a farm than an innyard. We entered by a great gate into a court walled round, and at one end of which was the building, a dingy ruinous place. A couple of covered wagons were in the court, their horses were littered under a shed hard by, and lounging about the place were some men, and a pair of sergeants in the Prussian uniform, who both touched their hats to my friend the captain. This customary formality

struck me as nothing extraordinary, but the aspect of the inn had something exceedingly chilling and forbidding in it, and I observed the men shut to the great yard-gates as soon as we were entered. Parties of French horsemen, the captain said, were about the country, and one could not take too many precautions against such villains.

We went in to supper, after the two sergeants had taken charge of our horses; the captain, also, ordering one of them to take my valise to my bedroom. I promised the worthy fellow a glass of schnapps for his pains.

A dish of fried eggs and bacon was ordered from a hideous old wench that came to serve us, in place of the lovely creature I had expected to see; and the captain, laughing, said, 'Well, our meal is a frugal one, but a soldier has many a time a worse;' and, taking off his hat, sword-belt, and gloves, with great ceremony, he sat down to eat. I would not be behindhand with him in politeness, and put my weapon securely on the old chest of drawers where his was laid.

The hideous old woman before mentioned brought us in a pot of very sour wine, at which and at her ugliness I felt a considerable ill humour.

'Where's the beauty you promised me?' said I, as soon as the old hag had left the room.

'Bah!' said he, laughing, and looking hard at me: 'it was my joke. I was tired, and did not care to go farther. There's no prettier woman here than that. If she won't suit your fancy, my friend, you must wait awhile.'

This increased my ill humour.

'Upon my word, sir,' said I, sternly, 'I think you have acted very coolly!'

'I have acted as I think fit!' replied the captain.

'Sir,' said I, 'I'm a British officer!'

'It's a lie!' roared the other, 'you're a **DESERTER!** You're an impostor, sir; I have known you for such these three hours. I suspected you yesterday. My men heard of a man escaping from Warburg, and I thought you were the man. Your lies and folly have confirmed me. You pretend to carry dispatches to a general who has been dead these ten months; you have an uncle who is an ambassador, and whose name forsooth, you don't know. Will you join and take the bounty, sir, or will you be given up?'

'Neither!' said I, springing at him like a tiger. But,

agile as I was, he was equally on his guard. He took two pistols out of his pocket, fired one off, and said, from the other end of the table where he stood dodging me, as it were,—

‘Advance a step, and I send this bullet into your brains!’ In another minute the door was flung open, and the two sergeants entered armed with musket and bayonet to aid their comrade.

The game was up. I flung down a knife with which I had armed myself, for the old hag on bringing in the wine had removed my sword.

‘I volunteer,’ said I.

‘That’s my good fellow? What name shall I put on my list?’

‘Write Redmond Barry of Bally Barry,’ said I, haughtily; ‘a descendant of the Irish kings!’

‘I was once with the Irish brigade, Roche’s,’ said the recruiter, sneering, ‘trying if I could get any likely fellows among the few countrymen of yours that are in the brigade, and there was scarcely one of them that was not descended from the kings of Ireland.’

‘Sir,’ said I, ‘king or not, I am a gentleman, as you can see.’

‘Oh! you will find plenty more in our corps,’ answered the captain, still in the sneering mood. ‘Give up your papers, Mr. Gentleman, and let us see who you really are.’

As my pocket-book contained some bank-notes as well as papers of Mr. Fakenham’s, I was not willing to give up my property, suspecting very rightly that it was but a scheme on the part of the captain to get and keep it.

‘It can matter very little to you,’ said I, ‘what my private papers are: I am enlisted under the name of Redmond Barry.’

‘Give it up, sirrah!’ said the captain, seizing his cane.

‘I will not give it up!’ answered I.

‘*Hound!* do you mutiny?’ screamed he, and, at the same time, gave me a lash across the face with the cane, which had the anticipated effect of producing a struggle. I dashed forward to grapple with him, the two sergeants flung themselves on me, I was thrown to the ground and stunned again, being hit on my former wound in the head. It was bleeding severely when I came to myself,

my laced coat was already torn off my back, my purse and papers gone, and my hands tied behind my back.

The great and illustrious Frederick had scores of these white slave-dealers all round the frontiers of his kingdom, debauching troops or kidnapping peasants and hesitating at no crime to supply those brilliant regiments of his with food for powder; and I cannot help telling here with some satisfaction the fate which ultimately befell the atrocious scoundrel who, violating all the rights of friendship and good fellowship, had just succeeded in entrapping me. This individual was a person of high family and known talents and courage, but who had a propensity to gambling and extravagance, and found his calling as a recruit-decoy far more profitable to him than his pay of second captain in the line. The sovereign, too, probably found his services more useful in the former capacity. His name was Monsieur de Galgenstein, and he was one of the most successful of the practisers of his rascally trade. He spoke all languages, and knew all countries, and hence had no difficulty in finding out the simple braggadocio of a young lad like me.

About 1765, however, he came to his justly merited end. He was at this time living at Kehl, opposite Strasburg, and used to take his walk upon the bridge there, and get into conversation with the French advanced sentinels, and to whom he was in the habit of promising 'mountains and marvels,' as the French say, if they would take service in Prussia. One day there was on the bridge a superb grenadier, whom Galgenstein accosted, and to whom he promised a company at least if he would enlist under Frederick.

'Ask my comrade yonder,' said the grenadier; 'I can do nothing without him. We were born and bred together, we are of the same company, sleep in the same room, always go in pairs. If he will go and you will give him a captaincy, I will go too.'

'Bring your comrade over to Kehl,' said Galgenstein, delighted, 'I will give you the best of dinners, and can promise to satisfy both of you.'

'Had you not better speak to him on the bridge?' said the grenadier. 'I dare not leave my post, but you have but to pass, and talk over the matter.'

Galgenstein, after a little parley, passed the sentinel;

but presently a panic took him, and he retraced his steps. But the grenadier brought his bayonet to the Prussian's breast and bade him stand, that he was his prisoner.

The Prussian, however, seeing his danger, made a bound across the bridge and into the Rhine, whither flinging aside his musket, the intrepid sentry followed him. The Frenchman was the better swimmer of the two, seized upon the recruiter, and bore him to the Strasburg side of the stream, where he gave him up.

'You deserve to be shot,' said the general to him, 'for abandoning your post and arms, but you merit reward for an act of courage and daring. The king prefers to reward you,' and the man received money and promotion.

As for Galgenstein, he declared his quality as a nobleman and a captain in the Prussian service, and applications were made to Berlin to know if his representations were true. But the king, though he employed men of this stamp (officers to seduce the subjects of his allies), could not acknowledge his own shame. Letters were written back from Berlin to say that such a family existed in the kingdom, but that the person representing himself to belong to it must be an impostor, for every officer of the name was at his regiment and his post. It was Galgenstein's death-warrant, and he was hanged as a spy in Strasburg.

'Turn him into the cart with the rest,' said he, as soon as I awoke from my trance.

CHAPTER VI

THE CRIMP-WAGON—MILITARY EPISODES

THE covered wagon to which I was ordered to march was standing, as I have said, in the courtyard of the farm, with another dismal vehicle of the same kind hard by it. Each was pretty well filled with a crew of men, whom the atrocious crimp, who had seized upon me, had enlisted under the banners of the glorious Frederick; and I could see by the lanterns of the sentinels, as they thrust me into the straw, a dozen dark figures huddled together in the horrible moving prison where I was now to be confined.

A scream and a curse from my opposite neighbour showed me that he was most likely wounded, as I myself was ; and, during the whole of the wretched night, the moans and sobs of the poor fellows in similar captivity kept up a continual, painful chorus, which effectually prevented my getting any relief from my ills in sleep. At midnight (as far as I could judge) the horses were put to the wagons, and the creaking, lumbering machines were put in motion. A couple of soldiers, strongly armed, sat on the outer bench of the cart, and their grim faces peered in with their lanterns every now and then through the canvas curtains, that they might count the number of their prisoners. The brutes were half drunk, and were singing love and war songs, such as, '*O Gretchen, mein Täubchen, mein Herzens-trompet, Mein Kanon, mein Heerpauk und meine Musket,*' '*Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter,*' and the like ; their wild whoops and *Jodels* making doleful discord with the groans of us captives within the wagons. Many a time afterwards have I heard these ditties sung on the march, or in the barrack-room, or round the fires as we lay out at night.

I was not near so unhappy, in spite of all, as I had been on my first enlisting in Ireland. At least, thought I, if I am degraded to be a private soldier, there will be no one of my acquaintance who will witness my shame, and that is the point which I have always cared for most. There will be no one to say, 'There is young Redmond Barry, the descendant of the Barrys, the fashionable young blood of Dublin, pipeclaying his belt, and carrying his brown Bess.' Indeed, but for that opinion of the world, with which it is necessary that every man of spirit should keep upon equal terms, I, for my part, would have always been contented with the humblest portion. Now here, to all intents and purposes, one was as far removed from the world as in the wilds of Siberia, or in Robinson Crusoe's island. And I reasoned with myself thus :—'Now you are caught, there is no use in repining ; make the best of your situation, and get all the pleasure you can out of it. There are a thousand opportunities of plunder, &c., offered to the soldier in war-time, out of which he can get both pleasure and profit ; make use of these, and be happy. Besides, you are extraordinarily brave, handsome, and clever : and who knows but you may procure advancement in your new service ?'

In this philosophical way I looked at my misfortunes, determining not to be cast down by them ; and bore my woes and my broken head with perfect magnanimity. The latter was, for the moment, an evil against which it required no small powers of endurance to contend ; for the jolts of the wagon were dreadful, and every shake caused a throb in my brain which I thought would have split my skull. As the morning dawned, I saw that the man next me, a gaunt, yellow-haired creature, in black, had a cushion of straw under his head.

‘Are you wounded, comrade ?’ said I.

‘Praised be the Lord,’ said he, ‘I am sore hurt in spirit and body, and bruised in many members ; wounded, however, am I not. And you, poor youth ?’

‘I am wounded in the head,’ said I, ‘and I want your pillow : give it me—I’ve a clasp-knife in my pocket !’ and with this I gave him a terrible look, meaning to say (and mean it I did, for look you, *à la guerre c’est à la guerre*, and I am none of your milksops), that, unless he yielded me the accommodation, I would give him a taste of my steel.

‘I would give it thee without any threat, friend,’ said the yellow-haired man, meekly, and handed me over his little sack of straw.

He then leaned himself back as comfortably as he could against the cart, and began repeating, ‘Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott,’ by which I concluded that I had got into the company of a parson. With the jolts of the wagon, and accidents of the journey, various more exclamations and movements of the passengers showed what a motley company we were. Every now and then a countryman would burst into tears ; a French voice would be heard to say, ‘*O mon Dieu !—mon Dieu !*’ a couple more of the same nation were jabbering oaths and chattering incessantly ; and a certain allusion to his own and everybody else’s eyes, which came from a stalwart figure at the far corner, told me that there was certainly an Englishman in our crew.

But I was spared soon the tedium and discomforts of the journey. In spite of the clergyman’s cushion, my head, which was throbbing with pain, was brought abruptly in contact with the side of the wagon ; it began to bleed afresh ; I became almost light-headed. I only recollect having a draught of water here and there ; once stopping

at a fortified town, where an officer counted us :—all the rest of the journey was passed in a drowsy stupor, from which, when I awoke, I found myself lying in a hospital bed, with a nun in a white hood watching over me.

‘They are in sad spiritual darkness,’ said a voice from the bed next to me, when the nun had finished her kind offices and retired ; ‘they are in the night of error, and yet there is the light of faith in those poor creatures.’

It was my comrade of the crimp-wagon, his huge, broad face looming out from under a white nightcap, and enshrouded in the bed beside.

‘What ! you there, Herr Pastor ?’ said I.

‘Only a candidate, sir,’ answered the white nightcap. ‘But, praised be Heaven ! you have come to. You have had a wild time of it. You have been talking in the English language (with which I am acquainted), of Ireland, and a young lady, and Mick, and of another young lady, and of a house on fire, and of the British Grenadiers, concerning whom you sang us parts of a ballad, and of a number of other matters appertaining, no doubt, to your personal history.’

‘It has been a very strange one,’ said I ; ‘and, perhaps, there is no man in the world, of my birth, whose misfortunes can at all be compared to mine.’

I do not object to own that I am disposed to brag of my birth and other acquirements, for I have always found that if a man does not give himself a good word, his friends will not do it for him.

‘Well,’ said my fellow-patient, ‘I have no doubt yours is a strange tale, and shall be glad to hear it anon ; but, at present, you must not be permitted to speak much, for your fever has been long, and your exhaustion great.’

‘Where are we ?’ I asked ; and the candidate informed me that we were in the bishopric and town of Fulda, at present occupied by Prince Henry’s troops. There had been a skirmish with an out-party of French near the town, in which, a shot entering the wagon, the poor candidate had been wounded.

As the reader knows already my history, I will not take the trouble to repeat it here, or to give the additions with which I favoured my comrade in misfortune. But I confess that I told him ours was the greatest family and finest palace in Ireland, that we were enormously wealthy, related

to all the peerage, descended from the ancient kings, &c.; and, to my surprise, in the course of our conversation, I found that my interlocutor knew a great deal more about Ireland than I did. When, for instance, I spoke of my descent,—

‘From which race of kings?’ said he.

‘Oh!’ said I (for my memory for dates was never very accurate), ‘from the old ancient kings of all.’

‘What! can you trace your origin to the sons of Japhet?’ said he.

‘Faith, I can,’ answered I, ‘and farther too,—to Nebuchadnezzar, if you like.’

‘I see,’ said the candidate, smiling, ‘that you look upon those legends with incredulity. These Partholans and Nemedians, of whom your writers fondly make mention, cannot be authentically vouched for in history. Nor do I believe that we have any more foundation for the tales concerning them, than for the legends relative to Joseph of Arimathea, and King Brute, which prevailed two centuries back in the sister island.’

And then he began a discourse about the Phoenicians, the Scyths, or Goths, the Tuath de Danans, Tacitus, and King MacNeil, which was, to say the truth, the very first news I had heard of those personages. As for English, he spoke it as well as I, and had seven more languages, he said, equally at his command; for, on my quoting the only Latin line that I knew, that out of the poet Homer, which says,—

As in praesenti perfectum fumat in avi,

he began to speak to me in the Roman tongue; on which I was fain to tell him that we pronounced it in a different way in Ireland, and so got off the conversation.

My honest friend’s history was a curious one, and it may be told here in order to show of what motley materials our levies were composed:—

‘I am,’ said he, ‘a Saxon by birth, my father being pastor of the village of Pfannkuchen, where I imbibed the first rudiments of knowledge. At sixteen (I am now twenty-three), having mastered the Greek and Latin tongues, with the French, English, Arabic, and Hebrew; and, having come into possession of a legacy of a 100 rixdalers, a sum amply sufficient to defray my university courses,

I went to the famous academy of Göttingen, where I devoted four years to the exact sciences and theology. Also, I learned what worldly accomplishments I could command ; taking a dancing-tutor at the expense of a groschen a lesson, a course of fencing from a French practitioner, and attending lectures on the great horse and the equestrian science at the hippodrome of a celebrated cavalry professor. My opinion is that a man should know everything as far as in his power lies, that he should complete his cycle of experience, and, one science being as necessary as another, it behoves him, according to his means, to acquaint himself with all. For many branches of personal knowledge (as distinguished from spiritual, though I am not prepared to say that the distinction is a correct one), I confess I have found myself inapt. I attempted tight-rope dancing, with a Bohemian artist who appeared at our academy, but in this I failed lamentably, breaking my nose in the fall which I had. I also essayed to drive a coach-and-four, which an English student, Herr Graf Lord von Martingale, drove at the university. In this, too, I failed ; oversetting the chariot at the postern, opposite the Berliner gate, with his lordship's friend, Fräulein Miss Kitty Coddlin's within. I had been instructing the young lord in the German language when the above accident took place, and was dismissed by him in consequence. My means did not permit me further to pursue this *curriculum* (you will pardon me the joke), otherwise, I have no doubt, I should have been able to take a place in any hippodrome in the world, and to handle the ribands (as the high-well-born lord used to say) to perfection.

'At the university I delivered a thesis on the quadrature of the circle, which, I think, would interest you ; and held a disputation in Arabic against Professor Strumpff, in which I was said to have the advantage. The languages of Southern Europe, of course, I acquired ; and, to a person well grounded in Sanskrit, the Northern idioms offer no difficulty. If you have ever attempted the Russian you will find it child's play, and it will always be a source of regret to me that I have been enabled to get no knowledge (to speak of) of Chinese ; and, but for the present dilemma, I had intended to pass over into England for that purpose, and get a passage in one of the English company's ships to Canton.

‘ I am not of a saving turn, hence my little fortune of a 100 rixdalers, which has served to keep many a prudent man for a score of years, barely sufficed for a five years’ studies ; after which my studies were interrupted, my pupils fell off, and I was obliged to devote much time to shoe-binding in order to save money, and, at a future period, resume my academic course. During this period I contracted an attachment ’ (here the candidate sighed a little) ‘ with a person, who, though not beautiful, and forty years of age, is yet likely to sympathize with my existence ; and, a month since, my kind friend and patron, university Prorector Doctor Nasenbrumm, having informed me that the Pfarrer of Rumpelwitz was dead, asked whether I would like to have my name placed upon the candidate list, and if I were minded to preach a trial sermon ? As the gaining of this living would further my union with my Amalia, I joyously consented, and prepared a discourse.

‘ If you like I will recite it to you—No ?—Well, I will give you extracts from it upon our line of march. To proceed, then, with my biographical sketch, which is now very near a conclusion, or, as I should more correctly say, which has very nearly brought me to the present period of time, I preached that sermon at Rumpelwitz, in which I hope that the Babylonian question was pretty satisfactorily set at rest. I preached it before the Herr Baron and his noble family, and some officers of distinction who were staying at his castle. Mr. Doctor Moser of Halle followed me in the evening discourse ; but, though his exercise was learned, and he disposed of a passage of Ignatius, which he proved to be a manifest interpolation, I do not think his sermon had the effect which mine produced, and that the Rumpelwitzers much relished it. After the sermon, all the candidates walked out of church together, and supped lovingly at the Blue Stag in Rumpelwitz.

‘ While so occupied, a waiter came in and said that a person without wished to speak to one of the reverend candidates, “ the tall one.” This could only mean me, for I was a head and shoulders higher than any other reverend gentleman present. I issued out to see who was the person desiring to hold converse with me, and found a man whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as one of the Jewish persuasion.

‘ “ Sir,” said this Hebrew, “ I have heard from a friend,

who was in your church to-day, the heads of the admirable discourse you pronounced there. It has affected me deeply, most deeply. There are only one or two points on which I am yet in doubt, and if your honour could but condescend to enlighten me on these, I think—I think Solomon Hirsch would be a convert to your eloquence.”

“What are these points, my good friend?” said I; and I pointed out to him the twenty-four heads of my sermon, asking him in which of these his doubts lay.

‘We had been walking up and down before the inn while our conversation took place, but the windows being open, and my comrades having heard the discourse in the morning, requested me, rather peevishly, not to resume it at that period. I, therefore, moved on with my disciple, and, at his request, began at once the sermon, for my memory is good for anything, and I can repeat any book I have read thrice.

‘I poured out, then, under the trees, and in the calm moonlight, that discourse which I had pronounced under the blazing sun of noon. My Israelite only interrupted me by exclamations indicative of surprise, assent, admiration, and increasing conviction. “Prodigious!” said he; —“*Wunderschön!*” would he remark at the conclusion of some eloquent passage; in a word, he exhausted the complimentary interjections of our language, and to compliments what man is averse? I think we must have walked two miles when I got to my third head, and my companion begged I would enter his house, which we now neared, and partake of a glass of beer, to which I was never averse.

‘That house, sir, was the inn at which you, too, if I judge aright, were taken. No sooner was I in the place than three crimps rushed upon me, told me I was a deserter, and their prisoner, and called upon me to deliver up my money and papers, which I did with a solemn protest as to my sacred character. They consisted of my sermon in MS., Prorektor Nasenbrumm’s recommendatory letter, proving my identity, and three groschen four pfennigs in bullion. I had already been in the cart twenty hours when you reached the house. The French officer, who lay opposite you, he who screamed when you trod on his foot, for he was wounded, was brought in shortly before your arrival. He had been taken with his epaulets and regi-

mentals, and declared his quality and rank ; but he was alone (I believe it was some affair of love with a Hessian lady which caused him to be unattended) ; and as the persons into whose hands he fell will make more profit of him as a recruit than as a prisoner, he is made to share our fate. He is not the first by many scores so captured. One of M. de Soubise's cooks, and three actors out of a troupe in the French camp, several deserters from your English troops (the men are led away by being told that there is no flogging in the Prussian service), and three Dutchmen were taken besides.'

'And you,' said I,—'you who were just on the point of getting a valuable living,—you who have so much learning, are you not indignant at the outrage ?'

'I am a Saxon,' said the candidate, 'and there is no use in indignation. Our government is crushed under Frederick's heel these five years, and I might as well hope for mercy from the Grand Mogul. Nor am I, in truth, discontented with my lot ; I have lived on a penny bread for so many years, that a soldier's rations will be a luxury to me. I do not care about more or less blows of a cane, all such evils are passing, and therefore endurable. I will never, God willing, slay a man in combat, but I am not unanxious to experience on myself the effect of the war-passion, which has had so great an influence on the human race. It was for the same reason that I determined to marry Amalia, for a man is not a complete *Mensch* until he is the father of a family, to be which is a condition of his existence, and therefore a duty of his education. Amalia must wait ; she is out of the reach of want, being, indeed, cook to the Frau Prorektorin Nasenbrumm, my worthy patron's lady. I have one or two books with me, which no one is likely to take from me, and one in my heart which is the best of all. If it shall please Heaven to finish my existence here, before I can prosecute my studies further, what cause have I to repine ? I pray God I may not be mistaken, but I think I have wronged no man, and committed no mortal sin. If I have, I know where to look for forgiveness ; and if I die, as I have said, without knowing all that I would desire to learn, shall I not be in a situation to learn *everything*, and what can human soul ask for more ?

'Pardon me for putting so many *I's* in my discourse.'

said the candidate, 'but when a man is talking of himself, 'tis the briefest and simplest way of talking.'

In which, perhaps, though I hate egotism, I think my friend was right. Although he acknowledged himself to be a mean-spirited fellow, with no more ambition than to know the contents of a few musty books, I think the man had some good in him, especially in the resolution with which he bore his calamities. Many a gallant man of the highest honour is often not proof against these, and has been known to despair over a bad dinner, or to be cast down at a ragged-elbowed coat. *My* maxim is to bear all, to put up with water if you cannot get burgundy, and if you have no velvet, to be content with frieze. But burgundy and velvet are the best, *bien entendu*, and the man is a fool who will not seize the best when the scramble is open.

The heads of the sermon which my friend the theologian intended to impart to me were, however, never told; for, after our coming out of the hospital, he was drafted into a regiment quartered as far as possible from his native country, in Pomerania; while I was put into the Bülow regiment, of which the ordinary head quarters were Berlin. The Prussian regiments seldom change their garrisons as ours do, for the fear of desertion is so great that it becomes necessary to know the face of every individual in the service, and, in time of peace, men live and die in the same town. This does not add, as may be imagined, to the amusements of the soldier's life. It is lest any young gentleman like myself should take a fancy to a military career, and fancy that of a private soldier a tolerable one, that I am giving these, I hope, moral descriptions of what we poor fellows in the ranks really suffered.

As soon as we recovered, we were dismissed from the nuns and the hospital to the town prison of Fulda, where we were kept like slaves and criminals, with artillerymen with lighted matches at the doors of the courtyards and the huge black dormitory where some hundreds of us lay, until we were dispatched to our different destinations. It was soon seen by the exercise which were the old soldiers amongst us, and which the recruits; and for the former, while we lay in prison, there was a little more leisure, though, if possible, a still more strict watch kept than over the broken-spirited yokels who had been forced or coaxed

into the service. To describe the characters here assembled would require Mr. Gillray's own pencil. There were men of all nations and callings. The Englishmen boxed and bullied; the Frenchmen played cards, and danced, and fenced; the heavy Germans smoked their pipes, and drank beer if they could manage to purchase it. Those who had anything to risk gambled, and at this sport I was pretty lucky, for, not having a penny when I entered the *dépôt* (having been robbed of every farthing of my property by the rascally crimps), I won near a dollar in my very first game at cards with one of the Frenchmen, who did not think of asking whether I could pay or not upon losing. Such, at least, is the advantage of having a gentlemanlike appearance; it has saved me many a time since by procuring me credit when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

Among the Frenchmen there was a splendid man and soldier, whose real name we never knew, but whose ultimate history created no small sensation, when it came to be known in the Prussian army. If beauty and courage are proofs of nobility, as (although I have seen some of the ugliest dogs and the greatest cowards in the world in the *noblesse*) I have no doubt courage and beauty are, this Frenchman must have been of the highest families in France, so grand and noble was his manner, so superb his person. He was not quite so tall as myself, fair, while I am dark, and, if possible, rather broader in the shoulders. He was the only man I ever met who could master me with the small-sword, with which he would pink me four times to my three. As for the sabre, I could knock him to pieces with it, and I could leap farther and carry more than he could. This, however, is mere egotism. This Frenchman, with whom I became pretty intimate, for we were the two cocks, as it were, of the *dépôt*, and neither had any feeling of low jealousy, was called, for want of a better name, *Le Blondin*, on account of his complexion. He was not a deserter, but had come in from the Lower Rhine and the bishoprics, as I fancy, fortune having proved unfavourable to him at play probably, and other means of existence being denied him. I suspect that the Bastille was waiting for him in his own country, had he taken a fancy to return thither.

He was passionately fond of play and liquor, and thus we had a considerable sympathy together, and when excited by one or the other, [he] became frightful. I, for my

part, can bear, without wincing, both ill luck and wine ; hence my advantage over him was considerable in our bouts, and I won enough money from him to make my position tenable. He had a wife outside (who, I take it, was the cause of his misfortunes and separation from his family), and she used to be admitted to see him twice or thrice a week, and never came empty-handed—a little, brown, bright-eyed creature, whose ogles had made the greatest impression upon all the world.

This man was drafted into a regiment that was quartered at Neiss, in Silesia, which is only at a short distance from the Austrian frontier ; he maintained always the same character for daring and skill, and was, in the secret republic of the regiment which always exists, as well as the regular military hierarchy, the acknowledged leader. He was an admirable soldier, as I have said, but haughty, dissolute, and a drunkard. A man of this mark, unless he takes care to coax and flatter his officers (which I always did), is sure to fall out with them. Le Blondin's captain was his sworn enemy, and his punishments were frequent and severe.

His wife and the women of the regiment (this was after the peace) used to carry on a little commerce of smuggling across the Austrian frontier, where their dealings were winked at by both parties ; and in obedience to the instructions of her husband, this woman, from every one of her excursions, would bring in a little powder and ball, commodities which are not to be procured by the Prussian soldier, and which were stowed away in secret till wanted. They *were* to be wanted, and that soon.

Le Blondin had organized a great and extraordinary conspiracy. We don't know how far it went, how many hundreds or thousands it embraced ; but strange were the stories told about the plot amongst us privates, for the news was spread from garrison to garrison, and talked of by the army in spite of all the government efforts to hush it up—hush it up, indeed ! I have been of the people myself, I have seen the Irish rebellion, and I know what is the freemasonry of the poor.

He made himself the head of the plot. There were no writings nor papers. No single one of the conspirators communicated with any other but the Frenchman ; but personally he gave his orders to them all. He had arranged

matters for a general rising of the garrison, at twelve o'clock on a certain day; the guard-houses in the town were to be seized, the sentinels cut down, and—who knows the rest? Some of our people used to say that the conspiracy was spread through all Silesia, and that Le Blondin was to be made a general in the Austrian service.

At twelve o'clock, and opposite the guard-house by the Böhmer-Thor of Neiss, some thirty men were lounging about in their undress, and the Frenchman stood near the sentinel of the guard-house, sharpening a wood-hatchet on a stone. At the stroke of twelve, he got up, split open the sentinel's head with a blow of his axe, and the thirty men rushing into the guard-house, took possession of the arms there, and marched at once to the gate. The sentry there tried to drop the bar, but the Frenchman rushed up to him, and, with another blow of the axe, cut off his right hand with which he held the chain. Seeing the men rushing out armed, the guard without the gate drew up across the road to prevent their passage; but the Frenchman's thirty gave them a volley, charged them with the bayonet, and brought down several, and, the rest flying, the thirty rushed on. The frontier is only a league from Neiss, and they made rapidly towards it.

But the alarm was given in the town, and what saved it was that the clock by which the Frenchman went was a quarter of an hour faster than any of the clocks in the town. The *générale* was beat, the troops called to arms, and thus the men who were to have attacked the other guard-houses were obliged to fall into the ranks, and their project was defeated. This, however, likewise rendered the discovery of the conspirators impossible, for no man could betray his comrade, nor of course would he criminate himself.

Cavalry was sent in pursuit of the Frenchman and his thirty fugitives, who were by this time far on their way to the Bohemian frontier. When the horse came up with them, they turned, received them with a volley and the bayonet, and drove them back. The Austrians were out at the barriers, looking eagerly on at the conflict. The women, who were on the look-out too, brought more ammunition to these intrepid deserters, and they engaged and drove back the dragoons several times. But in these gallant and fruitless combats much time was lost, and

a battalion presently came up, and surrounded the brave thirty, when the fate of the poor fellows was decided. They fought with the fury of despair; not one of them asked for quarter. When their ammunition failed, they fought with the steel, and were shot down or bayoneted where they stood. The Frenchman was the very last man who was hit. He received a bullet in the thigh, and fell, and in this state was overpowered, killing the officer who first advanced to seize him.

He and the very few of his comrades who survived were carried back to Neiss, and immediately, as the ringleader, he was brought before a council of war. He refused all interrogations which were made as to his real name and family. 'What matters who I am?' said he; 'you have me and will shoot me. My name would not save me were it ever so famous.' In the same way he declined to make a single discovery regarding the plot. 'It was all my doing,' he said; 'each man engaged in it only knew me, and is ignorant of every one of his comrades. The secret is mine alone, and the secret shall die with me.' When the officers asked him what was the reason which induced him to meditate a crime so horrible? 'It was your infernal brutality and tyranny,' he said. 'You are all butchers, ruffians, tigers, and you owe it to the cowardice of your men that you were not murdered long ago.'

At this his captain burst into the most furious exclamations against the wounded man, and rushing up to him, struck him a blow with his fist. But Le Blondin, wounded as he was, as quick as thought seized the bayonet of one of the soldiers who supported him, and plunged it into the officer's breast. 'Scoundrel and monster,' said he, 'I shall have the consolation of sending you out of the world before I die.' He was shot that day. He offered to write to the king, if the officers would agree to let his letter go sealed into the hands of the postmaster; but they feared, no doubt, that something might be said to inculcate themselves, and refused him the permission. At the next review Frederick treated them, it is said, with great severity, and rebuked them for not having granted the Frenchman his request. However, it was the king's interest to conceal the matter, and so it was, as I have said before, hushed up—so well hushed up, that a hundred thousand soldiers in the army knew it, and many's the one

of us that has drunk to the Frenchman's memory over our wine, as a martyr for the cause of the soldier. I shall have, doubtless, some readers who will cry out at this, that I am encouraging insubordination and advocating murder. If these men had served as privates in the Prussian army from 1760 to 1765, they would not be so apt to take objection. This man destroyed two sentinels to get his liberty; how many hundreds of thousands of his own and the Austrian people did King Frederick kill because he took a fancy to Silesia? [How many men, in later days, did Napoleon Bonaparte cause to die by shot or steel, or cold or hunger, because he wished to make himself master of Russia?]¹ It was the accursed tyranny of the system that sharpened the axe which brained the two sentinels of Neiss; and so let officers take warning, and think twice ere they visit poor fellows with the cane.

I could tell many more stories about the army, but as, from having been a soldier myself, all my sympathies are in the ranks, no doubt my tales would be pronounced to be of an immoral tendency, and I had best, therefore, be brief. Fancy my surprise while in this *dépôt*, when one day a well-known voice saluted my ear, and I heard a meagre young gentleman, who was brought in by a couple of troopers and received a few cuts across the shoulders from one of them, say in the best English, 'You infernal *wascal*, I'll be *wewenged* for this. I'll *wite* to my ambassador, as sure as my name's Fakenham of Fakenham.' I burst out laughing at this: it was my old acquaintance in *my* corporal's coat. Lischen had sworn stoutly that he was really and truly the private, and the poor fellow had been drafted off, and was to be made one of us. But I bear no malice, and having made the whole room roar with the story of the way in which I had tricked the poor lad, I gave him a piece of advice, which procured him his liberty. 'Go to the inspecting officer,' said I; 'if they once get you into Prussia it is all over with you, and they will never give you up. Go now to the commandant of the *dépôt*, promise him a hundred—five hundred guineas to set you free; say that the crimping captain has your papers and portfolio' (this was true); 'above all, show him that you have the means of paying him the promised money, and I will

¹ Omitted in later editions.

warrant you are set free.' He did as I advised, and when we were put on the march Mr. Fakenham found means to be allowed to go into hospital, and while in hospital the matter was arranged as I had recommended. He had nearly, however, missed his freedom by his own stinginess in bargaining for it, and never showed the least gratitude towards me, his benefactor.

I am not going to give any romantic narrative of the Seven Years' War. At the close of it, the Prussian army, so renowned for its disciplined valour, was officered and under-officered by native Prussians, it is true, but was composed for the most part of men hired or stolen, like myself, from almost every nation in Europe. The deserting to and fro was prodigious. In my regiment (Bülow's) alone, before the war here, had been no less than 600 Frenchmen, and as they marched out of Berlin for the campaign, one of the fellows had an old fiddle on which he was playing a French tune, and his comrades danced almost, rather than walked, after him, singing '*Nous allons en France.*' Two years after, when they returned to Berlin, there were only six of these men left, the rest had fled or were killed in action. The life the private soldier led was a frightful one to any but men of iron courage and endurance. There was a corporal to every three men, marching behind them, and pitilessly using the cane: so much so that it used to be said that in action there was a front rank of privates and a second rank of sergeants and corporals to drive them on. Many men would give way to the most frightful acts of despair under these incessant persecutions and tortures, and amongst several regiments of the army a horrible practice had sprung up, which for some time caused the greatest alarm to the government. This was a strange frightful custom of *child-murder*. The men used to say that life was unbearable, that suicide was a crime, in order to avert which, and to finish with the intolerable misery of their position, the best plan was to kill a young child, which was innocent, and therefore secure of heaven, and then to deliver themselves as guilty of the murder. The king himself, the hero, sage, and philosopher, the prince who had always liberality on his lips, and who affected a horror of capital punishments, was frightened at this dreadful protest on the part of the wretches whom he had kidnapped, against his monstrous tyranny, and his only

means of remedying the evil was strictly to forbid that such criminals should be attended by any ecclesiastic whatever, and denied all religious consolation.

The punishment was incessant. Every officer had the liberty to inflict it, and in peace it was more cruel than in war. For when peace came the king turned adrift such of his officers as were not noble, whatever their services might have been. He would call a captain to the front of his company, and say, 'He is not noble, let him go.' We were afraid of him somehow, and were cowed before him like wild beasts before their keeper. I have seen the bravest men of the army cry like children at a cut of the cane; I have seen a little ensign of fifteen call out a man of fifty from the ranks, a man who had been in a hundred battles, and he has stood presenting arms, and sobbing and howling like a baby while the young wretch lashed him over the arms and thighs with the stick. In a day of action this man would dare anything. A button might be awry *then* and nobody touched him; but when they had made the brute fight then they lashed him again into subordination. Almost all of us yielded to the spell—scarce one could break it. The French officer I have spoken of as taken along with me, was in my company and canded like a dog. I met him at Versailles twenty years afterwards, and he turned quite pale and sick when I spoke to him of old days. 'For God's sake,' said he, 'don't talk of that time; I wake up from my sleep trembling and crying even now.'

As for me, after a very brief time, in which it must be confessed I tasted, like my comrades, of the cane, and after I had found opportunities to show myself to be a brave and dexterous soldier, I took the means I had adopted in the English army to prevent any further personal degradation. I wore a bullet around my neck, which I did not take the pains to conceal, and I gave out that it should be for the man or officer who caused me to be chastised. And there was something in my character which made my superiors believe me, for that bullet had already served me to kill an Austrian colonel, and I would have given it to a Prussian with as little remorse. For what cared I for their quarrels, or whether the eagle under which I marched had one head or two? All I said was, 'No man shall find me tripping in my duty; but no man shall ever lay a hand upon me.'

And by this maxim I abided as long as I remained in the service.

I do not intend to make a history of battles in the Prussian any more than in the English service. I did my duty in them as well as another, and by the time that my moustache had grown to a decent length, which it did when I was twenty years of age, there was not a braver, cleverer, handsomer, and I must own, wickeder soldier in the Prussian army. I had formed myself to the condition of the proper fighting beast; on a day of action I was savage and happy; out of the field I took all the pleasure I could get, and was by no means delicate as to its quality or the manner of procuring it. The truth is, however, that there was among our men a much higher tone of society than among the clumsy louts in the English army, and our service was generally so strict that we had little time for doing mischief. I am very dark and swarthy in complexion, and was called by our fellows the 'Black Englander,' the 'Schwarzer Engländer,' or the English devil. If any service was to be done I was sure to be put upon it. I got frequent gratifications of money, but no promotion; and it was on the day after I had killed the Austrian colonel (a great officer of Uhlans, whom I engaged singly and on foot) that General Bülow, my colonel, gave me two *frédéric-d'or* in front of the regiment, and said, 'I reward thee now, but I fear I shall have to hang thee one day or other.' I spent the money, and that I had taken from the colonel's body, every *groschen*, that night with some jovial companions; but as long as war lasted was never without a dollar in my purse.

CHAPTER VII

BARRY LEADS A GARRISON LIFE, AND FINDS MANY FRIENDS
THERE

AFTER the war, our regiment was garrisoned in the capital, the least dull, perhaps, of all the towns of Prussia ; but that does not say much for its gaiety. Our service, which was always severe, still left many hours of the day disengaged, in which we might take our pleasure had we the means of paying for the same. Many of our mess got leave to work in trades, but I had been brought up to none, and besides, my honour forbade me, for as a gentleman, I could not soil my fingers by a manual occupation. But our pay was barely enough to keep us from starving, and as I have always been fond of pleasure, and as the position in which we now were, in the midst of the capital, prevented us from resorting to those means of levying contributions which are always pretty feasible in war-time, I was obliged to adopt the only means left me of providing for my expenses, and, in a word, became the *Ordonnanz*, or confidential military gentleman, of my captain. I spurned the office four years previously, when it was made to me in the English service ; but the position is very different in a foreign country : besides, to tell the truth, after five years in the ranks, a man's pride will submit to many rebuffs, which would be intolerable to him in an independent condition.

The captain was a young man and had distinguished himself during the war, or he would never have been advanced to rank so early. He was, moreover, the nephew and heir of the Minister of Police, Monsieur de Potzdorff, a relationship which no doubt aided in the young gentleman's promotion. Captain de Potzdorff was a severe officer enough on parade or in barracks, but he was a person easily led by flattery. I won his heart in the first place by my manner of tying my hair in queue (indeed it was more neatly dressed than that of any man in the regiment), and subsequently gained his confidence by a thousand little arts and compliments, which as a gentleman myself, I knew how to employ. He was a man of pleasure, which he pursued more openly than most men in the stern court

of the king: he was generous and careless with his purse, and he had a great affection for Rhine wine, in all which qualities I sincerely sympathized with him, and from which I, of course, had my profit. He was disliked in the regiment because he was supposed to have too intimate relations with his uncle, the police minister, to whom, it was hinted, he carried the news of the corps.

Before long I had ingratiated myself considerably with my officer, and knew most of his affairs. Thus I was relieved from many drills and parades, which would otherwise have fallen to my lot, and came in for a number of perquisites which enabled me to support a genteel figure and to appear with some *éclat* in a certain, though it must be confessed very humble, society in Berlin. Among the ladies I was always an especial favourite, and so polished was my behaviour amongst them that they could not understand how I should have obtained my frightful nickname of the Black Devil in the regiment. 'He is not so black as he is painted,' I laughingly would say, and most of the ladies agreed that the private was quite as well bred as the captain, as indeed how should it be otherwise, considering my education and birth?

When I was sufficiently ingratiated with him, I asked leave to address a letter to my poor mother in Ireland, to whom I had not given any news of myself for many, many years, for the letters of the foreign soldiers were never admitted to the post for fear of appeals or disturbances on the part of their parents abroad. My captain agreed to find means to forward the letter, and as I knew that he would open it, I took care to give it him sealed, thus showing my confidence in him. But the letter was, as you may imagine, written so that the writer should come to no harm were it intercepted. I begged my honoured mother's forgiveness for having fled from her. I said that my extravagance and folly in my own country I knew rendered my return thither impossible; but that she would, at least, be glad to know that I was well and happy in the service of the greatest monarch in the world, and that the soldier's life was most agreeable to me. And, I added, that I had found a kind protector and patron who I hoped would some day provide for me as I knew it was out of her power to do. I offered remembrances to all the girls at Castle Brady, naming them from Bidy to Becky downwards,

and signed myself, as in truth I was, her affectionate son, Redmond Barry, in Captain Potzdorff's company of the Bülowisch regiment of foot in garrison at Berlin. Also I told her a pleasant story about the king kicking the chancellor and three judges downstairs, as he had done one day when I was on guard at Potsdam, and said I hoped for another war soon, when I might rise to be an officer. In fact, you might have imagined my letter to be that of the happiest fellow in the world, and I was not on this head at all sorry to mislead my kind parent.

I was sure my letter was read, for Captain Potzdorff began asking me some days afterwards about my family, and I told him the circumstances pretty truly, all things considered. I was a cadet of a good family, but my mother was almost ruined and had barely enough to support her eight daughters, whom I named. I had been to study for the law at Dublin, where I had got into debt and bad company, had killed a man in a duel, and would be hanged or imprisoned by his powerful friends if I returned. I had enlisted in the English service, where an opportunity for escape presented itself to me such as I could not resist, and hereupon I told the story of Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham in such a way as made my patron to be convulsed with laughter, and he told me afterwards that he had repeated the story at Madame de Kameke's evening assembly, where all the world was anxious to have a sight of the young Englishman.

'Was the British ambassador there?' I asked, in a tone of the greatest alarm, and added, 'For Heaven's sake, sir, do not tell my name to him, or he might ask to have me delivered up, and I have no fancy to go to be hanged in my dear native country.' Potzdorff, laughing, said he would take care that I should remain where I was, on which I swore eternal gratitude to him.

Some days afterwards, and with rather a grave face, he said to me, 'Redmond, I have been talking to our colonel about you, and as I wondered that a fellow of your courage and talents had not been advanced during the war, the general said they had had their eye upon you; that you were a gallant soldier, and had evidently come of a good stock; that no man in the regiment had had less fault found with him; but that no man merited promotion less. You were idle, dissolute, and unprincipled; you had done

a deal of harm to the men ; and, for all your talents and bravery, he was sure would come to no good.'

'Sir!' said I, quite astonished that any mortal man should have formed such an opinion of me, 'I hope General Bülow is mistaken regarding my character. I have fallen into bad company, it is true ; but I have only done as other soldiers have done ; and, above all, I have never had a kind friend and protector before to whom I might show that I was worthy of better things. The general may say I am a ruined lad, and send me to the d—l ; but be sure of this, I would go to the d—l to serve *you*.' This speech I saw pleased my patron very much ; and, as I was very discreet and useful in a thousand delicate ways to him, he soon came to have a sincere attachment for me. One day, or rather night, when he was *tête à tête* with the lady of the Tabaks-Rat von Dose for instance, I . . . but there is no use in telling affairs which concern nobody now.

Four months after my letter to my mother, I got, under cover to the captain, a reply, which created in my mind a yearning after home, and a melancholy which I cannot describe. I had not seen the dear soul's writing for five years. All the old days, and the fresh happy sunshine of the old green fields in Ireland, and her love, and my uncle, and Phil Purcell, and everything that I had done and thought, came back to me as I read the letter ; and when I was alone I cried over it, as I hadn't done since the day when Nora jilted me. I took care not to show my feelings to the regiment or my captain ; but that night, when I was to have taken tea at the garden-house outside Brandenburg Gate, with Fräulein Lottchen (the Tabaks-Rätin's gentlewoman of company), I somehow had not the courage to go ; but begged to be excused, and went early to bed in barracks, out of which I went and came now almost as I willed, and passed a long night weeping and thinking about dear Ireland.

Next day, my spirits rose again, and I got a ten-guinea bill cashed, which my mother sent in the letter, and gave a handsome treat to some of my acquaintance. The poor soul's letter was blotted all over with tears, full of texts, and written in the wildest incoherent way. She said she was delighted to think I was under a Protestant prince, though she feared he was not in the right way : that right way, she said, she had the blessing to find, under the

guidance of the Rev. Joshua Jowls, whom she sat under. She said he was a precious, chosen vessel ; a sweet ointment, and precious box of spikenard ; and made use of a great number more phrases that I could not understand ; but one thing was clear in the midst of all this jargon, that the good soul loved her son still, and thought and prayed day and night for her wild Redmond. Has it not come across many a poor fellow, in a solitary night's watch, or in sorrow, sickness, or captivity, that at that very minute, most likely, his mother is praying for him ? I often have had these thoughts ; but they are none of the gayest, and it's quite as well that they don't come to you in company ; for where would be a set of jolly fellows then ?—as mute as undertakers at a funeral, I promise you. I drank my mother's health that night in a bumper, and lived like a gentleman whilst the money lasted. She pinched herself to give it me, as she told me afterwards ; and Mr. Jowls was very wroth with her.

Although the good soul's money was pretty quickly spent, I was not long in getting more ; for I had a hundred ways of getting it, and became a universal favourite with the captain and his friends. Now, it was Madame von Dose who gave me a *frédéric-d'or* for bringing her a bouquet or a letter from the captain¹ ; now it was, on the contrary, the old privy councillor who treated me with a bottle of Rhenish, and slipped into my hand a dollar or two, in order that I might give him some information regarding the *liaison* between my captain and his lady. But though I was not such a fool as not to take his money, you may be sure I was not dishonourable enough to betray my benefactor ; and he got very little out of *me*. When the captain and the lady fell out, and he began to pay his addresses to the rich daughter of the Dutch minister, I don't know how many more letters and guineas the unfortunate Tabaks-Räthin handed over to me, that I might get her lover back again. But such returns are rare in love, and the

¹ [In the original MS. the words 'my master' have often been written, but afterwards expunged, by Mr. Barry, and 'my captain' written in their stead. If we have allowed the passage which describes his occupation under Monsieur de Potzdorff to remain, it is not, we beseech the reader to suppose, because we admire the autobiographer's principles or professions.]—Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

captain used only to laugh at her stale sighs and entreaties. In the house of Mynheer van Guldensack I made myself so pleasant to high and low, that I came to be quite intimate there ; and got the knowledge of a state secret or two which surprised and pleased my captain very much. These little hints he carried to his uncle, the minister of police, who, no doubt, made his advantage of them ; and thus I began to be received quite in a confidential light by the Potzdorff family, and became a mere nominal soldier, being allowed to appear in plain clothes (which were, I warrant you, of a neat fashion), and to enjoy myself in a hundred ways, which the poor fellows, my comrades, envied. As for the sergeants, they were as civil to me as to an officer ; it was as much as their stripes were worth to offend a person who had the ear of the minister's nephew. There was in my company a young fellow by the name of Kurz, who was six feet high in spite of his name, and whose life I had saved in some affair of the war. What does this lad do, after I had recounted to him one of my adventures, but call me a spy and informer, and beg me not to call him *Du* any more, as is the fashion with young men when they are very intimate. I had nothing for it but to call him out ; but I owed him no grudge. I disarmed him in a twinkling ; and, as I sent his sword flying over his head, said to him, ' Kurz, did ever you know a man guilty of a mean action who can do as I do now ? ' This silenced the rest of the grumblers ; and no man ever sneered at me after that.

No man can suppose that, to a person of my fashion, the waiting in antechambers, the conversation of footmen and hangers-on was pleasant. But it was not more degrading than the barrack-room, of which I need not say I was heartily sick. My protestations of liking for the army were all intended to throw dust into the eyes of my employer. I sighed to be out of slavery. I knew I was born to make a figure in the world. Had I been one of the Neiss garrison, I would have cut my way to freedom by the side of the gallant Frenchman ; but here I had only artifice to enable me to attain my end, and was not I justified in employing it ? My plan was this : I may make myself so necessary to M. de Potzdorff that he will obtain my freedom. Once free, with my fine person and good family, I will do what ten thousand Irish gentlemen have

done before, and will marry a lady of fortune and condition. And the proof that I was, if not disinterested, at least actuated by a noble ambition, is this. There was a fat grocer's widow in Berlin with six hundred thalers of rent, and a good business, who gave me to understand that she would purchase my discharge if I would marry her ; but I frankly told her that I was not made to be a grocer, and thus absolutely flung away a chance of freedom which she offered me.

And I was grateful to my employers, more grateful than they to me. The captain was in debt, and had dealings with the Jews, to whom he gave notes of hand payable on his uncle's death. The old Herr von Potzdorff, seeing the confidence his nephew had in me, offered to bribe me to know what the young man's affairs really were. But what did I do ? I informed Monsieur George von Potzdorff of the fact ; and we made out, in concert, a list of little debts, so moderate, that they actually appeased the old uncle instead of irritating, and he paid them, being glad to get off so cheap.

And a pretty return I got for this fidelity. One morning, the old gentleman being closeted with his nephew (he used to come to get any news stirring as to what the young officers of the regiments were doing ; whether this or that gambled ; who intrigued, and with whom ; who was at the ridotto on such a night ; who was in debt, and what not ; for the king liked to know the business of every officer in his army), I was sent with a letter to the Marquis d'Argens (that afterwards married Mademoiselle Cochois, the actress), and, meeting the marquis at a few paces off in the street, gave my message, and returned to the captain's lodging. He and his worthy uncle were making my unworthy self the subject of conversation.

'He is noble,' said the captain.

'Bah !' replied the uncle (whom I could have throttled for his insolence). 'All the beggarly Irish who ever enlisted tell the same story.'

'He was kidnapped by Galgenstein,' resumed the other.

'A kidnapped deserter,' said M. Potzdorff, '*la belle affaire !*'

'Well, I promised the lad I would ask for his discharge ; and I am sure you can make him useful.'

'You *have* asked his discharge,' answered the elder,

laughing. ‘*Bon Dieu!* You are a model of probity! You’ll never succeed to my place, George, if you are no wiser than you are just now. Make the fellow as useful to you as you please. He has a good manner and a frank countenance. He can lie with an assurance that I never saw surpassed, and fight, you say, on a pinch. The scoundrel does not want for good qualities: but he is vain, a spendthrift, and a *bavard*. As long as you have the regiment *in terrorem* over him, you can do as you like with him. Once let him loose, and the lad is likely to give you the slip. Keep on promising him; promise to make him a general, if you like. What the deuce do I care? There are spies enough to be had in this town without him.’

It was thus that the services I rendered to M. Potzdorff were qualified by that ungrateful old gentleman; and I stole away from the room extremely troubled in spirit, to think that another of my fond dreams was thus dispelled; and that my hopes of getting out of the army, by being useful to the captain, were entirely vain. For some time my despair was such that I thought of marrying the widow; but the marriages of privates are never allowed without the direct permission of the king; and it was a matter of very great doubt whether his Majesty would allow a young fellow of twenty-two, the handsomest man of his army, to be coupled to a pimple-faced old widow of sixty, who was quite beyond the age when her marriage would be likely to multiply the subjects of his majesty. This hope of liberty was therefore vain; nor could I hope to purchase my discharge, unless any charitable soul would lend me a large sum of money; for, though I made a good deal, as I have said, yet I have always had through life an incorrigible knack of spending, and (such is my generosity of disposition) have been in debt ever since I was born.

My captain, the sly rascal! gave me a very different version of his conversation with his uncle to that which I knew to be the true one; and said smilingly to me, ‘Redmond, I have spoken to the minister regarding thy services,¹ and thy fortune is made. We shall get thee out

¹ The service about which Mr. Barry here speaks has, and we suspect purposely, been described by him in very dubious terms. It is most probable that he was employed to wait at the table of

of the army, appoint thee to the police bureau, and procure for thee an inspectorship of customs ; and, in fine, allow thee to move in a better sphere than that in which Fortune has hitherto placed thee.'

Although I did not believe a word of this speech, I affected to be very much moved by it, and, of course, swore eternal gratitude to the captain for his kindness to the poor Irish castaway.

'Your service at the Dutch minister's has pleased me very well. There is another occasion on which you may make yourself useful to us ; and if you succeed, depend on it your reward will be secure.'

'What is the service, sir ?' said I ; 'I will do anything for so kind a master.'

'There is lately come to Berlin,' said the captain, 'a gentleman in the service of the Empress Queen, who calls himself the Chevalier de Balibari, and wears the red riband and star of the Pope's order of the Spur. He speaks Italian or French indifferently ; but we have some reason to fancy this Monsieur de Balibari is a native of your country of Ireland. Did you ever hear such a name as Balibari in Ireland ?'

'Balibari ! Balyb . . . ?' A sudden thought flashed across me. 'No, sir,' said I, 'never heard the name.'

'You must go into his service. Of course, you will not know a word of English ; and if the chevalier asks as to the particularity of your accent, say you are a Hungarian. The servant who came with him will be turned away to-day, and the person to whom he has applied for a faithful fellow will recommend you. You are a Hungarian ; you served in the Seven Years' War. You left the army on account of weakness of the loins. You served Monsieur de Quellenberg two years ; he is now with the army in Sillesia, but there is your certificate signed by him. You strangers in Berlin, and to bring to the police minister any news concerning them which might at all interest the government. The great Frederick never received a guest without taking these hospitable precautions ; and as for the duels which Mr. Barry fights, may we be allowed to hint a doubt as to a great number of these combats ? It will be observed, in one or two other parts of his Memoirs, that whenever he is at an awkward pass, or does what the world does not usually consider respectable, a duel, in which he is victorious, is sure to ensue ; from which he argues that he is a man of undoubted honour.'

afterwards lived with Dr. Mopsius, who will give you a character, if need be; and the landlord of the Star will, of course, certify that you are an honest fellow; but his certificate goes for nothing. As for the rest of your story, you can fashion that as you will, and make it as romantic or as ludicrous as your fancy dictates. Try, however, to win the chevalier's confidence by provoking his compassion. He gambles a great deal, and *wins*. Do you know the cards well?'

'Only a very little, as soldiers do.'

'I had thought you more expert. You must find out if the chevalier cheats; if he does, we have him. He sees the English and Austrian envoys continually, and the young men of either ministry sup repeatedly at his house. Find out what they talk of; for how much each plays, especially if any of them play on parole. If you can read his private letters, of course you will; though about those which go to the post, you need not trouble yourself, we look at them there. But never see him write a note without finding out to whom it goes, and by what channel or messenger. He sleeps with the keys of his dispatch-box with a string round his neck. Twenty frederics, if you get an impression of the keys. You will, of course, go in plain clothes. You had best brush the powder out of your hair, and tie it with a riband simply; your moustache you must of course shave off.'

With these instructions, and a very small gratuity, the captain left me. When I again saw him, he was amused at the change in my appearance. I had, not without a pang (for they were as black as jet, and curled elegantly), shaved off my moustache; had removed the odious grease and flour, which I always abominated, out of my hair; had mounted a demure French grey coat, black satin breeches, and a maroon plush waistcoat, and a hat without a cockade. I looked as meek and humble as any servant out of place could possibly appear; and I think not my own regiment, which was now at the review at Potsdam, would have known me. Thus accoutred, I went to the Star Hotel, where this stranger was,—my heart beating with anxiety, and something telling me that this Chevalier de Balibari was no other than Barry, of Ballybarry, my father's eldest brother, who had given up his estate in consequence of his obstinate adherence to the Romish superstition.

Before I went in to present myself, I went to look in the *remises* at his carriage. Had he the Barry arms? Yes, there they were, argent, a bend gules, with four escallops of the field,—the ancient coat of my house. They were painted in a shield about as big as my hat, on a smart chariot handsomely gilded, surmounted with a coronet, and supported by eight or nine cupids, cornucopias, and flower-baskets, according to the queer heraldic fashion of those days. It must be he! I felt quite faint as I went up the stairs. I was going to present myself before my uncle in the character of a servant!

‘You are the young man whom M. de Seebach recommended?’

I bowed, and handed him a letter from that gentleman, with which my captain had taken care to provide me. As he looked at it I had leisure to examine him. My uncle was a man of sixty years of age, dressed superbly in a coat and breeches of apricot-coloured velvet, a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold like the coat. Across his breast went the purple riband of his order of the Spur; and the star of the order, an enormous one, sparkled on his breast. He had rings on all his fingers, a couple of watches in his fobs, a rich diamond *solitaire* in the black riband round his neck, and fastened to the bag of his wig; his ruffles and frills were decorated with a profusion of the richest lace. He had pink silk stockings rolled over the knee, and tied with gold garters; and enormous diamond buckles to his red-heeled shoes. A sword mounted in gold, and with a white fish-skin scabbard; and a hat richly laced, and lined with white feathers, which were lying on a table beside him, completed the costume of this splendid gentleman. In height he was about my size, that is, six feet and half an inch; his cast of features singularly like mine, and extremely *distingué*. One of his eyes was closed with a black patch, however; he wore a little white and red paint, by no means an unusual ornament in those days; and a pair of moustachios, which fell over his lip, and hid a mouth that I afterwards found had rather a disagreeable expression. When his beard was removed, the upper teeth appeared to project very much; and his countenance wore a ghastly fixed smile, by no means pleasant.

It was very imprudent of me; but when I saw the splendour of his appearance, the nobleness of his manner, I felt

it impossible to keep disguise with him ; and when he said, ' Ah, you are a Hungarian, I see ! ' I could hold no longer.

' Sir,' said I, ' I am an Irishman, and my name is Redmond Barry, of Bally Barry.' As I spoke, I burst into tears ; I can't tell why ; but I had seen none of my kith or kin for six years, and my heart longed for some one.

CHAPTER VIII

BARRY BIDS ADIEU TO THE MILITARY PROFESSION

YOU who have never been out of your country, know little what it is to hear a friendly voice in captivity ; and there's many a man that will not understand the cause of the burst of feeling which I have confessed took place on my seeing my uncle. He never for a minute thought to question the truth of what I said. ' Mother of God ! ' cried he, ' it's my brother Harry's son.' And I think in my heart he was as much affected as I was at thus suddenly finding one of his kindred ; for he, too, was an exile from home, and a friendly voice, a look, brought the old country back to his memory again, and the old days of his boyhood. ' I'd give five years of my life to see them again,' said he, after caressing me very warmly. ' What ? ' asked I. ' Why,' replied he, ' the green fields, and the river, and the old round tower, and the burying-place at Ballybarry. 'Twas a shame for your father to part with the land, Redmond, that went so long with the name.'

He then began to ask me concerning myself, and I gave him my history at some length ; at which the worthy gentleman laughed many times, saying, that I was a Barry all over. In the middle of my story he would stop me, to make me stand back to back, and measure with him (by which I ascertained that our heights were the same, and that my uncle had a stiff knee, moreover, which made him walk in a peculiar way), and uttered, during the course of the narrative, a hundred exclamations of pity, and kindness, and sympathy. It was ' Holy saints ! ' and ' Mother of Heaven ! ' and ' Blessed Mary ! ' continually, by which, and with justice, I concluded that he was still devotedly attached to the ancient faith of our family.

It was with some difficulty that I came to explain to him the last part of my history, viz., that I was put into his service as a watch upon his actions, of which I was to give information in a certain quarter. When I told him (with a great deal of hesitation) of this fact, he burst out laughing, and enjoyed the joke amazingly. ‘The rascals!’ said he; ‘they think to catch me, do they? Why, Redmond, my chief conspiracy is a faro-bank. But the king is so jealous that he will see a spy in every person who comes to his miserable capital in the great sandy desert here. Ah, my boy, I must show you Paris and Vienna!’

I said, there was nothing I longed for more than to see any city but Berlin, and should be delighted to be free of the odious military service. Indeed, I thought, from his splendour of appearance, the knick-knacks about the room, the gilded carriage in the *remise*, that my uncle was a man of vast property; and that he would purchase a dozen, nay, a whole regiment of substitutes, in order to restore me to freedom.

But I was mistaken in my calculations regarding him, as his history of himself speedily showed me. ‘I have been beaten about the world,’ said he, ‘ever since the year 1742, when my brother, your father, and Heaven forgive him, cut my family estate from under my heels, by turning heretic, in order to marry that scold of a mother of yours. Well, let bygones be bygones. ’Tis probable that I should have run through the little property as he did in my place, and I should have had to begin a year or two later the life I have been leading ever since I was compelled to leave Ireland. My lad, I have been in every service; and between ourselves, owe money in every capital in Europe. I made a campaign or two with the Pandours under Austrian Trenck. I was captain in the Guard of his Holiness the Pope. I made the campaign of Scotland with the Prince of Wales—a bad fellow, my dear, caring more for his mistress and his brandy-bottle than for the crowns of the three kingdoms. I have served in Spain and in Piedmont; but I have been a rolling stone, my good fellow. Play—play has been my ruin! that and beauty’ (here he gave a leer which made him, I must confess, look anything but handsome; besides, his rouged cheeks were all beslobbered with the tears which he had shed on receiving me). ‘The women have made a fool of me, my dear

Redmond. I am a soft-hearted creature, and this minute, at sixty-two, have no more command of myself than when Peggy O'Dwyer made a fool of me at sixteen.'

'Faith, sir,' says I, laughing, 'I think it runs in the family!' and described to him, much to his amusement, my romantic passion for my cousin, Nora Brady. He resumed his narrative.

'The cards now are my only livelihood. Sometimes I am in luck, and then I lay out my money in these trinkets you see. It's property, look you, Redmond, and the only way I have found of keeping a little about me. When the luck goes against me, why, my dear, my diamonds go to the pawnbrokers, and I wear paste. Friend Moses, the goldsmith, will pay me a visit this very day, for the chances have been against me all the week past, and I must raise money for the bank to-night. Do you understand the cards?'

I replied that I could play as soldiers do, but had no great skill.

'We will practise in the morning, my boy,' said he, 'and I'll put you up to a thing or two worth knowing.'

Of course I was glad to have such an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and professed myself delighted to receive my uncle's instruction.

The chevalier's account of himself rather disagreeably affected me. All his show was on his back, as he said. His carriage, with the fine gilding, was a part of his stock-in-trade. He *had* a sort of mission from the Austrian court:—it was to discover whether a certain quantity of alloyed ducats which had been traced to Berlin, were from the King's treasury. But the real end of Monsieur de Balibari was play. There was a young *attaché* of the English embassy, my Lord Deuceace, afterwards Viscount and Earl of Crabs in the English peerage, who was playing high; and it was after hearing of the passion of this young English nobleman that my uncle, then at Prague, determined to visit Berlin and engage him. For there is a sort of chivalry among the knights of the dice-box: the fame of great players is known all over Europe. I have known the Chevalier de Casanova, for instance, to travel six hundred miles, from Paris to Turin, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Charles Fox, then only my Lord Holland's dashing son, afterwards the greatest of European orators and statesmen.

It was agreed that I should keep my character of valet, that in the presence of strangers I should not know a word of English, that I should keep a good look-out on the trumps when I was serving the champagne and punch about ; and, having a remarkably fine eyesight, and a great natural aptitude, I was speedily able to give my dear uncle much assistance against his opponents at the green table. Some prudish persons may affect indignation at the frankness of these confessions, but Heaven pity them ! Do you suppose that any man who has lost or won a hundred thousand pounds at play will not take the advantages which his neighbour enjoys ? They are all the same. But it is only the clumsy fool who *cheats*, who resorts to the vulgar expedients of coggled dice and cut cards. Such a man is sure to go wrong some time or other, and is not fit to play in the society of gallant gentlemen ; and my advice to people who see such a vulgar person at his pranks is, of course, to back him while he plays, but never—never to have anything to do with him. Play grandly, honourably. Be not, of course, cast down at losing ; but above all, be not eager at winning, as mean souls are. And, indeed, with all one's skill and advantages that winning is often problematical ; I have seen a sheer ignoramus that knows no more of play than of Hebrew, blunder you out of five thousand pounds in a few turns of the cards. I have seen a gentleman and his confederate play against another and *his* confederate. One never is secure in these cases : and when one considers the time and labour spent, the genius, the anxiety, the outlay of money required, the multiplicity of bad debts that one meets with (for dishonourable rascals are to be found at the play-table, as everywhere else in the world), I say, for my part, the profession is a bad one ; and, indeed, have scarcely ever met a man who, in the end, profited by it. I am writing now with the experience of a man of the world. At the time I speak of I was a lad, dazzled by the idea of wealth, and respecting, certainly too much, my uncle's superior age and station in life.

There is no need to particularize here the little arrangements made between us ; the play-men of the present day want no instruction, I take it, and the public have little interest in the matter. But simplicity was our secret. Everything successful is simple. If, for instance, I wiped

the dust off a chair with my napkin, it was to show that the enemy was strong in diamonds ; if I pushed it, he had ace, king ; if I said, 'Punch or wine, my lord ?' hearts was meant ; if 'Wine or punch ?' clubs. If I blew my nose, it was to indicate that there was another confederate employed by the adversary ; and *then*, I warrant you, some pretty trials of skill would take place. My Lord Deuceace, although so young, had a very great skill and cleverness with the cards in every way ; and it was only from hearing Frank Punter, who came with him, yawn three times when the chevalier had the ace of trumps, that I knew we were Greek to Greek, as it were.

My assumed dullness was perfect ; and I used to make Monsieur de Potzdorff laugh with it, when I carried my little reports to him at the Garden-house outside the town where he gave me rendezvous. These reports, of course, were arranged between me and my uncle beforehand. I was instructed (and it is always far the best way) to tell as much truth as my story would possibly bear. When, for instance, he would ask me, 'What does the chevalier do of a morning ?' 'He goes to church regularly' (he was very religious), 'and after hearing mass comes home to breakfast. Then he takes an airing in his chariot till dinner, which is served at noon. After dinner he writes his letters, if he have any letters to write : but he has very little to do in this way. His letters are to the Austrian envoy, with whom he corresponds, but who does not acknowledge him ; and being written in English, of course I look over his shoulder. He generally writes for money. He says he wants it to bribe the secretaries of the treasury, in order to find out really where the alloyed ducats come from ; but, in fact, he wants it to play of evenings, when he makes his party with Calsabigi, the lottery contractor, the Russian *attachés*, two from the English embassy, my Lords Deuceace and Punter, who play a *jeu d'enfer*, and a few more. The same set meet every night at supper : there are seldom any ladies ; those who come are chiefly French ladies, members of the *corps de ballet*. He wins often, but not always. Lord Deuceace is a very fine player. The Chevalier Elliot, the English minister, sometimes comes, on which occasion the secretaries do not play. Monsieur de Balibari dines at the missions, but *en petit comité*, not on grand days of reception. Calsabigi, I think, is his confederate at play.

He has won lately, but the week before last he pledged his *solitaire* for four hundred ducats.'

'Do he and the English *attachés* talk together in their own language?'

'Yes; he and the envoy spoke yesterday for half an hour about the new *danseuse* and the American troubles: chiefly about the new *danseuse*.'

It will be seen that the information I gave was very minute and accurate, though not very important. But such as it was, it was carried to the ears of that famous hero and warrior the Philosopher of Sans Souci; and there was not a stranger who entered the capital but his actions were similarly spied and related to Frederick the Great.

As long as the play was confined to the young men of the different embassies, his Majesty did not care to prevent it; nay, he encouraged play at all the missions, knowing full well that a man in difficulties can be made to speak, and that a timely *rouleau* of frederics would often get him a secret worth many thousands. He got some papers from the French house in this way: and I have no doubt that my Lord Deuceace would have supplied him with information at a similar rate, had his chief not known the young nobleman's character pretty well; and had (as is usually the case) the work of the mission performed by a steady *roturier*, while the young brilliant bloods of the suite sported their embroidery at the balls, or shook their Mechlin ruffles over the green tables at faro. I have seen many scores of these young sprigs since, of these and their principals, and *mon Dieu!* what fools they are! What dullards, what fribbles, what addle-headed simple coxcombs! This is one of the lies of the world, this diplomacy; or how could we suppose that, were the profession as difficult as the solemn red-box and tape-men would have us believe, they would invariably choose for it little pink-faced boys from school, with no other claim than mamma's title, and able, at most, to judge of a curricule, a new dance, or a neat boot?

When it became known, however, to the officers of the garrison that there was a faro-table in town, they were wild to be admitted to the sport; and, in spite of my entreaties to the contrary, my uncle was not averse to allow the young gentlemen their fling, and once or twice cleared a handsome sum out of their purses. It was in vain

I told him that I must carry the news to my captain, before whom his comrades would not fail to talk, and who would thus know of the intrigue even without my information.

‘Tell him,’ said my uncle.

‘They will send you away,’ said I, ‘then what is to become of me?’

‘Make your mind easy,’ said the latter, with a smile; ‘you shall not be left behind, I warrant you. Go take a last look at your barracks, make your mind easy, say a farewell to your friends in Berlin. The dear souls, how they will weep when they hear you are out of the country, and, as sure as my name is Barry, out of it you shall go!’

‘But how, sir,’ said I.

‘Recollect Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham,’ said he, knowingly. ‘’Tis you yourself taught me how. Go get me one of my wigs. Open my dispatch-box yonder, where the great secrets of the Austrian chancery lie; put your hair back off your forehead; clap me on this patch and these moustachios, and now look in the glass!’

‘The Chevalier de Balibari,’ said I, bursting with laughter, and began walking the room in his manner with his stiff knee.

The next day when I went to make my report to Monsieur de Potzdorff, I told him of the young Prussian officers that had been of late gambling; and he replied, as I expected, that the King had determined to send the chevalier out of the country.

‘He is a stingy curmudgeon,’ I replied; ‘I have had but three frederics from him in two months, and I hope you will remember your promise to advance me!’

‘Why, three frederics were too much for the news you have picked up,’ said the captain, sneering.

‘It is not my fault that there has been no more,’ I replied. ‘When is he to go, sir?’

‘The day after to-morrow. You say he drives after breakfast and before dinner. When he comes out to his carriage, a couple of *gendarmes* will mount the box, and the coachman will get his orders to move on.’

‘And his baggage, sir?’ said I.

‘Oh, that will be sent after him. I have a fancy to look into that red box which contains his papers, you say; and at noon, after parade, shall be at the inn. You will

not say a word to any one there regarding the affair, and will wait for me at the chevalier's rooms until my arrival. We must force that box. You are a clumsy hound, or you would have got the key long ago !'

I begged the captain to remember me, and so took my leave of him. The next night I placed a couple of pistols under the carriage-seat ; and I think the adventures of the following day are quite worthy of the honours of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER IX

I APPEAR IN A MANNER BECOMING MY NAME AND LINEAGE

FORTUNE, smiling at parting upon Monsieur de Balibari, enabled him to win a handsome sum with his faro bank.

At ten o'clock the next morning, the carriage of the Chevalier de Balibari drew up as usual at the door of his hotel ; and the chevalier, who was at his window, seeing the chariot arrive, came down the stairs in his usual stately manner.

'Where is my rascal Ambrose ?' said he, looking around and not finding his servant to open the door.

'I will let down the steps for your honour,' said a *gendarme*, who was standing by the carriage ; and no sooner had the chevalier entered than the officer jumped in after him, another mounted the box by the coachman, and the latter began to drive.

'Good gracious !' said the chevalier, 'what is this ?'

'You are going to drive to the frontier,' said the *gendarme*, touching his hat.

'It is shameful—infamous ! I insist upon being put down at the Austrian ambassador's house !'

'I have orders to gag your honour if you cry out,' said the *gendarme*.

'All Europe shall hear of this !' said the chevalier, in a fury.

'As you please,' answered the officer, and then both relapsed into silence.

The silence was not broken between Berlin and Potsdam,

through which place the chevalier passed as his Majesty was reviewing his guards there, and the regiments of Bülow, Zitwitz, and Henkel de Donnersmark. As the chevalier passed his Majesty, the King raised his hat and said, 'Qu'il ne descende pas : je lui souhaite un bon voyage.' The Chevalier de Balibari acknowledged this courtesy by a profound bow.

They had not got far beyond Potsdam, when, boom ! the alarm cannon began to roar.

'It is a deserter !' said the officer.

'Is it possible ?' said the chevalier, and sank back into his carriage again.

Hearing the sound of the guns, the common people came out along the road with fowling-pieces and pitchforks, in hopes to catch the truant. The *gendarmes* looked very anxious to be on the look-out for him too. The price of a deserter was fifty crowns to those who brought him in.

'Confess, sir,' said the chevalier to the police officer in the carriage with him, 'that you long to be rid of me from whom you can get nothing, and to be on the look-out for the deserter who may bring you in fifty crowns ? Why not tell the postilion to push on ? You may land me at the frontier and get back to your hunt all the sooner.' The officer told the postilion to get on, but the way seemed intolerably long to the chevalier. Once or twice he thought he heard the noise of horse galloping behind ; his own horses did not seem to go two miles an hour, but they *did* go. The black-and-white barriers came in view at last, hard by Brück, and opposite them the green-and-yellow of Saxony. The Saxon custom-house officers came out.

'I have no luggage,' said the chevalier.

'The gentleman has nothing contraband,' said the Prussian officers, grinning, and took their leave of their prisoner with much respect.

The Chevalier de Balibari gave them a frederic apiece.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I wish you a good day. Will you please to go to the house whence we set out this morning, and tell my man there to send on my baggage to the Three [Crowns] at Dresden ?' Then ordering fresh horses, the chevalier set off on his journey for that capital. I need not tell you that *I* was the chevalier.

‘ FROM THE CHEVALIER DE BALIBARI TO REDMOND BARRY,
ESQUIRE, GENTILHOMME ANGLAIS

‘ A l’Hôtel des 3 Couronnes, à Dresde, en Saxe.

‘ NEPHEW REDMOND,—This comes to you by a sure hand, no other than Mr. Lumpit of the English mission, who is acquainted, as all Berlin will be directly, with our wonderful story. They only know half as yet ; they only know that a deserter went off in my clothes, and all are in admiration of your cleverness and valour.

‘ I confess that for two hours after your departure I lay in bed in no small trepidation, thinking whether his Majesty might have a fancy to send me to Spandau, for the freak of which we had both been guilty. But in that case I had taken my precautions ; I had written a statement of the case to my chief, the Austrian minister, with the full and true story how you had been set to spy upon me, how you turned out to be my very near relative, how you had been kidnapped yourself into the service, and how we both had determined to effect your escape. The laugh would have been so much against the King that he never would have dared to lay a finger upon me. What would Monsieur de Voltaire have said to such an act of tyranny ?

‘ But it was a lucky day, and everything has turned out to my wish. As I lay in my bed two and a half hours after your departure, in comes your ex-captain Potzdorff. “Redmont !” says he, in his imperious High Dutch way, “are you there ?” No answer. “The rogue is gone out,” said he ; and straightway makes for my red box where I keep my love-letters, my glass eye which I used to wear, my favourite lucky dice with which I threw the thirteen mains at Prague ; my two sets of Paris teeth, and my other private matters that you know of.

‘ He first tried a bunch of keys, but none of them would fit the little English lock. Then my gentleman takes out of his pocket a chisel and hammer, and falls to work like a professional burglar, actually bursting open my little box !

‘ Now was my time to act. I advance towards him armed with an immense water-jug. I come noiselessly up to him just as he had broken the box, and, with all my might, I deal him such a blow over the head as smashes the water-jug to atoms, and sends my captain with a snort lifeless to the ground. I thought I had killed him.

‘ Then I ring all the bells in the house ; and shout, and swear, and scream, “Thieves !—thieves !—landlord !—murder !—fire !” until the whole household come tumbling up the stairs. “Where is my servant ?” roar I. “Who dares to rob me in open day ? Look at the villain whom I find in the act of breaking my chest open ! Send for the police, send for his Excellency the Austrian minister ! all Europe shall know of this insult !’

“Dear heaven!” says the landlord, “we saw you go away three hours ago!”

“Me!” say I; “why, man, I have been in bed all the morning. I am ill—I have taken physic—I have not left the house this morning! Where is that scoundrel Ambrose? But, stop! where are my clothes and wig?” for I was standing before them in my chamber-gown and stockings, with my nightcap on.

“I have it—I have it!” says a little chamber-maid; “Ambrose is off in your honour’s dress.”

“And my money—my money!” says I; “where is my purse with forty-eight frederics in it? But we have one of the villains left. Officers, seize him!”

“It’s the young Herr von Potzdorff!” says the landlord, more and more astonished.

“What! a gentleman breaking open my trunk with hammer and chisel—impossible!”

‘Herr von Potzdorff was returning to life by this time, with a swelling on his skull as big as a saucepan; and the officers carried him off, and the judge who was sent for dressed a *procès-verbal* of the matter, and I demanded a copy of it, which I sent forthwith to my ambassador.

‘I was kept a prisoner to my room the next day, and a judge, a general, and a host of lawyers, officers and officials were set upon me to bully, perplex, threaten, and cajole me. I said it was true you had told me that you had been kidnapped into the service, that I thought you were released from it, and that I had you with the best recommendations. I appealed to my minister, who was bound to come to my aid; and, to make a long story short, poor Potzdorff is now on his way to Spandau; and his uncle, the elder Potzdorff, has brought me five hundred louis, with a humble request that I would leave Berlin forthwith, and hush up this painful matter.

‘I shall be with you at the Three Crowns the day after you receive this. Ask Mr. Lumpit to dinner. Do not spare your money—you are my son. Everybody in Dresden knows your loving uncle,

‘THE CHEVALIER DE BALIBARI.’

And by these wonderful circumstances I was once more free again, and I kept my resolution then made, never to fall more into the hands of any recruiter, and thenceforth and for ever to be a gentleman.

With this sum of money, and a good run of luck which ensued presently, we were enabled to make no ungenteel figure. My uncle speedily joined me at the inn at Dresden, where, under pretence of illness, I had kept quiet until his arrival; and, as the Chevalier de Balibari was in particular good odour at the court of Dresden (having been an

intimate acquaintance of the late monarch the Elector, King of Poland, the most dissolute and agreeable of European princes), I was speedily in the very best society of the Saxon capital, where I may say that my own person and manners, and the singularity of the adventures in which I had been a hero, made me especially welcome. There was not a party of the nobility to which the two gentlemen of Balibari were not invited. I had the honour of kissing hands and being graciously received at court by the Elector, and I wrote home to my mother such a flaming description of my prosperity that the good soul very nearly forgot her celestial welfare and her confessor, the Rev. Joshua Jowls, in order to come after me to Germany, but travelling was very difficult in those days, and so we were spared the arrival of the good lady.

I think the soul of Harry Barry, my father, who was always so genteel in his turn of mind, must have rejoiced to see the position which I now occupied. All the women anxious to receive me, all the men in a fury; hobnobbing with dukes and counts at supper, dancing minuets with high-well-born baronesses (as they absurdly call themselves in Germany), with lovely excellencies, nay, with highnesses and transparencies themselves—who could compete with the gallant young Irish noble? who would suppose that seven weeks before I had been a common—bah! I am ashamed to think of it! One of the pleasantest moments of my life was at a grand gala at the electoral palace, where I had the honour of walking a polonaise with no other than the Margravine of Bayreuth, old Fritz's own sister; old Fritz, whose hateful blue baize livery I had worn, whose belts I had pipe-clayed, and whose abominable rations of small beer and sauerkraut I had swallowed for five years.

Having won an English chariot from an Italian gentleman at play, my uncle had our arms painted on the panels in a more splendid way than ever, surmounted (as we were descended from the ancient kings) with an Irish crown of the most splendid size and gilding. I had this crown in lieu of a coronet engraved on a large amethyst signet-ring worn on my forefinger; and I don't mind confessing that I used to say the jewel had been in my family for several thousand years, having originally belonged to my direct ancestor, his late Majesty King Brian Boru, or Barry.

I warrant the legends of the Heralds' College are not more authentic than mine was.

At first the minister and the gentlemen at the English hotel used to be rather shy of us two Irish noblemen, and questioned our pretensions to rank. The minister was a lord's son, it is true, but he was likewise a grocer's grandson, and so I told him at Count Lobkowitz's masquerade. My uncle, like a noble gentleman as he was, knew the pedigree of every considerable family in Europe. He said it was the only knowledge befitting a gentleman; and when we were not at cards, we would pass hours over Gwillim or D'Hozier, reading the genealogies, learning the blazons, and making ourselves acquainted with the relationships of our class. Alas! the noble science is going into disrepute now; so are cards, without which studies and pastimes I can hardly conceive how a man of honour can exist.

My first affair of honour with a man of undoubted fashion was on the score of my nobility with young Sir Rumford Bumford of the English embassy, my uncle at the same time sending a cartel to the minister, who declined to come. I shot Sir Rumford in the leg, amidst the tears of joy of my uncle, who accompanied me to the ground; and I promise you that none of the young gentlemen questioned the authenticity of my pedigree, or laughed at my Irish crown again.

What a delightful life did we now lead! I knew I was born a gentleman, from the kindly way in which I took to the business, as business it certainly is. For though it *seems* all pleasure, yet I assure any low-bred persons who may chance to read this, that we, their betters, have to work as well as they; though I did not rise until noon, yet had I not been up at play until long past midnight? Many a time have we come home to bed as the troops were marching out to early parade; and, oh! it did my heart good to hear the bugles blowing the *reveillé* before daybreak, or to see the regiments marching out to exercise, and think that I was no longer bound to that disgusting discipline, but restored to my natural station.

I came into it at once, and as if I had never done anything else all my life. I had a gentleman to wait upon me, a French *friseur* to dress my hair of a morning: I knew the taste of chocolate as by intuition almost, and could

distinguish between the right Spanish and the French before I had been a week in my new position ; I had rings on all my fingers, watches in both my fobs, canes, trinkets, and snuff-boxes of all sorts, and each outvying the other in elegance ; I had the finest natural taste for lace and china of any man I ever knew. I could judge a horse as well as any Jew dealer in Germany ; in shooting and athletic exercises I was unrivalled ; I could not spell, but I could speak German and French cleverly ; I had at the least twelve suits of clothes ; three richly embroidered with gold, two laced with silver, a garnet-coloured velvet pelisse lined with sable ; one of French grey, silver-laced and lined with chinchilla. I had damask morning-ropes. I took lessons on the guitar, and sang French catches exquisitely. Where, in fact, was there a more accomplished gentleman than Redmond de Balibari ?

All the luxuries becoming my station could not, of course, be purchased without credit and money, to procure which, as our patrimony had been wasted by our ancestors, and we were above the vulgarity and slow returns and doubtful chances of trade, my uncle kept a faro bank. We were in partnership with a Florentine, well known in all the courts of Europe, the Count Alessandro Pippi, as skilful a player as ever was seen, but he turned out a sad knave latterly, and I have discovered that his countship was a mere impostor. My uncle was maimed, as I have said ; Pippi, like all impostors, was a coward ; it was my unrivalled skill with the sword, and readiness to use it, that maintained the reputation of the firm, so to speak, and silenced many a timid gambler who might have hesitated to pay his losings. We always played on parole with anybody ; any person, that is, of honour and noble lineage. We never pressed for our winnings or declined to receive promissory notes in lieu of gold. But woe to the man who did not pay when the note became due ! Redmond de Balibari was sure to wait upon him with his bill, and I promise you there were very few bad debts ; on the contrary, gentlemen were grateful to us for our forbearance, and our character for honour stood unimpeached. In later times a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honour engaged in the profession of play ; but I speak of the good old days in Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful

Revolution, which served them right) brought discredit and ruin upon our order. They cry fie now upon men engaged in play; but I should like to know how much more honourable *their* modes of livelihood are than ours. The broker of the Exchange who bulls and bears, and buys and sells, and dabbles with lying loans, and trades on state secrets, what is he but a gamester? The merchant who deals in teas and tallow, is he any better? His bales of dirty indigo are his dice, his cards come up every year instead of every ten minutes, and the sea is his green table. You call the profession of the law an honourable one, where a man will lie for any bidder, lie down poverty for the sake of a fee from wealth, lie down right because wrong is in his brief. You call a doctor an honourable man, a swindling quack, who does not believe in the nostrums which he prescribes, and takes your guinea for whispering in your ear that it is a fine morning; and yet, forsooth, a gallant man who sets him down before the baize and challenges all comers, his money against theirs, his fortune against theirs, is proscribed by your modern moral world. It is a conspiracy of the middle classes against gentlemen—it is only the shopkeeper cant which is to go down nowadays. I say that play was an institution of chivalry, it has been wrecked along with other privileges of men of birth.¹ When Seingalt engaged a man for six-and-thirty hours without leaving the table, [I vow I think it was a glorious tournament, and what the ingenious person who has lately written *Ivanhoe* calls 'a passage of arms.']² How have we had the best blood, and the brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing round the table as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all which was there on the baize! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand

¹ [Lest any weak minds should be perverted by the above tirade of Mr. Barry, it may be here observed that it was natural in this gentleman, who appears by his own confession to have been the fighting man or bully of a gambling firm, to defend himself, but that his manner of doing so is quite unsatisfactory; for to prove that others are rogues (and such possibly there may be in the recognized professions), is by no means to disprove his own roguery, and so the question stands exactly where it did previously.]—Footnote in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

² Replaced in later editions by 'do you think he showed no courage?'

louis in a single coup, had we lost, we should have been beggars the next day ; when *he* lost, he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Toeplitz, the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask ? ‘ Sir,’ said we, ‘ we have but eighty thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months ; if your Highness’s bags do not contain more than eighty thousand, we will meet you ;’ and we did, and after eleven hours’ play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen thousand florins of him. Is *this* not something like boldness ? does *this* profession not require skill, and perseverance, and bravery ? Four crowned heads looked on at the game, and an imperial princess, when I turned up the ace of hearts and made Paroli, burst into tears. No man on the European Continent held a higher position than Redmond Barry then ; and when the Duke of Courland lost, he was pleased to say that we had won nobly : and so we had, and spent nobly what we won.

At this period my uncle, who attended mass every day regularly, always put ten florins into the box. Wherever we went, the tavern-keepers made us more welcome than royal princes. We used to give away the broken meat from our suppers and dinners to scores of beggars who blessed us. Every man who held my horse or cleaned my boots got a ducat for his pains. I was, I may say, the author of our common good fortune, by putting boldness into our play. Pippi was a faint-hearted fellow, who was always cowardly when he began to win. My uncle (I speak with great respect of him) was too much of a devotee, and too much of a martinet at play ever to win *greatly*. His moral courage was unquestionable, but his daring was not sufficient. Both of these my seniors very soon acknowledged me to be their chief, and hence the style of splendour I have described.

I have mentioned H.I.H. the Princess Frederica Amelia, who was affected by my success, and shall always think with gratitude of the protection with which that exalted lady honoured me. She was passionately fond of play, as indeed were the ladies of almost all the courts in Europe in those days, and hence would often arise no small trouble to us ; for the truth must be told, that ladies love to play,

certainly, but not to *pay*. The point of honour is not understood by the charming sex; and it was with the greatest difficulty, in our peregrinations to the various courts of northern Europe, that we could keep them from the table, could get their money if they lost, or, if they paid, prevent them from using the most furious and extraordinary means of revenge. In those great days of our fortune, I calculate that we lost no less than fourteen thousand louis by such failures of payment. A princess of a ducal house gave us paste instead of diamonds, which she had solemnly pledged to us; another organized a robbery of the crown jewels, and would have charged the theft upon us, but for Pippi's caution, who had kept back a note of hand 'her High Transparency' gave us, and sent it to his ambassador, by which precaution I do believe our necks were saved. A third lady of high (but not princely) rank, after I had won a considerable sum in diamonds and pearls from her, sent her lover with a band of cut-throats to waylay me, and it was only by extraordinary courage, skill, and good luck that I escaped from these villains, wounded myself, but leaving the chief aggressor dead on the ground. My sword entered his eye and broke there, and the villains who were with him fled, seeing their chief fall. They might have finished me else, for I had no weapon of defence.

Thus it will be seen that our life, for all its splendour, was one of extreme danger and difficulty, requiring high talents and courage for success; and often, when we were in a full vein of success, we were suddenly driven from our ground on account of some freak of a reigning prince, some intrigue of a disappointed mistress, or some quarrel with the police minister. If the latter personage were not bribed or won over, nothing was more common than for us to receive a sudden order of departure, and so, perforce, we lived a wandering and desultory life.

Though the gains of such a life are, as I have said, very great, yet the expenses are enormous. Our appearance and retinue was too splendid for the narrow mind of Pippi, who was always crying out at my extravagance, though obliged to own that his own meanness and parsimony would never have achieved the great victories which my generosity had won. With all our success, our capital was not very great. That speech to the Duke of Courland, for instance, was a mere boast as far as the two hundred thousand

florins at three months were concerned. We had no credit, and no money beyond that on our table, and should have been forced to fly if his Highness had won and accepted our bills. Sometimes, too, we were hit very hard. A bank is a certainty, *almost*, but now and then a bad day will come; and men who have the courage of good fortune, at least, ought to meet bad luck well: the former, believe me, is the harder task of the two.

One of these evil chances befell us in the Duke of Baden's territory, at Mannheim. Pippi, who was always on the look-out for business, offered to make a bank at the inn where we put up, and where the officers of the Duke's cuirassiers supped; and some small play accordingly took place, and some wretched crowns and louis changed hands, I trust rather to the advantage of these poor gentlemen of the army, who are surely the poorest of all devils under the sun.

But, as ill luck would have it, a couple of young students from the neighbouring University of Heidelberg, who had come to Mannheim for their quarter's revenue, and so had some hundred of dollars between them, were introduced to the table, and, having never played before (as is always the case), began to win. As ill luck would have it, too, they were tipsy, and against tipsiness I have often found the best calculations of play fail entirely. They played in the most perfectly insane way, and yet won always. Every card they backed turned up in their favour. They had won a hundred louis from us in ten minutes; and, seeing that Pippi was growing angry and the luck against us, I was for shutting up the bank for the night, saying the play was only meant for a joke, and that now we had had enough.

But Pippi, who had quarrelled with me that day, was determined to proceed, and the upshot was, that the students played and won more; then they lent money to the officers, who began to win, too; and in this ignoble way, in a tavern room thick with tobacco-smoke, across a deal table besmeared with beer and liquor, and, to a parcel of hungry subalterns and a pair of beardless students, three of the most skilful and renowned players in Europe lost seventeen hundred louis. I blush now when I think of it. It was like Charles XII or Richard Cœur de Lion falling before a petty fortress and an unknown hand (as my friend Mr. Johnson wrote), and was, in fact, a most shameful defeat.

Nor was this the only defeat. When our poor conquerors had gone off, bewildered with the treasure which fortune had flung in their way (one of these students was called the Baron de Clootz, perhaps he who afterwards lost his head at Paris), Pippi resumed the quarrel of the morning, and some exceedingly high words passed between us. Among other things I recollect I knocked him down with a stool, and was for flinging him out of window ; but my uncle, who was cool, and had been keeping Lent with his usual solemnity, interposed between us, and a reconciliation took place, Pippi apologizing and confessing he had been wrong.

I ought to have doubted, however, the sincerity of the treacherous Italian ; indeed, as I never before believed a word that he said in his life, I know not why I was so foolish as to credit him now, and go to bed, leaving the keys of our cash-box with him. It contained, after our loss to the cuirassiers, in bills and money, near upon 8,000*l.* sterling. Pippi insisted that our reconciliation should be ratified over a bowl of hot wine, and I have no doubt put some soporific drug into the liquor, for my uncle and I both slept till very late the next morning, and woke with violent headaches and fever. We did not quit our beds till noon. He had been gone twelve hours, leaving our treasury empty ; and behind him a sort of calculation, by which he strove to make out that this was his share of the profits, and that all the losses had been incurred without his consent.

Thus, after eighteen months, we had to begin the world again. But was I cast down ? No. Our wardrobes still were worth a very large sum of money, for gentlemen did not dress like parish-clerks in those days, and a person of fashion would often wear a suit of clothes and a set of ornaments that would be a shop-boy's fortune ; and, without repining for one single minute, or saying a single angry word (my uncle's temper in this respect was admirable), or allowing the secret of our loss to be known to a mortal soul, we pawned three-fourths of our jewels and clothes to Moses Löwe, the banker, and with produce of the sale, and our private pocket-money, amounting in all to something less than 800 louis, we took the field again.

CHAPTER X

MORE RUNS OF LUCK

I AM not going to entertain my readers with an account of my professional career as a gamester any more than I did with anecdotes of my life as a military man. I might fill volumes with tales of this kind were I so minded, but, at this rate, my recital would not be brought to a conclusion for years, and who knows how soon I may be called upon to stop? I have gout, rheumatism, gravel, and a disordered liver. I have two or three wounds in my body, which break out every now and then, and give me intolerable pain, and a hundred more signs of breaking up. Such are the effects of time, illness, and free-living upon one of the strongest constitutions and finest forms the world ever saw. Ah! I suffered from none of these ills in the year '66, when there was no man in Europe more gay in spirits, more splendid in personal accomplishment, than young Redmond Barry.

Before the treachery of the scoundrel Pippi, I had visited many of the best courts of Europe, especially the smaller ones, where play was patronized, and the professors of that science always welcome. Among the ecclesiastical principalities of the Rhine we were particularly well received. I never knew finer or gayer courts than those of the Electors of Treves and Cologne, where there was more splendour and gaiety than at Vienna, far more than in the wretched barrack-court of Berlin. The court of the Archduchess-Governess of the Netherlands was, likewise, a royal place for us knights of the dice-box and gallant votaries of fortune, whereas in the stingy Dutch or the beggarly Swiss republics it was impossible for a gentleman to gain a livelihood unmolested. [Yes, the old times were the times for *gentlemen*, before Bonaparte brutalized Europe with his swaggering Grenadiers, and was conquered in his turn by our shopkeepers and cheesemongers of England here. To return, however, to my personal adventure.]¹

After our mishap at Mannheim, my uncle and I made

¹ Omitted in later editions.

for the Duchy of X——.¹ [It has since been erected into a kingdom, and]² the reader may find out the place easily enough, but I do not choose to print at full the names of some illustrious persons in whose society I then fell, and among whom I was made the sharer in a very strange and tragical adventure.

There was no court in Europe at which strangers were more welcome than at that of the noble Duke of X——, none where pleasure was more eagerly sought after, and more splendidly enjoyed. The prince did not inhabit his capital of S——, but, imitating in every respect the ceremonial of the court of Versailles, built himself a magnificent palace at a few leagues from his chief city, and round about his palace a superb aristocratic town, inhabited entirely by his nobles, and the officers of his sumptuous court. The people were rather hardly pressed, to be sure, in order to keep up this splendour; for his Highness's dominions were small, and so he wisely lived in a sort of awful retirement from them, seldom showing his face in his capital, or seeing any countenances but those of his faithful domestics and officers. His palace and gardens of Ludwigslust were exactly on the French model. Twice a week there were court receptions, and grand court galas twice a month. There was the finest opera out of France, and a ballet unrivalled in splendour, on which his Highness, a great lover of music and dancing, expended prodigious sums. It may be because I was then young, but I think I never saw such an assemblage of brilliant beauty as used to figure there on the stage of the court theatre, in the grand mythological ballets which were then the mode, and in which you saw Mars in red-heeled pumps and a periwig, and Venus in patches and a hoop. They say the costume was incorrect, and have changed it since, but, for my part, I have never seen a Venus more lovely than the Coralie, who was the chief dancer, and found no fault with the attendant nymphs, in their trains, and lappets, and powder. These operas used to take place twice a week, after which some great officer of the court would have his evening, and his brilliant supper, and the dice-box rattled everywhere, and all the world played. I have seen seventy play-tables set out in the grand gallery of Ludwigslust, besides the faro bank,

¹ In *Fraser's Magazine* the Duchy is called 'W——' throughout.

² Omitted in later editions.

where the Duke himself would graciously come and play, and win or lose with a truly royal splendour.

It was hither we came after the Mannheim misfortune. The nobility of the court were pleased to say our reputation had preceded us, and the two Irish gentlemen were made welcome. The very first night at court we lost 740 of our 800 louis; the next evening, at the court-marshal's table, I won them back, with 1,300 more. You may be sure we allowed no one to know how near we were to ruin on the first evening, but, on the contrary, I endeared every one to me by my gay manner of losing, and the finance-minister himself cashed a note for 400 ducats, drawn by me upon my steward of Ballybarry Castle in the kingdom of Ireland, which very note I won from his excellency the next day, along with a considerable sum in ready cash. In that noble court everybody was a gambler. You would see the lackeys in the ducal ante-rooms at work with their dirty packs of cards; the coach- and chair-men playing in the court, while their masters were punting in the saloons above; the very cook-maids and scullions, I was told, had a bank, where one of them, an Italian confectioner, made a handsome fortune. He purchased afterwards a Roman marquisate, and his son has figured as one of the most fashionable of the illustrious foreigners then in London. The poor devils of soldiers played away their pay, when they got it, which was seldom; and I don't believe there was an officer in any one of the Guard regiments but had his cards in his pouch, and no more forgot his dice than his sword-knot. Among such fellows it was diamond cut diamond. What you call fair play would have been a folly. The gentlemen of Ballybarry would have been fools, indeed, to appear as pigeons in such a hawk's nest. None but men of courage and genius could live and prosper in a society where every one was bold and clever; and here my uncle and I held our own, aye, and more than our own.

His Highness the Duke was a widower, or rather, since the death of the reigning Duchess, had contracted amorganatic marriage with a lady whom he had ennobled, and who considered it a compliment (such was the morality of those days) to be called the Northern Dubarry. He had been married very young, and his son, the hereditary Prince, may be said to have been the political sovereign of the state, for the reigning Duke was fonder of pleasure

than of politics, and loved to talk a great deal more with his grand huntsman, or the director of his opera, than with ministers and ambassadors.

The hereditary Prince, whom I shall call Prince Victor, was of a very different character from his august father. He had made the Wars of the Succession and Seven Years, with great credit, in the Empress's service, was of a stern character, seldom appeared at court, except when ceremony called him, but lived almost alone in his wing of the palace, where he devoted himself to the severest studies, being a great astronomer and chemist. He shared in the rage, then common throughout Europe, of hunting for the philosopher's stone; and my uncle often regretted that he had no smattering of chemistry, like Balsamo (who called himself Cagliostro), St. Germain, and other individuals, who had obtained very great sums from Duke Victor by aiding him in his search after the great secret. His amusements were hunting and reviewing the troops; but for him, and if his good-natured father had not had his aid, the army would have been playing at cards all day, and so it was well that the prudent Prince was left to govern.

Duke Victor was fifty years of age, and his Princess, the Princess Olivia, was scarce three-and-twenty. They had been married seven years, and, in the first years of their union the Princess had borne him a son and a daughter. The stern morals and manners, the dark and ungainly appearance of the husband, were little likely to please the brilliant and fascinating young woman, who had been educated in the south (she was connected with the ducal house of S—), who had passed two years at Paris under the guardianship of Mesdames, daughters of his Most Christian Majesty, and who was the life and soul of the court of X—, the gayest of the gay, the idol of her august father-in-law, and, indeed, of the whole court. She was not beautiful, but charming; not witty, but charming too, in her conversation as in her person. She was extravagant beyond all measure; so false, that you could not trust her; but her very weaknesses were more winning than the virtues of other women, her selfishness more delightful than others' generosity. I never knew a woman whose faults made her so attractive. She used to ruin people, and yet they all loved her. My old uncle has seen her cheating at ombre, and let her win 400 louis without resisting in the least.

Her caprices with the officers and ladies of her household were ceaseless, but they adored her. She was the only one of the reigning family whom the people worshipped. She never went abroad but they followed her carriage with shouts of acclamation, and, to be generous to them, she would borrow the last penny from one of her poor maids of honour, whom she would never pay. In the early days her husband was as much fascinated by her as all the rest of the world was ; but her caprices had caused frightful out-breaks of temper on his part, and an estrangement which, though interrupted by almost mad returns of love, was still general. I speak of her Royal Highness with perfect candour and admiration, although I might be pardoned for judging her more severely, considering her opinion of myself. She said the elder Monsieur de Balibari was a finished old gentleman, and the younger one had the manners of a courier. The world has given a different opinion, and I can afford to chronicle this almost single sentence against me. Besides, she had a reason for her dislike to me, which you shall hear.

Five years in the army, long experience of the world, had, ere now, dispelled any of those romantic notions regarding love with which I commenced life ; and I had determined, as is proper with gentlemen (it is only your low people who marry for mere affection), to consolidate my fortunes by marriage. In the course of our peregrinations, my uncle and I had made several attempts to carry this object into effect ; but numerous disappointments had occurred, which are not worth mentioning here, and had prevented me hitherto from making such a match as I thought was worthy of a man of my birth, abilities, and personal appearance. Ladies are not in the habit of running away on the Continent, as is the custom in England (a custom whereby many honourable gentlemen of my country have much benefited) ; guardians and ceremonies, and difficulties of all kinds intervene ; true love is not allowed to have its course, and poor women cannot give away their honest hearts to the gallant fellows who have won them. Now it was settlements that were asked for ; now it was my pedigree and title-deeds that were not satisfactory, though I had a plan and rent-roll of the Ballybarry estates, and the genealogy of the family up to King Brian Boru, or Barry, most handsomely designed on paper ; now it was a young

lady who was whisked off to a convent, just as she was ready to fall into my arms ; on another occasion, when a rich widow of the Low Countries was about to make me lord of a noble estate in Flanders, comes an order of the police which drives me out of Brussels at an hour's notice, and consigns my mourner to her château. But at X—— I had an opportunity of playing a great game, and had won it, too, but for the dreadful catastrophe which upset my fortune.

In the household of the hereditary Princess there was a lady nineteen years of age, and possessor of the greatest fortune in the whole duchy. The Countess Ida, such was her name, was daughter of a late minister and favourite of his Highness the Duke of X—— and his Duchess, who had done her the honour to be her sponsors at birth, and who, at the father's death, had taken her under their august guardianship and protection. At sixteen she was brought from her castle, where, up to that period, she had been permitted to reside, and had been placed with the Princess Olivia, as one of her Highness's maids of honour.

The aunt of the Countess Ida, who presided over her house during her minority, had foolishly allowed her to contract an attachment for her cousin-german, a penniless sub-lieutenant in one of the Duke's foot regiments, who had flattered himself to be able to carry off this rich prize ; and if he had not been a blundering, silly idiot indeed, with the advantage of seeing her constantly, of having no rival near him, and the intimacy attendant upon close kinsmanship, might easily, by a private marriage, have secured the young Countess and her possessions. But he managed matters so foolishly that he allowed her to leave her retirement, to come to court for a year, and take her place in the Princess Olivia's household, and then what does my young gentleman do, but appear at the Duke's levee one day, in his tarnished epaulet and threadbare coat, and make an application in due form to his Highness, as the young lady's guardian, for the hand of the richest heiress in his dominions !

The weakness of the good-natured Prince was such that, as the Countess Ida herself was quite as eager for the match as her silly cousin, his Highness might have been induced to allow the match, had not the Princess Olivia been induced

to interpose, and to procure from the Duke a peremptory veto to the hopes of the young man. The cause of this refusal was as yet unknown, no other suitor for the young lady's hand was mentioned, and the lovers continued to correspond, hoping that time might effect a change in his Highness's resolutions, when, of a sudden, the lieutenant was drafted into one of the regiments which the Prince was in the habit of selling to the great Powers then at war (this military commerce was a principal part of his Highness's and other princes' revenues in those days), and their connexion was thus abruptly broken off.

It was strange that the Princess Olivia should have taken this part against a young lady who had been her favourite ; for, at first, with those romantic and sentimental notions which almost every woman has, she had somewhat encouraged the Countess Ida and her penniless lover, but now suddenly turned against them, and, from loving the Countess, as she previously had done, pursued her with every manner of hatred which a woman knows how to inflict ; and there was no end to the ingenuity of her tortures, the venom of her tongue, the bitterness of her sarcasm and scorn. When I first came to court at X——, the young fellows there had nicknamed the young lady the *dumme Gräfin*, the stupid countess. She was generally silent, handsome, but pale, stolid-looking, and awkward, taking no interest in the amusements of the place, and appearing in the midst of the feasts as glum as the death's head which, they say, the Romans used to have at their tables.

It was rumoured that a young gentleman of French extraction, the Chevalier de Magny, equerry to the reigning Duke, and present at Paris when the Princess Olivia was married to him by proxy there, was the intended of the rich Countess Ida ; but no official declaration of the kind was yet made, and there were whispers of a dark intrigue, which, subsequently, received frightful confirmation.

This Chevalier de Magny was the grandson of an old general officer in the Duke's service, the Baron de Magny. The Baron's father had quitted France at the expulsion of Protestants, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and taken service in X——, where he died. The son succeeded him, and quite unlike most French gentlemen of birth whom I have known, was a stern and cold Calvinist, rigid in the performance of his duty, retiring in his manners, mingling

little with the court, and a close friend and favourite of Duke Victor, whom he resembled in disposition.

The chevalier, his grandson, was a true Frenchman : he had been born in France, where his father held a diplomatic appointment in the Duke's service. He had mingled in the gay society of the most brilliant court in the world, and had endless stories to tell us of the pleasures of the *petites maisons*, of the secrets of the Parc aux Cerfs, and of the wild gaieties of Richelieu and his companions. He had been almost ruined at play, as his father had been before him ; for, out of the reach of the stern old baron in Germany, both son and grandson had led the most reckless of lives. He came back from Paris soon after the embassy which had been dispatched thither on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess, was received sternly by his old grandfather, who, however, paid his debts once more, and procured him the post in the Duke's household. The Chevalier de Magny rendered himself a great favourite of his august master ; he brought with him the modes and the gaieties of Paris ; he was the deviser of all the masquerades and balls, the recruiter of the ballet-dancers, and by far the most brilliant and splendid young gentleman of the court.

After we had been a few weeks at Ludwigslust, the old Baron de Magny endeavoured to have us dismissed from the duchy ; but his voice was not strong enough to overcome that of the general public, and the Chevalier de Magny especially stood our friend with his Highness when the question was debated before him. The chevalier's love of play had not deserted him. He was a regular frequenter of our bank, where he played for some time with pretty good luck, and where, when he began to lose, he paid with a regularity surprising to all those who knew the smallness of his means, and the splendour of his appearance.

Her Highness the Princess Olivia was also very fond of play. On half a dozen occasions when we held a bank at court, I could see her passion for the game. I could see—that is, my cool-headed old uncle could see—much more. There was an intelligence between Monsieur de Magny and this illustrious lady. 'If her Highness be not in love with the little Frenchman,' my uncle said to me one night after play, 'may I lose the sight of my last eye !'

'And what then, sir ?' said I.

'What then ?' said my uncle, looking me hard in the

face. 'Are you so green as not to know what then? Your fortune is to be made, if you choose to back it now; and we may have back the Barry estates in two years, my boy.'

'How is that?' asked I, still at a loss.

My uncle dryly said, 'Get Magny to play; never mind his paying; take his notes of hand. The more he owes the better; but, above all, make him play.'

'He can't pay a shilling,' answered I. 'The Jews will not discount his notes at cent per cent.'

'So much the better. You shall see we will make use of them,' answered the old gentleman. And I must confess that the plan he laid was a gallant, clever, and fair one.

I was to make Magny play; in this there was no great difficulty. We had an intimacy together, for he was a good sportsman as well as myself; and we came to have a pretty considerable friendship for one another; and, if he saw a dice-box, it was impossible to prevent him from handling it; but he took to it as natural as a child does to sweet-meats.

At first he won of me; then he began to lose; then I played him money against some jewels that he brought, family trinkets, he said, and indeed of considerable value. He begged me, however, not to dispose of them in the duchy, and I gave and kept my word to him to this effect. From jewels he got to playing upon promissory notes; and, as they would not allow him to play at the court tables and in public upon credit, he was very glad to have an opportunity of indulging his favourite passion upon credit. I have had him for hours at my pavilion (which I had fitted up in the Eastern manner, very splendid), rattling the dice till it became time to go to his service at court, and we would spend day after day in this manner. He brought me more jewels, — a pearl necklace, an antique emerald breast ornament, and other trinkets, as a set-off against these losses, — for I need not say that I should not have played with him all this time had he been winning: but, after about a week, the luck set in against him, and he became my debtor in a prodigious sum. I do not care to mention the extent of it; it was such as I never thought the young man could pay.

Why, then, did I play for it? why waste days in private play with a mere bankrupt, when business seemingly much more profitable was to be done elsewhere? My reason, I boldly confess. I wanted to win from Monsieur de Magny.

not his money, but his intended wife, the Countess Ida. Who can say that I had not a right to use *any* stratagem in this matter of love? Or, why say love? I wanted the wealth of the lady; I loved her quite as much as Magny did; I loved her quite as much as yonder blushing virgin of seventeen does who marries an old lord of seventy. I followed the practice of the world in this, having resolved that marriage should achieve my fortune.

I used to make Magny, after his losses, give me a friendly letter of acknowledgement to some such effect as this:—

My dear Monsieur de Balibari, I acknowledge to have lost to you this day at lansquenet [or piquet, or hazard, as the case may be: I was master of him at any game that is played] the sum of three hundred ducats, and shall hold it as a great kindness on your part if you will allow the debt to stand over until a future day, when you shall receive payment from your very grateful, humble servant.

With the jewels he brought me I also took the precaution (but this was my uncle's idea, and a very good one) to have a sort of invoice, and a letter begging me to receive the trinkets as so much part payment of a sum of money he owed me.

When I had put him in such a position as I deemed favourable to my intentions, I spoke to him candidly, and without any reserve, as one man of the world should speak to another. 'I will not, my dear fellow,' said I, 'pay you so bad a compliment as to suppose that you expect we are to go on playing at this rate much longer, and that there is any satisfaction to me in possessing more or less sheets of paper bearing your signature, and a series of notes of hand which I know you never can pay. Don't look fierce or angry, for you know Redmond Barry is your master at the sword; besides, I would not be such a fool as to fight a man who owes me so much money; but hear calmly what I have to propose.

'You have been very confidential to me during our intimacy of the last month; and I know all your personal affairs completely. You have given your word of honour to your grandfather never to play upon parole, and you know how you have kept it, and that he will disinherit you if he hears the truth. Nay, suppose he dies to-morrow, his estate is not sufficient to pay the sum in which you are

indebted to me ; and, were you to yield me up all, you would be a beggar, and a bankrupt too.

‘ Her Highness the Princess Olivia denies you nothing. I shall not ask why ; but give me leave to say, I was aware of the fact when we began to play together.’

‘ Will you be made baron—chamberlain, with the grand cordon of the order ? ’ gasped the poor fellow. ‘ The Princess can do anything with the Duke.’

‘ I shall have no objection,’ said I, ‘ to the yellow riband and the gold key ; though a gentleman of the house of Ballybarry cares little for the titles of the German nobility. But this is not what I want. My good chevalier, you have hid no secrets from me. You have told me with what difficulty you have induced the Princess Olivia to consent to the project of your union with the Gräfin Ida, whom you don’t love. I know whom you love very well.’

‘ Monsieur de Balibari ! ’ said the discomfited chevalier ; he could get out no more. The truth began to dawn upon him.

‘ You begin to understand,’ continued I. ‘ Her Highness the Princess ’ (I said this in a sarcastic way) ‘ will not be very angry, believe me, if you break off your connexion with the stupid Countess. I am no more an admirer of that lady than you are ; but I want her estate. I played you for that estate, and have won it ; and I will give you your bills and five thousand ducats on the day I am married to it.’

‘ The day I am married to the Countess,’ answered the chevalier, thinking to have me, ‘ I will be able to raise money to pay your claim ten times over ’ (this was true, for the Countess’s property may have been valued at near half a million of our money) ; ‘ and then I will discharge my obligations to you. Meanwhile, if you annoy me by threats, or insult me again as you have done, I will use that influence, which, as you say, I possess, and have you turned out of the duchy, as you were out of the Netherlands last year.’

I rang the bell quite quietly. ‘ Zamor,’ said I to a tall negro fellow habited like a Turk, that used to wait upon me, ‘ when you hear the bell ring a second time, you will take this packet to the marshal of the court, this to his Excellency the General de Magny, and this you will place in the hands of one of the equerries of his Highness the hereditary Prince. Wait in the ante-room, and do not go with the parcels until I ring again.’

The black fellow having retired, I turned to Monsieur de Magny and said, 'Chevalier, the first packet contains a letter from you to me, declaring your solvency, and solemnly promising payment of the sums you owe me ; it is accompanied by a document from myself (for I expected some resistance on your part), stating that my honour has been called in question, and begging that the paper may be laid before your august master, his Highness. The second packet is for your grandfather, enclosing the letter from you in which you state yourself to be his heir, and begging for a confirmation of the fact. The last parcel for his Highness the hereditary Duke,' added I, looking most sternly, 'contains the Gustavus Adolphus emerald, which he gave to his Princess, and which you pledged to me as a family jewel of your own. Your influence with her Highness must be great indeed,' I concluded, 'when you could extort from her such a jewel as that, and when you could make her, in order to pay your play-debts, give up a secret upon which both your heads depend.'

'Villain !' said the Frenchman, quite aghast with fury and terror, 'would you implicate the Princess ?'

'Monsieur de Magny,' I answered with a sneer, 'no : I will say *you stole* the jewel.' It was my belief he did, and that the unhappy and infatuated Princess was never privy to the theft until long after it had been committed. How we came to know the history of the emerald is simple enough. As we wanted money (for my occupation with Magny caused our bank to be much neglected), my uncle had carried Magny's trinkets to Mannheim to pawn. The Jew who lent upon them knew the history of the stone in question ; and when he asked how her Highness came to part with it, my uncle very cleverly took up the story where he found it, said that the Princess was very fond of play, that it was not always convenient to her to pay, and hence the emerald had come into our hands. He brought it wisely back with him to S— ; and, as regards the other jewels which the chevalier pawned to us, they were of no particular mark ; no inquiries have ever been made about them to this day ; and I did not only not know then that they came from her Highness, but have only my conjectures upon the matter now.

The unfortunate young gentleman must have had a cowardly spirit, when I charged him with the theft, not

to make use of my two pistols that were lying by chance before him; and to send out of the world his accuser and his own ruined self. With such imprudence and miserable recklessness on his part and that of the unhappy lady who had forgotten herself for this poor villain, he must have known that discovery was inevitable. But it was written that this dreadful destiny should be accomplished; instead of ending like a man, he now cowed before me quite spirit-broken, and, flinging himself down on the sofa, burst into tears, and calling wildly upon all the saints to help him, as if they could be interested in the fate of such a wretch as him!

I saw that I had nothing to fear from him; and, calling back Zamor, my black, said I would myself carry the parcels, which I returned to my *escritoire*; and, my point being thus gained, I acted, as I always do, generously towards him. I said that, for security's sake, I should send the emerald out of the country, but that I pledged my honour to restore it to the Duchess, without any pecuniary consideration, on the day when she should procure the sovereign's consent to my union with the Countess Ida.

This will explain pretty clearly, I flatter myself, the game I was playing; and, though some rigid moralist may object to its propriety, I say that anything is fair in love, and that men so poor as myself can't afford to be squeamish about their means of getting on in life. The great and rich are welcomed, smiling, up the grand staircase of the world; the poor but aspiring must clamber up the wall, or push and struggle up the back stair, or, *pardi*, crawl through any of the conduits of the house, never mind how foul and narrow, that lead to the top. The unambitious sluggard pretends that the eminence is not worth attaining, declines altogether the struggle, and calls himself a philosopher. I say he is a poor-spirited coward. What is life good for but for honour? and that is so indispensable, that we should attain it anyhow.

The manner to be adopted for Magny's retreat was proposed by myself, and was arranged so as to consult the feelings of delicacy of both parties. I made Magny take the Countess Ida aside, and say to her, 'Madam, though I have never declared myself your admirer, you and the Count have had sufficient proof of my regard for you; and

my demand would, I know, have been backed by his Highness, your august guardian. I know the Duke's gracious wish is that my attentions should be received favourably; but, as time has not appeared to alter your attachment elsewhere, and as I have too much spirit to force a lady of your name and rank to be united to me against your will, the best plan is, that I should make you, for form's sake, a proposal *unauthorized* by his Highness: that you should reply, as I am sorry to think your heart dictates to you, in the negative: on which I also will formally withdraw from my pursuit of you, stating that, after a refusal, nothing, not even the Duke's desire, should induce me to persist in my suit.'

The Countess Ida almost wept at hearing these words from Monsieur de Magny, and tears came into her eyes, he said, as she took his hand for the first time, and thanked him for the delicacy of the proposal. She little knew that the Frenchman was incapable of that sort of delicacy, and that the graceful manner in which he withdrew his addresses was of my invention.

As soon as he withdrew, it became my business to step forward, but cautiously and gently, so as not to alarm the lady, and yet firmly, so as to convince her of the hopelessness of her design of uniting herself with her shabby lover, the sub-lieutenant. The Princess Olivia was good enough to perform this necessary part of the plan in my favour, and solemnly to warn the Countess Ida that, though Monsieur de Magny had retired from paying his addresses, his Highness, her guardian, would still marry her as he thought fit, and that she must for ever forget her out-at-elbowed adorer. In fact, I can't conceive how such a shabby rogue as that could ever have had the audacity to propose for her: his birth was certainly good; but what other qualifications had he?

When the Chevalier de Magny withdrew, numbers of other suitors, you may be sure, presented themselves; and amongst these your very humble servant, the cadet of Ballybarry. There was a *carrousel*, or tournament, held at this period, in imitation of the antique meetings of chivalry, in which the chevaliers tilted at each other, or at the ring; and on this occasion I was habited in a splendid Roman dress (*viz.*: a silver helmet, a flowing periwig, a cuirass of gilt leather richly embroidered, a light blue

velvet mantle, and crimson morocco half-boots) : and in this habit I rode my bay horse Brian, and carried off three rings, and won the prize over all the Duke's gentry, and the nobility of surrounding countries who had come to the show. A wreath of gilded laurel was to be the prize of the victor, and it was to be awarded by the lady he selected. So I rode up to the gallery where the Countess Ida was seated behind the hereditary Princess, and, calling her name loudly, yet gracefully, begged to be allowed to be crowned by her, and thus proclaimed myself to the face of all Germany, as it were, her suitor. She turned very pale, and the Princess red, I observed : but the Countess Ida ended by crowning me : after which, putting spurs into my horse, I galloped round the ring, saluting his Highness the Duke at the opposite end, and performing the most wonderful exercises with my bay.

My success did not, as you may imagine, increase my popularity with the young gentry. They called me adventurer, bully, dice-loader, impostor, and a hundred pretty names ; but I had a way of silencing these gentry. I took the Count de Schmetterling, the richest and bravest of the young men who seemed to have a hankering for the Countess Ida, and publicly insulted him at the *ridotto*, flinging my cards into his face. The next day I rode thirty-five miles into the territory of the Elector of B——, and met Monsieur de Schmetterling, and passed my sword twice through his body ; and rode back with my second, the Chevalier de Magny, and presented myself at the Duchess's whist that evening. Magny was very unwilling to accompany me at first ; but I insisted upon his support, and that he should countenance my quarrel. Directly after paying my homage to her Highness, I went up to the Countess Ida, and made her a marked and low obeisance, gazing at her steadily in the face until she grew crimson red ; and then staring round at every man who formed her circle, until, *ma foi*, I stared them all away. I instructed Magny to say, everywhere, that the Countess was madly in love with me ; which commission, along with many others of mine, the poor devil was obliged to perform. He made rather a *sotte figure*, as the French say, acting the pioneer for me, praising me everywhere, accompanying me always ! he who had been the pink of the *mode* until my arrival ; he who thought his pedigree of beggarly Barons

of Magny was superior to the race of great Irish kings from which I descended ; who had sneered at me a hundred times as a spadassin, a deserter, and had called me a vulgar Irish upstart. Now I had my revenge of the gentleman, and took it too.

I used to call him, in the choicest societies, by his Christian name of Maxime. I would say, ' Bon jour, Maxime ; comment vas-tu ? ' in the Princess's hearing, and could see him bite his lips for fury and vexation. But I had him under my thumb, and her Highness too—I, poor private of Bülow's regiment. And this is a proof of what genius and perseverance can do, and should act as a warning to great people never to have *secrets*, if they can help it.

I knew the Princess hated me, but what did I care ? She knew I knew all, and indeed, I believe, so strong was her prejudice against me, that she thought I was an indelicate villain, capable of betraying a lady, which I would scorn to do ; so that she trembled before me as a child before its schoolmaster. She would, in her woman's way, too, make all sorts of jokes and sneers at me on reception days, and ask about my palace in Ireland, and the kings, my ancestors, and whether, when I was a private in Bülow's foot, my royal relatives had interposed to rescue me, and whether the cane was smartly administered there,—anything to mortify me. But Heaven bless you ! I can make allowances for people, and used to laugh in her face. Whilst her gibes and jeers were continuing, it was my pleasure to look at poor Magny and see how *he* bore them. The poor devil was trembling lest I should break out under the Princess's sarcasms and tell all ; but my revenge was, when the Princess attacked me, to say something bitter to *him*,—to pass it on as boys do at school. And *that* was the thing which used to make her Highness feel. She would wince just as much when I attacked Magny as if I had been saying anything rude to herself. And, though she hated me, she used to beg my pardon in private ; and though her pride would often get the better of her, yet her prudence obliged this magnificent Princess to humble herself to the poor penniless Irish boy.

As soon as Magny had formally withdrawn from the Countess Ida, the Princess took the young lady into favour again, and pretended to be very fond of her. To do them

justice I don't know which of the two disliked me most,—the Princess, who was all eagerness, and fire, and coquetry, or the Countess, who was all state and splendour. The latter, especially, pretended to be disgusted by me; and yet, after all. I have pleased her betters, was once one of the handsomest men in Europe, and would defy any heyduck of the court to measure a chest or a leg with me; but I did not care for any of her silly prejudices, and determined to win her and wear her in spite of herself. Was it on account of her personal charms or qualities? No. She was quite white, thin, short-sighted, tall, and awkward, and my taste is quite the contrary; and as for her mind, no wonder that a poor creature who had a hankering after a wretched ragged ensign could never appreciate *me*. It was her estate I made love to; as for herself, it would be a reflection on my taste as a man of fashion to own that I liked her.

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES AGAINST BARRY

My hopes of obtaining the hand of one of the richest heiresses in Germany were now, as far as all human probability went, and as far as my own merits and prudence could secure my fortune, pretty certain of completion. I was admitted whenever I presented myself at the Princess's apartments, and had as frequent opportunities as I desired of seeing the Countess Ida there. I cannot say that she received me with any particular favour; the silly young creature's affections were, as I have said, engaged ignobly elsewhere; and, however captivating my own person and manners may have been, it was not to be expected that she should all of a sudden forget her lover for the sake of the young Irish gentleman who was paying his addresses to her. But such little rebuffs as I got were far from discouraging me. I had very powerful friends, who were to aid me in my undertaking; and knew that, sooner or later, the victory must be mine. In fact, I only waited my time to press my suit. Who could tell the dreadful stroke of fortune which was impending over my illustrious

protectress, and which was to involve me partially in her ruin ?

All things seemed for awhile quite prosperous to my wishes ; and, in spite of the Countess Ida's disinclination, it was much easier to bring her to her senses than, perhaps, may be supposed in a silly, constitutional country like England, where people are not brought up with those wholesome sentiments of obedience to royalty which were customary in Europe at the time when I was a young man.

I have stated how, through Magny, I had the Princess, as it were, at my feet. Her Highness had only to press the match upon the old Duke, over whom her influence was unbounded, and to secure the goodwill of the Countess of Liliengarten (which was the romantic title of his Highness's morganatic spouse), and the easy old man would give an order for the marriage, which his ward would perforce obey. Madame de Liliengarten was too, from her position, extremely anxious to oblige the Princess Olivia, who might be called upon any day to occupy the throne. The old Duke was tottering, apoplectic, and exceedingly fond of good living. When he was gone, his relict would find the patronage of the Duchess Olivia most necessary to her. Hence there was a close mutual understanding between the two ladies, and the world said that the hereditary Princess was already indebted to the favourite for help on various occasions. Her Highness had obtained, through the Countess, several large grants of money for the payment of her multifarious debts ; and she was now good enough to exert her gracious influence over Madame de Liliengarten in order to obtain for me the object so near my heart. It is not to be supposed that my end was to be obtained without continual unwillingness and refusals on Magny's part, but I pushed my point resolutely and had means in my hands of overcoming the stubbornness of that feeble young gentleman. Also, I may say, without vanity, that if the high and mighty Princess detested me, the Countess (though she was of extremely low origin, it is said) had better taste and admired me. She often did us the honour to go partners with us in one of our faro banks, and declared that I was the handsomest man in the duchy. All I was required to prove was my nobility, and I got at Vienna such a pedigree as would

satisfy the most greedy in that way. In fact, what had a man descended from the Barrys and the Bradys to fear before any *von* in Germany? By way of making assurance doubly sure, I promised Madame de Liliengarten ten thousand louis on the day of my marriage, and she knew that as a playman I had never failed in my word, and I vow that, had I paid fifty per cent for it, I would have got the money.

Thus by my talents, honesty, and acuteness I had, considering I was a poor patronless outcast, raised for myself very powerful protectors. Even his Highness the Duke Victor was favourably inclined to me, for, his favourite charger falling ill of the staggers, I gave him a ball such as my uncle Brady used to administer, and cured the horse, after which his Highness was pleased to notice me frequently. He invited me to his hunting and shooting parties, where I showed myself to be a good sportsman, and once or twice he condescended to talk to me about my prospects in life, lamenting that I had taken to gambling, and that I had not adopted a more regular means of advancement. 'Sir,' said I, 'if you will allow me to speak frankly to your Highness, play with me is only a means to an end. Where should I have been without it? A private still in King Frederick's grenadiers. I come of a race which gave princes to my country; but persecutions have deprived them of their vast possessions. My uncle's adherence to his ancient faith drove him from our country. I too resolved to seek advancement in the military service; but the insolence and ill treatment which I received at the hands of the English were not bearable by a high-born gentleman, and I fled their service. It was only to fall into another bondage to all appearance still more hopeless, when my good star sent a preserver to me in my uncle, and my spirit and gallantry enabled me to take advantage of the means of escape afforded me. Since then we have lived, I do not disguise it, by play; but who can say I have done him a wrong? Yet, if I could find myself in an honourable post, and with an assured maintenance, I would never, except for amusement, such as every gentleman must have, touch a card again. I beseech your Highness to inquire of your resident at Berlin if I did not on every occasion act as a gallant soldier. I feel that I have talents of a higher order, and should be proud to have occasion

to exert them, if, as I do not doubt, my fortune shall bring them into play.'

The candour of this statement struck his Highness greatly, and impressed him in my favour, and he was pleased to say that he believed me, and would be glad to stand my friend.

Having thus the two Dukes, the Duchess, and the reigning favourite enlisted on my side, the chances certainly were that I should carry off the great prize; and I ought, according to all common calculations, to have been a prince of the empire at this present writing, but that my ill luck pursued me in a matter in which I was not the least to blame,—the unhappy Duchess's attachment to the weak, silly, cowardly Frenchman. The display of this love was painful to witness, as its end was frightful to think of. The Princess made no disguise of it. If Magny spoke a word to a lady of her household, she would be jealous, and attack with all the fury of her tongue the unlucky offender. She would send him a half-dozen of notes in the day: at his arrival to join her circle or the courts which she held, she would brighten up, so that all might perceive. It was a wonder that her husband had not long ere this been made aware of her faithlessness, but the Prince Victor was himself of so high and stern a nature that he could not believe in her stooping so far from her rank as to forget her virtue; and I have heard say, that when hints were given to him of the evident partiality which the Princess showed for the equerry, his answer was a stern command never more to be troubled on the subject. 'The Princess is light-minded,' he said; 'she was brought up at a frivolous court; but her folly goes not beyond coquetry: crime is impossible; she has her birth, and my name, and her children, to defend her.' And he would ride off to his military inspections and be absent for weeks, or retire to his suite of apartments, and remain closeted there whole days, only appearing to make a bow at her Highness's levee, or to give her his hand at the court galas, where ceremony required that he should appear. He was a man of vulgar tastes, and I have seen him in the private garden, with his great ungainly figure, running races or playing at ball with his little son and daughter, whom he would find a dozen pretexts daily for visiting. The serene children were brought to their mother every morning at her toilet, but she received them very indifferently, except on one occasion, when the

young Duke Ludwig got his little uniform as colonel of hussars, being presented with a regiment by his godfather, the Emperor Leopold. Then, for a day or two, the Duchess Olivia was charmed with the little boy; but she grew tired of him speedily, as a child does of a toy. I remember one day, in the morning circle, some of the Princess's rouge came off on the arm of her son's little white military jacket; on which she slapped the poor child's face, and sent him sobbing away. Oh, the woes that have been worked by women in this world! the misery into which men have lightly stepped with smiling faces, often not even with the excuse of passion, but from mere foppery, vanity, and bravado! Men play with these dreadful two-edged tools, as if no harm could come to them. I, who have seen more of life than most men, if I had a son, would go on my knees to him and beg him to avoid woman, who is worse than poison. Once intrigue, and your whole life is endangered; you never know when the evil may fall upon you, and the woe of whole families, and the ruin of innocent people perfectly dear to you, may be caused by a moment of your folly.

When I saw how entirely lost the unlucky Monsieur de Magny seemed to be, in spite of all the claims I had against him, I urged him to fly. He had rooms in the palace, in the garrets over the Princess's quarters (the building was a huge one, and accommodated almost a city of noble retainers of the family); but the infatuated young fool would not budge, although he had not even the excuse of love for staying. 'How she squints,' he would say of the Princess, 'and how crooked she is! She thinks no one can perceive her deformity. She writes me verses out of Gresset or Crébillon, and fancies I believe them to be original. Bah! they are no more her own than her hair is!' It was in this way that the wretched lad was dancing over the ruin that was yawning under him. I do believe that his chief pleasure in making love to the Princess was that he might write about his victories to his friends of the *petites maisons* at Paris, where he longed to be considered as a wit and a *vainqueur de dames*.

Seeing the young man's recklessness, and the danger of his position, I became very anxious that *my* little scheme should be brought to a satisfactory end, and pressed him warmly on the matter.

My solicitations with him were, I need not say, from the nature of the connexion between us, generally pretty successful; and, in fact, the poor fellow could *refuse me nothing*, as I used often laughingly to say to him, very little to his liking. But I used more than threats, or the legitimate influence I had over him. I used delicacy and generosity; as a proof of which, I may mention that I promised to give back to the Princess the family emerald which I mentioned in the last chapter that I had won from her unprincipled admirer at play.

This was done by my uncle's consent, and was one of the usual acts of prudence and foresight which distinguish that clever man. 'Press the matter now, Redmond, my boy,' he would urge. 'This affair between her Highness and Magny must end ill for both of them, and that soon, and where will be your chance to win the Countess then? Now is your time! win her and wear her before the month is over, and we will give up the punting business, and go live like noblemen at our castle in Swabia. Get rid of that emerald, too,' he added; 'should an accident happen, it will be an ugly deposit found in our hand.' This it was that made me agree to forgo the possession of the trinket, which, I must confess, I was loath to part with. It was lucky for us both that I did, as you shall presently hear.

Meanwhile, then, I urged Magny: I myself spoke strongly to the Countess of Liliengarten, who promised formally to back my claim with his Highness the reigning Duke; and Monsieur de Magny was instructed to induce the Princess Olivia to make a similar application to the old sovereign in my behalf. It was done. The two ladies urged the Prince; his Highness (at a supper of oysters and champagne) was brought to consent, and her Highness the hereditary Princess did me the honour of notifying personally to the Countess Ida that it was the Prince's will that she should marry the young Irish nobleman, the Chevalier Redmond de Balibari. The notification was made in my presence; and though the young Countess said, 'Never!' and fell down in a swoon at her lady's feet, I was, you may be sure, entirely unconcerned at this little display of mawkish sensibility, and felt, indeed, now that my prize was secure.

That evening I gave the Chevalier de Magny the emerald,

which he promised to restore to the Princess ; and now the only difficulty in my way lay with the hereditary Prince, of whom his father, his wife, and the favourite were alike afraid. He might not be disposed to allow the richest heiress in his duchy to be carried off by a noble, though not a wealthy, foreigner. Time was necessary in order to break the matter to Prince Victor. The Princess must find him at some moment of good humour. He had days of infatuation still, when he could refuse his wife nothing ; and our plan was to wait for one of these, or for any other chance which might occur.

But it was destined that the Princess should never see her husband at her feet, as often as he had been. Fate was preparing a terrible ending to her follies, and my own hope. In spite of his solemn promises to me, Magny never restored the emerald to the Princess Olivia.

He had heard, in casual intercourse with me, that my uncle and I had been beholden to Mr. Moses Löwe, the banker of Heidelberg, who had given us a good price for our valuables ; and the infatuated young man took a pretext to go thither, and offered the jewel for pawn. Moses Löwe recognized the emerald at once, gave Magny the sum the latter demanded, which the chevalier lost presently at play ; never, you may be sure, acquainting us with the means by which he had made himself master of so much capital. We, for our parts, supposed that he had been supplied by his usual banker, the Princess ; and many rouleaux of his gold pieces found their way into our treasury, when at the court galas, at our own lodgings, or at the apartments of Madame de Liliengarten (who on these occasions did us the honour to go halves with us) we held our bank of faro.

Thus Magny's money was very soon gone. But though the Jew held his jewel, of thrice the value, no doubt, of the sums he had lent upon it, that was not all the profit which he intended to have from his unhappy creditor, over whom he began speedily to exercise his authority. His Hebrew connexions at X—, money-brokers, bankers, horse-dealers, about the court there, must have told their Heidelberg brother what Magny's relations with the Princess were ; and the rascal determined to take advantage of these, and to press to the utmost both victims. My uncle and I were, meanwhile, swimming upon the high tide of fortune, prospering with our cards, and with the still

greater matrimonial game which we were playing; and we were quite unaware of the mine under our feet.

Before a month was passed, the Jew began to pester Magny. He presented himself at X—, and asked for further interest—hush-money, otherwise he must sell the emerald. Magny got money for him; the Princess again befriended her dastardly lover. The success of the first demand only rendered the second more exorbitant. I know not how much money was extorted and paid on this unlucky emerald; but it was the cause of the ruin of us all.

One night we were keeping our table as usual at the Countess of Liliengarten's, and Magny being in cash somehow kept drawing out rouлеau after rouлеau, and playing with his common ill-success. In the middle of the play a note was brought in to him, which he read, and turned very pale on perusing; but the luck was against him, and looking up rather anxiously at the clock, he waited for a few more turns of the cards, and having, I suppose, lost his last rouлеau, he got up with a wild oath that scared some of the polite company assembled, and left the room. A great trampling of horses was heard without, but we were too much engaged with our business to heed the noise, and continued our play.

Presently some one came into the play-room and said to the Countess, 'Here is a strange story! A Jew has been murdered in the Kaiserwald. Magny was arrested when he went out of the room.' All the party broke up hearing this strange news, and we shut up our bank for the night. Magny had been sitting by me during the play (my uncle dealt and I paid and took the money), and, looking under the chair there was a crumpled paper, which I took up and read. It was that which had been delivered to him, and ran thus:—

If you have done it, take the orderly's horse who brings this. It is the best of my stable. There are a hundred louis in each holster, and the pistols are loaded. Either course lies open to you; you know what I mean. In a quarter of an hour I shall know our fate—whether I am to be dishonoured and survive you, whether you are guilty and a coward, or whether you are still worthy of the name of

M.

This was in the handwriting of the old General de Magny; and my uncle and I, as we walked home at night, having

made and divided with the Countess de Liliengarten no inconsiderable profits that night, felt our triumphs greatly dashed by the perusal of the letter. 'Has Magny,' we asked, 'robbed the Jew, or has his intrigue been discovered?' In either case, my claims on the Countess Ida were likely to meet with serious drawbacks; and I began to feel that my 'great card' was played and perhaps lost.

Well, it *was* lost; though I say, to this day, it was well and gallantly played. After supper (which we never for fear of consequences took during play) I became so agitated in my mind as to what was occurring that I determined to sally out about midnight into the town, and inquire what was the real motive of Magny's apprehension. A sentry was at the door, and signified to me that I and my uncle were under arrest.

We were left in our quarters for six weeks so closely watched that escape was impossible, had we desired it; but, as innocent men, we had nothing to fear. Our course of life was open to all, and we desired and courted inquiry. Great and tragical events happened during those six weeks, of which, though we heard the outline, as all Europe did, when we were released from our captivity, we were yet far from understanding all the particulars, which were not much known to me for many years after. Here they are as they were told me by the lady who, of all the world perhaps, was most likely to know them. But the narrative had best form the contents of another chapter.

CHAPTER XII

CONTAINS THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS OF X—

MORE than twenty years after the events described in the past chapters I was walking with my Lady Lyndon, in the Rotunda, at Ranelagh. It was in the year 1790; the emigration from France had already commenced, the old counts and marquises were thronging to our shores, not starving and miserable as one saw them a few years afterwards, but unmolested as yet, and bringing with them some token of their national splendour. I was walking with Lady Lyndon, who, proverbially jealous and always anxious to annoy me, spied out a foreign lady who was

evidently remarking me, and of course asked who was the hideous fat Dutchwoman who was leering at me so? I knew her not in the least. I felt I had seen the lady's face somewhere (it was now, as my wife said, enormously fat and bloated), but I did not recognize in the bearer of that face one who had been among the most beautiful women in Germany in her day.

It was no other than Madame de Liliengarten, the mistress, or, as some said, themorganatic wife, of the old Duke of X——, Duke Victor's father. She had left X—— a few months after the elder Duke's demise, had gone to Paris, as I heard, where some unprincipled adventurer had married her for her money; but, however, had always retained her quasi-royal title, and pretended, amidst the great laughter of the Parisians who frequented her house, to the honours and ceremonial of a sovereign's widow. She had a throne erected in her state-room, and was styled by her servants and those who wished to pay court to her, or borrow money from her, 'Altesse.' Report said she drank rather copiously—certainly her face bore every mark of that habit, and had lost the rosy, frank, good-humoured beauty which had charmed the sovereign who had ennobled her.

Although she did not address me in the circle at Ranelagh, I was at this period as well known as the Prince of Wales, and she had no difficulty in finding my house in Berkeley Square, whither a note was next morning dispatched to me. 'An old friend of Monsieur de Balibari,' it stated (in extremely bad French) 'is anxious to see the Chevalier again and to talk over old happy times. Rosina de Liliengarten (can it be that Redmond Balibari has forgotten her?) will be at her house in Leicester Fields all the morning looking for one who would never have passed her by *twenty years ago.*'

Rosina of Liliengarten it was, indeed—such a full-blown Rosina I have seldom seen. I found her in a decent first-floor in Leicester Fields (the poor soul fell much lower afterwards) drinking tea, which had somehow a very strong smell of brandy in it; and after salutations, which would be more tedious to recount than they were to perform, and after further straggling conversation, she gave me briefly the following narrative of the events in X——, which I may well entitle the 'Princess's Tragedy.'

‘ You remember Monsieur de Geldern, the police minister. He was of Dutch extraction, and, what is more, of a family of Dutch Jews. Although everybody was aware of this blot in his scutcheon, he was mortally angry if ever his origin was suspected ; and made up for his father’s errors by outrageous professions of religion, and the most austere practices of devotion. He visited church every morning, confessed once a week, and hated Jews and Protestants as much as an inquisitor could do. He never lost an opportunity of proving his sincerity, by persecuting one or the other whenever occasion fell in his way.

‘ He hated the Princess mortally ; for her Highness in some whim had insulted him with his origin, caused pork to be removed from before him at table, or injured him in some such silly way ; and he had a violent animosity to the old Baron de Magny, both in his capacity of Protestant, and because the latter in some haughty mood had publicly turned his back upon him as a sharper and a spy. Perpetual quarrels were taking place between them in council, where it was only the presence of his august masters that restrained the Baron from publicly and frequently expressing the contempt which he felt for the officer of police.

‘ Thus Geldern had hatred as one reason for ruining the Princess, and it is my belief he had a stronger motive still—interest. You remember whom the Duke married, after the death of his first wife ?—a Princess of the house of F——. Geldern built his fine palace two years after, and, as I feel convinced, with the money which was paid to him by the F—— family for forwarding the match.

‘ To go to Prince Victor, and report to his Highness a case which everybody knew, was not by any means Geldern’s desire. He knew the man would be ruined for ever in the Prince’s estimation who carried him intelligence so disastrous. His aim, therefore, was, to leave the matter to explain itself to his Highness ; and, when the time was ripe, he cast about for a means of carrying his point. He had spies in the houses of the elder and younger Magny ; but this you know, of course, from your experience of Continental customs. We had all spies over each other. Your black (Zamor, I think, was his name) used to give me reports every morning ; and I used to entertain the dear old Duke with stories of you and your uncle practising

piquet and dice in the morning, and with your quarrels and intrigues. We levied similar contributions on everybody in X——, to amuse the dear old man. Monsieur de Magny's valet used to report both to me and Monsieur de Geldern.

'I knew of the fact of the emerald being in pawn; and it was out of my exchequer that the poor Princess drew the funds which were spent upon the odious Löwe, and the still more worthless young chevalier. How the Princess could trust the latter as she persisted in doing, is beyond my comprehension; but there is no infatuation like that of a woman in love: and you will remark, my dear Monsieur de Balibari, that our sex generally fix upon a bad man.'

'Not always, madam,' I interposed; 'your humble servant has created many such attachments.'

'I do not see that that affects the truth of the proposition,' said the old lady dryly, and continued her narrative. 'The Jew who held the emerald had had many dealings with the Princess, and at last was offered a bribe of such magnitude that he determined to give up the pledge. He committed the inconceivable imprudence of bringing the emerald with him to X——, and waited on Magny, who was provided by the Princess with the money to redeem the pledge, and was actually ready to pay it.'

'Their interview took place in Magny's own apartments, when his valet overheard every word of their conversation. The young man, who was always utterly careless of money when it was in his possession, was so easy in offering it that Löwe rose in his demands, and had the conscience to ask double the sum for which he had previously stipulated.'

'At this the chevalier lost all patience, fell on the wretch, and was for killing him, when the opportune valet rushed in and saved him. The man had heard every word of the conversation between the disputants, and the Jew ran flying with terror into his arms; and Magny, a quick and passionate, but not a violent man, bade the servant lead the villain downstairs, and thought no more of him.'

'Perhaps he was not sorry to be rid of him, and to have in his possession a large sum of money, four thousand ducats, with which he could tempt fortune once more, as you know he did at your table that night.'

'Your ladyship went halves, madam,' said I; 'and you know how little I was the better for my winnings.'

'The man conducted the trembling Israelite out of the

palace, and no sooner had seen him lodged at the house of one of his brethren, where he was accustomed to put up, than he went away to the office of his excellency the minister of police, and narrated every word of the conversation which had taken place between the Jew and his master.

‘Geldern expressed the greatest satisfaction at his spy’s prudence and fidelity. He gave him a purse of twenty ducats, and promised to provide for him handsomely, as great men do sometimes promise to reward their instruments; but you, Monsieur de Balibari, know how seldom those promises are kept. “Now, go and find out,” said Monsieur de Geldern, “at what time the Israelite proposes to return home again, or whether he will repent, and take the money.” The man went on this errand. Meanwhile, to make matters sure, Geldern arranged a play-party at my house, inviting you thither with your bank, as you may remember; and finding means, at the same time, to let Maxime de Magny know that there was to be faro at Madame de Liliengarten’s. It was an invitation the poor fellow never neglected.’

I remembered the facts, and listened on, amazed at the artifice of the infernal minister of police.

‘The spy came back from his message to Löwe, and stated that he had made inquiries among the servants of the house where the Heidelberg banker lodged, and that it was the latter’s intention to leave X—— that afternoon. He travelled by himself, riding an old horse, exceedingly humbly attired, after the manner of his people.

“‘Johann,” said the minister, clapping the pleased spy upon the shoulder, “I am more and more pleased with you. I have been thinking, since you left me, of your intelligence, and the faithful manner in which you have served me; and shall soon find an occasion to place you according to your merits. Which way does this Israelitish scoundrel take?”

“‘He goes to R—— to-night.”

“‘And must pass by the Kaiserwald. Are you a man of courage, Johann Kerner?”

“‘Will your excellency try me?” said the man, his eyes glittering; “I served through the Seven Years’ War, and was never known to fail there.”

“‘Now, listen. The emerald must be taken from that Jew; in the very keeping it the scoundrel has committed high treason. To the man who brings me that emerald I swear I will give five hundred louis. You understand

why it is necessary that it should be restored to her Highness. I need say no more."

"You shall have it to-night, sir," said the man. "Of course your excellency will hold me harmless in case of accident."

"Psha!" answered the minister; "I will pay you half the money beforehand; such is my confidence in you. Accident's impossible, if you take your measures properly. There are four leagues of wood; the Jew rides slowly. It will be night before he can reach, let us say, the old Powder-Mill in the wood. What's to prevent you from putting a rope across the road, and dealing with him there? Be back with me this evening at supper. If you meet any of the patrol, say, 'Foxes are loose,'—that's the word for to-night. They will let you pass them without questions."

The man went off quite charmed with his commission, and when Magny was losing his money at our faro-table, his servant waylaid the Jew at the spot named the Powder-Mill, in the Kaiserwald. The Jew's horse stumbled over a rope which had been placed across the road; and, as the rider fell groaning to the ground, Johann Kerner rushed out on him, masked, and pistol in hand, and demanded his money. He had no wish to kill the Jew, I believe, unless his resistance should render extreme measures necessary.

Nor did he commit any such murder; for, as the yelling Jew roared for mercy, and his assailant menaced him with the pistol, a squad of patrol came up, and laid hold of the robber and the wounded man.

Kerner swore an oath. "You have come too soon," said he to the sergeant of the police. "*Foxes are loose.*" "Some are caught," said the sergeant, quite unconcerned; and bound the fellow's hands with the rope which he had stretched across the road to entrap the Jew. He was placed behind a policeman on a horse; Löwe was similarly accommodated, and the party thus came back into the town as the night fell.

They were taken forthwith to the police quarter; and, as the chief happened to be there, they were examined by his excellency in person. Both were rigorously searched; the Jew's papers and cases taken from him; the jewel was found in a private pocket. As for the spy, the minister, looking at him angrily, said, "Why, this is the servant of the Chevalier de Magny, one of her Highness's equerries!"

and, without hearing a word in exculpation from the poor frightened wretch, ordered him into close confinement.

‘Calling for his horse, he then rode to the Prince’s apartments at the palace, and asked for an instant audience. When admitted, he produced the emerald. “This jewel,” said he, “has been found on the person of a Heidelberg Jew, who has been here repeatedly of late, and has had many dealings with her Highness’s equerry, the Chevalier de Magny. This afternoon the chevalier came from his master’s lodgings, accompanied by the Hebrew; was heard to make inquiries as to the route the man intended to take on his way homewards; followed him, or preceded him rather, and was found in the act of rifling his victim by my police in the Kaiserwald. The man will confess nothing; but, on being searched, a large sum in gold was found on his person; and though it is with the utmost pain that I can bring myself to entertain such an opinion, and to implicate a gentleman of the character and name of Monsieur de Magny, I do submit that our duty is to have the chevalier examined relative to the affair. As Monsieur de Magny is in her Highness’s private service, and in her confidence, I have heard, I would not venture to apprehend him without your Highness’s permission.”

‘The Prince’s master of the horse, a friend of the old Baron de Magny, who was present at the interview, no sooner heard the strange intelligence than he hastened away to the old general with the dreadful news of his grandson’s supposed crime. Perhaps his Highness himself was not unwilling that his old friend and tutor in arms should have the chance of saving his family from disgrace; at all events, Monsieur de Hengst, the master of the horse, was permitted to go off to the baron undisturbed, and break to him the intelligence of the accusation pending over the unfortunate chevalier.

‘It is possible that he expected some such dreadful catastrophe, for, after hearing Hengst’s narrative (as the latter afterwards told me), he only said, “Heaven’s will be done!” for some time refused to stir a step in the matter, and then only by the solicitation of his friend was induced to write the letter which Maxime de Magny received at our play-table.

‘Whilst he was there, squandering the Princess’s money, a police visit was paid to his apartments, and a hundred

proofs, not of his guilt with respect to the robbery, but of his guilty connexion with the Princess, were discovered there,—tokens of her giving, passionate letters from her, copies of his own correspondence to his young friends at Paris,—all of which the police minister perused, and carefully put together under seal for his Highness, Prince Victor. I have no doubt he perused them, for, on delivering them to the hereditary Prince, Geldern said that, *in obedience to his Highness's orders*, he had collected the chevalier's papers, but he need not say that, on his honour, he (Geldern) himself had never examined the documents. His difference with Messieurs de Magny was known; he begged his Highness to employ any other official person in the judgement of the accusation brought against the young chevalier.

'All these things were going on while the chevalier was at play. A run of luck—you had great luck in those days. Monsieur de Balibari—was against him. He stayed and lost his 4,000 ducats; he received his uncle's note, and, such was the infatuation of the wretched gambler, that, on receipt of it, he went down to the courtyard, where the horse was in waiting, absolutely took the money which the poor old gentleman had placed in the saddle-holsters, brought it upstairs, played it, and lost it, and when he issued from the room to fly, it was too late; he was placed in arrest at the bottom of my staircase, as you were upon entering your own home.

'Even when he came in under the charge of the soldiery sent to arrest him, the old general, who was waiting, was overjoyed to see him, and flung himself into the lad's arms, and embraced him, it was said, for the first time in many years. "He is here, gentlemen," he sobbed out,—“thank God he is not guilty of the robbery!” and then sank back in a chair in a burst of emotion, painful, it was said by those present, to witness on the part of a man so brave, and known to be so cold and stern.

“Robbery!” said the young man, “I swear before Heaven I am guilty of none!” and a scene of almost touching reconciliation was passed between them, before the unhappy young man was led from the guard-house into the prison which he was destined never to quit.

'That night the Duke looked over the papers which Geldern had brought to him. It was at a very early stage of the perusal, no doubt, that he gave orders for your arrest;

for you were taken at midnight, Magny at ten o'clock, after which time the old Baron de Magny had seen his Highness, protesting of his grandson's innocence, and the Prince had received him most graciously and kindly. His Highness said he had no doubt the young man was innocent, his birth and his blood rendered such a crime impossible; but suspicion was too strong against him; he was known to have been that day closeted with the Jew; to have received a very large sum of money which he squandered at play, and of which the Hebrew had, doubtless, been the lender,—to have dispatched his servant after him, who inquired the hour of the Jew's departure, lay in wait for him, and rifled him. Suspicion was so strong against the chevalier that common justice required his arrest, and, meanwhile, until he cleared himself, he should be kept in not dishonourable durance, and every regard had for his name and the services of his honourable grandfather. With this assurance, and with a warm grasp of the hand, the Prince left old General de Magny that night, and the veteran retired to rest, almost consoled and confident in Maxime's eventual and immediate release.

' But in the morning, before daybreak, the Prince, who had been reading papers all night, wildly called to the page, who slept in the next room across the door, bade him get horses, which were always kept in readiness in the stables, and, flinging a parcel of letters into a box, told the page to follow him on horseback with these. The young man (Monsieur de Weissenborn) told this to a young lady who was then of my household, and who is now Madame de Weissenborn and a mother of a score of children.

' The page described that never was such a change seen as in his august master in the course of that single night. His eyes were bloodshot, his face livid, his clothes were hanging loose about him, and he who had always made his appearance on parade as precisely dressed as any serjeant of his troops, might have been seen galloping through the lonely streets at early dawn without a hat, his unpowdered hair streaming behind him like a madman.

' The page, with the box of papers, clattered after his master,—it was no easy task to follow him; and they rode from the palace to the town, and through it to the general's quarter. The sentinels at the door were scared at the strange figure that rushed up to the general's gate, and, not

knowing him, crossed bayonets, and refused him admission. "Fools," said Weissenborn, "it is the Prince!" And, jangling at the bell as if for an alarm of fire, it was at length opened by the porter, and his Highness ran up to the general's bedchamber, followed by the page with the box.

"Magny—Magny," roared the Prince, thundering at the closed door, "get up!" And to the queries of the old man from within, answered, "It is I—Victor—the Prince!—get up!" And presently the door was opened by the general in his *robe de chambre*, and the Prince entered. The page brought in the box, and was bidden to wait without, which he did; but there led from Monsieur de Magny's bedroom into his antechamber two doors, the great one which formed the entrance into his room, and a smaller one which led, as the fashion is with our houses abroad, into the closet which communicates with the alcove where the bed is. The door of this was found by M. de Weissenborn to be open, and the young man was thus enabled to hear and see everything which occurred within the apartment.

The general, somewhat nervously, asked what was the reason of so early a visit from his Highness; to which the Prince did not for a while reply further than by staring at him rather wildly, and pacing up and down the room.

"At last he said, "Here is the cause!" dashing his fist on the box; and, as he had forgotten to bring the key with him, he went to the door for a moment, saying, "Weissenborn, perhaps, has it"; but, seeing over the stove one of the general's *couteaux de chasse*, he took it down, and said, "That will do," and fell to work to burst the red trunk open with the blade of the forest-knife. The point broke, and he gave an oath, but continued haggling on with the broken blade, which was better suited to his purpose than the long, pointed knife, and finally succeeded in wrenching open the lid of the chest.

"What is the matter?" said he, laughing,—“Here's the matter—read that!—here's more matter—read that!—here's more—no, not that; that's somebody else's picture—but here's hers!—Do you know that, Magny?—My wife's—the Princess's!—Why did you and your cursed race ever come out of France, to plant your infernal wickedness wherever your foot fell and to ruin honest German homes? What have you and yours ever had from my family but confidence and kindness? We gave you a home

when you had none, and here's our reward!" and he flung a parcel of papers down before the old general, who saw the truth at once,—he had known it long before, probably, and sank down on his chair, covering his face.

'The Prince went on gesticulating and shrieking almost. "If a man injured you so, Magny, before you begot the father of that gambling, lying villain yonder, you would have known how to revenge yourself. You would have killed him! Yes, would have killed him. But who's to help me to my revenge? I've no equal. I can't meet that dog of a Frenchman,—that pimp from Versailles,—and kill him as if he had played the traitor to one of his own degree."

"The blood of Maxime de Magny," said the old gentleman, proudly, "is as good as that of any prince in Christendom."

"Can I take it?" cried the Prince; "you know I can't. I can't have the privilege of any other gentleman of Europe. What am I to do? Look here, Magny; I was wild when I came here, I didn't know what to do. You've served me for thirty years, you've saved my life twice; they are all knaves and harlots about my poor old father here—no honest men or women—you are the only one—you saved my life; tell me what am I to do?" Thus, from insulting Monsieur de Magny, the poor distracted Prince fell to supplicating him, and, at last, fairly flung himself down, and burst out in an agony of tears.

'Old Magny, one of the most rigid and cold of men on common occasions, when he saw this outbreak of passion on the Prince's part, became, as my informant has described to me, as much affected as his master. The old man from being cold and high, suddenly fell, as it were, into the whimpering querulousness of extreme old age. He lost all sense of dignity; he went down on his knees, and broke out into all sorts of wild, incoherent attempts at consolation; so much so, that Weissenborn said he could not bear to look at the scene, and actually turned away from the contemplation of it.

'But, from what followed in a few days, we may guess the results of the long interview. The Prince, when he came away from the conversation with his old servant, forgot his fatal box of papers and sent the page back for them. The general was on his knees praying in the room

when the young man entered, and only stirred and looked round wildly as the other removed the packet. The Prince rode away to his hunting-lodge at three leagues from X——, and three days after that Maxime de Magny died in prison, having made a confession that he was engaged in an attempt to rob the Jew, and that he had made away with himself, ashamed of his dishonour.

‘ But it is not known that it was the general himself who took his grandson poison ; it was said even that he shot him in the prison. This, however, was not the case. General de Magny carried his grandson the draught which was to carry him out of the world, represented to the wretched youth that his fate was inevitable, that it would be public and disgraceful unless he chose to anticipate the punishment, and so left him. But *it was not of his own accord*, and not until he had used *every* means of escape, as you shall hear, that the unfortunate being’s life was brought to an end.

‘ As for General de Magny, he quite fell into imbecility a short time after his nephew’s death, and my honoured Duke’s demise. After his Highness the Prince married the Princess Mary of F——, as they were walking in the English park together they once met old Magny riding in the sun in the easy chair, in which he was carried commonly abroad after his paralytic fits. “ This is my wife, Magny,” said the Prince, affectionately, taking the veteran’s hand ; and he added, turning to his Princess, “ General de Magny saved my life during the Seven Years’ War.”

“ What, you’ve taken her back again ? ” said the old man. “ I wish you’d send me back my poor Maxime.” He had quite forgotten the death of the poor Princess Olivia, and the Prince, looking very dark indeed, passed away.

‘ And now,’ said Madame de Liliengarten, ‘ I have only one more gloomy story to relate to you—the death of the Princess Olivia. It is even more horrible than the tale I have just told you.’ With which preface the old lady resumed her narrative.

‘ The kind, weak Princess’s fate was hastened, if not occasioned, by the cowardice of Magny. He found means to communicate with her from his prison, and her Highness, who was not in open disgrace yet (for the Duke, out of regard to the family, persisted in charging Magny with only

robbery), made the most desperate efforts to relieve him and to bribe the jailers to effect his escape. She was so wild that she lost all patience and prudence in the conduct of any schemes she may have had for Magny's liberation, for her husband was inexorable, and caused the chevalier's prison to be too strictly guarded for escape to be possible. She offered the state jewels in pawn to the court banker, who of course was obliged to decline the transaction. She fell down on her knees, it is said, to Geldern, the police minister, and offered him Heaven knows what as a bribe. Finally, she came screaming to my poor dear Duke, who, with his age, diseases, and easy habits, was quite unfit for scenes of so violent a nature, and who, in consequence of the excitement created in his august bosom by her frantic violence and grief, had a fit in which I very nigh lost him. That his dear life was brought to an untimely end by these transactions I have not the slightest doubt, for the Strasburg pie, of which they said he died, never, I am sure, could have injured him, but for the injury which his dear gentle heart received from the unusual occurrences in which he was forced to take a share.

' All her Highness's movements were carefully, though not ostensibly, watched by her husband, Prince Victor, who, waiting upon his august father, sternly signified to him that if his Highness (*my* Duke) should dare to aid the Princess in her efforts to release Magny, he, Prince Victor, would publicly accuse the Princess and her paramour of high treason, and take measures with the Diet for removing his father from the throne as incapacitated to reign. Hence interposition on our part was vain, and Magny was left to his fate.

' It came, as you are aware, very suddenly. Geldern, police minister, Hengst, master of the horse, and the colonel of the Prince's guard, waited upon the young man in his prison two days after his grandfather had visited him there and left behind him the phial of poison which the criminal had not the courage to use. And Geldern signified to the young man that unless he took of his own accord the laurel-water provided by the elder Magny, more violent means of death would be instantly employed upon him, and that a file of grenadiers was in waiting in the courtyard to dispatch him. Seeing this, Magny, with the most dreadful self-abasement, after

dragging himself round the room on his knees from one officer to another, weeping and screaming with terror, at last desperately drank off the potion and was a corpse in a few minutes. Thus ended this wretched young man.

‘ His death was made public in the *Court Gazette* two days after, the paragraph stating that Monsieur de M——, struck with remorse for having attempted the murder of the Jew, had put himself to death by poison in prison, and a warning was added to all young noblemen of the duchy to avoid the dreadful sin of gambling, which had been the cause of the young man’s ruin, and had brought upon the grey hairs of one of the noblest and most honourable of the servants of the Duke irretrievable sorrow.

‘ The funeral was conducted with decent privacy, the General de Magny attending it. The carriages of the two Dukes and all the first people of the court made their calls upon the general afterwards. He attended parade as usual the next day on the Arsenal-Place, and Duke Victor, who had been inspecting the building, came out of it leaning on the brave old warrior’s arm. He was particularly gracious to the old man, and told his officers the oft-repeated story how at Rosbach, when the X—— contingent served with the troops of the unlucky Soubise, the general had thrown himself in the way of a French dragoon who was pressing hard upon his Highness in the rout, had received the blow intended for his master and killed the assailant. And he alluded to the family motto of “Magny sans tache,” and said, “It had been always so with his gallant friend and tutor in arms.” This speech affected all present very much, with the exception of the old general, who only bowed and did not speak: but when he went home he was heard muttering, “Magny sans tache, Magny sans tache !” and was attacked with paralysis that night, from which he never more than partially recovered.

‘ The news of Maxime’s death had somehow been kept from the Princess until now, a *Gazette* even being printed without the paragraph containing the account of his suicide; but it was at length, I know not how, made known to her. And when she heard it, her ladies tell me, she screamed and fell as if struck dead, then sat up wildly and raved like a madwoman; and was then carried to her bed, where her physician attended her, and where she lay of a brain

fever. All this while the Prince used to send to make inquiries concerning her, and from his giving orders that his Castle of Schlangenfels should be prepared and furnished, I make no doubt it was his intention to send her into confinement thither, as had been done with the unhappy sister of his Britannic Majesty at Zell.

‘ She sent repeatedly to demand an interview with his Highness, which the latter declined, saying that he would communicate with her Highness when her health was sufficiently recovered. To one of her passionate letters he sent back for reply a packet, which, when opened, was found to contain the emerald that had been the cause round which all this dark intrigue moved.

‘ Her Highness at this time became quite frantic, vowed in the presence of all her ladies that one lock of her darling Maxime’s hair was more precious to her than all the jewels in the world ; rang for her carriage, and said she would go and kiss his tomb ; proclaimed the murdered martyr’s innocence, and called down the punishment of Heaven, the wrath of her family, upon his assassin. The Prince, on hearing these speeches (they were all, of course, regularly brought to him), is said to have given one of his dreadful looks (which I remember now), and to have said, “ This cannot last much longer.”

‘ All that day and the next the Princess Olivia passed in dictating the most passionate letters to the Prince her father, to the Kings of France, Naples, and Spain, her kinsmen, and to all other branches of her family, calling upon them in the most incoherent terms to protect her against the butcher and assassin, her husband, assailing his person in the maddest terms of reproach, and at the same time confessing her love for the murdered Magny. It was in vain that those ladies who were faithful to her pointed out to her the inutility of these letters, the dangerous folly of the confessions which they made ; she insisted upon writing them, and used to give them to her second robe-woman, a Frenchwoman (her Highness always affectioned persons of that nation), who had the key of her cassette, and carried every one of these epistles to Geldern.

‘ With the exception that no public receptions were held, the ceremony of the Princess’s establishment went on as before. Her ladies were allowed to wait upon her and perform their usual duties about her person. The only

men admitted were, however, her servants, her physician, and chaplain ; and one day when she wished to go into the garden, a heyduck, who kept the door, intimated to her Highness that the Prince's orders were that she should keep her apartments.

' They abut, as you remember, upon the landing of the marble staircase of Schloss X——, the entrance to Prince Victor's suite of rooms being opposite the Princess's on the same landing. This space is large, filled with sofas and benches, and the gentlemen and officers who waited upon the Duke used to make a sort of ante-chamber of the landing-place, and pay their court to his Highness there, as he passed out, at eleven o'clock, to parade. At such a time, the heyducks within the Princess's suite of rooms used to turn out with their halberts and present to Prince Victor—the same ceremony being performed on his own side, when pages came out and announced the approach of his Highness. The pages used to come out and say, "The Prince, gentlemen !" and the drums beat in the hall, and the gentlemen rose who were waiting on the benches that ran along the balustrade.

' As if fate impelled her to her death, one day the Princess, as her guards turned out, and she was aware that the Prince was standing, as was his wont, on the landing, conversing with his gentlemen (in the old days, he used to cross to the Princess's apartment and kiss her hand), the Princess, who had been anxious all the morning, complaining of heat, insisting that all the doors of the apartments should be left open, and giving tokens of an insanity, which I think was now evident, rushed wildly at the doors when the guards passed out, flung them open, and before a word could be said, or her ladies could follow her, was in presence of Duke Victor, who was talking as usual on the landing, and placing herself between him and the stair, began apostrophizing him with frantic vehemence :—

"Take notice, gentlemen !" she screamed out, "that this man is a murderer and a liar ; that he lays plots for honourable gentlemen, and kills them in prison ! Take notice that I too am in prison, and fear the same fate ; the same butcher who killed Maxime de Magny may, any night, put the knife to my throat. I appeal to you, and to all the Kings of Europe, my royal kinsmen. I demand to be set free from this tyrant and villain, this liar and traitor !

I adjure you all, as gentlemen of honour, to carry these letters to my relatives, and say from whom you had them !” and with this the unhappy lady began scattering letters about among the astonished crowd.

“ *Let no man stoop !*” cried the Prince, in a voice of thunder. “ Madame de Gleim, you should have watched your patient better. Call the Princess’s physicians : her Highness’s brain is affected. Gentlemen, have the goodness to retire.” And the Prince stood on the landing as the gentlemen went down the stairs, saying fiercely to the guard, “ Soldier, if she moves, strike with your halbert !” on which the man brought the point of his weapon to the Princess’s breast ; and the lady, frightened, shrank back and re-entered her apartments. “ Now, Monsieur de Weissenborn,” said the Prince, “ pick up all those papers ;” and the Prince went into his own apartments, preceded by his pages, and never quitted them until he had seen every one of the papers burnt.

‘ The next day the *Court Gazette* contained a bulletin signed by the three physicians, stating that “ Her Highness the hereditary Princess laboured under inflammation of the brain, and had passed a restless and disturbed night.” Similar notices were issued day after day. The services of all her ladies, except two, were dispensed with. Guards were placed within and without her doors ; her windows were secured, so that escape from them was impossible, and you know what took place ten days after. The church-bells were ringing all night, and the prayers of the faithful asked for a person *in extremis*. A *Gazette* appeared in the morning, edged with black, and stating that the high and mighty Princess Olivia Maria Ferdinanda, consort of his Serene Highness Victor Louis Emanuel, Hereditary Prince of X——, had died in the evening of the 24th of January, 1769.

‘ But do you know *how* she died, sir ? That, too, is a mystery. Weissenborn, the page, was concerned in this dark tragedy ; and the secret was so dreadful that never, believe me, till Prince Victor’s death did I reveal it.

‘ After the fatal *esclandre* which the Princess had made, the Prince sent for Weissenborn, and binding him by the most solemn adjuration to secrecy (he only broke it to his wife many years after ; indeed, there is no secret in the world that women cannot know if they

will), dispatched him on the following mysterious commission.

“There lives,” said his Highness, “on the Kehl side of the river, opposite to Strasburg, a man whose residence you will easily find out from his name, which is *Monsieur de Strasbourg*. You will make your inquiries concerning him quietly, and without occasioning any remark; perhaps you had better go into Strasburg for the purpose, where the person is quite well known. You will take with you any comrade on whom you can perfectly rely; the lives of both, remember, depend on your secrecy. You will find out some period when Monsieur de Strasbourg is alone, or only in company of the domestic who lives with him (I myself visited the man by accident on my return from Paris five years since, and hence am induced to send for him now, in my present emergency). You will have your carriage waiting at his door at night; and you and your comrade will enter his house masked, and present him with a purse of a hundred louis, promising him double that sum on his return from his expedition. If he refuse, you must use force and bring him, menacing him with instant death should he decline to follow you. You will place him in the carriage with the blinds drawn, one or other of you never losing sight of him the whole way, and threatening him with death if he discover himself or cry out. You will lodge him in the old [Owl]¹ Tower here, where a room shall be prepared for him; and his work being done, you will restore him to his home in the same speed and secrecy with which you brought him from it.”

Such were the mysterious orders Prince Victor gave his page; and Weissenborn, selecting for his comrade in the expedition Lieutenant Bartenstein, set out on his strange journey.

All this while the palace was hushed as if in mourning, the bulletins in the *Court Gazette* appeared announcing the continuance of the Princess's malady; and though she had but few attendants, strange and circumstantial stories were told regarding the progress of her complaint. She was quite wild. She had tried to kill herself. She had fancied herself to be I don't know how many different characters. Expresses were sent to her family informing them of her state, and couriers dispatched *publicly* to

¹ Omitted in later editions.

Vienna and Paris to procure the attendance of physicians skilled in treating diseases of the brain. That pretended anxiety was all a feint: it was never intended that the Princess should recover.

‘The day on which Weissenborn and Bartenstein returned from their expedition, it was announced that her Highness the Princess was much worse; that night the report through the town was that she was at the agony, and that night the unfortunate creature was endeavouring to make her escape.

‘She had unlimited confidence in the French chamber-woman who attended her, and between her and this woman the plan of escape was arranged. The Princess took her jewels in a casket; a private door, opening from one of her rooms and leading into the outer gate, it was said, of the palace, was discovered for her; and a letter was brought to her purporting to be from the Duke, her father-in-law, and stating that a carriage and horses had been provided, and would take her to B——, the territory where she might communicate with her family and be safe.

‘The unhappy lady, confiding in her guardian, set out on the expedition. The passages wound through the walls of the modern part of the palace and abutted in effect at the old Owl Tower, as it was called, on the outer wall; the tower was pulled down afterwards, and for good reason.

‘At a certain place the candle, which the chamber-woman was carrying, went out; and the Princess would have screamed with terror, but her hand was seized, and a voice cried, “Hush!” and the next minute a man in a mask (it was the Duke himself) rushed forward, gagged her with a handkerchief, her hands and legs were bound, and she was carried swooning with terror into a vaulted room, where she was placed by a person there waiting and tied in an arm-chair. The same mask who had gagged her came and bared her neck and said, “It had best be done now she has fainted.”

‘Perhaps it would have been as well; for though she recovered from her swoon, and her confessor, who was present, came forward and endeavoured to prepare her for the awful deed which was about to be done upon her, and for the state into which she was about to enter—when she came to herself it was only to scream like a maniac,

to curse the Duke as a butcher and tyrant, and to call upon Magny, her dear Magny.

‘At this the Duke said, quite calmly, “May God have mercy on her sinful soul!” He, the confessor, and Geldern, who were present, went down on their knees; and, as his Highness dropped his handkerchief, Weissenborn fell down in a fainting fit, while *Monsieur de Strasbourg*, taking the back hair in his hand, separated the shrieking head of Olivia from the miserable, sinful body. May Heaven have mercy upon her soul!’

This was the story told by Madame de Liliengarten, and the reader will have no difficulty in drawing from it that part which affected myself and my uncle; who, after six weeks of arrest, were set at liberty, but with orders to quit the duchy immediately; indeed, with an escort of dragoons to conduct us to the frontier. What property we had we were allowed to sell and realize in money, but none of our play debts were paid to us, and all of my hopes of the Countess Ida were thus at an end.

When Duke Victor came to the throne, which he did when, six months after, apoplexy carried off the old sovereign his father, all the good old usages of X—— were given up,—play forbidden; the opera and ballet sent to the right-about; and the regiments which the old Duke had sold recalled from their foreign service; with them came my countess’s beggarly cousin, the ensign, and he married her. I don’t know whether they were happy or not. It is certain that a woman of such a poor spirit did not merit any very high degree of pleasure.

The now reigning Duke of X—— himself married four years after his first wife’s demise; and Geldern, though no longer police-minister, built the grand house of which Madame de Liliengarten spoke. What became of the minor actors in the great tragedy, who knows? Only *Monsieur de Strasbourg* was restored to his duties. Of the rest,—the Jew, the chamber-woman, the spy on Magny, I know nothing. Those sharp tools with which great people cut out their enterprises are generally broken in the using; nor did I ever hear that their employers had much regard for them in their ruin.

CHAPTER XIII

I CONTINUE MY CAREER AS A MAN OF FASHION

I FIND I have already filled up many scores of pages, and yet a vast deal of the most interesting portion of my history remains to be told, viz., that which describes my sojourn in the kingdoms of England and Ireland, and the great part I played there, moving among the most illustrious of the land, myself not the least distinguished of the brilliant circle. In order to give due justice to this portion of my memoirs, then,—which is more important than my foreign adventures can be (though I could fill volumes with interesting descriptions of the latter),—I shall cut short the account of my travels in Europe, and of my success at the Continental courts, in order to speak of what befell me at home. Suffice it to say that there is not a capital in Europe, except the beggarly one of Berlin, where the young Chevalier de Balibari was not known and admired, and where he has not made the brave, the high born, and the beautiful talk of him. I won 80,000 roubles from Potemkin at the Winter Palace at Petersburg, which the scoundrelly favourite never paid me; I have had the honour of seeing his Royal Highness the Chevalier Charles Edward as drunk as any porter at Rome; my uncle played several matches at billiards against the celebrated Lord C—— at Spa, and I promise you did not come off a loser. In fact, by a neat stratagem of ours, we raised the laugh against his lordship, and something a great deal more substantial. My lord did not know that the Chevalier Barry had a useless eye, and when, one day, my uncle playfully bet him odds at billiards that he would play him with a patch over one eye, the noble lord, thinking to bite us (he was one of the most desperate gamblers that ever lived), accepted the bet, and we won a very considerable amount of him.

Nor need I mention my successes among the fairer portion of the creation. One of the most accomplished, the tallest, the most athletic, and the handsomest gentlemen of Europe, as I was then, a young fellow of my figure could not fail of having advantages, which a person of my spirit knew very well how to use. But upon these subjects I

am dumb. Charming Schuvaloff, black-eyed Sczotarska, dark Valdez, tender Hegenheim, brilliant Langeac!—ye gentle hearts that knew how to beat in old times for the warm young Irish gentleman, where are ye now? Though my hair has grown grey now, and my sight dim, and my heart cold with years, and ennui, and disappointment, and the treachery of friends, yet I have but to lean back in my arm-chair and think, and those sweet figures come rising up before me out of the past, with their smiles, and their kindnesses, and their bright tender eyes! There are no women like them now—no manners like theirs! Look you at a bevy of women at the Prince's, stitched up in tight white satin sacks, with their waists under their arms, and compare them to the graceful figures of the old time! Why, when I danced with Coralie de Langeac at the fêtes on the birth of the first Dauphin at Versailles, her hoop was eighteen feet in circumference, and the heels of her lovely little *mules* were three inches from the ground; the lace of my *jabot* was worth a thousand crowns, and the buttons of my amaranth-velvet coat alone cost eighty thousand livres. Look at the difference now! The gentlemen are dressed like boxers, quakers, or hackney-coachmen; and the ladies are not dressed at all. There is no elegance, no refinement, none of the chivalry of the old world, of which I form a portion. Think of the fashion of London being led by a Br-mm-ll!¹ a nobody's son; a low creature, who can no more dance a minuet than I can talk Cherokee; who cannot even crack a bottle like a gentleman; who never showed himself to be a man with his sword in his hand, as we used to approve ourselves in the good old times, before that vulgar Corsican upset the gentry of the world! Oh, to see the Valdez once again as on that day I met her first driving in state, with her eight mules, and her retinue of gentlemen by the side of yellow Mançanares! Oh, for another drive with Hegenheim, in the gilded sledge, over the Saxon snow! False as Schuvaloff was, 'twas better to be jilted by her than to be adored by any other woman. I can't think of any one of them without tenderness. I have ringlets of all their hair in my poor little museum of recollections. Do you keep mine, you dear souls that survive the turmoils and troubles of near half

¹ This manuscript must have been written at the time when Mr. Brummell was the leader of the London fashion.

a hundred years ? How changed its colour is now, since the day Sczotarska wore it round her neck, after my duel with Count Bjernaski, at Warsaw !

I never kept any beggarly books of accounts in those days. I had no debts. I paid royally for everything I took, and I took everything I wanted. My income must have been very large. My entertainments and equipages were those of a gentleman of the highest distinction ; nor let any scoundrel presume to sneer because I carried off and married my Lady Lyndon (as you shall presently hear), and call me an adventurer, or say I was penniless, or the match unequal. Penniless ! I had the wealth of Europe at my command. Adventurer ! So is a meritorious lawyer or a gallant soldier ; so is every man who makes his own fortune an adventurer. My profession was play, in which I was then unrivalled. No man could play with me through Europe *on the square* ; and my income was just as certain (during health and the exercise of my profession) as that of a man who draws on his Three-per-cents, or any fat squire whose acres bring him revenue. Harvest is not more certain than the effect of skill is : a crop is a chance as much as a game of cards greatly played by a fine player ; there may be a drought, or a frost, or a hail-storm, and your stake is lost : but one man is just as much an adventurer as another.

In evoking the recollection of these kind and fair creatures I have nothing but pleasure. I would I could say as much of the memory of another lady, who will henceforth play a considerable part in the drama of my life,—I mean the Countess of Lyndon, whose fatal acquaintance I made at Spa, very soon after the events described in the last chapter had caused me to quit Germany.

Honoria, Countess of Lyndon, Viscountess Bullington in England, Baroness Castle Lyndon of the kingdom of Ireland, was so well known to the great world in her day, that I have little need to enter into her family history, which is to be had in any Peerage that the reader may lay his hand on. She was, as I need not say, a countess, viscountess, and baroness in her own right. Her estates in Devon and Cornwall were among the most extensive in those parts ; her Irish possessions not less magnificent, and they have been alluded to, in a very early part of these memoirs, as lying near to my own paternal property in

the kingdom of Ireland : indeed, unjust confiscations in the time of Elizabeth and her father went to diminish *my* acres, while they added to the already vast possessions of the Lyndon family.

The countess, when I first saw her at the assembly at Spa, was the wife of her cousin, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Reginald Lyndon, Knight of the Bath, and minister to George II and George III at several of the smaller courts of Europe. Sir Charles Lyndon was celebrated as a wit and *bon vivant* ; he could write love-verses against Hanbury Williams, and make jokes with George Selwyn ; he was a man of *virtu*, like Horry Walpole, with whom and Mr. Gray he had made a part of the grand tour, and was cited, in a word, as one of the most elegant and accomplished men of his time.

I made this gentleman's acquaintance as usual at the play-table, of which he was a constant frequenter. Indeed, one could not but admire the spirit and gallantry with which he pursued his favourite pastime ; for, though worn out by gout and a myriad of diseases, a cripple wheeled about in a chair, and suffering pangs of agony, yet you would see him every morning and every evening at his post behind the delightful green cloth ; and if, as it would often happen, his own hands were too feeble or inflamed to hold the box, he would call the mains, nevertheless, and have his valet or a friend to throw for him. I like this courageous spirit in a man ; the greatest successes in life have been won by such indomitable perseverance.

I was by this time one of the best-known characters in Europe ; and the fame of my exploits, my duels, my courage at play, would bring crowds around me in any public society where I appeared. I could show reams of scented paper to prove that this eagerness to make my acquaintance was not confined to the *gentlemen* only, but that I hate boasting, and only talk of myself in so far as it is necessary to relate myself's adventures, the most singular of any man's in Europe. Well, Sir Charles Lyndon's first acquaintance with me originated in the right honourable knight's winning 700 pieces of me at piquet (for which he was almost my match) ; and I lost them with much good humour, and paid them : and paid them, you may be sure, punctually. Indeed, I will say this for myself, that losing money at play never in the least put

me out of good humour with the winner, and that wherever I found a superior, I was always ready to acknowledge and hail him.

Lyndon was very proud of winning from so celebrated a person, and we contracted a kind of intimacy, which, however, did not for awhile go beyond pump-room attentions, and conversations over the supper-table at play, but which gradually increased, until I was admitted into his more private friendship. He was a very free-spoken man (the gentry of those days were much prouder than at present), and used to say to me in his haughty, easy way, 'Hang it, Mr. Barry, you have no more manners than a barber, and I think my black footman has been better educated than you; but you are a young fellow of originality and pluck, and I like you, sir, because you seem determined to go to the deuce by a way of your own.' I would thank him laughingly for this compliment, and say that, as he was bound to the next world much sooner than I was, I would be obliged to him to get comfortable quarters arranged there for me. He used also to be immensely amused with my stories about the splendour of my family and the magnificence of Castle Brady; he would never tire of listening or laughing at those histories.

'Stick to the trumps, however, my lad,' he would say, when I told him of my misfortunes in the conjugal line, and how near I had been winning the greatest fortune in Germany. 'Do anything but marry, my artless Irish rustic' (he called me by a multiplicity of queer names). 'Cultivate your great talents in the gambling line, but mind this, that a woman will beat you.'

That I denied, mentioning several instances in which I had conquered the most intractable tempers among the sex.

'They will beat you in the long run, my Tipperary Alcibiades. As soon as you are married, take my word of it, you are conquered. Look at me. I married my cousin, the noblest and greatest heiress in England—married her in spite of herself almost' (here a dark shade passed over Sir Charles Lyndon's countenance). 'She is a weak woman. You shall see her, sir, *how* weak she is; but she is my mistress. She has embittered my whole life. She is a fool, but she has got the better of one of the best heads in Christendom. She is enormously rich, but

somehow I have never been so poor as since I married her. I thought to better myself, and she has made me miserable and killed me. And she will do as much for my successor when I am gone.'

'Has her ladyship a very large income?' said I. At which Sir Charles burst out into a yelling laugh, and made me blush not a little at my *gaucherie*; for the fact is, seeing him in the condition in which he was, I could not help speculating upon the chance a man of spirit might have with his widow.

'No, no!' said he, laughing. 'Waugh hawk, Mr. Barry, don't think, if you value your peace of mind, to stand in my shoes when they are vacant. Besides, I don't think my Lady Lyndon would *quite* condescend to marry a ——'

'Marry a what, sir?' said I, in a rage.

'Never mind what; but the man who gets her will rue it, take my word on't. A plague on her! had it not been for my father's ambition and mine (he was her uncle and guardian, and we wouldn't let such a prize out of the family), I might have died peaceably, at least, carried my gout down to my grave in quiet, lived in my modest tenement in May-fair, had every house in England open to me, and now, now I have six of my own, and every one of them is a hell to me. Beware of greatness, Mr. Barry. Take warning by me. Ever since I have been married and have been rich, I have been the most miserable wretch in the world. Look at me. I am dying, a worn-out cripple at the age of fifty. Marriage has added forty years to my life. When I took off Lady Lyndon, there was no man of my years who looked so young as myself. Fool that I was! I had enough with my pensions, perfect freedom, the best society in Europe; and I gave up all these, and married, and was miserable. Take a warning by me, Captain Barry, and stick to the trumps.'

Though my intimacy with the knight was considerable, for a long time I never penetrated into any other apartments of his hotel but those which he himself occupied. His lady lived entirely apart from him, and it is only curious how they came to travel together at all. She was a goddaughter of old Mary Wortley Montagu, and, like that famous old woman of the last century, made considerable pretensions to be a blue-stocking and a *bel esprit*. Lady Lyndon wrote poems in English and Italian, which still may be

read by the curious in the pages of the magazines of the day. She entertained a correspondence with several of the European *savants*, upon history, science, and ancient languages, and especially theology. Her pleasure was to dispute controversial points with abbés and bishops, and her flatterers said she rivalled Madame Dacier in learning. Every adventurer who had a discovery in chemistry, a new antique bust, or a plan for discovering the philosopher's stone, was sure to find a patroness in her. She had numberless works dedicated to her, and sonnets without end addressed to her by all the poetasters of Europe under the name of Lindonira or Calista. Her rooms were crowded with hideous China magots, and all sorts of objects of vertu.

No woman piqued herself more upon her principles, or allowed love to be made to her more profusely. There was a habit of courtship practised by the fine gentlemen of those days, which is little understood in our coarse, downright times; and young and old fellows would pour out floods of compliments in letters and madrigals, such as would make a sober lady stare were they addressed to her nowadays, so entirely has the gallantry of the last century disappeared out of our manners.

Lady Lyndon moved about with a little court of her own. She had half a dozen carriages in her progresses. In her own she would travel with her companion (some shabby lady of quality), her birds, and poodles, and the favourite *savant* for the time being. In another would be her female secretary and her waiting-women, who, in spite of their care, never could make their mistress look much better than a slattern. Sir Charles Lyndon had his own chariot, and the domestics of the establishment would follow in other vehicles.

Also must be mentioned the carriage in which rode her ladyship's chaplain, Mr. Runt, who acted in capacity of governor to her son, the little Viscount Bullingdon,—a melancholy, deserted little boy, about whom his father was more than indifferent, and whom his mother never saw, except for two minutes at her levee, when she would put to him a few questions of history or Latin grammar, after which he was consigned to his own amusements, or the care of his governor, for the rest of the day.

The notion of such a Minerva as this, whom I saw in the

public places now and then, surrounded by swarms of needy abbés and schoolmasters, who flattered her, frightened me for some time, and I had not the least desire to make her acquaintance. I had no desire to be one of the beggarly adorers in the great lady's train,—fellows, half friend, half lackey, who made verses, and wrote letters, and ran errands, content to be paid by a seat in her ladyship's box at the comedy, or a cover at her dinner-table at noon. 'Don't be afraid,' Sir Charles Lyndon would say, whose great subject of conversation and abuse was his lady, 'my Lindonira will have nothing to do with you. She likes the Tuscan brogue, not that of Kerry. She says you smell too much of the stable to be admitted to ladies' society; and, last Sunday fortnight, when she did me the honour to speak to me last, said, "I wonder, Sir Charles Lyndon, a gentleman who has been the King's ambassador can demean himself by gambling and boozing with low Irish blacklegs!" Don't fly in a fury, I'm a cripple, and it was Lindonira said it, not I.'

This piqued me, and I resolved to become acquainted with Lady Lyndon, if it were but to show her ladyship that the descendant of those Barrys, whose property she unjustly held, was not an unworthy companion for any lady, were she ever so high. Besides, my friend the knight was dying, his widow would be the richest prize in the three kingdoms. Why should I not win her, and, with her, the means of making in the world that figure which my genius and inclination desired? I felt I was equal in blood and breeding to any Lyndon in Christendom, and determined to bend this haughty lady. When I determine, I look upon the thing as done.

My uncle and I talked the matter over, and speedily settled upon a method for making our approaches upon this stately lady of Castle Lyndon. Mr. Runt, young Lord Bullingdon's governor, was fond of pleasure, of a glass of Rhenish in the garden-houses in the summer evenings, and of a sly throw of the dice when the occasion offered; and I took care to make friends with this person, who, being a college tutor and an Englishman, was ready to go on his knees to any one who resembled a man of fashion. Seeing me with my retinue of servants, my *vis-à-vis* and chariots, my valets, my hussar, and horses, dressed in gold, and velvet, and sables, saluting the greatest people in

Europe as we met on the course or at the Spas, Runt was dazzled by my advances, and was mine by a beckoning of the finger. I shall never forget the poor wretch's astonishment when I asked him to dine, with two counts, off gold plate, at the little room in the casino; he was made happy by being allowed to win a few pieces of us, became exceedingly tipsy, sang Cambridge songs, and recreated the company by telling us, in his horrid Yorkshire French, stories about the gyps and all the lords that had ever been in his college. I encouraged him to come and see me oftener and bring with him his little viscount, for whom, though the boy always detested me, I took care to have a good stock of sweetmeats, toys, and picture-books when he came.

I then began to enter into a controversy with Mr. Runt, and confided to him some doubts which I had, and a very, very earnest leaning towards the Church of Rome. I made a certain abbé whom I knew write me letters upon transubstantiation, &c., which the honest tutor was rather puzzled to answer, and I knew that they would be communicated to his lady, as they were; for, asking leave to attend the English service which was celebrated in her apartments, and frequented by the best English then at the Spa, on the second Sunday she condescended to look at me, on the third she was pleased to reply to my profound bow by a curtsy, the next day I followed up the acquaintance by another obeisance in the public walk, and, to make a long story short, her ladyship and I were in full correspondence on transubstantiation before six weeks were over. My lady came to the aid of her chaplain, and then I began to see the prodigious weight of his arguments, as was to be expected. The progress of this harmless little intrigue need not be detailed. I make no doubt every one of my readers has practised similar stratagems when a fair lady was in the case.

I shall never forget the astonishment of Sir Charles Lyndon when, on one summer evening, as he was issuing out to the play-table in his sedan-chair, according to his wont, her ladyship's barouche-and-four, with her outriders in the tawny livery of the Lyndon family, came driving into the courtyard of the house which they inhabited, and in that carriage, by her ladyship's side, sat no other than 'the vulgar Irish adventurer,' as she was pleased to call him, I mean Redmond Barry, Esquire.

He made the most courtly of his bows, and grinned and waved his hat in as graceful a manner as the gout permitted, and her ladyship and I replied to the salutation with the utmost politeness and elegance on our parts.

I could not go to the play-table for some time afterwards, for Lady Lyndon and I had an argument on transubstantiation, which lasted for three hours, in which she was, as usual, victorious, and in which her companion, the Honourable Miss Flint Skinner, fell asleep; but when, at last, I joined Sir Charles at the casino, he received me with a yell of laughter, as his wont was, and introduced me to all the company as Lady Lyndon's interesting young convert. This was his way. He laughed and sneered at everything. He laughed when he was in a paroxysm of pain, he laughed when he won money, or when he lost it; his laugh was not jovial or agreeable, but rather painful and sardonic.

'Gentlemen,' said he to Punter, Colonel Loder, Count du Carreau, and several jovial fellows with whom he used to discuss a flask of champagne and a Rhenish trout or two after play, 'see this amiable youth! He has been troubled by religious scruples, and has flown for refuge to my chaplain, Mr. Runt, who has asked for advice from my wife, Lady Lyndon; and, between them both, they are confirming my ingenious young friend in his faith. Did you ever hear of such doctors and such a disciple?'

'Faith, sir,' said I, 'if I want to learn good principles it's surely better I should apply for them to your lady and your chaplain than to you!'

'He wants to step into my shoes!' continued the knight.

'The man would be happy who did so,' responded I, 'provided there were no chalk-stones included!' at which reply Sir Charles was not very well pleased, and went on with increased rancour. He was always free-spoken in his cups, and, to say the truth, he was in his cups many more times in a week than his doctors allowed.

'Is it not a pleasure, gentlemen,' said he, 'for me, as I am drawing near the goal, to find my home such a happy one—my wife so fond of me, that she is even now thinking of appointing a successor? (I don't mean you precisely, Mr. Barry; you are only taking your chance with a score of others whom I could mention.) Isn't it a comfort to see her, like a prudent housewife, getting everything ready for her husband's departure?'

‘I hope you are not thinking of leaving us soon, Knight?’ said I, with perfect sincerity, for I liked him as a most amusing companion.

‘Not so soon, my dear, as you may fancy, perhaps,’ continued he. ‘Why, man, I have been given over any time these four years, and there was always a candidate or two waiting to apply for the situation. Who knows how long I may keep you waiting?’ and he *did* keep me waiting some little time longer than at that period there was any reason to suspect.

As I declared myself pretty openly, according to my usual way, and authors are accustomed to describe the persons of the ladies with whom their heroes fall in love; in compliance with this fashion, I perhaps should say a word or two respecting the charms of my Lady Lyndon. But though I celebrated them in many copies of verses of my own and other persons’ writing, and though I filled reams of paper in the passionate style of those days with compliments to every one of her beauties and smiles, in which I compared her to every flower, goddess, or famous heroine ever heard of; truth compels me to say, that there was nothing divine about her at all. She was very well, but no more. Her shape was fine, her hair dark, her eyes good, and exceedingly active; she loved singing, but performed it as so great a lady should, very much out of tune. She had a smattering of half a dozen modern languages, and, as I have said before, of many more sciences than I even knew the name of. She piqued herself on knowing Greek and Latin, but the truth is that Mr. Runt used to supply her with the quotations which she introduced into her voluminous correspondence. She had as much love of admiration, as strong, uneasy a vanity, and as little heart as any woman I ever knew. Otherwise, when her son, Lord Bullingdon, on account of his differences with me, ran—but that matter shall be told in its proper time. Finally, my Lady Lyndon was about a year older than myself, though, of course, she would take her Bible oath that she was three years younger.

Few men are so honest as I am, for few will own to their real motives, and I don’t care a button about confessing mine. What Sir Charles Lyndon said was perfectly true. I made the acquaintance with Lady Lyndon with ulterior views. ‘Sir,’ said I to him, when after the scene described

and the jokes he made upon me, we met alone, 'let those laugh that win. You were very pleasant upon me a few nights since, and on my intentions regarding your lady. Well, if they *are* what you think they are,—if I *do* wish to step into your shoes, what then? I have no other intentions than you had yourself. I'll be sworn to muster just as much regard for my Lady Lyndon as you ever showed her; and if I win her and wear her when you're dead and gone, *corbleu*, Knight, do you think it will be the fear of your ghost will deter me?'

Lyndon laughed as usual, but somewhat disconcertedly; indeed, I had clearly the best of him in the argument, and had just as much right to hunt my fortune as he had.

But one day, he said, 'If you marry such a woman as my Lady Lyndon, mark my words, you will regret it. You will pine after the liberty you once enjoyed. By George! Captain Barry,' he added with a sigh, 'the thing that I regret most in life, perhaps it is because I am old, *blasé*, and dying, is that I never had a virtuous attachment.'

'Ha, ha! a milkmaid's daughter!' said I, laughing at the absurdity.

'Well, why not a milkmaid's daughter? My good fellow, I *was* in love in youth, as most gentlemen are, with my tutor's daughter, Helena, a bouncing girl, of course older than myself' (this made me remember my own little love passages with Nora Brady, in the days of my early life), 'and do you know, sir, I heartily regret I didn't marry her? There's nothing like having a virtuous drudge at home, sir, depend upon that. It gives a zest to one's enjoyments in the world, take my word for it. No man of sense need restrict himself, or deny himself a single amusement for his wife's sake; on the contrary, if he select the animal properly, he will choose such a one as shall be no bar to his pleasure, but a comfort in his hours of annoyance. For instance, I have got the gout: who tends me? A hired valet, who robs me whenever he has the power. My wife never comes near me. What friend have I? None in the wide world. Men of the world, as you and I are, don't make friends, and we are fools for our pains. Get a friend, sir, and that friend a woman—a good household drudge, who loves you. *That* is the most precious sort of friendship, for the expense of it is all on the woman's side. The *man* needn't contribute anything. If he's a rogue, she'll vow

he's an angel; if he is a brute, she will like him all the better for his ill-treatment of her. They like it, sir, these women. They are born to be our greatest comforts and conveniences; our—our moral bootjacks, as it were; and, to men in your way of life, believe me such a person would be invaluable. I'm only speaking for your bodily and mental comfort's sake, mind. Why didn't I marry poor Helena Flower, the curate's daughter?'

I thought these speeches the remarks of a weakly, disappointed man, although since, perhaps, I have had reason to find the truth of Sir Charles Lyndon's statements. The fact is, in my opinion, that we often buy money very much too dear. To purchase a few thousands a year at the expense of an odious wife, is very bad economy for a young fellow of any talent and spirit; and there have been moments of my life when, in the midst of my greatest splendour and opulence, with half a dozen lords at my levee, with the finest horses in my stables, the grandest house over my head, with unlimited credit at my banker's, and—Lady Lyndon to boot, I have wished myself back a private of Bülow's or anything so as to get rid of her. To return, however, to the story. Sir Charles, with his complication of ills, was dying before us by inches; and I've no doubt it could not have been very pleasant to him to see a young handsome fellow paying court to his widow before his own face, as it were. After I once got into the house on the transubstantiation dispute, I found a dozen more occasions to improve my intimacy, and was scarcely ever out of her ladyship's doors. The world talked and blustered, but what cared I? The men cried fie upon the shameless Irish adventurer, but I have told my way of silencing such envious people; and my sword had by this time got such a reputation through Europe that few people cared to encounter it. If I can once get my hold of a place, I keep it. Many's the house I have been to where I have seen the men avoid me. 'Faugh! the low Irishman,' they would say. 'Bah! the coarse adventurer!' 'Out on the insufferable blackleg and puppy!' and so forth. This hatred has been of no inconsiderable service to me in the world; for when I fasten on a man, nothing can induce me to release my hold: and I am left to myself, which is all the better. As I told Lady Lyndon in those days with perfect sincerity, 'Calista' (I used to call her Calista

in my correspondence)—‘ Calista, I swear to thee, by the spotlessness of thy own soul, by the brilliancy of thy immitigable eyes, by everything pure and chaste in heaven and in thy own heart, that I will never cease from following thee ! Scorn I can bear, and have borne at thy hands. Indifference I can surmount ; ’tis a rock which my energy will climb over, a magnet which attracts the dauntless iron of my soul ! ’ and it was true, I wouldn’t have left her—no, though they had kicked me downstairs every day I presented myself at her door.

That is my way of fascinating women. Let the man who has to make his fortune in life remember this maxim. *Attacking* is his only secret. Dare, and the world always yields ; or, if it beat you sometimes, dare again, and it will succumb. In those days my spirit was so great that if I had set my heart upon marrying a princess of the blood, I would have had her !

I told Calista my story, and altered very, very little of the truth. My object was to frighten her, to show her that what I wanted that I dared, that what I dared that I won ; and there were striking passages enough in my history to convince her of my iron will and indomitable courage. ‘ Never hope to escape me, madam, ’ I would say : ‘ offer to marry another man, and he dies upon this sword, which never yet met its master. Fly from me, and I will follow you, though it were to the gates of Hades. ’ I promise you this was very different language to that she had been in the habit of hearing from her Jemmy-Jessamy adorers. You should have seen how I scared the fellows from her !

When I said in this energetic way that I would follow Lady Lyndon across the Styx if necessary, of course I meant that I would do so provided nothing more suitable presented itself in the interim. If Lyndon would not die, where was the use of my pursuing the countess ? And somehow, towards the end of the Spa season, very much to my mortification I do confess, the knight made another rally : it seemed as if nothing would kill him. ‘ I am sorry for you, Captain Barry, ’ he would say, laughing as usual. ‘ I’m grieved to keep you, or any gentleman, waiting. Had you not better arrange with my doctor, or get the cook to flavour my omelet with arsenic ? What are the odds, gentlemen, ’ he would add, ‘ that I don’t live to see Captain Barry hanged yet ? ’

In fact the doctors tinkered him up for a year. 'It's my usual luck,' I could not help saying to my uncle, who was my confidential and most excellent adviser in all matters of the heart; 'I've been wasting the treasures of my affections upon that flirt of a countess, and here's her husband restored to health and likely to live I don't know how many years!' And as if to add to my mortification, there came just at this period to Spa, an English tallow-chandler's heiress, with a plum to her fortune, and Madame Cornu, the widow of a Norman cattle-dealer and farmer-general, with a dropsy and two hundred thousand livres a year.

'What's the use of my following the Lyndons to England,' says I, 'if the knight won't die?'

'Don't follow them, my dear simple child,' replied my uncle. 'Stop here and pay court to the new arrivals.'

'Yes, and lose Calista for ever, and the greatest estate in all England.'

'Pooh, pooh! youths like you easily fire and easily despond. Keep up a correspondence with Lady Lyndon. You know there's nothing she likes so much. There's the Irish abbé, who will write you the most charming letters for a crown apiece. Let her go, write to her, and meanwhile look out for anything else which may turn up. Who knows? you might marry the Norman widow, bury her, take her money, and be ready for the countess against the knight's death.'

And so with vows of the most profound respectful attachment, and having given twenty louis to Lady Lyndon's waiting-woman for a lock of her hair (of which fact, of course, the woman informed her mistress), I took leave of the countess when it became necessary for her return to her estates in England, swearing I would follow her as soon as an affair of honour I had in my hands could be brought to an end.

I shall pass over the events of the year that ensued before I again saw her. She wrote to me according to promise, with much regularity at first, with somewhat less frequency afterwards. My affairs, meanwhile, at the play-table went on not unprosperously, and I was just on the point of marrying the widow Cornu (we were at Brussels by this time, and the poor soul was madly in love with me) when the

London Gazette was put into my hands, and I read the following announcement :—

Died at Castle Lyndon, in the kingdom of Ireland, the Right Honourable Sir Charles Lyndon, Knight of the Bath, Member of Parliament for Lyndon in Devonshire, and many years his Majesty's representative at various European courts. He hath left behind him a name which is endeared to all his friends for his manifold virtues and talents, a reputation justly acquired in the service of his Majesty, and an inconsolable widow to deplore his loss. Her ladyship, the bereaved Countess of Lyndon, was at the Bath when the horrid intelligence reached her of her husband's demise, and hastened to Ireland immediately in order to pay her last sad duties to his beloved remains.

That very night I ordered my chariot and posted to Ostend, whence I freighted a vessel to Dover, and travelling rapidly into the West, reached Bristol, from which port I embarked for Waterford, and found myself, after an absence of eleven years, in my native country.

CHAPTER XIV

I RETURN TO IRELAND, AND EXHIBIT MY SPLENDOUR AND GENEROSITY IN THAT KINGDOM

How were times changed with me now ! I had left my country a poor penniless boy—a private soldier in a miserable marching regiment. I returned an accomplished man, with property to the amount of five thousand guineas in my possession, with a splendid wardrobe and jewel-case worth two thousand more, having mingled in all the scenes of life a not undistinguished actor in them, having shared in war and in love, having by my own genius and energy won my way from poverty and obscurity to competence and splendour. As I looked out from my chariot windows as it rolled along over the bleak, bare roads, by the miserable cabins of the peasantry, who came out in their rags to stare as the splendid equipage passed, and huzzaed for his lordship's honour as they saw the magnificent stranger in the superb gilded vehicle, my huge body-servant Fritz lolling behind with curling moustaches and long queue, his green livery barred with silver lace, I could not help thinking of myself with

considerable complacency, and thanking my stars that had endowed me with so many good qualities. But for my own merits I should have been a raw Irish squireen, such as those I saw swaggering about the wretched towns through which my chariot passed on its road to Dublin. I might have married Nora Brady (and though, thank Heaven, I did not, I have never thought of that girl but with kindness, and even remember the bitterness of losing her more clearly at this moment than any other incident of my life), I might have been the father of ten children by this time, or a farmer on my own account, or an agent to a squire, or a gauger, or an attorney, and here I was one of the most famous gentlemen of Europe! I bade my fellow get a bag of copper money and throw it among the crowd as we changed horses, and I warrant me there was as much shouting set up in praise of my honour as if my Lord Townsend, the Lord Lieutenant himself, had been passing.

My second day's journey, for the Irish roads were rough in those days, and the progress of a gentleman's chariot terribly slow, brought me to Carlow, where I put up at the very inn which I had used eleven years back when flying from home after the supposed murder of Quin in the duel. How well I remember every moment of the scene! The old landlord was gone who had served me; the inn that I then thought so comfortable looked wretched and dismantled, but the claret was as good as in the old days, and I had the host to partake of a jug of it and hear the news of the country.

He was as communicative as hosts usually are; the crops and the markets, the price of beasts at last Castle-dermot fair, the last story about the vicar, and the last joke of Father Hogan the priest; how the Whiteboys had burned Squire Scanlan's ricks, and the highwaymen had been beaten off in their attack upon Sir Thomas's house; who was to hunt the Kilkenny hounds next season, and the wonderful run entirely they had last March; what troops were in the town, and how Miss Biddy Toole had run off with Ensign Mullins; all the news of sport, assize, and quarter-sessions were detailed by this worthy chronicler of small-beer, who wondered that my honour hadn't heard of them in England or in foreign parts, where he seemed to think the world was as interested as he was about the doings of Kilkenny and Carlow. I listened to these tales

with, I own, a considerable pleasure, for every now and then a name would come up in the conversation which I remembered in old days, and bring with it a hundred associations connected with them.

I had received many letters from my mother, which informed me of the doings of the Brady's Town family. My uncle was dead, and Mick, his eldest son, had followed him too to the grave. The Brady girls had separated from their paternal roof as soon as their elder brother came to rule over it. Some were married, some gone to settle with their odious old mother in out-of-the-way watering-places. Ulick, though he had succeeded to the estate, had come in for a bankrupt property, and Castle Brady was now inhabited only by the bats and owls and the old game-keeper. My mother, Mrs. Harry Barry, had gone to live at Bray, to sit under Mr. Jowls, her favourite preacher, who had a chapel there; and, finally, the landlord told me that Mrs. Barry's son had gone to foreign parts, enlisted in the Prussian service, and had been shot there as a deserter.

I don't care to own that I hired a stout nag from the landlord's stable after dinner, and rode back at nightfall, twenty miles to my old home. My heart beat to see it. Barryville had got a pestle and mortar over the door, and was called 'The Esculapian Repository,' by Doctor Macshane; a red-headed lad was spreading a plaster in the old parlour; the little window of my room, once so neat and bright, was cracked in many places, and stuffed with rags here and there; the flowers had disappeared from the trim garden-beds which my good orderly mother tended. In the churchyard there were two more names put into the stone over the family vault of the Bradys; they were those of my cousin, for whom my regard was small, and my uncle, whom I had always loved. I asked my old companion the blacksmith, who had beaten me so often in old days, to give my horse a feed and a litter: he was a worn, weary-looking man now, with a dozen dirty, ragged children paddling about his smithy, and had no recollection of the fine gentleman who stood before him. I did not seek to recall myself to his memory till the next day, when I put ten guineas into his hand, and bade him drink the health of English Redmond.

As for Castle Brady, the gates of the park were still there, but the old trees were cut down in the avenue,

a black stump jutting out here and there, and casting long shadows as I passed in the moonlight over the worn, grass-grown old road. A few cows were at pasture there. The garden-gate was gone, and the place a tangled wilderness. I sat down on the old bench, where I had sat on the day when Nora jilted me ; and I do believe my feelings were as strong then as they had been when I was a boy, eleven years before ; and I caught myself almost crying again, to think that Nora Brady had deserted me. I believe a man forgets nothing. I've seen a flower, or heard some trivial word or two, which have awakened recollections that somehow had lain dormant for scores of years ; and when I entered the house in Clarges Street where I was born (it was used as a gambling-house when I first visited London), all of a sudden the memory of my childhood came back to me—of my actual infancy ; I recollected my father in green and gold, holding me up to look at a gilt coach which stood at the door, and my mother in a flowered sack, with patches on her face. Some day, I wonder, will everything we have seen and thought and done come and flash across our minds in this way ? I had rather not. I felt so as I sat upon the bench at Castle Brady, and thought of the bygone times.

The hall-door was open—it was always so at that house ; the moon was flaring in at the long old windows, and throwing ghastly chequers upon the floors ; and the stars were looking in on the other side, in the blue of the yawning window over the great stair ; from it you could see the old stable-clock, with the letters glistening on it still. There had been jolly horses in those stables once ; and I could see my uncle's honest face, and hear him talking to his dogs as they came jumping and whining and barking round about him of a gay winter morning. We used to mount there ; and the girls looked out at us from the hall-window, where I stood and looked at the sad, mouldy, lonely old place. There was a red light shining through the crevices of a door at one corner of the building, and a dog presently came out baying loudly, and a limping man followed with a fowling-piece.

'Who's there ?' said the old man.

'PHIL PURCELL, don't you know me ?' shouted I ; 'it's Redmond Barry.'

I thought the old man would have fired his piece at me

at first, for he pointed it at the window ; but I called to him to hold his hand, and came down and embraced him. . . . Psha ! I don't care to tell the rest : Phil and I had a long night, and talked over a thousand foolish old things that have no interest for any soul alive now ; for what soul is there alive that cares for Barry Lyndon ?

I settled a hundred guineas on the old man when I got to Dublin, and made him an annuity which enabled him to pass his old days in comfort.

Poor Phil Purcell was amusing himself at a game of exceedingly dirty cards with an old acquaintance of mine, no other than Tim, who was called my ' valet ' in the days of yore, and whom the reader may remember as clad in my father's old liveries. They used to hang about him in those times, and lap over his wrists and down to his heels ; but Tim, though he protested he had nigh killed himself with grief when I went away, had managed to grow enormously fat in my absence, and would have fitted almost into Daniel Lambert's coat, or that of the vicar of Castle Brady, whom he served in the capacity of clerk. I would have engaged the fellow in my service but for his monstrous size, which rendered him quite unfit to be the attendant of any gentleman of condition ; and so I presented him with a handsome gratuity, and promised to stand godfather to his next child, the eleventh since my absence. There is no country in the world where the work of multiplying is carried on so prosperously as in my native island. Mr. Tim had married the girls' waiting-maid, who had been a kind friend of mine in the early times ; and I had to go salute poor Molly next day, and found her a slatternly wench in a mud hut, surrounded by a brood of children almost as ragged as those of my friend the blacksmith.

From Tim and Phil Purcell, thus met fortuitously together, I got the very last news respecting my family. My mother was well.

' Faith, sir,' says Tim, ' and you're come in time mayhap from preventing an addition to your family.'

' Sir ! ' exclaimed I, in a fit of indignation.

' In the shape of father-in-law, I *mane*, sir,' says Tim : ' the mistress is going to take on with Mister Jowls the *praacher*.'

Poor Nora, he added, had made many additions to the illustrious race of Quin ; and my cousin Ulick was in Dublin,

coming to little good, both my informants feared, and having managed to run through the small available remains of property which my good old uncle had left behind him.

I saw I should have no small family to provide for ; and then, to conclude the evening, Phil, Tim, and I had a bottle of usquebaugh, the taste of which I had remembered for eleven good years, and did not part except with the warmest terms of fellowship, and until the sun had been some time in the sky. I am exceedingly affable : that has always been one of my characteristics. I have no false pride, as many men of high lineage like my own have, and, in default of better company, will hob and nob with a ploughboy or a private soldier just as readily as with the first noble in the land.

I went back to the village in the morning, and found a pretext for visiting Barryville under a device of purchasing drugs. The hooks were still in the wall where my silver-hilted sword used to hang ; a blister was lying on the window-sill, where my mother's *Whole Duty of Man* had its place ; and the odious Doctor Macshane had found out who I was (my countrymen find out everything, and a great deal more besides), and sniggering, asked me how I left the King of Prussia, and whether my friend the Emperor Joseph was as much liked as the Empress Maria Theresa had been. The bell-ringers would have had a ring of bells for me, but there was but one, Tim, who was too fat to pull, and I rode off before the vicar, Doctor Bolter (who had succeeded old Mr. Texter, who had the living in my time), had time to come out to compliment me ; but the rapsallions of the beggarly village had assembled in a dirty army to welcome me, and cheered ' Hurrah for Masther Redmond ! ' as I rode away.

My people were not a little anxious regarding me by the time I returned to Carlow, and the landlord was very much afraid, he said, that the highwaymen had gotten hold of me. There, too, my name and station had been learned from my servant Fritz, who had not spared his praises of his master, and had invented some magnificent histories concerning me. He said it was the truth that I was intimate with half the sovereigns of Europe, and the prime favourite with most of them. Indeed I had made my uncle's Order of the Spur hereditary, and travelled under

the name of the Chevalier Barry, chamberlain to the Duke of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

They gave me the best horses the stable possessed to carry me on my road to Dublin, and the strongest ropes for harness ; and we got on pretty well, and there was no rencontre between the highwaymen and the pistols with which Fritz and I were provided. We lay that night at Kilcullen, and the next day I made my entry into the city of Dublin, with four horses to my carriage, five thousand guineas in my purse, and one of the most brilliant reputations in Europe, having quitted the city a beggarly boy, eleven years before.

The citizens of Dublin have as great and laudable a desire for knowing their neighbours' concerns as the country people have ; and it is impossible for a gentleman, however modest his desires may be (and such mine have notoriously been through life), to enter the capital without having his name printed in every newspaper in town and mentioned in a number of societies. My name and titles were all over the town the day after my arrival. A great number of polite persons did me the honour to call at my lodgings, when I selected them ; and this was a point very necessary of immediate care, for the hotels in the town were but vulgar holes, unfit for a nobleman of my fashion and elegance. I had been informed of the fact by travellers on the Continent ; and determining to fix on a lodging at once, I bade the drivers go slowly up and down the streets with my chariot, until I had selected a place suitable to my rank. This proceeding, and the uncouth questions and behaviour of my German Fritz, who was instructed to make inquiries at the different houses until convenient apartments could be lighted upon, brought an immense mob round my coach ; and by the time the rooms were chosen you might have supposed I was the new general of the forces, so great was the multitude following us.

I fixed at length upon a handsome suite of apartments in Capel Street, paid the ragged postilions who had driven me a splendid gratuity, and establishing myself in the rooms with my baggage and Fritz, desired the landlord to engage me a second fellow to wear my liveries, a couple of stout reputable chairmen and their machine, and a coachman who had handsome job-horses to hire for my chariot, and serviceable riding horses to sell. I gave him

a handsome sum in advance ; and I promise you the effect of my advertisement was such that next day I had a regular levee in my antechamber ; grooms, valets, and maîtres d'hôtel offered themselves without number ; I had proposals for the purchase of horses sufficient to mount a regiment, both from dealers and gentlemen of the first fashion. Sir Lawler Gawler came to propose to me the most elegant bay mare ever stepped ; my Lord Dundoodle had a team of four that wouldn't disgrace my friend the Emperor ; and the Marquis of Ballyragget sent his gentleman and his compliments, stating that if I would step up to his stables, or do him the honour of breakfasting with him previously, he would show me the two finest greys in Europe. I determined to accept the invitations of Dundoodle and Ballyragget, but to purchase my horses from the dealers. It is always the best way. Besides, in those days, in Ireland, if a gentleman warranted his horse, and it was not sound, or a dispute arose, the remedy you had was the offer of a bullet in your waistcoat. I had played at the bullet game too much in earnest to make use of it heedlessly : and I may say, proudly for myself, that I never engaged in a duel unless I had a real, available, and prudent reason for it.

There was a simplicity about this Irish gentry which amused and made me wonder. If they tell more fibs than their downright neighbours across the water, on the other hand they believe more ; and I made myself in a single week such a reputation in Dublin as would take a man ten years and a mint of money to acquire in London. I had won five hundred thousand pounds at play ; I was the favourite of the Empress Catherine of Russia ; the confidential agent of Frederick of Prussia ; it was I won the battle of Hochkirchen ; I was the cousin of Madame du Barry, the French king's favourite, and a thousand things beside. Indeed, to tell the truth, I hinted a number of these stories to my kind friends Ballyragget and Gawler, when they were not slow to improve the hints I gave them.

After having witnessed the splendours of civilized life abroad, the sight of Dublin in the year 1771, when I returned thither, struck me with anything but respect. It was as savage as Warsaw almost, without the regal grandeur of the latter city. The people looked more ragged than any race I have ever seen, except the gipsy hordes along

the banks of the Danube. There was, as I have said, not an inn in the town fit for a gentleman of condition to dwell in. Those luckless fellows who could not keep carriage, and walked the streets at night, ran imminent risks of the knives of the women and ruffians who lay in wait there,—of a set of ragged, savage villains who neither knew the use of shoe nor razor; and as a gentleman entered his chair or his chariot, to be carried to his evening rout, or the play, the flambeaux of the footmen would light up such a set of wild, gibbering, Milesian faces as would frighten a genteel person of average nerves. I was luckily endowed with strong ones; besides, had seen my amiable countrymen before.

I know this description of them will excite anger among some Irish patriots, who don't like to have the nakedness of our land abused, and are angry if the whole truth be told concerning it. But, bah! it was a poor provincial place, Dublin, in the old days of which I speak, and many a tenth-rate German residence is more genteel. There were, it is true, near three hundred resident peers at the period; and a House of Commons; and my Lord Mayor and his corporation; and a roystering, noisy university, whereof the students made no small disturbances nightly, patronized the roundhouse, ducked obnoxious printers and tradesmen, and gave the law at the Crow Street Theatre. But I had seen too much of the first society of Europe to be much tempted by the society of these noisy gentry, and was a little too much of a gentleman to mingle with the disputes and politics of my Lord Mayor and his aldermen. In the House of Commons there were some dozen of right pleasant fellows. I never heard in the English Parliament better speeches than from Flood and Daly, of Galway. Dick Sheridan, though not a well-bred person, was as amusing and ingenious a table-companion as ever I met; and, though during Mr. Edmund Burke's interminable speeches in the English House I used always to go to sleep, I yet have heard from well-informed parties that Mr. Burke was a person of considerable abilities, and even reputed to be eloquent in his more favourable moments.

I soon began to enjoy to the full extent the pleasures that the wretched place affords, and which were within a gentleman's reach: Ranelagh and the ridotto; Mr. Mossop, at Crow Street; my Lord Lieutenant's parties, where there

was a great deal too much boozing, and too little play, to suit a person of my elegant and refined habits ; Daly's Coffee-house, and the houses of the nobility, were soon open to me ; and I remarked with astonishment in the higher circles, what I had experienced in the lower on my first unhappy visit to Dublin, an extraordinary want of money, and a preposterous deal of promissory notes flying about, for which I was quite unwilling to stake my guineas. The ladies, too, were mad for play, but exceeding unwilling to pay when they lost. Thus, when the old Countess of Trumpington lost ten pieces to me at quadrille, she gave me, instead of the money, her ladyship's note of hand on her agent in Galway ; which I put, with a great deal of politeness, into the candle. But when the Countess made me a second proposition to play, I said, that as soon as her ladyship's remittances were arrived, I would be the readiest person to meet her ; but till then was her very humble servant. And I maintained this resolution and singular character throughout the Dublin society : giving out at Daly's that I was ready to play any man, for any sum, at any game ; or to fence with him, or to ride with him (regard being had to our weight), or to shoot flying, or at a mark ; and in this latter accomplishment, especially if the mark be a live one, Irish gentlemen of that day had no ordinary skill.

Of course, I dispatched a courier in my liveries to Castle Lyndon with a private letter for Runt, demanding from him full particulars of the Countess of Lyndon's state of health and mind ; and a touching and eloquent letter to her ladyship, in which I bade her remember ancient days, which I tied up with a single hair from the lock which I had purchased from her woman, and in which I told her that Sylvander remembered his oath, and could never forget his Calista. The answer I received from her was exceedingly unsatisfactory and inexplicit ; that from Mr. Runt explicit enough, but not at all pleasant in its contents. My Lord George Poynings, the Marquess of Tiptoff's younger son, was paying very marked addresses to the widow, being a kinsman of the family, and having been called to Ireland relative to the will of the deceased Sir Charles Lyndon.

Now, there was a sort of rough-and-ready law in Ireland in those days which was of great convenience to persons

desirous of expeditious justice, and of which the newspapers of the time contain a hundred proofs. Fellows with the nicknames of Captain Fireball, Lieutenant Buffcoat, and Ensign Steele were repeatedly sending warning letters to landlords, and murdering them if the notes were unattended to. The celebrated Captain Thunder ruled in the southern counties, and his business seemed to be to procure wives for gentlemen who had not sufficient means to please the parents of the young ladies, or, perhaps, had not time for a long and intricate courtship.

I had found my cousin Ulick at Dublin, grown very fat, and very poor; hunted up by Jews and creditors; dwelling in all sorts of queer corners, from which he issued at night-fall to the Castle, or to his card-party at his tavern; but he was always the courageous fellow: and I hinted to him the state of my affections regarding Lady Lyndon.

‘The Countess of Lyndon!’ said poor Ulick; ‘well, that is a wonder. I myself have been mightily sweet upon a young lady, one of the Kiljoys of Ballyhack, who has ten thousand pounds to her fortune, and to whom her ladyship is guardian; but how is a poor fellow without a coat to his back to get on with an heiress in such company as that? I might as well propose for the Countess myself.’

‘You had better not,’ said I, laughing; ‘the man who tries runs a chance of going out of the world first.’ And I explained to him my own intention regarding Lady Lyndon; and honest Ulick, whose respect for me was prodigious when he saw how splendid my appearance was, and heard how wonderful my adventures and great my experience of fashionable life had been, was lost in admiration of my daring and energy, when I confided to him my intention of marrying the greatest heiress in England.

I bade Ulick go out of town on any pretext he chose, and put a letter into a post-office near Castle Lyndon, which I prepared in a feigned hand, and in which I gave a solemn warning to Lord George Poynings to quit the country, saying that the great prize was never meant for the likes of him; and that there were heiresses enough in England, without coming to rob them out of the domains of Captain Fireball. The letter was written on a dirty piece of paper, in the worst of spelling; it came to my lord

by the post-conveyance, and, being a high-spirited young man, he, of course, laughed at it.

As ill luck would have it for him, he appeared in Dublin a very short time afterwards; was introduced to the Chevalier Redmond Barry, at the Lord Lieutenant's table; adjourned with him and several other gentlemen to the club at Daly's, and there, in a dispute about the pedigree of a horse, in which everybody said I was in the right, words arose, and a meeting was the consequence. I had had no affair in Dublin since my arrival, and people were anxious to see whether I was equal to my reputation. I make no boast about these matters, but always do them when the time comes; and poor Lord George, who had a neat hand and a quick eye enough, but was bred in the clumsy English school, only stood before my point until I had determined where I should hit him.

My sword went in under his guard, and came out at his back. When he fell, he good-naturedly extended his hand to me, and said, '*Mr. Barry, I was wrong!*' I felt not very well at ease when the poor fellow made this confession, for the dispute had been of my making, and, to tell the truth, I had never intended it should end in any other way than a meeting.

He lay on his bed for four months with the effects of that wound; and the same post which conveyed to Lady Lyndon the news of the duel, carried her a message from Captain Fireball to say, '*This is NUMBER ONE!*'

'You, Ulick,' said I, 'shall be *number two*.'

'Faith,' said my cousin, 'one's enough!' but I had my plan regarding him, and determined at once to benefit this honest fellow, and to forward my own designs upon the widow.

CHAPTER XV

I PAY COURT TO MY LADY LYNDON

As my uncle's attainder was not reversed for being out with the Pretender, in 1745, it would have been inconvenient for him to accompany his nephew to the land of our ancestors, where, if not hanging, at least a tedious process of imprisonment, and a doubtful pardon, would have awaited the good old gentleman. In any important crisis of my life, his advice was always of importance to me, and I did not fail to seek it at this juncture, and to implore his counsel as regarded my pursuit of the widow ; I told him the situation of her heart, as I have described it in the last chapter, of the progress that young Poynings had made in her affections, and of her forgetfulness of her old admirer, and I got a letter, in reply, full of excellent suggestions, by which I did not fail to profit.

The kind chevalier prefaced it by saying that he was for the present boarding in the Minorite convent at Brussels, that he had thoughts of making his *salut* there, and retiring for ever from the world, devoting himself to the severest practices of religion. Meanwhile he wrote with regard to the lovely widow. It was natural that a person of her vast wealth and not disagreeable person should have many adorers about her ; and that, as in her husband's lifetime, she had shown herself not at all disinclined to receive my addresses, I must make no manner of doubt I was not the first person whom she had so favoured, nor was I likely to be the last.

'I would, my dear child,' he added, 'that the ugly attainder round my neck, and the resolution I have formed of retiring from a world of sin and vanity altogether, did not prevent me from coming personally to your aid in this delicate crisis of your affairs ; for, to lead them to a good end, it requires not only the indomitable courage, swagger, and audacity, which you possess beyond any young man I have ever known' (as for the 'swagger,' as the chevalier calls it, I deny it *in toto*, being always most modest in my demeanour), 'but though you have the vigour to execute,

you have not the ingenuity to suggest plans of conduct for the following out of a scheme that is likely to be long and difficult of execution. Would you have ever thought of the brilliant scheme of the Countess Ida, which so nearly made you the greatest fortune in Europe, but for the advice and experience of a poor old man, now making up his accounts with the world, and about to retire from it for good and all ?

‘ Well, with regard to the Countess of Lyndon, your manner of winning her is quite *en l’air* at present to me, nor can I advise day by day as I would I could, according to circumstances as they arise. But your general scheme should be this. If I remember the letters you used to have from her during the period of the correspondence which the silly woman entertained you with, much high-flown sentiment passed between you, and especially was written by her ladyship herself ; she is a blue-stocking, and fond of writing ; she used to make her griefs with her husband the continual theme of her correspondence (as women will do). I recollect several passages in her letters bitterly deploring her fate in being united to one so unworthy of her.

‘ Surely, in the mass of billets you possess from her, there must be enough to compromise her. Look them well over, select passages, and threaten to do so. Write to her at first in the undoubting tone of a lover who has every claim upon her. Then, if she is silent, remonstrate, alluding to former promises from her, producing proofs of her former regard for you, vowing despair, destruction, revenge, if she prove unfaithful. Frighten her—astonish her by some daring feat, which will let her see your indomitable resolution ; you are the man to do it. Your sword has a reputation in Europe, and you have a character for boldness, which was the first thing that caused my Lady Lyndon to turn her eyes upon you. Make the people talk about you at Dublin. Be as splendid, and as brave, and as odd as possible. How I wish I were near you ! You have no imagination to invent such a character as I would make for you—but why speak ; have I not enough of the world and its vanities ? ’

There was much practical good sense in this advice, which I quote, unaccompanied with the lengthened description of his mortifications and devotions which my

uncle indulged in, finishing his letter, as usual, with earnest prayers for my conversion to the true faith. But he was constant to his form of worship ; and I, as a man of honour and principle, was resolute to mine, and have no doubt that the one, in this respect, will be as acceptable as the other.

Under these directions it was, then, I wrote to Lady Lyndon, to ask on my arrival when the most respectful of her admirers might be permitted to intrude upon her grief ? Then, as her ladyship was silent, I demanded, had she forgotten old times, and one whom she had favoured with her intimacy at a very happy period ? Had Calista forgotten Eugenio ? At the same time I sent down by my servant with this letter a present of a little sword for Lord Bullingdon, and a private note to his governor, whose note of hand, by the way, I possessed for a sum—I forget what—but such as the poor fellow would have been very unwilling to pay. To this an answer came from her ladyship's amanuensis, stating that Lady Lyndon was too much disturbed by grief at her recent dreadful calamity to see any one but her own relations ; and advices from my friend, the boy's governor, stating that my Lord George Poynings was the young kinsman who was about to console her.

This caused the quarrel between me and the young nobleman, whom I took care to challenge on his first arrival at Dublin.

When the news of the duel was brought to the widow at Castle Lyndon, my informant wrote me that Lady Lyndon shrieked and flung down the journal, and said, 'The horrible monster ! He would not shrink from murder, I believe' ; and little Lord Bullingdon, drawing his sword—the sword I had given him, the rascal !—declared he would kill with it the man who had hurt cousin George. On Mr. Runt telling him that I was the donor of the weapon, the little rogue still vowed that he would kill me all the same ! Indeed, in spite of my kindness to him, that boy always seemed to detest me.

Her ladyship sent up daily couriers to inquire after the health of Lord George ; and, thinking to myself that she would probably be induced to come to Dublin if she were to hear that he was in danger, I managed to have her informed that he was in a precarious state, that he grew

worse, that Redmond Barry had fled in consequence; of this flight I caused the *Mercury* newspaper to give notice also, but indeed it did not carry me beyond the town of Bray, where my poor mother dwelt, and where, under the difficulties of a duel, I might be sure of having a welcome.

Those readers who have the sentiment of filial duty strong in their mind will wonder that I have not yet described my interview with that kind mother whose sacrifices for me in youth had been so considerable, and for whom a man of my warm and affectionate nature could not but feel the most enduring and sincere regard.

But a man, moving in the exalted sphere of society in which I now stood, has his public duties to perform before he consults his private affections: and so upon my first arrival I dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Barry, stating my arrival, conveying to her my sentiments of respect and duty, and promising to pay them to her personally so soon as my business in Dublin would leave me free.

This, I need not say, was very considerable. I had my horses to buy, my establishment to arrange, my *entrée* into the genteel world to make; and, having announced my intention to purchase horses, and live in a genteel style, was in a couple of days so pestered by visits of the nobility and gentry, and so hampered by invitations to dinners and suppers, that it became exceedingly difficult for me during some days to manage my anxiously desired visit to Mrs. Barry.

It appears that the good soul provided an entertainment as soon as she heard of my arrival, and invited all her humble acquaintances of Bray to be present; but I was engaged subsequently to my Lord Ballyragget on the day appointed, and was, of course, obliged to break the promise that I had made to Mrs. Barry to attend her humble festival.

I endeavoured to sweeten the disappointment by sending my mother a handsome satin sack and velvet robe, which I purchased for her at the best mercer's in Dublin (and indeed told her I had brought from Paris expressly for her); but the messenger whom I dispatched with the presents brought back the parcels, with the piece of satin torn half way up the middle: and I did not need his descriptions to be aware that something had offended the good lady, who came out, he said, and abused him at the door, and would have boxed

his ears, but that she was restrained by a gentleman in black, who I concluded with justice was her clerical friend Mr. Jowls.

This reception of my presents made me rather dread than hope for an interview with Mrs. Barry, and delayed my visit to her for some days further. I wrote her a dutiful and soothing letter, to which there was no answer returned, although I mentioned that on my way to the capital I had been at Barryville, and revisited the old haunts of my youth.

I don't care to own that she is the only human being whom I am afraid to face. I can recollect her fits of anger as a child, and the reconciliations, which used to be still more violent and painful ; and so, instead of going myself, I sent my factotum, Ulick Brady, to her, who rode back, saying that he had met with a reception he would not again undergo for twenty guineas ; that he had been dismissed the house, with strict injunctions to inform me that my mother disowned me for ever. This parental anathema, as it were, affected me much, for I was always the most dutiful of sons, and I determined to go as soon as possible, and brave what I knew must be an inevitable scene of reproach and anger, for the sake, as I hoped, of as certain a reconciliation.

I had been giving one night an entertainment to some of the genteel company in Dublin, and was showing my Lord Marquis downstairs with a pair of wax tapers, when I found a woman in a grey coat seated at my doorsteps, to whom, taking her for a beggar, I tendered a piece of money, and whom my noble friends, who were rather hot with wine, began to joke as my door closed, and I bade them all good night.

I was rather surprised and affected to find afterwards that the hooded woman was no other than my mother, whose pride had made her vow that she would not enter my doors, but whose natural maternal yearnings had made her long to see her son's face once again, and who had thus planted herself in disguise at my gate. Indeed, I have found in my experience that these are the only women who never deceive a man, and whose affection remains constant through all trials. Think of the hours that the kind soul must have passed, lonely in the street, listening to the din and merriment within my apartments, the clinking of the glasses, the laughing, the choruses, and the cheering.

When my affair with Lord George happened, and it became necessary to me, for the reasons I have stated, to be out of the way, now, thought I, is the time to make my peace with my good mother: she will never refuse me an asylum now that I seem in distress; and so sending to her a notice that I was coming, that I had had a duel which had brought me into trouble, and required I should go into hiding, I followed my messenger half an hour afterwards, and, I warrant me, there was no want of a good reception, for presently, being introduced into an empty room by the barefooted maid who waited upon Mrs. Barry, the door was opened, and the poor mother flung herself into my arms with a scream, and with transports of joy which I shall not attempt to describe—they are but to be comprehended by women who hold in their arms an only child after a twelve years' absence from him.

The Reverend Mr. Jowls, my mother's director, was the only person to whom the door of her habitation was opened during my sojourn, and he would take no denial. He mixed for himself a glass of rum-punch, which he seemed in the habit of drinking at my good mother's charge, groaned aloud, and forthwith began reading me a lecture upon the sinfulness of my past courses, and especially of the last horrible action I had been committing.

'Sinful,' said my mother, bristling up when her son was attacked, 'sure we're all sinners; and it's you, Mr. Jowls, who have given me the inexpressible blessing to let me know *that*. But how else would you have had the poor child behave?'

'I would have had the gentleman avoid the drink, and the quarrel, and this wicked duel altogether,' answered the clergyman.

But my mother cut him short, by saying such sort of conduct might be very well in a person of his cloth and his birth, but it neither became a Brady nor a Barry. In fact, she was quite delighted with the thought that I had pinked an English marquis's son in a duel; and so, to console her, I told her of a score more in which I had been engaged, and of some of which I have already informed the reader.

As my late antagonist was in no sort of danger when I spread that report of his perilous situation, there was no particular call that my hiding should be very close. But

the widow did not know the fact as well as I did ; and caused her house to be barricaded, and Becky, her barefooted serving-wench, to be a perpetual sentinel to give alarm, lest the officers should be in search of me.

The only person I expected, however, was my cousin, Ulick, who was to bring me the welcome intelligence of Lady Lyndon's arrival ; and I own, after two days' close confinement at Bray, in which I narrated all the adventures of my life to my mother, and succeeded in making her accept the dresses she had formerly refused, and a considerable addition to her income which I was glad to make, I was very glad when I saw that reprobate, Ulick Brady, as my mother called him, ride up to the door in my carriage with the welcome intelligence for my mother that the young lord was out of danger, and for me, that the Countess of Lyndon had arrived in Dublin.

'And I wish, Redmond, that the young gentleman had been in danger a little longer,' said the widow, her eyes filling with tears, 'and you'd have stayed so much the more with your poor old mother.' But I dried her tears, embracing her warmly, and promised to see her often, and hinted I would have mayhap a house of my own and a noble daughter to welcome her.

'Who is she, Redmond dear ?' said the old lady.

'One of the noblest and richest women in the empire, mother,' answered I. 'No more Brady, this time,' I added, laughing ; with which hopes I left Mrs. Barry in the best of tempers.

No man can bear less malice than I do ; and, when I have once carried my point, I am one of the most placable creatures in the world. I was a week in Dublin before I thought it necessary to quit that capital. I had become quite reconciled to my rival in that time ; made a point of calling at his lodgings, and speedily became an intimate consoler of his bedside. He had a gentleman to whom I did not neglect to be civil, and towards whom I ordered my people to be particular in their attentions, for I was naturally anxious to learn what my Lord George's position with the lady of Castle Lyndon had really been, whether other suitors were about the widow, and how she would bear the news of his wound.

The young nobleman himself enlightened me somewhat upon the subjects I was most desirous to inquire into.

‘Chevalier,’ said he to me, one morning when I went to pay him my compliments, ‘I find you are an old acquaintance with my kinswoman, the Countess of Lyndon. She writes me a page of abuse of you in a letter here; and the strange part of the story is this, that one day when there was talk about you at Castle Lyndon, and the splendid equipage you were exhibiting in Dublin, the fair widow vowed and protested she never had heard of you.

“Oh! yes, mamma,” said the little Bullingdon, “the tall dark man at Spa with the cast in his eye, who used to make my governor tipsy, and sent me the sword; his name is Mr. Barry.”

‘But my lady ordered the boy out of the room, and persisted in knowing nothing about you.’

‘And are you a kinsman and acquaintance of my Lady Lyndon, my lord?’ said I, in a tone of grave surprise.

‘Yes, indeed,’ answered the young gentleman. ‘I left her house but to get this ugly wound from you. And it came at a most unlucky time too.’

‘Why more unlucky now than at another moment?’

‘Why, look you, chevalier. I think the widow was not impartial to me. I think I might have induced her to make our connexion a little closer: and faith, though she is older than I am, she is the richest party now in England.’

‘My Lord George,’ said I, ‘will you let me ask you a frank but an odd question?—will you show me her letters?’

‘Indeed I’ll do no such thing,’ replied he, in a rage.

‘Nay, don’t be angry. If I show you letters of Lady Lyndon’s to me, will you let me see hers to you?’

‘What, in Heaven’s name, do you mean, Mr. Barry?’ said the young nobleman.

‘I mean that I passionately loved Lady Lyndon. I mean that I am a——that I rather was not indifferent to her. I mean that I love her to distraction at this present moment, and will die myself, or kill the man who possesses her before me.’

‘You marry the greatest heiress and the noblest blood in England?’ said Lord George, haughtily.

‘There’s no nobler blood in Europe than mine,’ answered I; ‘and I tell you, I don’t know whether to hope or not. But this I know, that there were days in which, poor as I am, the great heiress did not disdain to look down upon

my poverty ; and that any man who marries her passes over my dead body to do it. It's lucky for you,' I added, gloomily, 'that on the occasion of my engagement with you, I did not know what were your views regarding my Lady Lyndon. My poor boy, you are a lad of courage, and I love you. Mine is the first sword in Europe, and you would have been lying in a narrower bed than that you now occupy.'

'Boy !' said Lord George, 'I am not four years younger than you are.'

'You are forty years younger than I am in experience. I have passed through every grade of life. With my own skill and daring I have made my own fortune. I have been in fourteen pitched battles as a private soldier, and have been twenty-three times on the ground, and never was touched but once, and it was by the sword of a French *maitre d'armes*, whom I killed. I started in life at seventeen, a beggar, and am now at seven-and-twenty, with 20,000 guineas. Do you suppose a man of my courage and energy can't attain anything that he dares, and that, having claims upon the widow, I will not press them ?'

This speech was not exactly true to the letter (for I had multiplied my pitched battles, my duels, and my wealth somewhat) ; but I saw that it made the impression I desired to effect upon the young gentleman's mind, who listened to my statement with peculiar seriousness, and whom I presently left to digest it.

A couple of days afterwards I called to see him again, when I brought with me some of the letters that had passed between me and my Lady Lyndon. 'Here,' said I, 'look, I show it you in confidence, it is a lock of her ladyship's hair ; here are her letters signed Calista, and addressed to Eugenio. Here is a poem, "When Sol bedecks the Mead with Light, and pallid Cynthia sheds her ray," addressed, by her ladyship, to your humble servant.'

'Calista ! Eugenio ! Sol bedecks the mead with light,' cried the young lord. 'Am I dreaming ? Why, my dear Barry, the widow has sent me the very poem herself ! "Rejoicing in the sunshine bright, or musing in the evening grey."'

I could not help laughing as he made the quotation. They were, in fact, the very words *my* Calista had addressed to me. And we found, upon comparing letters, that whole

passages of eloquence figured in the one correspondence which appeared in the other. See what it is to be a blue-stocking and have a love of letter-writing !

The young man put down the papers in great perturbation.

‘ Well, thank Heaven ! ’ said he, after a pause of some duration,—‘ thank Heaven for a good riddance ! Ah, Mr. Barry, what a woman I *might* have married had these lucky papers not come in my way ! I thought my Lady Lyndon had a heart, sir, I must confess, though not a very warm one, and that, at least, one could *trust* her. But marry her now ! I would as lief send my servant into the street to get me a wife, as put up with such an Ephesian matron as that.’

‘ My Lord George,’ said I, ‘ you little know the world. Remember what a bad husband Lady Lyndon had, and don’t be astonished that she, on her side, should be indifferent. Nor has she, I will dare to wager, ever passed beyond the bounds of harmless gallantry, or sinned beyond the composing of a sonnet or a billet-doux.’

‘ My wife,’ said the little lord, ‘ shall write no sonnets or billets-doux, and I’m heartily glad to think I have obtained, in good time, a knowledge of the heartless vixen with whom I thought myself for a moment in love.’

The wounded young nobleman was either, as I have said, very young and green in matters of the world—for to suppose that a man would give up forty thousand a year because, forsooth, the lady connected with it had written a few sentimental letters to a young fellow, is too absurd ; or, as I am inclined to believe, he was glad of an excuse to quit the field altogether, being by no means anxious to meet the victorious sword of Redmond Barry a second time.

When the idea of Poynings’ danger, or the reproaches probably addressed by him to the widow regarding myself, had brought this exceedingly weak and feeble woman up to Dublin, as I expected, and my worthy Ulick had informed me of her arrival, I quitted my good mother, who was quite reconciled to me (indeed the duel had done that), and found the disconsolate Calista was in the habit of paying visits to the wounded swain, much to the annoyance, the servants told me, of that gentleman. The English are often absurdly high and haughty upon a point of punctilio ; and, after

his kinswoman's conduct, Lord Poynings swore he would have no more to do with her.

I had this information from his lordship's gentleman, with whom, as I have said, I took particular care to be friends; nor was I denied admission by his porter, when I chose to call, as before.

Her ladyship had most likely bribed that person as I had, for she had found her way up, though denied admission; and, in fact, I had watched her from her own house to Lord George Poynings' lodgings, and seen her descend from her chair there and enter, before I myself followed her. I proposed to await her quietly in the ante-room, to make a scene there, and reproach her with infidelity, if necessary; but matters were, as it happened, arranged much more conveniently for me, and walking, unannounced, into the outer room of his lordship's apartments, I had the felicity of hearing in the next chamber, of which the door was partially open, the voice of my Calista. She was in full cry, appealing to the poor patient, as he lay confined in his bed, and speaking in the most passionate manner. 'What can lead you, George,' she said, 'to doubt of my faith? How can you break my heart by casting me off in this monstrous manner? Do you wish to drive your poor Calista to the grave? Well, well, I shall join there the dear departed angel.'

'Who entered it three months since,' said Lord George, with a sneer. 'It's a wonder you have survived so long.'

'Don't treat your poor Calista in this cruel, cruel manner, Antonio!' cried the widow.

'Bah!' said Lord George, 'my wound is bad. My doctors forbid me much talk. Suppose your Antonio tired, my dear. Can't you console yourself with somebody else?'

'Heavens, Lord George! Antonio!'

'Console yourself with Eugenio,' said the young nobleman, bitterly, and began ringing his bell; on which his valet, who was in an inner room, came out, and he bade him show her ladyship downstairs.

Lady Lyndon issued from the room in the greatest flurry. She was dressed in deep weeds, with a veil over her face, and did not recognize the person waiting in the outer apartment. As she went down the stairs, I stepped lightly after her, and as her chairman opened her door, sprang forward, and took her hand to place her in the

vehicle. 'Dearest widow,' said I, 'his lordship spoke correctly. Console yourself with Eugenio!' She was too frightened even to scream, as her chairman carried her away. She was set down at her house, and you may be sure that I was at the chair-door, as before, to help her out.

'Monstrous man!' said she, 'I desire you to leave me.'

'Madam, it would be against my oath,' replied I; 'recollect the vow Eugenio sent to Calista.'

'If you do not quit me, I will call for the domestics to turn you from the door.'

'What! when I am come with my Calista's letters in my pocket, to return them mayhap? You can soothe, madam, but you cannot frighten Redmond Barry.'

'What is it you would have of me, sir?' said the widow, rather agitated.

'Let me come upstairs, and I will tell you all,' I replied; and she condescended to give me her hand, and to permit me to lead her from her chair to her drawing-room.

When we were alone I opened my mind honourably to her.

'Dearest madam,' said I, 'do not let your cruelty drive a desperate slave to fatal measures. I adore you. In former days you allowed me to whisper my passion to you unrestrained; at present you drive me from your door, leave my letters unanswered, and prefer another to me. My flesh and blood cannot bear such treatment; look upon the punishment I have been obliged to inflict, tremble at that which I may be compelled to administer to that unfortunate young man; so sure as he marries you, madam, he dies.'

'I do not recognize,' said the widow, 'the least right you have to give the law to the Countess of Lyndon; I do not in the least understand your threats, or heed them. What has passed between me and an Irish adventurer that should authorize this impertinent intrusion?'

'*These* have passed, madam,' said I,—'Calista's letters to Eugenio. They may have been very innocent, but will the world believe it? You may have only intended to play with the heart of the poor artless Irish gentleman who adored and confided in you. But who will believe the stories of your innocence against the irrefragable testimony of your own handwriting? Who will believe

that you could write these letters in the mere wantonness of coquetry, and not under the influence of affection ?’

‘Villain!’ cried my Lady Lyndon, ‘could you dare to construe out of those idle letters of mine any other meaning than that which they really bear ?’

‘I will construe anything out of them,’ said I, ‘such is the passion which animates me towards you. I have sworn it—you must and shall be mine! Did you ever know me promise to accomplish a thing and fail? Which will you prefer to have from me—a love such as woman never knew from man before, or a hatred to which there exists no parallel?’

‘A woman of my rank, sir, can fear nothing from the hatred of an adventurer like yourself,’ replied the lady, drawing up stately.

‘Look at your Poynings—was *he* of your rank? You are the cause of that young man’s wound, madam, and, but that the instrument of your savage cruelty relented, would have been the author of his murder—yes, of his murder; for, if a wife is faithless, does not she arm the husband who punishes the seducer? And I look upon you, Honoria Lyndon, as my wife.’

‘Husband! wife, sir!’ cried the widow, quite astonished.

‘Yes, wife! husband! I am not one of those poor souls with whom coquettes can play, and who may afterwards throw them aside. You would forget what passed between us at Spa; Calista would forget Eugenio, but I will not let you forget me. You thought to trifle with my heart, did you? When once moved, Honoria, it is moved for ever. I love you—love as passionately now as I did when my passion was hopeless, and, now that I can win you, do you think I will forgo you? Cruel, cruel Calista! you little know the power of your own charms if you think their effect is so easily obliterated—you little know the constancy of this pure and noble heart if you think that, having once loved, it can ever cease to adore you. No! I swear by your cruelty that I will revenge it, by your wonderful beauty that I will win it, and be worthy to win it. Lovely, fascinating, fickle, cruel woman! you shall be mine—I swear it! Your wealth may be great, but am I not of a generous nature enough to use it worthily? Your rank is lofty, but not so lofty as my ambition. You threw yourself away once on a cold and

spiritless debauchee ; give yourself now, Honoria, to a *man*, and one who, however lofty your rank may be, will enhance it and become it ! ’

As I poured words to this effect out on the astonished widow, I stood over her, fascinated her with the glance of my eye, saw her turn red and pale with fear and wonder, saw that my praise of her charms and the exposition of my passion were not unwelcome to her, and witnessed with triumphant composure the mastery I was gaining over her. Terror, be sure of that, is not a bad ingredient of love. A man who wills fiercely to win the heart of a weak and vapourish woman *must* succeed if he have opportunity enough.

‘ Terrible man ! ’ said Lady Lyndon, shrinking from me as soon as I had done speaking (indeed, I was at a loss for words, and thinking of another speech to make to her)— ‘ terrible man ! leave me.’

I saw that I had made an impression on her from those very words. If she lets me into the house to-morrow, said I, she is mine.

As I went downstairs I put ten guineas into the hand of the hall-porter, who looked quite astonished at such a gift.

‘ It is to repay you for the trouble of opening the door to me,’ said I ; ‘ you will have to do so often.’

CHAPTER XVI

I PROVIDE NOBLY FOR MY FAMILY AND ATTAIN THE HEIGHT OF MY (SEEMING) GOOD FORTUNE

THE next day when I went back, my fears were realized ; the door was refused to me—my lady was not at home. This I knew to be false : I had watched the door the whole morning from a lodging I took at a house opposite.

‘ Your lady is not out,’ said I ; ‘ she has denied me, and I can’t, of course, force my way to her. But listen, you are an Englishman ? ’

‘ That I am,’ said the fellow, with an air of the utmost superiority. ‘ Your honour could tell that by my *haccent*.’

I knew he was, and might therefore offer him a bribe.

An Irish family servant in rags, and though his wages were never paid him, would probably fling the money in your face.

‘Listen, then,’ said I. ‘Your lady’s letters pass through your hands, don’t they? A crown for every one that you bring me to read. There is a whisky-shop in the next street: bring them there when you go to drink, and call for me by the name of Dermot.’

‘I recollect your honour at *Spar*,’ says the fellow, grinning; ‘seven’s the main, heh?’ and, being exceedingly proud of this reminiscence, I bade my inferior adieu.

I do not defend this practice of letter-opening in private life, except in cases of the most urgent necessity, when we must follow the examples of our betters, the statesmen of all Europe, and, for the sake of a great good, infringe a little matter of ceremony. My Lady Lyndon’s letters were none the worse for being opened, and a great deal the better, the knowledge obtained from the perusal of some of her multifarious epistles enabling me to become intimate with her character in a hundred ways, and obtain a power over her by which I was not slow to profit. By the aid of the letters and of my English friend, whom I always regaled with the best of liquor, and satisfied with presents of money still more agreeable (I used to put on a livery in order to meet him, and a red wig, in which it was impossible to know the dashing and elegant Redmond Barry), I got such an insight into the widow’s movements as astonished her. I knew beforehand to what public places she would go; they were, on account of her widowhood, but few: and wherever she appeared, at church or in the park, I was always ready to offer her her book, or to canter on horseback by the side of her chariot.

Many of her ladyship’s letters were the most whimsical rhodomontades that ever blue-stocking penned. She was a woman who took up and threw off a greater number of dear friends than any one I ever knew. To some of these female darlings she began presently to write about my unworthy self, and it was with a sentiment of extreme satisfaction I found at length that the widow was growing dreadfully afraid of me, calling me her *bête noire*, her dark spirit, her murderous adorer, and a thousand other names indicative of her extreme disquietude and terror. It was: ‘the wretch has been dogging my chariot through the

park,' or, 'my fate pursued me at church,' and 'my inevitable adorer handed me out of my chair at the mercer's,' or what not. My wish was to increase this sentiment of awe in her bosom, and to make her believe that I was a person from whom escape was impossible.

To this end I bribed a fortune-teller whom she consulted, along with a number of the most foolish and distinguished people of Dublin in those days, and who, although she went dressed like one of her waiting-women, did not fail to recognize her real rank, and to describe as her future husband her persevering adorer Redmond Barry, Esq. This incident disturbed her very much. She wrote about it in terms of great wonder and terror to her female correspondents. 'Can this monster,' she wrote, 'indeed do as he boasts, and bend even Fate to his will?—can he make me marry him though I cordially detest him, and bring me a slave to his feet? The horrid look of his black serpent-like eyes fascinates and frightens me; it seems to follow me everywhere, and even when I close my own eyes, the dreadful gaze penetrates the lids, and is still upon me.'

When a woman begins to talk of a man in this way, he is an ass who does not win her; and, for my part, I used to follow her about, and put myself in an attitude opposite her, 'and fascinate her with my glance,' as she said, most assiduously. Lord George Poynings, her former admirer, was meanwhile keeping his room with his wound, and had seemed determined to give up all claims to her favour; for he denied her admittance when she called, sent no answer to her multiplied correspondence, and contented himself by saying generally that the surgeon had forbidden him to receive visitors or to answer letters. Thus, while he went into the background, I came forward, and took good care that no other rivals should present themselves with any chance of success; for, as soon as I heard of one, I had a quarrel fastened on him, and, in this way pinked two more besides my first victim Lord George. I always took another pretext for quarrelling with them than the real one of attention to Lady Lyndon, so that no scandal or hurt to her ladyship's feelings might arise in consequence; but she very well knew what was the meaning of these duels, and the young fellows of Dublin, too, by laying two and two together, began to perceive that there was a certain

dragon in watch for the wealthy heiress, and that the dragon must be subdued first before they could get at the lady. I warrant that, after the first three, not many champions were found to address the lady, and have often laughed (in my sleeve) to see many of the young Dublin beaux riding by the side of her carriage scamper off as soon as my bay mare and green liveries made their appearance.

I wanted to impress her with some great and awful instance of my power, and to this end had determined to confer a great benefit upon my honest cousin Ulick, and carry off for him the fair object of his affections, Miss Kiljoy, under the very eyes of her guardian and friend, Lady Lyndon, and in the teeth of the squires, the young lady's brothers, who passed the season at Dublin, and made as much swagger and to-do about their sister's 10,000*l.* Irish as if she had had a plum to her fortune. The girl was by no means averse to Mr. Brady, and it only shows how faint-spirited some men are, and how a superior genius can instantly overcome difficulties which, to common minds, seem insuperable, that he never had thought of running off with her, as I at once and boldly did. Miss Kiljoy had been a ward in Chancery until she attained her majority (before which period it would have been a dangerous matter for me to put in execution the scheme I meditated concerning her), but, though now free to marry whom she liked, she was a young lady of timid disposition, and as much under fear of her brothers and relatives as though she had not been independent of them. They had some friend of their own in view for the young lady, and had scornfully rejected the proposal of Ulick Brady, the ruined gentleman, who was quite unworthy, as these rustic bucks thought, of the hand of such a prodigiously wealthy heiress as their sister.

Finding herself lonely in her great house in Dublin, the Countess of Lyndon invited her friend Miss Amelia to pass the season with her at Dublin, and, in a fit of maternal fondness, also sent for her son, the little Bullingdon, and my old acquaintance his governor, to come to the capital and bear her company. A family coach brought the boy, the heiress, and the tutor from Castle Lyndon, and I determined to take the first opportunity of putting my plan in execution.

For this chance I had not very long to wait. I have said, in a former chapter of my biography, that the kingdom of Ireland was at this period ravaged by various parties of banditti, who, under the name of Whiteboys, Oakboys, Steelboys, with captains at their head, killed proctors, fired stacks, houghed and maimed cattle, and took the law into their own hands. One of these bands, or several of them for what I know, was commanded by a mysterious personage called Captain Thunder, whose business seemed to be that of marrying people with, or without their own consent, or that of their parents. The *Dublin Gazettes* and *Mercuries* of that period (the year 1772) teem with proclamations from the Lord Lieutenant, offering rewards for the apprehension of this dreadful Captain Thunder and his gang, and describing at length various exploits of the savage aide de camp of Hymen. I determined to make use, if not of the services, at any rate of the name of Captain Thunder, and put my cousin Ulick in possession of his lady and her ten thousand pounds. She was no great beauty, and, I presume, it was the money he loved rather than the owner of it.

On account of her widowhood, Lady Lyndon could not as yet frequent the balls and routs which the hospitable nobility of Dublin were in the custom of giving; but her friend Miss Kiljoy had no such cause for retirement, and was glad to attend any parties to which she might be invited. I made Ulick Brady a present of a couple of handsome suits of velvet, and by my influence procured him an invitation to many of the most elegant of these assemblies. But he had not had my advantages or experience of the manners of court; was as shy with ladies as a young colt, and could no more dance a minuet than a donkey. He made very little way in the polite world [or] in his mistress's heart; in fact, I could see that she preferred several other young gentlemen to him, who were more at home in the ball-room than poor Ulick, who had made his first impression upon the heiress, and felt his first flame for her, in her father's house of Ballykiljoy, where he used to hunt and get drunk with the old gentleman.

'I could do *thim* two well enough, anyhow,' Ulick would say, heaving a sigh; 'and, if it's drinking or riding across country would do it, there's no man in Ireland would have a better chance with Amalia.'

‘Never fear, Ulick,’ was my reply; ‘you shall have your Amalia, or my name is not Redmond Barry.’

My Lord Charlemont, who was one of the most elegant and accomplished noblemen in Ireland in those days, a fine scholar and wit, a gentleman who had travelled much abroad, where I had the honour of knowing him, gave a magnificent masquerade at his house of Marino, some few miles from Dublin, on the Dunleary road. And it was at this entertainment that I was determined that Ulick should be made happy for life. Miss Kiljoy was invited to the masquerade, and the little Lord Bullingdon, who longed to witness such a scene; and it was agreed that he was to go under the guardianship of his governor, my old friend the Rev. Mr. Runt. I learned what was the equipage in which the party were to be conveyed to the ball, and took my measures accordingly.

Ulick Brady was not present; his fortune and quality were not sufficient to procure him an invitation to so distinguished a place, and I had it given out three days previous that he had been arrested for debt; a rumour which surprised nobody who knew him.

I appeared that night in a character with which I was very familiar, that of a private soldier in the King of Prussia’s guard. I had a grotesque mask made, with an immense nose and moustachios, talked a jumble of broken English and German, in which the latter greatly predominated; and had crowds round me laughing at my droll accent, and whose curiosity was increased by a knowledge of my previous history. Miss Kiljoy was attired as an antique princess, with little Bullingdon as a page of the times of chivalry; his hair was in powder, his doublet rose-colour and pea-green and silver, and he looked very handsome and saucy as he strutted about with my sword by his side. As for Mr. Runt, he walked about very demurely in a domino, and perpetually paid his respects to the beaufet, and ate enough cold chicken, and drank enough punch and champagne, to satisfy a company of grenadiers.

The Lord Lieutenant came and went in state—the ball was magnificent. Miss Kiljoy had partners in plenty, among whom was myself, who walked a minuet with her (if the clumsy waddling of the Irish heiress may be called

by such a name), and I took occasion to plead my passion for Lady Lyndon in the most pathetic terms, and to beg her friend's interference in my favour.

It was three hours past midnight when the party for Lyndon House went away. Little Bullingdon had long since been asleep in one of Lady Charlemont's china closets. Mr. Runt was exceedingly husky in talk, and unsteady in gait. A young lady of the present day would be alarmed to see a gentleman in such a condition; but it was a common sight in those jolly old times, when a gentleman was thought a milksop unless he was occasionally tipsy. I saw Miss Kiljoy to her carriage, with several other gentlemen, and peering through the crowd of ragged linkboys, drivers, beggars, drunken men and women, who used invariably to wait round great men's doors when festivities were going on, saw the carriage drive off, with a hurra from the mob, and came back presently to the supper-room, where I talked German, favoured the three or four toppers still there with a High-Dutch chorus, and attacked the dishes and wine with great resolution.

'How can you drink *aisy* with that big nose on?' said one gentleman.

'Go an' be *hangt*!' said I, in the true accent, applying myself again to the wine; with which the others laughed, and I pursued my supper in silence.

There was a gentleman present who had seen the Lyndon party go off, with whom I had made a bet, which I lost; and the next morning I called upon him and paid it him. All which particulars the reader will be surprised at hearing enumerated; but the fact is, that it was *not* I who went back to the party, but my late German valet, who was of my size, and, dressed in my mask, could perfectly pass for me. We changed clothes in a hackney-coach that stood near Lady Lyndon's chariot, and driving after it, speedily overtook it.

The fated vehicle which bore the lovely object of Ulick Brady's affections had not advanced very far when, in the midst of a deep rut in the road, it came suddenly to with a jolt, and the footman, springing off the back, cried 'Stop' to the coachman, warning him that a wheel was off, and that it would be dangerous to proceed with only three. Wheel-caps had not been invented in those days, as they have since by the ingenious builders of Long Acre.

And how the linchpin of the wheel had come out I do not pretend to say, but it possibly may have been extracted by some rogues among the crowd before Lord Charlemont's gate.

Miss Kiljoy thrust her head out of the window, screaming as ladies do; Mr. Runt the chaplain woke up from his boozy slumbers: and little Bullingdon, starting up and drawing his little sword, said, 'Don't be afraid, Miss Amelia; if it's footpads, I am armed.' The young rascal had the spirit of a lion, that's the truth, as I must acknowledge, in spite of all my after-quarrels with him.

The hackney-coach which had been following Lady Lyndon's chariot, by this time came up, and the coachman seeing the disaster, stepped down from his box, and politely requested her ladyship's honour to enter his vehicle, which was as clean and elegant as any person of tiptop quality might desire. This invitation was, after a minute or two, accepted by the passengers of the chariot: the hackney-coachman promising to drive them to Dublin 'in a hurry.' Thady, the valet, proposed to accompany his young master and the young lady; and the coachman, who had a friend seemingly drunk by his side on the box, with a grin told Thady to get up behind. However, as the footboard there was covered with spikes, as a defence against the street boys, who love a ride gratis, Thady's fidelity would not induce him to brave these, and he was persuaded to remain by the wounded chariot, for which he and the coachman manufactured a linchpin out of a neighbouring hedge.

Meanwhile, although the hackney-coachman drove on rapidly, yet the party within seemed to consider it was a long distance from Dublin; and what was Miss Kiljoy's astonishment, on looking out of the window, at length to see around her a lonely heath, with no signs of buildings or city. She began forthwith to scream out to the coachman to stop, but the man only whipped the horses the faster for her noise, and bade her ladyship 'hould on—'twas a short cut he was taking.'

Miss Kiljoy continued screaming, the coachman flogging, the horses galloping, until two or three men appeared suddenly from a hedge, to whom the fair one cried for assistance; and the young Bullingdon opening the coach door, jumped valiantly out, toppling over head and heels as he fell, but, jumping up in an instant, he drew his little

sword, and, running towards the carriage, exclaimed, 'This way, gentlemen! stop the rascal!'

'Stop!' cried the men; at which the coachman pulled up with extraordinary obedience. Runt all the while lay tipsy in the carriage, having only a dreamy half-consciousness of all that was going on.

The newly arrived champions of female distress now held a consultation, in which they looked at the young lord, and laughed considerably.

'Do not be alarmed,' said their leader, coming up to the door; 'one of my people shall mount the box by the side of that treacherous rascal, and, with your ladyship's leave, I and my companion will get in and see you home. We are well armed, and can defend you in case of danger.'

With this, and without more ado, he jumped into the carriage, his companion following him.

'Know your place, fellow!' cried out little Bullingdon, indignantly: 'and give place to the Lord Viscount Bullingdon!' and put himself before the huge person of the newcomer, who was about to enter the hackney-coach.

'Get out of that, my lord,' said the man, in a broad brogue, and shoving him aside. On which the boy, crying, 'Thieves! thieves!' drew out his little hanger, and ran at the man, and would have wounded him (for a small sword will wound as well as a great one), but his opponent, who was armed with a long stick, struck the weapon luckily out of the lad's hands; it went flying over his head, and left him aghast and mortified at his discomfiture.

He then pulled off his hat, making his lordship a low bow, and entered the carriage, the door of which was shut upon him by his confederate who was to mount the box. Miss Kiljoy might have screamed, but I presume her shrieks were stopped by the sight of an enormous horse-pistol which one of her champions produced, who said, 'No harm is intended you, ma'am, but if you cry out, we must gag you'; on which she suddenly became as mute as a fish.

All these events took place in an exceedingly short space of time, and when the three invaders had taken possession of the carriage, the poor little Bullingdon being left bewildered and astonished on the heath, one of them putting his head out of the window, said,—

'My lord, a word with you.'

‘What is it?’ said the boy, beginning to whimper; he was but eleven years old, and his courage had been excellent hitherto.

‘You are only two miles from Marino. Walk back till you come to a big stone, there turn to the right, and keep on straight till you get to the high road, when you will easily find your way back. And when you see her ladyship, your mamma, give CAPTAIN THUNDER’S compliments, and say Miss Amelia Kiljoy is going to be married.’

‘Oh, heavens!’ sighed out that young lady.

The carriage drove swiftly on, and the poor little nobleman was left alone on the heath, just as the morning began to break. He was fairly frightened, and no wonder. He thought of running after the coach, but his courage and his little legs failed him, so he sat down upon a stone and cried for vexation.

It was in this way that Ulick Brady made what I call a Sabine marriage. When he halted with his two grooms-men at the cottage where the ceremony was to be performed, Mr. Runt, the chaplain, at first declined to perform it. But a pistol was held at the head of that unfortunate preceptor, and he was told, with dreadful oaths, that his miserable brains would be blown out, when he consented to read the service. The lovely Amelia had, very likely, a similar inducement held out to her, but of that I know nothing; for I drove back to town with the coachman as soon as we had set the bridal party down, and had the satisfaction of finding Fritz, my German, arrived before me, who had come back in my carriage in my dress, having left the masquerade undiscovered, and done everything there according to my orders.

Poor Runt came back the next day in a piteous plight, keeping silence as to his share in the occurrences of the evening; and with a dismal story of having been drunk, of having been waylaid and bound, of having been left on the road and picked up by a Wicklow cart, which was coming in with provisions to Dublin, and found him helpless on the road. There was no possible means of fixing any share of the conspiracy upon me. Little Bullingdon, who, too, found his way home, was unable in any way to identify me. But Lady Lyndon knew that I was concerned in the plot, for I met her ladyship hurrying the next day to the Castle, all the town being up about the

enlèvement. And I saluted her with a smile so diabolical that I knew she was aware that I had been concerned in the daring and ingenious scheme.

Thus it was that I repaid Ulick Brady's kindness to me in early days, and had the satisfaction of restoring the fallen fortunes of a deserving branch of my family. He took his bride into Wicklow, where he lived with her in the strictest seclusion until the affair was blown over, the Kiljoys striving everywhere in vain to discover his retreat. They did not for a while even know who was the lucky man who had carried off the heiress; nor was it until she wrote a letter some weeks afterwards, signed Amelia Brady, and expressing her perfect happiness in her new condition, and stating that she had been married by Lady Lyndon's chaplain Mr. Runt, that the truth was known, and my worthy friend confessed his share of the transaction. As his good-natured mistress did not dismiss him from his post in consequence, everybody persisted in supposing that poor Lady Lyndon was privy to the plot; and the story of her ladyship's passionate attachment for me gained more and more credit.

I was not slow, you may be sure, in profiting by these rumours. Every one thought I had a share in the Brady marriage, though no one could prove it. Every one thought I was well with the widowed countess, though no one could show that I said so. But there is a way of proving a thing even while you contradict it, and I used to laugh and joke so à propos that all men began to wish me joy of my great fortune, and look up to me as the affianced husband of the greatest heiress in the kingdom. The papers took up the matter, the female friends of Lady Lyndon remonstrated with her and cried 'Fie!' Even the English journals and magazines, which in those days were very scandalous, talked of the matter, and whispered that a beautiful and accomplished widow, with a title and the largest possessions in the two kingdoms, was about to bestow her hand upon a young gentleman of high birth and fashion, who had distinguished himself in the services of his M—y the K— of Pr—. I won't say who was the author of these paragraphs, or how two pictures, one representing myself under the title of 'The Prussian Irishman,' and the other Lady Lyndon as 'The Countess of Ephesus,' actually appeared in the *Town and Country*

Magazine, published at London, and containing the fashionable tittle-tattle of the day.

Lady Lyndon was so perplexed and terrified by this continual hold upon her, that she determined to leave the country. Well, she did; and who was the first to receive her on landing at Holyhead? Your humble servant, Redmond Barry, Esq. And, to crown all, the *Dublin Mercury*, which announced her ladyship's departure, announced mine *the day before*. There was not a soul but thought she had followed me to England, whereas she was only flying me. Vain hope!—a man of my resolution was not thus to be balked in pursuit. Had she fled to the Antipodes, I would have been there; aye, and would have followed her as far as Orpheus did Eurydice!

Her ladyship had a house in Berkeley Square, London, more splendid than that which she possessed in Dublin, and, knowing that she would come thither, I preceded her to the English capital, and took handsome apartments in Hill Street, hard by. I had the same intelligence in her London house which I had procured in Dublin. The same faithful porter was there to give me all the information I required. I promised to treble his wages as soon as a certain event should happen. I won over Lady Lyndon's companion by a present of 100 guineas down, and a promise of 2,000 when I should be married, and gained the favours of her favourite lady's-maid by a bribe of similar magnitude. My reputation had so far preceded me in London that, on my arrival, numbers of the genteel were eager to receive me at their routs. We have no idea in this humdrum age what a gay and splendid place London was then; what a passion for play there was among young and old, male and female; what thousands were lost and won in a night; what beauties there were—how brilliant, gay, and dashing! Everybody was delightfully wicked. The royal Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland set the example—the nobles followed close behind. Running away was the fashion: ah! it was a pleasant time; and lucky was he who had fire, and youth, and money, and could live in it! I had all these, and the old frequenters of White's, Wattier's, and Goosetree's could tell stories of the gallantry, spirit, and high fashion of Captain Barry.

The progress of a love-story is tedious to all those who are not concerned, and I leave such themes to the hack

novel-writers, and the young boarding-school misses for whom they write. It is not my intention to follow, step by step, the incidents of my courtship, or to narrate all the difficulties I had to contend with, and my triumphant manner of surmounting them. Suffice it to say, I *did* overcome these difficulties. I am of opinion, with my friend, the late ingenious Mr. Wilkes, that such impediments are nothing in the way of a man of spirit ; and that he can convert indifference and aversion into love, if he have perseverance and cleverness sufficient. By the time the Countess's widowhood was expired, I had found means to be received into her house ; I had her women perpetually talking in my favour, vaunting my powers, expatiating upon my reputation, and boasting of my success and popularity in the fashionable world.

Also, the best friends I had in the prosecution of my tender suit were the Countess's noble relatives, who were far from knowing the service that they did me, and to whom I beg leave to tender my heartfelt thanks for the abuse with which they then loaded me, and to whom I fling my utter contempt for the calumny and hatred with which they have subsequently pursued me.

The chief of these amiable persons was the Marchioness of Tiptoff, mother of the young gentleman whose audacity I had punished at Dublin. This old harridan, on the Countess's first arrival in London, waited upon her, and favoured her with such a storm of abuse for her encouragement of me, that I do believe she advanced my cause more than six months' courtship could have done, or the pinking of a half-dozen of rivals. It was in vain that poor Lady Lyndon pleaded her entire innocence, and vowed she had never encouraged me. ' Never encouraged him ! ' screamed out the old fury ; ' didn't you encourage the wretch at Spa during Sir Charles's own life ? Didn't you marry a dependant of yours to one of this profligate's bankrupt cousins ? When he set off for England, didn't you follow him, like a madwoman, the very next day ? Didn't he take lodgings at your very door almost—and do you call this no encouragement ? For shame, madam, shame ! You might have married my son—my dear and noble George, but that he did not choose to interfere with your shameful passion for the beggarly upstart whom you caused to assassinate him ; and the only counsel I have

to give your ladyship is this, to legitimize the ties which you have contracted with this shameless adventurer ; to make that connexion legal which, real as it is now, is against both decency and religion ; and to spare your family and your son the shame of your present line of life.'

With this the old fury of a Marchioness left the room, and Lady Lyndon in tears ; and I had the whole particulars of the conversation from her ladyship's companion, and augured the best result from it in my favour.

Thus, by the sage influence of my Lady Tiptoff, the Countess of Lyndon's natural friends and family were kept from her society. Even when Lady Lyndon went to court, the most august lady in the realm received her with such marked coldness that the unfortunate widow came home and took to her bed with vexation. And thus, I may say, that royalty itself became an agent in advancing my suit, and helping the plans of the poor Irish soldier of fortune. So it is that Fate works with agents, great and small ; and by means over which they have no control the destinies of men and women are accomplished.

I shall always consider the conduct of Mrs. Bridget (Lady Lyndon's favourite maid) at this juncture, as a masterpiece of ingenuity ; and, indeed, had such an opinion of her diplomatic skill that, the very instant I became master of the Lyndon estates, and paid her the promised sum—I am a man of honour, and rather than not keep my word with the woman, I raised the money of the Jews, at an exorbitant interest—as soon, I say, as I achieved my triumph, I took Mrs. Bridget by the hand, and said, 'Madam, you have shown such unexampled fidelity in my service that I am glad to reward you, according to my promise ; but you have given proofs of such extraordinary cleverness and dissimulation that I must decline keeping you in Lady Lyndon's establishment, and beg you will leave it this very day ;' which she did, and went over to the Tiptoff faction, and has abused me ever since.

But I must tell you what she did which was so clever. Why, it was the simplest thing in the world, as all master-strokes are. When Lady Lyndon lamented her fate and my—as she was pleased to call it—shameful treatment of her, Mrs. Bridget said, 'Why should not your ladyship write this young gentleman word of the evil which he is causing you ? Appeal to his feelings (which, I have heard

say, are very good indeed—the whole town is ringing with accounts of his spirit and generosity), and beg him to desist from a pursuit which causes the best of ladies so much pain? Do, my lady, write: I know your style is so elegant that I, for my part, have many a time burst into tears in reading your charming letters, and I have no doubt Mr. Barry will sacrifice anything rather than hurt your feelings.’ And, of course, the abigail swore to the fact.

‘Do you think so, Bridget?’ said her ladyship. And my mistress forthwith penned me a letter, in her most fascinating and winning manner.

Why, sir, wrote she, will you pursue me? why environ me in a web of intrigue so frightful that my spirit sinks under it, seeing escape is hopeless, from your frightful, your diabolical art? They say you are generous to others—be so to me. I know your bravery but too well: exercise it on men who can meet your sword, not on a poor feeble woman, who cannot resist you. Remember the friendship you once professed for me. And now, I beseech you, I implore you, to give a proof of it. Contradict the calumnies which you have spread against me, and repair, if you can, and if you have a spark of honour left, the miseries which you have caused to the heart-broken

H. LYNDON.

What was this letter meant for but that I should answer it in person? My excellent ally told me where I should meet Lady Lyndon, and accordingly, I followed, and found her at the Pantheon. I repeated the scene at Dublin over again; showed her how prodigious my power was, humble as I was, and that my energy was still untired. ‘But,’ I added, ‘I am as great in good as I am in evil; as fond and faithful as a friend as I am terrible as an enemy. I will do everything,’ I said, ‘which you ask of me, except when you bid me not to love you. That is beyond my power; and while my heart has a pulse I must follow you. It is *my* fate, your fate. Cease to battle against it, and be mine. Loveliest of your sex, with life alone can end my passion for you, and, indeed, it is only by dying at your command that I can be brought to obey you. Do you wish me to die?’

She said laughing (for she was a woman of a lively, humorous turn) that she did not wish me to commit self-murder, and I felt from that moment that she was mine.

A year from that day, on the 15th of May, in the year 1773, I had the honour and happiness to lead to the altar Honoria Countess of Lyndon, widow of the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Lyndon, K.B. The ceremony was performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Samuel Runt, her ladyship's chaplain. A magnificent supper and ball was given at our house in Berkeley Square, and the next morning I had a duke, four earls, three generals, and a crowd of the most distinguished people in London, at my levee. Walpole made a lampoon about the marriage, and Selwyn cut jokes at the Cocoa-tree. Old Lady Tiptoff, although she had recommended it, was ready to bite off her fingers with vexation; and as for young Bullingdon, who was grown a tall lad of fourteen, when called upon by the Countess to embrace his papa, he shook his fist in my face, and said, 'He my father! I would as soon call one of your ladyship's footmen papa!'

But I could afford to laugh at the rage of the boy and the old woman, and at the jokes of the wits of St. James's. I sent off a flaming account of our nuptials to my mother, and my uncle, the good chevalier; and now, arrived at the pitch of prosperity, and having, at thirty years of age, by my own merits and energy, raised myself to one of the highest social positions that any man in England could occupy, I determined to enjoy myself as became a man of quality for the remainder of my life.

After we had received the congratulations of our friends in London—for in those days people were not ashamed of being married, as they seem to be now—I and Honoria (who was all complacency, and a most handsome, sprightly, and agreeable companion) set off to visit our estates in the west of England, where I had never as yet set foot. We left London in three chariots, each with four horses; and my uncle would have been pleased could he have seen painted on their panels the Irish crown and the ancient coat of the Barrys beside the Countess's coronet and the noble cognizance of the noble family of Lyndon.

Before quitting London, I procured his Majesty's gracious permission to add the name of my lovely lady to my own, and henceforward assumed the style and title of BARRY LYNDON, as I have written it in this autobiography.

CHAPTER XVII

I APPEAR AS AN ORNAMENT OF ENGLISH SOCIETY

[It is, perhaps, as well for the reader that in the following part of his Memoirs, which details the history of Mr. Lyndon's life after his marriage and during the first years of his fashionable life, the autobiographer has not been more explicit. His papers at this period contain a mass of very unedifying and uninteresting documents,—such as tavern-bills of the Star and Garter and the Covent Garden houses of entertainment; paid IO U's, indicating gambling transactions with some of the most fashionable personages of the day; letters in female handwriting, which show that he was anything but constant to the wife whom he had won; drafts of letters to lawyers and money-brokers relative to the raising of money, the insuring of Lady Lyndon's life, and correspondence with upholsterers, decorators, cooks, housekeepers, bailiffs and stewards. Indeed, he appears to have docketed all these testimonials of his extravagance with the most extraordinary punctuality, and kept every possible voucher of his want of principle. What he says of himself in the present section of the Memoirs, 'that he was clever enough at gaining a fortune, but incapable of keeping one,' is a statement (not like all the statements he makes) worthy of entire credit; and a professional accountant, were he to go through the voluminous Lyndon papers, might, no doubt, trace every step which the adventurer took in the destruction of the splendid property which he acquired through his lady. But this is a calculation not in the least profitable or necessary here; it is only sufficient to know the process, without entering into the interminable particulars. And the editor of the Memoirs, in placing these few lines of preface before the second part of them,¹ is glad to think that the reader is speedily about to arrive at that period in the history where poetical justice overtakes the daring and selfish hero of the tale. After enumerating the bribes he

¹ This chapter commenced Part II in the original issue of the story in *Fraser's Magazine*.

paid his agents in consequence of their marriage, Mr. Lyndon proceeds as follows to recount the pleasures of their honeymoon :—¹

All the journey down to Hackton Castle, the largest and most ancient of our ancestral seats in Devonshire, was performed with the slow and sober state becoming people of the first quality in the realm. An outrider in my livery went on before us, and bespoke our lodging from town to town ; and thus we lay in state at Andover, Ilminster, and Exeter ; and the fourth evening arrived in time for supper before the antique baronial mansion, of which the gate was in an odious Gothic taste that would have set Mr. Walpole wild with pleasure.

The first days of a marriage are commonly very trying ; and I have known couples, who lived together like turtle-doves for the rest of their lives, peck each other's eyes out almost during the honeymoon. I did not escape the common lot ; in our journey westward my Lady Lyndon chose to quarrel with me because I pulled out a pipe of tobacco (the habit of smoking which I had acquired in Germany when a soldier in Bülow's, and could never give it over), and smoked it in the carriage ; and also her ladyship chose to take umbrage both at Ilminster and Andover, because in the evenings when we lay there I chose to invite the landlords of the Bell and the Lion to crack a bottle with me. Lady Lyndon was a haughty woman, and I hate pride, and I promise you that in both instances I overcame this vice in her. On the third day of our journey I had her to light my pipe-match with her own hands, and made her deliver it to me with tears in her eyes ; and at the Swan Inn at Exeter I had so completely subdued her, that she asked me humbly whether I would not wish the landlady as well as the host to step up to dinner with us. To this I should have had no objection, for, indeed, Mrs. Bonnyface was a very good-looking woman ; but we expected a visit from my lord Bishop, a kinsman of Lady Lyndon, and the *bien-séances* did not permit the indulgence of my wife's request. I appeared with her at evening service to compliment our right reverend cousin, and put her name down for twenty-five guineas and my own for one hundred, to the famous new organ which was then being built for the cathedral.

¹ Omitted in later editions.

This conduct, at the very outset of my career in the county, made me not a little popular ; and the residentiary canon who did me the favour to sup with me at the inn, went away after the sixth bottle hiccuping the most solemn vows for the welfare of such a p-p-pious gentleman.

Before we reached Hackton Castle, we had to drive through ten miles of the Lyndon estates, where the people were out to visit us, the church-bells set a-ringing, the parson and the farmers assembled in their best by the roadside, and the school-children and the labouring people were loud in their hurrahs for her ladyship. I flung money among these worthy characters, stopped to bow and chat with his reverence and the farmers, and if I found that the Devonshire girls were among the handsomest in the kingdom is it my fault ? These remarks my Lady Lyndon especially would take in great dudgeon : and I do believe she was made more angry by my admiration of the red cheeks of Miss Betsy Quarrington of Clumpton, than by any previous speech or act of mine in the journey. ‘ Ah, ah, my fine madam, you are jealous, are you ? ’ thought I, and reflected, not without deep sorrow, how lightly she herself had acted in her husband’s lifetime, and that those are most jealous who themselves give most cause for jealousy.

Round Hackton village the scene of welcome was particularly gay ; and a band of music had been brought from Plymouth, and arches and flags had been raised, especially before the attorney’s and the doctor’s houses, who were both in the employ of the family. There were many hundreds of stout people at the great lodge, which, with the park-wall, bounds one side of Hackton Green, and from which, for three miles, goes, or rather went, an avenue of noble elms up to the towers of the old castle. I wished they had been oak when I cut the trees down in ’79, for they would have fetched three times the money ; and I know nothing more culpable than the carelessness of ancestors in planting their grounds with timber of small value, when they might just as easily raise oak. Thus I have always said that the Roundhead Lyndon of Hackton, who planted these elms in Charles II’s time, cheated me of 10,000*l*.

For the first few days after our arrival, my time was agreeably spent in receiving the visits of the nobility and gentry who came to pay their respects to the noble new-

married couple, and, like Bluebeard's wife in the fairy tale, in inspecting the treasures, the furniture, and the numerous chambers of the castle. It is a huge old place, built as far back as Henry V's time, besieged and battered by the Cromwellians in the Revolution, and altered and patched up, in an odious old-fashioned taste, by the Roundhead Lyndon, who succeeded to the property at the death of a brother whose principles were excellent and of the true Cavalier sort, but who ruined himself chiefly by drinking, dicing, and a dissolute life, and a little by supporting the King. The castle stands in a fine chase, which was prettily speckled over with deer; and I can't but own that my pleasure was considerable at first as I sat in the oak parlour of summer evenings, with the windows open, the gold and silver plate shining in a hundred dazzling colours on the sideboards, a dozen jolly companions round the table, and could look out over the wide green park and the waving woods, and see the sun setting on the lake, and hear the deer calling to one another.

The exterior was, when I first arrived, a quaint composition of all sorts of architecture, of feudal towers, and gable-ends in Queen Bess's style, and rough-patched walls built up to repair the ravages of the Roundhead cannon; but I need not speak of this at large, having had the place new-faced at a vast expense, under a fashionable architect, and the façade laid out in the latest French-Greek and most classical style. There had been moats, and drawbridges, and outer walls; these I had shaved away into elegant terraces, and handsomely laid out in parterres according to the plans of M. Cornichon, the great Parisian architect, who visited England for the purpose.

After ascending the outer steps, you entered an antique hall of vast dimensions, wainscoted with black carved oak, and ornamented with portraits of our ancestors, from the square beard of Brook Lyndon, the great lawyer in Queen Bess's time, to the loose stomacher and ringlets of Lady Saccharissa Lyndon, whom Van Dyck painted when she was a maid of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, and down to Sir Charles Lyndon, with his ribbon as a Knight of the Bath; and my lady, as she was painted by Hudson, in a white satin sack and family diamonds, as she was presented to the old King George II. These diamonds were very fine; I first had them reset by Boehmer, when we appeared

before their French Majesties at Versailles, and finally raised 18,000*l.* upon [them], after that infernal run of ill luck at Goosetree's, when Jemmy Twitcher (as we called my Lord Sandwich), Carlisle, Charley Fox, and I played ombre for four-and-forty hours, *sans désemparer*. Bows and pikes, huge stag-heads, and hunting implements, and rusty old suits of armour that may have been worn in the days of Gog and Magog, for what I know, formed the other old ornaments of this huge apartment, and were ranged round a fireplace where you might have turned a coach-and-six. This I kept pretty much in its antique condition, but had the old armour eventually turned out and consigned to the lumber-rooms upstairs, replacing it with china monsters, gilded settees from France, and elegant marbles, of which the broken noses and limbs, and ugliness, undeniably proved their antiquity, and which an agent purchased for me at Rome. But such was the taste of the times (and, perhaps, the rascality of my agent), that 30,000*l.* worth of these gems of art only went for 300 guineas at a subsequent period, when I found it necessary to raise money on my collections.

From this main hall branched off on either side the long series of state-rooms, poorly furnished with high-backed chairs and long, queer Venice glasses, when first I came to the property, but afterwards rendered so splendid by me, with the gold damasks of Lyons, and the magnificent Gobelin tapestries I won from Richelieu at play. There were thirty-six bedrooms *de maître*, of which I only kept three in their antique condition,—the haunted room, as it was called, where the murder was done in James II's time, the bed where William slept after landing at Torbay, and Queen Elizabeth's state-room. All the rest were re-decorated by Cornichon, in the most elegant taste, not a little to the scandal of some of the steady old country dowagers; for I had pictures of Boucher and Vanloo to decorate the principal apartments, in which the Cupids and Venuses were painted in a manner so natural that I recollect the old wizened Countess of Frumpington pinning over the curtains of her bed, and sending her daughter, **Lady Blanche Whalebone**, to sleep with her waiting-woman, rather than allow her to lie in a chamber hung all over with looking-glasses, after the exact fashion of the Queen's closet at Versailles.

For many of these ornaments I was not so much answerable as Cornichon, whom Lauraguais lent me, and who was the intendant of my buildings during my absence abroad. I had given the man *carte blanche*, and when he fell down and broke his leg, as he was decorating a theatre in the room which had been the old chapel of the castle, the people of the country thought it was a judgement of Heaven upon him. In his rage for improvement the fellow dared anything. Without my orders, he cut down an old rookery which was sacred in the country, and had a prophecy regarding it, stating, 'When the rook-wood shall fall, down goes Hackton Hall.' The rooks went over and colonized Tiptoff Woods, which lay near us (and he hanged to them!), and Cornichon built a temple to Venus, and two lovely fountains on their site. Venuses and Cupids were the rascal's adoration; he wanted to take down the Gothic screen and place Cupids in our pew there; but old Doctor Huff, the rector, came out with a large oak stick, and addressed the unlucky architect in Latin, of which he did not comprehend a word, yet made him understand that he would break his bones if he laid a single finger upon the sacred edifice. Cornichon made complaints about the 'Abbé Huff,' as he called him ('*Et quel abbé, grand Dieu!*' added he, quite bewildered, '*un abbé avec douze enfants!*'), but I encouraged the Church in this respect, and bade Cornichon exert his talents only in the castle.

There was a magnificent collection of ancient plate, to which I added much of the most splendid modern kind: a cellar which, however well furnished, required continual replenishing, and a kitchen which I reformed altogether. My friend, Jack Wilkes, sent me down a cook from the Mansion House, for the English cookery,—the turtle and venison department; I had a *chef* (who called out the Englishman, by the way, and complained sadly of the *gros cochon*, who wanted to meet him with *coups de poing*) and a couple of *aides* from Paris, and an Italian confectioner as my *officiers de bouche*. All which natural appendages to a man of fashion, the odious, stingy old Tiptoff, my kinsman and neighbour, affected to view with horror, and he spread through the country a report that I had my victuals cooked by Papists, lived upon frogs, and, he verily believed, fricassée'd little children.

But the squires ate my dinners very readily, for all

that, and old Dr. Huff himself was compelled to allow that my venison and turtle were most orthodox. The former gentry I knew how to conciliate, too, in other ways. There had been only a subscription pack of foxhounds in the country, and a few beggarly couples of mangy beagles, with which old Tiptoff pattered about his grounds; I built a kennel and stables, which cost 30,000*l.*, and stocked them in a manner which was worthy of my ancestors, the Irish kings. I had two packs of hounds, and took the field in the season four times a week, with three gentlemen in my hunt-uniform to follow me, and open house at Hackton for all who belonged to the hunt.

These changes and this *train de vivre* required, as may be supposed, no small outlay; and I confess that I have little of that base spirit of economy in my composition which some people practise and admire. For instance, old Tiptoff was hoarding up his money to repair his father's extravagance and disencumber his estates; a good deal of the money with which he paid off his mortgages my agent procured upon mine. And, besides, it must be remembered I had only a life-interest upon the Lyndon property, was always of an easy temper in dealing with the money-brokers, and had to pay heavily for insuring her ladyship's life.

At the end of a year Lady Lyndon presented me with a son—Bryan Lyndon I called him, in compliment to my royal ancestry; but what more had I to leave him than a noble name? Was not the estate of his mother entailed upon the odious little Turk, Lord Bullingdon, and who, by the way, I have not mentioned as yet, though he was living at Hackton, consigned to a new governor. The insubordination of that boy was dreadful. He used to quote passages of *Hamlet* to his mother, which made her very angry. Once when I took a horsewhip to chastise him, he drew a knife, and would have stabbed me; and, faith, I recollected my own youth, which was pretty similar, and, holding out my hand, burst out laughing, and proposed to him to be friends. We were reconciled for that time, and the next, and the next; but there was no love lost between us, and his hatred for me seemed to grow as he grew, which was apace.

I determined to endow my darling boy, Bryan, with a property, and to this end cut down twelve thousand

pounds' worth of timber on Lady Lyndon's Yorkshire and Irish estates ; at which proceeding Bullingdon's guardian, Tiptoff, cried out, as usual, and swore I had no right to touch a stick of the trees ; but down they went ; and I commissioned my mother to re-purchase the ancient lands of Ballybarry and Barryogue, which had once formed part of the immense possessions of my house. These she bought back with excellent prudence, and extreme joy ; for her heart was gladdened at the idea that a son was born to my name, and with the notion of my magnificent fortunes.

To say truth, I was rather afraid, now that I lived in a very different sphere to that in which she was accustomed to move, lest she should come to pay me a visit, and astonish my English friends by her bragging and her brogue, her rouge and her old hoops and furbelows of the time of George II, in which she had figured advantageously in her youth, and which she still fondly thought to be at the height of the fashion. So I wrote to her, putting off her visit ; begging her to visit us when the left wing of the castle was finished, or the stables built, and so forth. There was no need of such precaution. 'A hint's enough for me, Redmond,' the old lady would reply. 'I'm not coming to disturb you among your great English friends with my old-fashioned Irish ways. It's a blessing to me to think that my darling boy has attained the position which I always knew was his due, and for which I pinched myself to educate him. You must bring me the little Bryan, that his grandmother may kiss him, one day. Present my respectful blessing to her ladyship, his mamma. Tell her she has got a treasure in her husband, which she couldn't have had had she taken a duke to marry her ; and that the Barrys and the Bradys, though without titles, have the best of blood in their veins. I shall never rest until I see you Earl of Ballybarry, and my grandson Lord Viscount Barryogue.'

How singular it was that the very same ideas should be passing in my mother's mind and my own ! The very titles she had pitched upon had also been selected (naturally enough) by me ; and I don't mind confessing that I had filled a dozen sheets of paper with my signature, under the names of Ballybarry and Barryogue, and had determined with my usual impetuosity to carry my point. My mother went and established herself at Ballybarry, living

with the priest there until a tenement could be erected, and dating from 'Ballybarry Castle,' which, you may be sure, I gave out to be a place of no small importance. I had a plan of the estate in my study, both at Hackton and in Berkeley Square, and the plans of the elevation of Ballybarry Castle, the ancestral residence of Barry Lyndon, Esq., with the projected improvements, in which the castle was represented as about the size of Windsor, with more ornaments to the architecture; and eight hundred acres of bog falling in handy, I purchased them at three pounds an acre, so that my estate upon the map looked to be no insignificant one.¹ I also in this year made arrangements for purchasing the Polwellan estate and mines in Cornwall from Sir John Trecothick, for 70,000*l.*—an imprudent bargain, which was afterwards the cause to me of much dispute and litigation. The troubles of property, the rascality of agents, the quibbles of lawyers, are endless. Humble people envy us great men, and fancy that our lives are all pleasure. Many a time in the course of my prosperity I have sighed for the days of my meanest fortune, and envied the boon-companions at my table, with no clothes to their backs but such as my credit supplied them, without a guinea but what came from my pocket, but without one of the harassing cares and responsibilities which are the dismal adjuncts of great rank and property.

I did little more than make my appearance, and assume the command of my estates, in the kingdom of Ireland, rewarding generously those persons who had been kind to me in my former adversities, and taking my fitting place among the aristocracy of the land. But, in truth, I had small inducements to remain in it after having tasted of the genteeler and more complete pleasures of English and Continental life; and we passed our summers at Buxton,

¹ On the strength of this estate, and pledging his honour that it was not mortgaged, Mr. Barry Lyndon borrowed 17,000*l.*, in the year 1786, from young Captain Pigeon, the city merchant's son, who had just come in for his property. As for the Polwellan estate and mines, 'the cause of endless litigation,' it must be owned that our hero purchased them; but he never paid more than the first 5,000*l.* of the purchase-money. Hence the litigation of which he complains, and the famous Chancery suit of 'Trecothick *v.* Lyndon,' in which Mr. John Scott greatly distinguished himself.—*Ed. Fraser's Mag.*

the Bath, and Harrogate, while Hackton Castle was being beautified in the elegant manner already described by me, and the season at our mansion in Berkeley Square.

It is wonderful how the possession of wealth brings out the virtues of a man, or, at any rate, acts as a varnish or lustre to them, and brings out their brilliancy and colour in a manner never known when the individual stood in the cold grey atmosphere of poverty. I assure you, it was a very short time before I was a pretty fellow of the first class; made no small sensation at the coffee-houses in Pall Mall, and afterwards at the most famous clubs. My style, equipages, and elegant entertainments were in everybody's mouth, and were described in all the morning prints. The needier part of Lady Lyndon's relatives, and such as had been offended by the intolerable pomposity of old Tiptoff, began to appear at our routs and assemblies; and as for relations of my own, I found in London and Ireland more than I had ever dreamed of, of cousins who claimed affinity with me. There were, of course, natives of my own country (of which I was not particularly proud), and I received visits from three or four swaggering shabby Temple bucks, with tarnished lace and Tipperary brogue, who were eating their way to the Bar in London; from several gambling adventurers at the watering-places, whom I soon speedily let to know their place; and from others of more reputable condition. Among them I may mention my cousin, the Lord Kilbarry, who, on the score of his relationship, borrowed thirty pieces from me to pay his landlady in Swallow Street, and whom, for my own reasons, I allowed to maintain and credit a connexion for which the Heralds' College gave no authority whatsoever. Kilbarry had a cover at my table; punted at play, and paid when he liked, which was seldom; had an intimacy with, and was under considerable obligations to, my tailor; and always boasted of his cousin, the great Barry Lyndon of the west country.

Her ladyship and I lived, after a while, pretty separate when in London. She preferred quiet, or, to say the truth, I preferred it, being a great friend to a modest, tranquil behaviour in woman, and a taste for the domestic pleasures. Hence I encouraged her to dine at home with her ladies, her chaplain, and a few of her friends; admitted three or four proper and discreet persons to accompany her to her

box at the Opera or play, on proper occasions; and, indeed, declined for her the too frequent visits of her friends and family, preferring to receive them only twice or thrice in a season on our grand reception days. Besides, she was a mother, and had great comfort in the dressing, educating, and dandling our little Bryan, for whose sake it was fit that she should give up the pleasures and frivolities of the world; so she left *that* part of the duty of every family of distinction to be performed by me. To say the truth, Lady Lyndon's figure and appearance were not at this time such as to make for their owner any very brilliant appearance in the fashionable world. She had grown very fat, was short-sighted, pale in complexion, careless about her dress, dull in demeanour; her conversations with me characterized by a stupid despair, or a silly, blundering attempt at forced cheerfulness still more disagreeable: hence our intercourse was but trifling, and my temptations to carry her into the world or to remain in her society of necessity exceedingly small. She would try my temper, at home, too, in a thousand ways. When requested by me (often, I own, rather roughly) to entertain the company with conversation, wit, and learning, of which she was a mistress; or music, of which she was an accomplished performer, she would as often as not begin to cry, and leave the room. My company from this, of course, fancied I was a tyrant over her; whereas, I was only a severe and careful guardian over a silly, bad-tempered, and weak-minded lady.

She was luckily very fond of her youngest son, and through him I had a wholesome and effectual hold of her; for if in any of her tantrums or fits of haughtiness—(this woman was intolerably proud, and repeatedly, at first, in our quarrels, dared to twit me with my own original poverty and low birth),—if, I say, in our disputes she pretended to have the upper hand, to assert her authority against mine, to refuse to sign such papers as I might think necessary for the distribution of our large and complicated property, I would have Master Bryan carried off to Chiswick for a couple of days; and I warrant me his lady-mother could hold out no longer, and would agree to anything I chose to propose. The servants about her I took care should be in my pay, not hers: especially the child's head nurse was under *my* orders, not those of my lady; and

a very handsome, red-checked, impudent jade she was ; and a great fool she made me make of myself. This woman was more mistress of the house than the poor-spirited lady who owned it. She gave the law to the servants : and if I showed any particular attention to any of the ladies who visited us, the slut would not scruple to show her jealousy, and to find means to send them packing. The fact is, a generous man is always made a fool of by some woman or other ; and this one had such an influence over me, that she could turn me round her finger.¹

Her infernal temper (Mrs. Stammer was the jade's name) and my wife's moody despondency made my house and home not over-pleasant ; hence I was driven a good deal abroad, where, as play was the fashion at every club,

¹ From these curious confessions, it would appear that Mr. Lyndon maltreated his lady in every possible way ; that he denied her society, bullied her into signing away her property, spent it in gambling and taverns, was openly unfaithful to her ; and, when she complained, threatened to remove her children from her. Nor, indeed, is he the only husband who has done the like, and has passed for ' nobody's enemy but his own ' ; a jovial, good-natured fellow. The world contains scores of such amiable people ; and, indeed, it is because justice has not been done them that we have edited this autobiography. Had it been that of a mere hero of romance,—one of those heroic youths who figure in the novels of Scott and James,—there would have been no call to introduce the reader to a personage already so often and so charmingly depicted. Mr. Barry Lyndon is not, we repeat, a hero of the common pattern ; but let the reader look round, and ask himself, Do not as many rogues succeed in life as honest men ? more fools than men of talent ? And is it not just that the lives of this class should be described by the student of human nature as well as the actions of those fairy-tale princes, those perfect impossible heroes, whom our writers love to describe ? There is something *naïve* and simple in that time-honoured style of novel-writing by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every worldly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that, of the *summum bonum* ? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord, perhaps not even to be happy. Poverty, illness, a humpback, may be rewards and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship. But this is a subject for an essay, not a note ; and it is best to allow Mr. Lyndon to resume the candid and ingenious narrative of his virtues and defects.—O. Y.

tavern, and assembly, I, of course, was obliged to resume my old habit, and to commence as an amateur those games at which I was once unrivalled in Europe. But whether a man's temper changes with prosperity, or his skill leaves him when deprived of a confederate, and pursuing the game no longer professionally, he joins in it, like the rest of the world, for pastime, I know not; but certain it is that in the seasons of 1774-5 I lost much money at White's and the Cocoa-tree, and was compelled to meet my losses by borrowing largely upon my wife's annuities, insuring her ladyship's life, and so forth. The terms at which I raised these necessary sums, and the outlays requisite for my improvements, were, of course, very onerous, and clipped the property considerably; and it was some of these papers which my Lady Lyndon (who was of a narrow, timid, and stingy turn) occasionally refused to sign, until I *persuaded* her, as I have before shown.

My dealings on the turf ought to be mentioned, as forming part of my history at this time; but, in truth, I have no particular pleasure in recalling my Newmarket doings. I was infernally bit and bubbled in almost every one of my transactions there; and though I could ride a horse as well as any man in England, was no match with the English noblemen at backing him. Fifteen years after my horse, Bay Bülow, by Eclipse, out of Sophy Hardcastle, lost the Newmarket stakes, for which he was the first favourite, I found that a noble earl, who shall be nameless, had got into his stable the morning before he ran, and the consequence was that an outside horse won, and your humble servant was out to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds. Strangers had no chance in those days on the heath; and, though dazzled by the splendour and fashion assembled there, and surrounded by the greatest persons of the land,—the royal dukes, with their wives and splendid equipages,—old Grafton, with his queer bevy of company, and such men as Ancaster, Sandwich, Lorn,—a man might have considered himself certain of fair play and have been not a little proud of the society he kept. Yet, I promise you that, exalted as it was, there was no set of men in Europe who knew how to rob more genteelly, to bubble a stranger, to bribe a jockey, to doctor a horse, or to arrange a betting-book. Even *I* couldn't stand against these accomplished gamesters of the highest families in

Europe. Was it my own want of style, or my want of a fortune? I know not. But now I was arrived at the height of my ambition both my skill and my luck seemed to be deserting me. Everything I touched crumbled in my hand; every speculation I had, failed; every agent I trusted deceived me. I am, indeed, one of those born to make, and not to keep fortunes; for the qualities and energy which lead a man to effect the first are often the very causes of his ruin in the latter case; indeed I know of no other reason for the misfortunes which finally befell me.¹

I had always a taste for men of letters, and perhaps, if the truth must be told, have no objection to playing the fine gentleman and patron among the wits. Such people are usually needy, and of low birth, and have an instinctive awe and love of a gentleman and a laced coat, as all must have remarked who have frequented their society. Mr. Reynolds, who was afterwards knighted, and certainly the most elegant painter of his day, was a pretty dexterous courtier of the wit tribe; and it was through this gentleman, who painted a piece of me, Lady Lyndon, and our little Bryan, which was greatly admired at the Exhibition (I was represented as quitting my wife, in the costume of the Tippleton yeomanry, of which I was major: the child starting back from my helmet like what-d'ye-call-'em—Hector's son, as described by Mr. Pope, in his *Iliad*), it was through Mr. Reynolds that I was introduced to a score of these gentlemen, and their great chief, Mr. Johnson. I always thought their great chief a great bear. He drank tea twice or thrice at my house, misbehaving himself most grossly, treating my opinions with no more respect than those of a schoolboy, and telling me to mind my horses and tailors, and not trouble myself about letters. His Scotch bear-leader, Mr. Boswell, was a butt of the first quality. I never saw such a figure as the fellow cut in what he called a Corsican habit, at one of Mrs. Cornely's balls, at Carlisle House, Soho. But that the stories connected with that same establishment are not the most profitable tales in the world, I could tell tales of scores of queer doings there. All the high and low demireps of the town gathered

¹ The Memoirs seem to have been written about the year 1814, in that calm retreat which Fortune had selected for the author at the close of his life.

there, from his Grace of Ancaster down to my countryman, poor Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, the poet [(whom I never saw, by the way, for he died in the year of my appearance in town)],¹ and from the Duchess of Kingston down to the Bird of Paradise, or Kitty Fisher. Here I have met very queer characters, who came to queer ends too; poor Hackman, that afterwards was hanged for killing Miss Reay, and (on the sly) his reverence Dr. Simony, whom my friend Sam Foote, of the Little Theatre, bade to live even after forgery and the rope cut short the unlucky parson's career.

It was a merry place, London, in those days, and that's the truth. I'm writing now in my gouty old age, and people have grown vastly more moral and matter-of-fact than they were at the close of the last century, when the world was young with me. There was a difference between a gentleman and a common fellow in those times. We wore silk and embroidery then. Now every man has the same coachman-like look in his belcher and caped coat, and there is no outward difference between my lord and his groom. Then it took a man of fashion a couple of hours to make his toilet, and he could show some taste and genius in the selecting it. What a blaze of splendour was a drawing-room, or an opera, of a gala night! What sums of money were lost and won at the delicious faro-table! My gilt curriole and outriders, blazing in green and gold, were very different objects to the equipages you see nowadays in the ring, with the stunted grooms behind them. A man could drink four times as much as the milksops nowadays can swallow; but 'tis useless expatiating on this theme. Gentlemen are dead and gone. The fashion has now turned upon your soldiers and sailors, and I grow quite moody and sad when I think of thirty years ago.

This is a chapter devoted to reminiscences of what was a very happy and splendid time with me, but presenting little of mark in the way of adventure, as is generally the case when times are happy and easy. It would seem idle to fill pages with accounts of the every-day occupations of a man of fashion,—the fair ladies who smiled upon him, the dresses he wore, the matches he played, and won or lost. At this period of time, when youngsters are employed

¹ Omitted in later editions, perhaps as being inconsistent with p. 15.

cutting the Frenchmen's throats in Spain and France, lying out in bivouacs, and feeding off commissariat beef and biscuits, they would not understand what a life their ancestors led ; and so I shall leave further discourse upon the pleasures of the times when even the Prince was a lad in leading-strings, when Charles Fox had not subsided into a mere statesman, and Bonaparte was a beggarly brat in his native island.

Whilst these improvements were going on in my estates,—my house, from an antique Norman castle, being changed to an elegant Greek temple, or palace—my gardens and woods losing their rustic appearance to be adapted to the most genteel French style—my child growing up at his mother's knees, and my influence in the country increasing,—it must not be imagined that I stayed in Devonshire all this while, and that I neglected to make visits to London and my various estates in England and Ireland.

I went to reside at the Trecothick estate, and the Polwellan wheel, where I found, instead of profit, every kind of pettifogging chicanery ; I passed over in state to our territories in Ireland, where I entertained the gentry in a style the Lord Lieutenant himself could not equal ; gave the fashion to Dublin (to be sure it was a beggarly, savage city in those days, and, since the time there has been a pothor about the Union, and the misfortunes attending it, I have been at a loss to account for the mad praises of the old order of things, which the fond Irish patriots have invented), I say I set the fashion to Dublin, and small praise to me, for a poor place it was in those times, whatever the Irish party may say.

In a former chapter I have given you a description of it. It was the Warsaw of our part of the world ; there was a splendid, ruined, half-civilized nobility, ruling over a half-savage population. I say half-savage advisedly. The commonalty in the streets were wild, unshorn, and in rags. The most public places were not safe after nightfall. The College, the public buildings, and the great gentry's houses were splendid (the latter unfinished for the most part) ; but the people were in a state more wretched than any vulgar I have ever known ; the exercise of their religion was only half-allowed to them ; their clergy were forced to be educated out of the country ; their aristocracy was quite distinct from them ; there was a Protestant nobility.

and in the towns, poor, insolent Protestant corporations, with a bankrupt retinue of mayors, aldermen, and municipal officers, all of whom figured in addresses, and had the public voice in the country ; but there was no sympathy and connexion between the upper and the lower people of the Irish. To one who had been bred so much abroad as myself, this difference between Catholic and Protestant was doubly striking ; and though as firm as a rock in my own faith, yet I could not help remembering my grandfather held a different one, and wondering that there should be such a political difference between the two. I passed among my neighbours for a dangerous leveller, for entertaining and expressing such opinions, and especially for asking the priest of the parish to my table at Castle Lyndon. He was a gentleman, educated at Salamanca, and, to my mind, a far better bred and more agreeable companion than his comrade the rector, who had but a dozen Protestants for his congregation, who was a lord's son, to be sure, but he could hardly spell, and the great field of his labours was in the kennel and cockpit.

I did not extend and beautify the house of Castle Lyndon as I had done our other estates, but contented myself with paying an occasional visit there, exercising an almost royal hospitality, and keeping open house during my stay. When absent, I gave to my aunt, the widow Brady, and her six unmarried daughters (although they always detested me) permission to inhabit the place, my mother preferring my new mansion of Barryogue.

And as my Lord Bullingdon was by this time grown excessively tall and troublesome, I determined to leave him under the care of a proper governor in Ireland, with Mrs. Brady and her six daughters to take care of him ; and he was welcome to fall in love with all the old ladies if he were so minded, and thereby imitate his step-father's example. When tired of Castle Lyndon, his lordship was at liberty to go and reside at my house with my mamma ; but there was no love lost between him and her, and, on account of my son Bryan, I think she hated him as cordially as ever I myself could possibly do.

The county of Devon is not so lucky as the neighbouring county of Cornwall, and has not the share of representatives which the latter possesses ; where I have known a moderate country gentleman, with a few score of hundreds per annum

from his estate, treble his income by returning three or four members to Parliament, and by the influence with ministers which these seats gave him. The parliamentary interest of the house of Lyndon had been grossly neglected during my wife's minority, and the incapacity of the earl her father; or, to speak more correctly, it had been smuggled away from the Lyndon family altogether by the adroit old hypocrite of Tiptoff Castle, who acted as most kinsmen and guardians do by their wards and relatives, and robbed them. The Marquess of Tiptoff returned four members to Parliament: two for the borough of Tipton, which, as all the world knows, lies at the foot of our estate of Hackton, bounded on the other side by Tiptoff Park. For time out of mind we had sent members for that borough, until Tiptoff, taking advantage of the late lord's imbecility, put in his own nominees. When his eldest son became of age, of course my lord was to take his seat for Tipton; when Rigby (Nabob Rigby, who made his fortune under Clive in India) died, the marquess thought fit to bring down his second son, my Lord George Poynings, to whom I have introduced the reader in a former chapter, and determined, in his high mightiness, that he, too, should go and swell the ranks of the Opposition—the big old Whigs, with whom the marquess acted.

Rigby had been for some time in an ailing condition previous to his demise, and you may be sure that the circumstance of his failing health had not been passed over by the gentry of the county, who were stanch Government men for the most part, and hated my Lord Tiptoff's principles as dangerous and ruinous. 'We have been looking out for a man to fight against him,' said the squires to me; 'we can only match Tiptoff out of Hackton Castle. You, Mr. Lyndon, are our man, and at the next county election we will swear to bring you in.'

I hated the Tiptoffs so, that I would have fought them at any election. They not only would not visit at Hackton, but declined to receive those who visited us; they kept the women of the county from receiving my wife; they invented half the wild stories of my profligacy and extravagance with which the neighbourhood was entertained; they said I had frightened my wife into marriage, and that she was a lost woman; they hinted that Bullingdon's life was not secure under my roof, that his treatment was odious,

and that I wanted to put him out of the way to make place for Bryan my son. I could scarce have a friend to Hackton but they counted the bottles drunk at my table. They ferreted out my dealings with my lawyers and agents. If a creditor was unpaid, every item of his bill was known at Tiptoff Hall ; if I looked at a farmer's daughter, it was said I had ruined her. My faults are many, I confess, and, as a domestic character, I can't boast of any particular regularity, or temper ; but Lady Lyndon and I did not quarrel more than fashionable people do, and, at first, we always used to make it up pretty well. I am a man full of errors, certainly, but not the devil that these odious backbiters at Tiptoff represented me to be. For the first three years I never struck my wife but when I was in liquor. When I flung the carving-knife at Bullingdon I was drunk, as everybody present can testify ;¹ but as for having any systematic scheme against the poor lad, I can declare solemnly that, beyond merely hating him (and one's inclinations are not in one's power), I am guilty of no evil towards him.

I had sufficient motives, then, for enmity against the Tiptoffs, and am not a man to let a feeling of that kind lie inactive. Though a Whig, or, perhaps, because a Whig, the marquess was one of the haughtiest men breathing, and treated commoners as his idol, the great earl, used to treat them—after he came to a coronet himself—as so many low vassals, who might be proud to lick his shoe-buckle. When the Tipton mayor and corporation waited upon him, he received them covered, never offered Mr. Mayor a chair, but retired when the refreshments were brought, or had them served to the worshipful aldermen

¹ [These domestic qualities, which our hero describes so *naïvely*, were much more common in the past century than at present, and in the innumerable letters and journals of the period drunkenness is spoken of as quite a common condition of men of the very highest fashion, and pleaded and admitted as an excuse for all sorts of outrages. If the crude way in which these matters are discussed should offend some delicate readers of the present day, let them remember this is an authentic description of a bygone state of society, not a dandy apology, or encomium, such as some of our rose-water novelists invent, whose works from their very charity, become untrustworthy, and are no more natural or veracious, than the legend of Prince Prettyman or the story of Aladdin.]—Note in *Fraser's Magazine*. omitted in later editions.

in the steward's room. These honest Britons never rebelled against such treatment, until instructed to do so by my patriotism. No, the dogs liked to be bullied, and, in the course of a long experience, I have met with but very few Englishmen who are not of their way of thinking.

It was not until I opened their eyes that they knew their degradation. I invited the mayor to Hackton, and Mrs. Mayoress (a very buxom, pretty groceress she was, by the way) I made sit by my wife, and drove them both out to the races in my curricule. Lady Lyndon fought very hard against this condescension, but I had a way with her, as the saying is, and though she had a temper, yet I had a better one. A temper, psha! A wild cat has a temper, but a keeper can get the better of it, and I know very few women in the world whom I could not master.

Well, I made much of the mayor and corporation, sent them bucks for their dinners, or asked them to mine, made a point of attending their assemblies, dancing with their wives and daughters, going through, in short, all the acts of politeness which are necessary in such occasions; and though old Tiptoff must have seen my goings on, yet his head was so much in the clouds that he never once condescended to imagine his dynasty could be overthrown in his own town of Tiptleton, and issued his mandates as securely as if he had been the Grand Turk, and the Tiptletonians no better than so many slaves of his will.

Every post which brought us any account of Rigby's increasing illness was the sure occasion of a dinner from me; so much so, that my friends of the hunt used to laugh, and say, 'Rigby's worse; there's a corporation dinner at Hackton.'

It was in 1776, when the American war broke out, that I came into Parliament. My Lord Chatham, whose wisdom his party in those days used to call superhuman, raised his oracular voice in the House of Peers against the American contest; and my countryman, Mr. Burke, a great philosopher, but a plaguy long-winded orator, was the champion of the rebels in the Commons, where, however, thanks to British patriotism, he could get very few to back him. Old Tiptoff would have sworn black was white, if the great earl had bidden him, and he made his son give up his commission in the Guards, in imitation of my

Lord Pitt, who resigned his ensigncy rather than fight against what he called his American brethren.

But this was a height of patriotism extremely little relished in England, where, ever since the breaking out of hostilities, our people hated the Americans heartily, and where, when we heard of the fight of Lexington, and the glorious victory of Bunker's Hill (as we used to call it in those days), the nation flushed out in its usual hot-headed anger. The talk was all against the philosophers after that, and the people most indomitably loyal. It was not until the land-tax was increased, that the gentry began to grumble a little, but still my party in the west was very strong against the Tiptoffs, and I determined to take the field and win as usual.

The old marquess neglected every one of the decent precautions which are requisite in a parliamentary campaign. He signified to the corporation and freeholders his intention of presenting his son, Lord George, and his desire that the latter should be elected their burgess; but he scarcely gave so much as a glass of beer to whet the devotedness of his adherents, and I, as I need not say, engaged every tavern in Tippleton in my behalf.

There is no need to go over the twenty-times-told tale of an election. I rescued the borough of Tippleton from the hands of Lord Tiptoff and his son, Lord George. I had a savage sort of satisfaction, too, in forcing my wife, who had been at one time exceedingly smitten by her kinsman, as I have already related, to take part against him, and to wear and distribute my colours when the day of election came. And when we spoke at one another, I told the crowd that I had beaten Lord George in love, that I had beaten him in war, and that I would now beat him in Parliament; and so I did, as the event proved: for, to the inexpressible anger of the old marquess, Barry Lyndon, Esquire, was returned Member of Parliament for Tippleton, in place of John Rigby, Esquire, deceased; and I threatened him at the next election to turn him out of *both* his seats, and went to attend my duties in Parliament.

It was then I seriously determined on achieving for myself the Irish peerage, to be enjoyed after me by my beloved son and heir.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH MY GOOD FORTUNE BEGINS TO WAVER

AND now, if any people should be disposed to think my history immoral (for I have heard some assert that I was a man who never deserved that so much prosperity should fall to my share), I will beg those cavillers to do me the favour to read the conclusion of my adventures, when they will see it was no such great prize that I had won, and that wealth, splendour, thirty thousand per annum, and a seat in Parliament are often purchased at too dear a rate, when one has to buy those enjoyments at the price of personal liberty, and saddled with the charge of a troublesome wife.

They are the deuce, these troublesome wives, and that is the truth. No man knows until he tries how wearisome and disheartening the burthen of one of them is, and how the annoyance grows and strengthens from year to year, and the courage weaker to bear it; so that that trouble which seemed light and trivial the first year, becomes intolerable ten years after. I have heard of one of the classical fellows in the dictionary who began by carrying a calf up a hill every day, and so continued until the animal grew to be a bull, which he still easily accommodated upon his shoulders; but take my word for it, young unmarried gentlemen, a wife is a very much harder pack to the back than the biggest heifer in Smithfield; and, if I can prevent one of you from marrying, the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.*, will not be written in vain. Not that my lady was a scold or a shrew, as some wives are; I could have managed to have cured her of that; but she was of a cowardly, crying, melancholy, maudlin temper, which is to me still more odious; and, do what one would to please her, would never be happy or in good humour. I left her alone after a while, and because, as was natural in my case, where a disagreeable home obliged me to seek amusement and companions abroad, she added a mean, detestable jealousy to all her other faults; and I could not for some time pay the commonest attention to any other woman but my Lady Lyndon must weep, and wring her hands, and threaten to commit suicide, and I know not what.

Her death would have been no comfort to me, as I leave any person of common prudence to imagine; for that scoundrel of a young Bullingdon (who was now growing up a tall, gawky, swarthy lad, and about to become my greatest plague and annoyance) would have inherited every penny of the property, and I should have been left considerably poorer even than when I married the widow; for I spent my personal fortune as well as the lady's income in the keeping up of our rank, and was always too much a man of honour and spirit to save a penny of Lady Lyndon's income. Let this be flung in the teeth of my detractors, who say I never could have so injured the Lyndon property had I not been making a private purse for myself; and who believe that, even in my present painful situation, I have hoards of gold laid by somewhere, and could come out as a Croesus when I choose. I never raised a shilling upon Lady Lyndon's property but I spent it like a man of honour; besides incurring numberless personal obligations for money, which all went to the common stock. Independent of the Lyndon mortgages and encumbrances, I owe myself at least one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, which I spent while in occupancy of my wife's estate: so that I may justly say that property is indebted to me in the above-mentioned sum.

Although I have described the utter disgust and distaste which speedily took possession of my breast as regarded Lady Lyndon; and although I took no particular pains (for I am all frankness and aboveboard) to disguise my feelings in general, yet she was of such a mean spirit that she pursued me with her regard in spite of my indifference to her, and would kindle up at the smallest kind word I spoke to her. The fact is, between my respected reader and myself, that I was one of the handsomest and most dashing young men of England in those days, and my wife was violently in love with me; and though I say it who shouldn't, as the phrase goes, my wife was not the only woman of rank in London who had a favourable opinion of the humble Irish adventurer. What a riddle these women are, I have often thought! I have seen the most elegant creatures at St. James's grow wild for love of the coarsest and most vulgar of men; the cleverest women passionately admire the most illiterate of our sex, and so on. There is no end to the contrariety in the foolish

creatures ; and though I don't mean to hint that *I* am vulgar or illiterate, as the persons mentioned above (I would cut the throat of any man who dared to whisper a word against my birth or my breeding), yet I have shown that Lady Lyndon had plenty of reason to dislike me if she chose ; but, like the rest of her silly sex, she was governed by infatuation, not reason ; and, up to the very last day of our being together, would be reconciled to me, and fondle me, if I addressed her a single kind word.

' Ah,' she would say, in these moments of tenderness, ' ah, *Redmond*, if you would always be so !' And in these fits of love she was the most easy creature in the world to be persuaded, and would have signed away her whole property, had it been possible. And, I must confess, it was with very little attention on my part that I could bring her into good humour. To walk with her on the Mall, or at Ranelagh, to attend her to church at St. James's, to purchase any little present or trinket for her, was enough to coax her. Such is female inconsistency ! The next day she would be calling me ' Mr. Barry,' probably, and be bemoaning her miserable fate that she ever should have been united to such a monster. So it was she was pleased to call one of the most brilliant men in his Majesty's three kingdoms ; and I warrant me *other* ladies had a much more flattering opinion of me.

Then she would threaten to leave me ; but I had a hold of her in the person of her son, of whom she was passionately fond, I don't know why, for she had always neglected Bullingdon her elder, and never bestowed a thought upon his health, his welfare, or his education.

It was our young boy, then, who formed the great bond of union between me and her ladyship ; and there was no plan of ambition I could propose in which she would not join for the poor lad's behoof, and no expense she would not eagerly incur, if it might by any means be shown to tend to his advancement. I can tell you, bribes were administered, and in high places too,—so near the royal person of his Majesty, that you would be astonished were I to mention what great personages condescended to receive our loans. I got from the English and Irish heralds a description and detailed pedigree of the Barony of Barryogue, and claimed respectfully to be reinstated in my ancestral titles, and also to be rewarded with the Viscounty

of Ballybarry. 'This head would become a coronet,' my lady would sometimes say, in her fond moments, smoothing down my hair ; and, indeed, there is many a puny whipster in their lordships' House who has neither my presence nor my courage, my pedigree, nor any of my merits.

The striving after this peerage I consider to have been one of the most unlucky of all my unlucky dealings at this period. I made unheard-of sacrifices to bring it about. I lavished money here and diamonds there. I bought lands at ten times their value ; purchased pictures and articles of virtu at ruinous prices. I gave repeated entertainments to those friends to my claims who, being about the royal person, were likely to advance it. I lost many a bet to the royal dukes, his Majesty's brothers ; but let these matters be forgotten, and, because of my private injuries, let me not be deficient in loyalty to my sovereign.

The only person in this transaction whom I shall mention openly is that old scamp and swindler Gustavus Adolphus, thirteenth Earl of Crabs. This nobleman was one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's closet, and one with whom the revered monarch was on terms of considerable intimacy. A close regard had sprung up between them in the old king's time ; when his royal Highness, playing at battledore and shuttlecock with the young lord on the landing-place of the great staircase at Kew, in some moment of irritation, the Prince of Wales kicked the young earl downstairs, who, falling, broke his leg. The prince's hearty repentance for his violence caused him to ally himself closely with the person whom he had injured ; and when his Majesty came to the throne there was no man, it is said, of whom the Earl of Bute was so jealous as of my Lord Crabs. The latter was poor and extravagant, and Bute got him out of the way, by sending him on the Russian and other embassies ; but on this favourite's dismissal Crabs sped back from the Continent, and was appointed almost immediately to a place about his Majesty's person.

It was with this disreputable nobleman that I contracted an unlucky intimacy when, fresh and unsuspecting, I first established myself in town, after my marriage with Lady Lyndon : and, as Crabs was really one of the most entertaining fellows in the world, I took a sincere pleasure in his company ; besides the interested desire I had in cultiva-

ting the society of a man who was so near the person of the highest personage in the realm.

To hear the fellow, you would fancy that there was scarce any appointment made in which he had not a share. He told me, for instance, of Charles Fox being turned out of his place a day before poor Charley himself was aware of the fact. He told me when the Howes were coming back from America, and who was to succeed to the command there. Not to multiply instances, it was upon this person that I fixed my chief reliance for the advancement of my claim to the Barony of Barryogue, and the Viscounty which I proposed to get.

One of the main causes of expense which this ambition of mine entailed upon me was the fitting out and arming a company of infantry from the Castle Lyndon and Hackton estates, in Ireland, which I offered to my gracious sovereign for the campaign against American rebels. These troops, superbly equipped and clothed, were embarked at Portsmouth in the year 1778; and the patriotism of the gentleman who had raised them was so acceptable at court that, on being presented by my Lord North, his Majesty condescended to notice me particularly, and said, 'That's right, Mr. Lyndon, raise another company, and go with them too!' But this was by no means, as the reader may suppose, to my notions. A man with thirty thousand pounds per annum is a fool to risk his life like a common beggar; and on this account I have always admired the conduct of my friend Jack Bolter, who had been a most active and resolute cornet of horse, and, as such, engaged in every scrape and skirmish which could fall to his lot; but just before the battle of Minden he received news that his uncle, the great army contractor, was dead, and had left him five thousand per annum. Jack that instant applied for leave; and, as it was refused him on the eve of a general action, my gentleman took it, and never fired a pistol again, except against an officer who questioned his courage, and whom he winged in such a cool and determined manner, as showed all the world that it was from prudence, and a desire of enjoying his money, not from cowardice, that he quitted the profession of arms.

When this Hackton company was raised, my stepson, who was now sixteen years of age, was most eager to be allowed to join it, and I would have gladly consented to

have been rid of the young man ; but his guardian, Lord Tiptoff, who thwarted me in everything, refused his permission, and the lad's military inclinations were balked. If he could have gone on the expedition, and a rebel rifle had put an end to him, I believe, to tell the truth, I should not have been grieved over much, and I should have had the pleasure of seeing my other son the heir to the estate which his father had won with so much pains.

The education of this young nobleman had been, I confess, some of the loosest ; and perhaps the truth is, I *did* neglect the brat. He was of so wild, savage, and insubordinate a nature that I never had the least regard for him ; and before me and his mother, at least, was so moody and dull that I thought instruction thrown away upon him, and left him for the most part to shift for himself. For two whole years he remained in Ireland, away from us ; and when in England, we kept him mainly at Hackton, never caring to have the uncouth, ungainly lad in the genteel company in the capital in which we naturally mingled. My own poor boy, on the contrary, was the most polite and engaging child ever seen ; it was a pleasure to treat him with kindness and distinction ; and before he was five years old, the little fellow was the pink of fashion, beauty, and good breeding.

In fact, he could not have been otherwise, with the care both his parents bestowed upon him, and the attentions that were lavished upon him in every way. When he was four years old, I quarrelled with the English nurse who had attended upon him, and about whom my wife had been so jealous, and procured for him a French *gouvernante*, who had lived with families of the first quality in Paris, and who, of course, must set my Lady Lyndon jealous too. Under the care of this young woman my little rogue learned to chatter French most charmingly. It would have done your heart good to hear the dear rascal swear, '*Mort de ma vie !*' and to see him stamp his little foot, and send the *manants* and *canaille* of the domestics to the *trente mille diables*. He was precocious in all things : at a very early age he would mimic everybody ; at five, he would sit at table, and drink his glass of champagne with the best of us ; and his nurse would teach him little French catches, and the last Parisian songs of Vadé and Collard,—pretty songs they were too ; and would make such of his hearers as understood French burst with laughing, and I promise

you, scandalize some of the old dowagers who were admitted into the society of his mamma ; not that there were many of them, for I did not encourage the visits of what you call respectable people to Lady Lyndon. They are sad spoilers of sport,—tale-bearers, envious, narrow-minded people ; making mischief between man and wife. Whenever any of these grave personages in hoops and high heels used to make their appearance at Hackton, or in Berkeley Square, it was my chief pleasure to frighten them off ; and I would make my little Bryan dance, sing, and play the *diable à quatre*, and aid him myself so as to scare the old frumps.

I never shall forget the solemn remonstrances of our old square-toes of a rector at Hackton, who made one or two vain attempts to teach little Bryan Latin, and with whose innumerable children I sometimes allowed the boy to associate. They learned some of Bryan's French songs from him, which their mother, a poor soul who understood pickles and custards much better than French, used fondly to encourage them in singing ; but which their father one day hearing, he sent Miss Sarah to her bedroom and bread-and-water for a week, and solemnly horsed Master Jacob in the presence of all his brothers and sisters, and of Bryan, to whom he hoped that flogging would act as a warning. But my little rogue kicked and plunged at the old parson's shins until he was obliged to get his sexton to hold him down, and swore, *corbleu, morbleu, ventrebleu*, that his young friend Jacob should not be maltreated. After this scene, his reverence forbade Bryan the rectory-house ; on which I swore that his eldest son, who was bringing up for the ministry, should never have the succession of the living of Hackton, which I had thoughts of bestowing on him ; and his father said, with a canting, hypocritical air, which I hate, that Heaven's will must be done ; that he would not have his children disobedient or corrupted for the sake of a bishopric : and wrote me a pompous and solemn letter, charged with Latin quotations, taking farewell of me and my house. 'I do so with regret,' added the old gentleman, 'for I have received so many kindnesses from the Hackton family that it goes to my heart to be disunited from them. My poor, I fear, may suffer in consequence of my separation from you, and my being henceforward unable to bring to your notice instances of distress and affliction, which, when they were known to

you, I will do you the justice to say, your generosity was always prompt to relieve.'

There may have been some truth in this, for the old gentleman was perpetually pestering me with petitions, and I know for a certainty, from his own charities, was often without a shilling in his pocket ; but I suspect the good dinners at Hackton had a considerable share in causing his regrets at the dissolution of our intimacy, and I know that his wife was quite sorry to forgo the acquaintance of Bryan's *gouvernante*, Mademoiselle Louison, who had all the newest French fashions at her fingers' ends, and who never went to the Rectory but you would see the girls of the family turn out in new sacks or mantles the Sunday after.

I used to punish the old rebel by snoring very loud in my pew on Sundays during sermon-time ; and I got a governor presently for Bryan, and a chaplain of my own, when he became of age sufficient to be separated from the women's society and guardianship. His English nurse I married to my head gardener, with a handsome portion ; his French *gouvernante* I bestowed upon my faithful German Fritz, not forgetting the dowry in the latter instance, and they set up a French dining-house in Soho, and I believe at the time I write they are richer in the world's goods than their generous and free-handed master.

For Bryan I now got a young gentleman from Oxford, the Rev. Edmund Lavender, who was commissioned to teach him Latin when the boy was in the humour, and to ground him in history, grammar, and the other qualifications of a gentleman. Lavender was a precious addition to our society at Hackton. He was the means of making a deal of fun there. He was the butt of all our jokes, and bore them with the most admirable and martyr-like patience. He was one of that sort of men who would rather be kicked by a great man than not to be noticed by him ; and I have often put his wig into the fire in the face of the company, and he would laugh at the joke as well as any man there. It was a delight to put him on a high-mettled horse, and send him after the hounds,—pale, sweating, calling on us, for Heaven's sake, to stop, and holding on for the dear life by the mane and the crupper. How it happened that the fellow was never killed I know not, but I suppose hanging is the way in which *his* neck will be broke. He

never met with any accident, to speak of, in our hunting-matches ; but you were pretty sure to find him at dinner in his place at the bottom of the table making the punch, whence he would be carried off fuddled to bed before the night was over. Many a time have Bryan and I painted his face black on those occasions. We put him into a haunted room, and frightened his soul out of his body with ghosts ; we let loose cargoes of rats upon his bed ; we cried fire, and filled his boots with water ; we cut the legs of his preaching-chair, and filled his sermon-book with snuff. Poor Lavender bore it all with patience ; and at our parties, or when we came to London, was amply repaid by being allowed to sit with the gentlefolks, and to fancy himself in the society of men of fashion. It was good to hear the contempt with which he talked about our rector. ' He has a son, sir, who is a servitor, and a servitor at a small college,' he would say. ' How *could* you, my dear sir, think of giving the reversion of Hackton to such a low-bred creature ? '

I should now speak of my other son, at least my Lady Lyndon's—I mean the Viscount Bullingdon. I kept him in Ireland for some years, under the guardianship of my mother, whom I had installed at Castle Lyndon ; and great, I promise you, was her state in that occupation, and prodigious the good soul's splendour and haughty bearing. With all her oddities the Castle Lyndon estate was the best managed of all our possessions ; the rents were excellently paid, the charges of getting them in smaller than they would have been under the management of any steward. It was astonishing what small expenses the good widow incurred, although she kept up the dignity of the *two* families, as she would say. She had a set of domestics to attend upon the young lord ; she never went out herself but in an old gilt coach-and-six ; the house was kept clean and tight ; the furniture and gardens in the best repair ; and, in our occasional visits to Ireland, we never found any house we visited in such good condition as our own. There were a score of ready serving lasses, and half as many trim men about the castle ; and everything in as fine condition as the best housekeeper could make it. All this she did with scarcely any charges to us : for she fed sheep and cattle in the parks, and made a handsome profit of them at Ballinasloe ; she supplied I don't know how

many towns with butter and bacon ; and the fruit and vegetables from the gardens of Castle Lyndon got the highest prices in Dublin market. She had no waste in the kitchen, as there used to be in most of our Irish houses ; and there was no consumption of liquor in the cellars, for the old lady drank water, and saw little or no company. All her society was a couple of the girls of my ancient flame, Nora Brady, now Mrs. Quin, who with her husband had spent almost all their property, and who came to see me once in London, looking very old, fat, and slatternly, with two dirty children at her side. She wept very much when she saw me, called me 'Sir' and 'Mr. Lyndon,' at which I was not sorry, and begged me to help her husband, which I did, getting him, through my friend, Lord Crabs, a place in the excise in Ireland, and paying the passage of his family and himself to that country. I found him a dirty, cast-down, snivelling drunkard ; and, looking at poor Nora, could not but wonder at the days when I had thought her a divinity. But if ever I have had a regard for a woman, I remain through life her constant friend, and could mention a thousand such instances of my generous and faithful disposition.

Young Bullingdon, however, was almost the only person with whom she was concerned that my mother could not keep in order. The accounts she sent me of him at first were such as gave my paternal heart considerable pain. He rejected all regularity and authority. He would absent himself for weeks from the house on sporting or other expeditions. He was when at home silent and queer, refusing to make my mother's game at piquet of evenings, but plunging into all sorts of musty old books, with which he muddled his brains ; more at ease laughing and chatting with the pipers and maids in the servants'-hall than with the gentry in the drawing-room ; always cutting gibes and jokes at Mrs. Barry, at which she (who was rather a slow woman at repartee) would chafe violently ; in fact, leading a life of insubordination and scandal. And, to crown all, the young scapegrace took to frequenting the society of the Romish priest of the parish—a threadbare rogue, from some Popish seminary in France or Spain—rather than the company of the vicar of Castle Lyndon, a gentleman of Trinity, who kept his hounds and drank his two bottles a day.

Regard for the lad's religion made me not hesitate then how I should act towards him. If I have any principle which has guided me through life, it has been respect for the Establishment, and a hearty scorn and abhorrence of all other forms of belief. I therefore sent my French body-servant, in the year 17—, to Dublin with a commission to bring the young reprobate over, and the report brought to me was that he had passed the whole of the last night of his stay in Ireland with his Popish friend at the mass-house; that he and my mother had a violent quarrel on the very last day; that, on the contrary, he kissed Biddy and Dosy, her two nieces, who seemed very sorry that he should go; and that being pressed to go and visit the rector, he absolutely refused, saying he was a wicked old Pharisee, inside whose doors he would never set his foot. The doctor wrote me a letter, warning me against the deplorable errors of this young imp of perdition, as he called him, and I could see that there was no love lost between them. But it appeared that, if not agreeable to the gentry of the country, young Bullingdon had a huge popularity among the common people. There was a regular crowd weeping round the gate when his coach took its departure. Scores of the ignorant, savage wretches ran for miles along by the side of the chariot, and some went even so far as to steal away before his departure, and appear at the Pigeon-house at Dublin to bid him a last farewell. It was with considerable difficulty that some of these people could be kept from secreting themselves in the vessel, and accompanying their young lord to England.

To do the young scoundrel justice, when he came among us, he was a manly, noble-looking lad, and everything in his bearing and appearance betokened the high blood from which he came. He was the very portrait of some of the dark cavaliers of the Lyndon race, whose pictures hung in the gallery at Hackton, where the lad was fond of spending the chief part of his time, occupied with the musty old books which he took out of the library, and which I hate to see a young man of spirit poring over. Always in my company he preserved the most rigid silence, and a haughty, scornful demeanour, which was so much the more disagreeable because there was nothing in his behaviour I could actually take hold of to find fault with, although his whole conduct was insolent and supercilious to the

highest degree. His mother was very much agitated at receiving him on his arrival ; if he felt any such agitation he certainly did not show it. He made her a very low and formal bow when he kissed her hand ; and, when I held out mine, put both his hands behind his back, stared me full in the face, and bent his head, saying, ' Mr. Barry Lyndon, I believe ; ' turned on his heel, and began talking about the state of the weather to his mother, whom he always styled ' your ladyship.' She was angry at this pert bearing, and, when they were alone, rebuked him sharply for not shaking hands with his father.

' My father, madam ? ' said he ; ' surely you mistake. My father was the Right Honourable Sir Charles Lyndon. I at least have not forgotten him, if others have.' It was a declaration of war to me, as I saw at once ; though I declare I was willing enough to have received the boy well on his coming amongst us, and to have lived with him on terms of friendliness. But as men serve me I serve them. Who can blame me for my after-quarrels with this young reprobate, or lay upon my shoulders the evils which afterwards befell ? Perhaps I lost my temper, and my subsequent treatment of him *was* hard. But it was he began the quarrel, and not I ; and the evil consequences which ensued were entirely of his creating.

As it is best to nip vice in the bud, and for a master of a family to exercise his authority in such a manner as that there may be no question about it, I took the earliest opportunity of coming to close quarters with Master Bullingdon, and the day after his arrival among us, upon his refusal to perform some duty which I requested of him, I had him conveyed to my study, and thrashed him soundly. This process, I confess, at first, agitated me a good deal, for I had never laid a whip on a lord before ; but I got speedily used to the practice, and his back and my whip became so well acquainted that I warrant there was very little *ceremony* between us after a while.

If I were to repeat all the instances of the insubordination and brutal conduct of young Bullingdon, I should weary the reader. His perseverance in resistance was, I think, even greater than mine in correcting him, for a man, be he ever so much resolved to do his duty as a parent, can't be flogging his children all day, or for every fault they commit ; and though I got the character of being so cruel a step-

father to him, I pledge my word I spared him correction when he merited it many more times than I administered it. Besides, there were eight clear months in the year when he was quit of me, during the time of my presence in London at my place in Parliament and at the court of my sovereign.

At this period I made no difficulty to allow him to profit by the Latin and Greek of the old rector, who had christened him, and had a considerable influence over the wayward lad. After a scene or a quarrel between us, it was generally to the rectory-house that the young rebel would fly for refuge and counsel, and I must own that the parson was a pretty just umpire between us in our disputes. Once he led the boy back to Hackton by the hand, and actually brought him into my presence, although he had vowed never to enter the doors in my lifetime again, and said, 'He had brought his lordship to acknowledge his error, and submit to any punishment I might think proper to inflict.' Upon which I caned him in the presence of two or three friends of mine, with whom I was sitting drinking at the time; and to do him justice, he bore a pretty severe punishment without wincing or crying in the least. This will show that I was not too severe in my treatment upon the lad, as I had the authority of the clergyman himself for inflicting the correction which I thought proper.

Twice or thrice, Lavender, Bryan's governor, attempted to punish my Lord Bullingdon; but I promise you the rogue was too strong for *him*, and levelled the Oxford man to the ground with a chair, greatly to the delight of little Bryan, who cried out 'Bravo, Bully! thump him, thump him!' And Bully certainly did, to the governor's heart's content, who never attempted personal chastisement afterwards, but contented himself by bringing the tales of his lordship's misdoings to me, his natural protector and guardian.

With the child Bullingdon was, strange to say, pretty tractable. He took a liking for the little fellow,—as, indeed, everybody who saw that darling boy did,—liked him the more, he said, because he was 'half a Lyndon.' And well he might like him, for many a time, at the dear angel's intercession of 'Papa, don't flog Bully to-day!' I have held my hand, and saved him a horsing which he richly deserved.

With his mother, at first, he would scarcely deign to

have any communication. He said she was no longer one of the family. Why should he love her, as she had never been a mother to him ? But it will give the reader an idea of the dogged obstinacy and surliness of the lad's character, when I mention one trait regarding him. It has been made a matter of complaint against me that I denied him the education befitting a gentleman, and never sent him to college or to school ; but the fact is, it was of his own choice that he went to neither. He had the offer repeatedly from me (who wished to see as little of his impudence as possible), but he as repeatedly declined, and, for a long time, I could not make out what was the charm which kept him in a house where he must have been far from comfortable.

It came out, however, at last. There used to be very frequent disputes between my Lady Lyndon and myself, in which sometimes she was wrong, sometimes I was ; and which, as neither of us had very angelical tempers, used to run very high. I was often in liquor ; and when in that condition, what gentleman is master of himself ? Perhaps I *did*, in this state, use my lady rather roughly, fling a glass or two at her, and call her by a few names that were not complimentary. I may have threatened her life (which it was obviously my interest not to take), and have frightened her, in a word, considerably.

After one of these disputes, in which she ran screaming through the galleries, and I, as tipsy as a lord, came staggering after, it appears Bullingdon was attracted out of his room by the noise ; as I came up with her, the audacious rascal tripped up my heels, which were not very steady, and, catching his fainting mother in his arms, took her into his own room, where he, upon her entreaty, swore he would never leave the house as long as she continued united with me. I knew nothing of the vow, or indeed of the tipsy frolic which was the occasion of it ; I was taken up 'glorious,' as the phrase is, by my servants, and put to bed, and in the morning had no recollection of what had occurred any more than of what happened when I was a baby at the breast. Lady Lyndon told me of the circumstance years after ; and I mention it here, as it enables me to plead honourably 'not guilty' to one of the absurd charges of cruelty trumped up against me with respect to my step-son. Let my detractors apologize,

if they dare, for the conduct of a graceless ruffian who trips up the heels of his own natural guardian and step-father after dinner.

This circumstance served to unite mother and son for a little, but their characters were too different. I believe she was too fond of me ever to allow him to be sincerely reconciled to her. As he grew up to be a man, his hatred towards me assumed an intensity quite wicked to think of (and which I promise you I returned with interest); and it was at the age of sixteen, I think, that the impudent young hang-dog, on my return from Parliament one summer, and on my proposing to cane him as usual, gave me to understand that he would submit to no further chastisement from me, and said, grinding his teeth, that he would shoot me if I laid hands on him. I looked at him; he was grown, in fact, to be a tall young man, and I gave up that necessary part of his education.

It was about this time that I raised the company which was to serve in America; and my enemies in the country (and since my victory over the Tiptoffs I scarce need say I had many of them) began to propagate the most shameful reports regarding my conduct to that precious young scapegrace, my son-in-law, and to insinuate that I actually wished to get rid of him. Thus my loyalty to my sovereign was actually construed into a horrid, unnatural attempt on my part on Bullingdon's life; and it was said that I had raised the American corps for the sole purpose of getting the young viscount to command it, and so of getting rid of him. I am not sure that they had not fixed upon the name of the very man in the company who was ordered to dispatch him at the first general action, and the bribe I was to give him for this delicate piece of service.

But the truth is, I was of opinion then (and though the fulfilment of my prophecy has been delayed, yet I make no doubt it will be brought to pass ere long) that my Lord Bullingdon needed none of *my* aid in sending him into the other world, but had a happy knack of finding the way thither himself, which he would be sure to pursue. In truth, he began upon this way early; of all the violent, daring, disobedient scapegraces that ever caused an affectionate parent pain, he was certainly the most incorrigible; there was no beating him, or coaxing him, or taming him.

For instance, with my little son, when his governor brought him into the room as we were over the bottle after dinner, my lord would begin his violent and undutiful sarcasms at me.

‘ Dear child,’ he would say, beginning to caress and fondle him, ‘ what a pity it is I am not dead for thy sake ! The Lyndons would then have a worthier representative, and enjoy all the benefit of the illustrious blood of the Barrys of Barryogue ; would they not, Mr. Barry Lyndon ? ’ He always chose the days when company, or the clergy or gentry of the neighbourhood, were present, to make these insolent speeches to me.

Another day (it was Bryan’s birthday) we were giving a grand ball and gala at Hackton, and it was time for my little Bryan to make his appearance among us, as he usually did in the smartest little court-suit you ever saw (ah, me ! but it brings tears into my old eyes now to think of the bright looks of that darling little face) ; there was a great crowding and tittering when the child came in, led by his half-brother, who walked into the dancing-room (would you believe it ?) in his stocking-feet, leading little Bryan by the hand, paddling about in the great shoes of the elder ! ‘ Don’t you think he fits my shoes very well, Sir Richard Wargrave ? ’ says the young reprobate ; upon which the company began to look at each other and to titter, and his mother coming up to Lord Bullingdon with great dignity, seized the child to her breast, and said, ‘ From the manner in which I love this child, my lord, you ought to know how I would have loved his elder brother, had he proved worthy of any mother’s affection ! ’ and, bursting into tears, Lady Lyndon left the apartment, and the young lord rather discomfited for once.

At last, on one occasion, his behaviour to me was so outrageous (it was in the hunting-field and in a large public company) that I lost all patience, rode at the urchin straight, wrenched him out of his saddle with all my force, and, flinging him roughly to the ground, sprang down to it myself, and administered such a correction across the young caitiff’s head and shoulders with my horsewhip as might have ended in his death had I not been restrained in time, for my passion was up, and I was in a state to do murder or any other crime.

The lad was taken home and put to bed, where he lay

for a day or two in a fever, as much from rage and vexation as from the chastisement I had given him ; and three days afterwards, on sending to inquire at his chamber whether he would join the family at table, a note was found on his table, and his bed was empty and cold. The young villain had fled, and had the audacity to write in the following terms regarding me to my wife, his mother :—

‘ Madam,’ he said, ‘ I have borne as long as mortal could endure the ill-treatment of the insolent Irish upstart whom you have taken to your bed. It is not only the lowness of his birth and the general brutality of his manners which disgust me, and must make me hate him so long as I have the honour to bear the name of Lyndon, which he is unworthy of, but the shameful nature of his conduct towards your ladyship, his brutal and ungentlemanlike behaviour, his open infidelity, his habits of extravagance, intoxication, his shameless robberies and swindling of my property and yours. It is these insults to you which shock and annoy me more than the ruffian’s infamous conduct to myself. I would have stood by your ladyship as I promised, but you seem to have taken latterly your husband’s part ; and, as I cannot personally chastise this low-bred ruffian who, to our shame be it spoken, is the husband of my mother, and as I cannot bear to witness his treatment of you, and loathe his horrible society as if it were the plague, I am determined to quit my native country, at least during his detested life, or during my own. I possess a small income from my father, of which I have no doubt Mr. Barry will cheat me if he can, but which, if your ladyship has some feelings of a mother left, you will, perhaps, award to me. Messrs. Childs, the bankers, can have orders to pay it to me when due ; if they receive no such orders, I shall be not in the least surprised, knowing you to be in the hands of a villain who would not scruple to rob on the highway, and shall try to find out some way in life for myself more honourable than that by which the penniless Irish adventurer has arrived to turn me out of my rights and home.’

This mad epistle was signed ‘ Bullingdon,’ and all the neighbours vowed that I had been privy to his flight, and would profit by it ; though I declare on my honour my true and sincere desire, after reading the above infamous letter, was to have the author within a good arm’s length of me, that I might let him know my opinion regarding him.

But there was no eradicating this idea from people's minds, who insisted that I wanted to kill Bullingdon, whereas murder, as I have said, was never one of my evil qualities ; and even had I wished to injure my young enemy ever so much, common prudence would have made my mind easy, as I knew he was going to ruin his own way.

It was long before we heard of the fate of the audacious young truant ; but after some fifteen months had elapsed, I had the pleasure of being able to refute some of the murderous calumnies which had been uttered against me, by producing a bill with Bullingdon's own signature, drawn from General Tarleton's army in America, where my company was conducting itself with the greatest glory, and with which my lord was serving as a volunteer. There were some of my kind friends who persisted still in attributing all sorts of wicked intentions to me. Lord Tiptoff would never believe that I would pay any bill, much more any bill of Lord Bullingdon's ; old Lady Betty Grimsby, his sister, persisted in declaring the bill was a forgery, and the poor dear lord dead, until there came a letter to her ladyship from Lord Bullingdon himself, who had been at New York at head quarters, and who described at length the splendid festival given by the officers of the garrison to our distinguished chieftains, the two Howes.

In the meanwhile, if I *had* murdered my lord, I could scarcely have been received with more shameful obloquy and slander than now followed me in town and country. ' You will hear of the lad's death, be sure,' exclaimed one of my friends. ' And then his wife's will follow,' added another. ' He will marry Jenny Jones,' added a third ; and so on. Lavender brought me the news of these scandals about me : the country was up against me. The farmers on market-days used to touch their hats sulkily, and get out of my way ; the gentlemen who followed my hunt now suddenly seceded from it, and left off my uniform ; at the county ball, where I led out Lady Susan Capermore, and took my place third in the dance after the duke and the marquis, as was my wont, all the couples turned away as we came to them, and we were left to dance alone. Sukey Capermore has a love of dancing which would make her dance at a funeral if anybody asked her, and I had too much spirit to give in at this signal instance of insult towards me, so we danced with some of the very commonest

low people at the bottom of the set—your apothecaries, wine-merchants, attorneys, and such scum as are allowed to attend our public assemblies.

The bishop, my Lady Lyndon's relative, neglected to invite us to the palace at the assizes ; and, in a word, every indignity was put upon me which could by possibility be heaped upon an innocent and honourable gentleman.

My reception in London, whither I now carried my wife and family, was scarcely more cordial. On paying my respects to my sovereign at St. James's, his Majesty pointedly asked me when I had news of Lord Bullingdon. On which I replied, with no ordinary presence of mind, ' Sir, my Lord Bullingdon is fighting the rebels against your Majesty's crown in America. Does your Majesty desire that I should send another regiment to aid him ? ' On which the King turned on his heel, and I made my bow out of the presence-chamber. When Lady Lyndon kissed the Queen's hand at the Drawing-room, I found that precisely the same question had been put to her ladyship, and she came home much agitated at the rebuke which had been administered to her. Thus it was that my loyalty was rewarded, and my sacrifice, in favour of my country, viewed ! I took away my establishment abruptly to Paris, where I met with a very different reception, but my stay amidst the enchanting pleasures of that capital was extremely short ; for the French Government, which had been long tampering with the American rebels, now openly acknowledged the independence of the United States. A declaration of war ensued, all we happy English were ordered away from Paris, and I think I left one or two fair ladies there inconsolable. It is the only place where a gentleman can live as he likes without being incommoded by his wife. The countess and I during our stay scarcely saw each other except upon public occasions, at Versailles, or at the Queen's play-table ; and our dear little Bryan advanced in a thousand elegant accomplishments, which rendered him the delight of all who knew him.

I must not forget to mention here my last interview with my good uncle, the Chevalier de Ballybarry, whom I left at Brussels with strong intentions of making his *salut*, as the phrase is, and who had gone into retirement at a convent there. Since then he had come into the world again, much to his annoyance and repentance, having fallen

desperately in love in his old age with a French actress, who had done as most ladies of her character do, ruined him, left him, and laughed at him. His repentance was very edifying. Under the guidance of Messieurs of the Irish College, he once more turned his thoughts towards religion, and his only prayer to me when I saw him and asked in what I could relieve him, was to pay a handsome fee to the convent into which he proposed to enter.

This I could not, of course, do, my religious principles forbidding me to encourage superstition in any way; and the old gentleman and I parted rather coolly in consequence of my refusal, as he said, to make his old days comfortable.

I was very poor at the time, that is the fact; and *entre nous*, the Rosemont of the French opera, an indifferent dancer, but a charming figure and ankle, was ruining me in diamonds, equipages, and furniture bills;¹ added to which, I had a run of ill luck at play, and was forced to meet my losses by the most shameful sacrifices to the money-lenders, by pawning part of Lady Lyndon's diamonds (that graceless little Rosemont wheedled me out of some of them), and by a thousand other schemes for raising money. But when honour is in the case, was I ever found backward at her call? and what man can say that Barry Lyndon lost a bet which he did not pay?

As for my ambitious hopes regarding the Irish peerage, I began, on my return, to find out that I had been led wildly astray by that rascal Lord Crabs, who liked to take my money, but had no more influence to get me a coronet than to procure for me the Pope's tiara. The sovereign was not a whit more gracious to me on returning from the Continent than he had been before my departure; and I had it from one of the aides de camp of the royal Dukes, his brothers, that my conduct and amusements at Paris had been odiously misrepresented by some spies there, and had formed the subject of royal comment, and that the King

¹ [The Memoirs of Mr. Barry Lyndon abound in allusions to ladies of all names and nations, with whom he seems to have lived under his wife's eyes, and even in her very house. We have taken the liberty to expunge numerous passages of this nature from his memoirs, but it is necessary for the due understanding of this amiable character that occasional accounts of such proceedings should be allowed to remain.]—Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

had, influenced by these calumnies, actually said I was the most disreputable man in the three kingdoms. I disreputable ! I a dishonour to my name and country ! When I heard these falsehoods, I was in such a rage that I went off to Lord North at once to remonstrate with the minister, to insist upon being allowed to appear before his Majesty and clear myself of the imputations against me, to point out my services to the Government in voting with them, and to ask when the reward that had been promised to me, viz., the title held by my ancestors, was again to be revived in my person ?

There was a sleepy coolness in that fat Lord North, which was the most provoking thing that the Opposition had ever to encounter from him. He heard me with half-shut eyes. When I had finished a long, violent speech, which I made striding about his room in Downing Street, and gesticulating with all the energy of an Irishman, he opened one eye, smiled, and asked me gently if I had done. On my replying in the affirmative, he said, ' Well, Mr. Barry, I'll answer you, point by point. The King is exceedingly averse to make peers, as you know. Your claims, as you call them, *have* been laid before him, and his Majesty's gracious reply was that you were the most impudent man in his dominions, and merited a halter rather than a coronet. As for withdrawing your support from us, you are perfectly welcome to carry yourself and your vote whithersoever you please. And now, as I have a great deal of occupation, perhaps you will do me the favour to retire.' So saying, he raised his hand lazily to the bell, and bowed me out, asking blandly if there was any other thing in the world in which he could oblige me.

I went home in a fury which can't be described, and having Lord Crabs to dinner that day, assailed his lordship by pulling his wig off his head, and smothering it in his face, and by attacking him in that part of the person where, according to report, he had been formerly assaulted by Majesty. The whole story was over the town the next day, and pictures of me were hanging in the clubs and print-shops performing the operation alluded to. All the town laughed at the picture of the lord and the Irishman, and I need not say recognized both. As for me, I was one of the most celebrated characters in London in those days ; my dress, style, and equipages being as well known as

those of any leader of the fashion ; and my popularity, if not great in the highest quarters, was at least considerable elsewhere. The people cheered me in the Gordon rows, at the time they nearly killed my friend, Jemmy Twitcher, and burned Lord Mansfield's house down. Indeed, I was known as a staunch Protestant, and after my quarrel with Lord North veered right round to the Opposition, and vexed him with all the means in my power.

These were not, unluckily, very great, for I was a bad speaker, and the House would not listen to me, and presently, in 1780, after the Gordon disturbance, was dissolved, when a general election took place. It came on me, as all my mishaps were in the habit of coming, at a most unlucky time. I was obliged to raise more money, at most ruinous rates, to face the confounded election, and had the Tiptoffs against me in the field more active and virulent than ever.

My blood boils even now when I think of the rascally conduct of my enemies in that scoundrelly election. I was held up as the Irish Bluebeard, and libels of me were printed, and gross caricatures drawn representing me flogging Lady Lyndon, whipping Lord Bullingdon, turning him out of doors in a storm, and I know not what. There were pictures of a pauper cabin in Ireland, from which it was pretended I came ; others in which I was represented as a lackey and shoeblack. A flood of calumny was let loose upon me, in which any man of less spirit would have gone down.

But though I met my accusers boldly, though I lavished sums of money in the election, though I flung open Hackton Hall, and kept champagne and burgundy running there and at all my inns in the town as commonly as water, the election went against me. The rascally gentry had all turned upon me and joined the Tiptoff faction ; it was even represented that I held my wife by force, and though I sent her into the town alone, wearing my colours, with Bryan in her lap, and made her visit the mayor's lady and the chief women there, nothing would persuade the people but that she lived in fear and trembling of me, and the brutal mob had the insolence to ask her why she dared to go back, and how she liked horsewhip for supper.

I was thrown out of my election, and all the bills came down upon me together—all the bills I had been contracting for the years of my marriage, which the creditors, with

a rascally unanimity, sent in until they lay upon my table in heaps. I won't cite their amount; it was frightful. My stewards and lawyers made matters worse. I was bound up in an inextricable toil of bills and debts, of mortgages and insurances, and all the horrible evils attendant upon them. Lawyers upon lawyers posted down from London: composition after composition was made, and Lady Lyndon's income hampered almost irretrievably to satisfy these cormorants. To do her justice, she behaved with tolerable kindness at this season of trouble; for whenever I wanted money I had to coax her, and whenever I coaxed her I was sure of bringing this weak and light-minded woman to good humour, who was of such a weak, terrified nature that to secure an easy week with me she would sign away a thousand a year. And when my troubles began at Hackton, and I determined on the only chance left, viz., to retire to Ireland and retrench, assigning over the best part of my income to the creditors until their demands were met, my lady was quite cheerful at the idea of going, and said, if we would be quiet, she had no doubt all would be well; indeed, was glad to undergo the comparative poverty in which we must now live, for the sake of the retirement and the chance of domestic quiet which she hoped to enjoy.

We went off to Bristol pretty suddenly, leaving the odious and ungrateful wretches at Hackton to vilify us, no doubt, in our absence. My stud and hounds were sold off immediately; the harpies would have been glad to pounce upon my person, but that was out of their power. I had raised by cleverness and management to the full as much on my mines and private estates as they were worth; so the scoundrels were disappointed in *this* instance; and as for the plate and property in the London house, they could not touch that, as it was the property of the heirs of the house of Lyndon.

I passed over to Ireland, then, and took up my abode at Castle Lyndon for a while, all the world imagining that I was an utterly ruined man, and that the famous and dashing Barry Lyndon would never again appear in the circles of which he had been an ornament. But it was not so. In the midst of my perplexities, Fortune reserved a great consolation for me still. Dispatches came home from America announcing Lord Cornwallis's defeat of

General Gates in Carolina, and the death of Lord Bullington, who was present as a volunteer.

For my own desires to possess a paltry Irish title I cared little. My son was now heir to an English earldom, and I made him assume forthwith the title of Lord Viscount Castle-Lyndon, the third of the family titles. My mother went almost mad with joy at saluting her grandson as 'my lord,' and I felt that all my sufferings and privations were repaid by seeing this darling child advanced to such a post of honour.

[It must be manifest to the observer of human nature that the honourable subject of these Memoirs has never told the whole truth regarding himself, and, as his career comes to a close, perhaps is less to be relied on than ever. We have been obliged to expunge long chapters of his town and Paris life, which were by no means edifying; to omit numbers of particulars of his domestic career, which he tells with much *naïveté*. But though, in one respect, he communicates a great deal too much, he by no means tells all, and it must be remembered that we are only hearing his, the autobiographer's, side of the story. Even that is sufficient to show that Mr. Barry Lyndon is as unprincipled a personage as ever has figured at the head of a history, and as the public will persist in having a moral appended to such tales, we beg here respectfully to declare that we take the moral of the story of Barry Lyndon, Esquire, to be,—that worldly success is by no means the consequence of virtue; that if it is effected by honesty sometimes, it is attained by selfishness and roguery still oftener; and that our anger at seeing rascals prosper and good men frequently unlucky, is founded on a gross and unreasonable idea of what good fortune really is. When we fancy that we reward Virtue by saying 'King Pepin was a good boy *and* rode in a gold coach,' we put virtue and the gold coach on a par of excellence, which is absurd and immoral. It is that gold coach which we respect vastly too much, and our homage to which we are showing daily in a thousand unconscious ways, by setting it up as the great reward of merit. With which protest let those critics be reassured, whose moral sense has been in any way offended by the success and advancement of the hero of this history. It is they who demoralize history

who set up Luck as the great criterion of merit ; and the Editor of the foregoing and ensuing pages persists in maintaining that his is the real, true, and original moral, and that all others are pinchbeck and spurious.]¹

CHAPTER XIX

CONCLUSION

IF the world were not composed of a race of ungrateful scoundrels, who share your prosperity while it lasts, and, even when gorged with your venison and burgundy, abuse the generous giver of the feast, I am sure I merit a good name and a high reputation in Ireland, at least, where my generosity was unbounded, and the splendour of my mansion and entertainments unequalled by any other nobleman of my time. As long as my magnificence lasted, all the country was free to partake of it ; I had hunters sufficient in my stables to mount a regiment of dragoons, and butts of wine in my cellar which would have made whole counties drunk for years. Castle Lyndon became the head quarters of scores of needy gentlemen, and I never rode a-hunting but I had a dozen young fellows of the best blood of the country riding as my squires and gentlemen of the horse. My son, little Castle-Lyndon, was a prince ; his breeding and manners, even at his early age, showed him to be worthy of the two noble families from whom he was descended, and I don't know what high hopes I had for the boy, and indulged in a thousand fond anticipations as to his future success and figure in the world. But stern Fate had determined that I should leave none of my race behind me, and ordained that I should finish my career, as I see it closing now—poor, lonely, and childless. I may have had my faults, but no man shall dare to say of me that I was not a good and tender father. I loved that boy passionately, perhaps with a blind partiality ; I denied him nothing. Gladly, gladly, I swear, would I have died that his premature doom might have been averted. I think there is not a day since I lost him but his bright face and beautiful smiles look down

¹ Omitted in later editions.

on me out of heaven where he is, and that my heart does not yearn towards him. That sweet child was taken from me at the age of nine years, when he was full of beauty and promise; and so powerful is the hold his memory has of me that I have never been able to forget him; his little spirit haunts me of nights on my restless, solitary pillow; many a time, in the wildest and maddest company, as the bottle is going round, and the song and laugh roaring about, I am thinking of him. I have got a lock of his soft brown hair hanging round my breast now; it will accompany me to the dishonoured pauper's grave, where soon, no doubt, Barry Lyndon's worn-out old bones will be laid.

My Bryan was a boy of amazing high spirit (indeed, how, coming from such a stock, could he be otherwise?), impatient even of my control, against which the dear little rogue would often rebel gallantly; how much more, then, of his mother's and the women's, whose attempts to direct him he would laugh to scorn. Even my own mother ('Mrs. Barry of Lyndon' the good soul now called herself, in compliment to my new family) was quite unable to check him, and hence you may fancy what a will he had of his own. If it had not been for that, he might have lived to this day: he might—but why repine? Is he not in a better place? would the heritage of a beggar do any service to him? It is best as it is—Heaven be good to us!—Alas! that I, his father, should be left to deplore him.

It was in the month of October I had been to Dublin in order to see a lawyer and a moneyed man, who had come over to Ireland to consult with me about some sales of mine and the cut of Hackton timber, of which, as I hated the place and was greatly in want of money, I was determined to cut down every stick. There had been some difficulty in the matter. It was said I had no right to touch the timber. The brute peasantry about the estate had been roused to such a pitch of hatred against me that the rascals actually refused to lay an axe to the trees, and my agent (that scoundrel Larkins) declared that his life was in danger among them if he attempted any further despoilment (as they called it) of the property. Every article of the splendid furniture was sold by this time, as I need not say, and, as for the plate, I had taken good care to bring it off to Ireland, where it now was in the best of keeping, my

banker's, who had advanced six thousand pounds on it, which sum I soon had occasion for.

I went to Dublin, then, to meet the English man of business, and so far succeeded in persuading Mr. Splint, a great shipbuilder and timber-dealer of Plymouth, of my claim to the Hackton timber, that he agreed to purchase it off-hand at about one-third of its value, and handed me over 5,000*l.*, which, being pressed with debts at the time, I was fain to accept. *He* had no difficulty in getting down the wood, I warrant. He took a regiment of shipwrights and sawyers from his own and the King's yards at Plymouth, and in two months Hackton Park was as bare of trees as the Bog of Allen.

I had but ill luck with that accursed expedition and money. I lost the greater part of it in two nights' play at Daly's, so that my debts stood just as they were before ; and before the vessel sailed for Holyhead, which carried away my old sharper of a timber-merchant, all that I had left of the money he brought me was a couple of hundred pounds, with which I returned home very disconsolately, and very suddenly, too, for my Dublin tradesmen were hot upon me, hearing I had spent the loan, and two of my wine-merchants had writs out against me for some thousands of pounds.

I bought in Dublin, according to my promise, however—for when I give a promise I will keep it at any sacrifices—a little horse for my dear little Bryan, which was to be a present for his tenth birthday, that was now coming on. It was a beautiful little animal and stood me in a good sum. I never regarded money for that dear child. But the horse was very wild. He kicked off one of my horse-boys, who rode him at first, and broke the lad's leg, and, though I took the animal in hand on the journey home, it was only my weight and skill that made the brute quiet.

When we got home I sent the horse away with one of my grooms to a farmer's house to break him thoroughly in, and told Bryan, who was all anxiety to see his little horse, that he would arrive by his birthday, when he should hunt him along with my hounds, and I promised myself no small pleasure in presenting the dear fellow to the field that day, which I hoped to see him lead some time or other in place of his fond father. Ah, me ! never was that gallant boy to ride a fox-chase, or to take the place amongst the gentry

of his country which his birth and genius had pointed out for him !

Though I don't believe in dreams and omens, yet I can't but own that when a great calamity is hanging over a man he has frequently many strange and awful forebodings of it. I fancy now I had many. Lady Lyndon, especially, twice dreamed of her son's death ; but, as she was now grown uncommonly nervous and vapourish, I treated her fears with scorn, and my own, of course, too. And in an unguarded moment, over the bottle after dinner, I told poor Bryan, who was always questioning me about the little horse, and when it was to come, that it was arrived, that it was in Doolan's farm, where Mick the groom was breaking him in. ' Promise me, Bryan,' screamed his mother, ' that you will not ride the horse except in company of your father.' But I only said, ' Pooh, madam, you are an ass ! ' being angry at her silly timidity, which was always showing itself in a thousand disagreeable ways now ; and, turning round to Bryan, said, ' I promise your lordship a good flogging if you mount him without my leave.'

I suppose the poor child did not care about paying this penalty for the pleasure he was to have, or possibly thought a fond father would remit the punishment altogether, for the next morning, when I rose rather late, having sat up drinking the night before, I found the child had been off at day-break, having slipped through his tutor's room (this was Redmond Quin, our cousin, whom I had taken to live with me), and I had no doubt but that he was gone to Doolan's farm.

I took a great horsewhip and galloped off after him in a rage, swearing I would keep my promise. But, Heaven forgive me ! I little thought of it, when at three miles from home I met a sad procession coming towards me, peasants moaning and howling as our Irish do, the black horse led by the hand, and, on a door that some of the folks carried, my poor dear, dear little boy. There he lay in his little boots and spurs, and his little coat of scarlet and gold. His dear face was quite white, and he smiled as he held a hand out to me, and said, painfully, ' You won't whip me, will you, papa ? ' I could only burst out into tears in reply. I have seen many and many a man dying, and there's a look about the eyes which you cannot mistake. There was a little drummer-boy I was fond of who was hit down

before my company at Kühnersdorf ; when I ran up to give him some water, he looked exactly like my dear Bryan then did—there's no mistaking that awful look of the eyes. We carried him home and scoured the country round for doctors to come and look at his hurt.

But what does a doctor avail in a contest with the grim, invincible enemy? Such as came could only confirm our despair by their account of the poor child's case. He had mounted his horse gallantly, sat him bravely all the time the animal plunged and kicked, and, having overcome his first spite, ran him at a hedge by the roadside. But there were loose stones at the top, and the horse's foot caught among them, and he and his brave little rider rolled over together at the other side. The people said they saw the noble little boy spring up after his fall and run to catch the horse, which had broken away from him, kicking him on the back, as it would seem, as they lay on the ground. Poor Bryan ran a few yards and then dropped down as if shot. A pallor came over his face, and they thought he was dead. But they poured whisky down his mouth, and the poor child revived ; still he could not move, his spine was injured, the lower half of him was dead when they laid him in bed at home. The rest did not last long, God help me ! He remained yet for two days with us, and a sad comfort it was to think he was in no pain.

During this time the dear angel's temper seemed quite to change ; he asked his mother and me pardon for any act of disobedience he had been guilty of towards us ; he said often he should like to see his brother Bullingdon. ' Bully was better than you, papa,' he said ; ' he used not to swear so, and he told and taught me many good things while you were away.' And, taking a hand of his mother and mine in each of his little clammy ones, he begged us not to quarrel so, but love each other, so that we might meet again in heaven, where Bully told him quarrelsome people never went. His mother was very much affected by these admonitions from the poor, suffering angel's mouth, and I was so too. I wish she had enabled me to keep the counsel which the dying boy gave us.

At last, after two days, he died. There he lay, the hope of my family, the pride of my manhood, the link which had kept me and my Lady Lyndon together. ' O Redmond,' said she, kneeling by the sweet child's body, ' do, do let

us listen to the truth out of his blessed mouth, and do you amend your life, and treat your poor, loving, fond wife as her dying child bade you.' And I said I would; but there are promises which it is out of a man's power to keep, especially with such a woman as her. But we drew together after that sad event, and were for several months better friends.

I won't tell you with what splendour we buried him. Of what avail are undertakers' feathers and heralds' trumpery? I went out and shot the fatal black horse that had killed him at the door of the vault where we laid my boy. I was so wild that I could have shot myself too. But for the crime, it would have been better that I should, perhaps, for what has my life been since that sweet flower was taken out of my bosom? A succession of miseries, wrongs, disasters, and mental and bodily sufferings, which never fell to the lot of any other man in Christendom.

Lady Lyndon, always vapourish and nervous, after our blessed boy's catastrophe became more agitated than ever, and plunged into devotion with so much fervour that you would have fancied her almost distracted at times. She imagined she saw visions. She said an angel from heaven had told her that Bryan's death was as a punishment to her for her neglect of her first-born. Then she would declare Bullingdon was alive; she had seen him in a dream. Then again she would fall into fits of sorrow about his death, and grieve for him as violently as if he had been the last of her sons who had died, and not our darling Bryan, who, compared to Bullingdon, was what a diamond is to a vulgar stone. Her freaks were painful to witness, and difficult to control. It began to be said in the country that the countess was going mad. My scoundrelly enemies did not fail to confirm and magnify the rumour, and would add that I was the cause of her insanity, I had driven her to distraction, I had killed Bullingdon, I had murdered my own son; I don't know what else they laid to my charge. Even in Ireland their hateful calumnies reached me; my friends fell away from me. They began to desert my hunt as they did in England, and when I went to race or market found sudden reasons for getting out of my neighbourhood. I got the name of Wicked Barry, Devil Lyndon, which you please; the

country-folks used to make marvellous legends about me ; the priests said I had massacred I don't know how many German nuns in the Seven Years' War ; that the ghost of the murdered Bullingdon haunted my house. Once at a fair in a town hard by, when I had a mind to buy a waistcoat for one of my people, a fellow standing by, said, ' 'Tis a strait-waistcoat he's buying for my Lady Lyndon.' And from this circumstance arose a legend of my cruelty to my wife, and many circumstantial details were narrated regarding my manner and ingenuity of torturing her.

The loss of my dear boy pressed not only on my heart as a father, but injured my individual interests in a very considerable degree, for as there was now no direct heir to the estate, and Lady Lyndon was of a weak health, and supposed to be quite unlikely to leave a family, the next in succession, that detestable family of Tiptoff, began to exert themselves in a hundred ways to annoy me, and were at the head of the party of enemies who were raising reports to my discredit. They interposed between me and my management of the property¹ in a hundred different ways, making an outcry if I cut a stick, sunk a shaft, sold a picture, or sent a few ounces of plate to be remodelled. They harassed me with ceaseless lawsuits, got injunctions from Chancery, hampered my agents in the execution of their work, so much so that you would have fancied my own was not my own, but theirs, to do as they liked with. What is worse, as I have reason to believe, they had tamperings and dealings with my own domestics under my own roof, for I could not have a word with Lady Lyndon but it somehow got abroad, and I could not be drunk with my chaplain and friends but some sanctified rascals would get hold of the news, and reckon up all the bottles I drank and all the oaths I swore. That these were not few, I acknowledge. I am of the old school, was always a free liver and speaker, and, at least, if I did and said what I liked, was not so bad as many a canting scoundrel I know of who covers his foibles and sins, unsuspected, with a mask of holiness.

As I am making a clean breast of it, and am no hypocrite,

¹ [The reader will perceive, by Mr. Lyndon's own showing, that his method of managing the property was to raise all he could get from it.]—Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

I may as well confess now that I endeavoured to ward off the devices of my enemies by an artifice which was not, perhaps, strictly justifiable. Everything depended on my having an heir to the estate ; for if Lady Lyndon, who was of weakly health, had died, the next day I was a beggar ; all my sacrifices of money, &c., on the estate would not have been held in a farthing's account ; all the debts would have been left on my shoulders ; and my enemies would have triumphed over me, which, to a man of my honourable spirit, was ' the unkindest cut of all,' as some poet says.

I confess, then, it was my wish to supplant these scoundrels, and, as I could not do so without an heir to my property, *I determined to find one*. If I had him near at hand, and of my own blood too, though with the bar sinister, is not here the question. It was then I found out the rascally machinations of my enemies, for, having broached this plan to Lady Lyndon, whom I made to be, outwardly at least, the most obedient of wives,—although I never let a letter from her or to her go or arrive without my inspection,—although I allowed her to see none but those persons who I thought, in her delicate health, would be fitting society for her, yet the infernal Tiptoffs got wind of my scheme, protested instantly against it, not only by letter, but in the shameful libellous public prints, and held me up to public odium as a ' child-forged,' as they called me. Of course I denied the charge—I could do no otherwise, and offered to meet any one of the Tiptoffs on the field of honour, and prove him a scoundrel and a liar, as he was, though, perhaps, not in this instance. But they contented themselves by answering me by a lawyer, and declined an invitation which any man of spirit would have accepted. My hopes of having an heir were thus blighted completely ; indeed, Lady Lyndon (though, as I have said, I take her opposition for nothing) had resisted the proposal with as much energy as a woman of her weakness could manifest, and said she had committed one great crime in consequence of me, but would rather die than perform another. I could easily have brought her ladyship to her senses, however : but my scheme had taken wind, and it was now in vain to attempt it. We might have had a dozen children in honest wedlock, and people would have said they were false.

As for raising money on annuities, I may say I had used her life interest up. There were but few of those assurance societies in my time which have since sprung up in the city of London; underwriters did the business, and my wife's life was as well known among them as, I do believe, that of any woman in Christendom. Latterly, when I wanted to get a sum against her life, the rascals had the impudence to say my treatment of her did not render it worth a year's purchase,—as if my interest lay in killing her! Had my boy lived, it would have been a different thing; he and his mother might have cut off the entail of a good part of the property between them, and my affairs have been put in better order. Now they were in a bad condition indeed. All my schemes had turned out failures; my lands, which I had purchased with borrowed money, made me no return, and I was obliged to pay ruinous interest for the sums with which I had purchased them. My income, though very large, was saddled with hundreds of annuities, and thousands of lawyers' charges; and I felt the net drawing closer and closer round me, and no means to extricate myself from its toils.

To add to all my perplexities, two years after my poor child's death, my wife, whose vagaries of temper and wayward follies I had borne with for twelve years, wanted to leave me, and absolutely made attempts at what she called escaping from my tyranny.

My mother, who was the only person that, in my misfortunes, remained faithful to me (indeed, she has always spoken of me in my true light, as a martyr to the rascality of others and a victim of my own generous and confiding temper), found out the first scheme that was going on, and of which those artful and malicious Tiptoffs were, as usual, the main promoters. Mrs. Barry, indeed, though her temper was violent and her ways singular, was an invaluable person to me in my house, which would have been at wrack and ruin long before but for her spirit of order and management, and for her excellent economy in the government of my numerous family. As for my Lady Lyndon, she, poor soul! was much too fine a lady to attend to household matters—passed her days with her doctor, or her books of piety, and never appeared among us except at my compulsion, when she and my mother would be sure to have a quarrel.

Mrs. Barry, on the contrary, had a talent for management in all matters. She kept the maids stirring, and the footmen to their duty ; had an eye over the claret in the cellar, and the oats and hay in the stable ; saw to the salting and pickling, the potatoes and the turf-stacking, the pig-killing and the poultry, the linen-room and the bakehouse, and the ten thousand minutiae of a great establishment. If all Irish housewives were like her, I warrant many a hall-fire would be blazing where the cobwebs only grow now, and many a park covered with sheep and fat cattle where the thistles are at present the chief occupiers. If anything could have saved me from the consequences of villany in others, and (I confess it, for I am not above owning to my faults) my own too easy, generous, and careless nature, it would have been the admirable prudence of that worthy creature. She never went to bed until all the house was quiet and all the candles out ; and you may fancy that this was a matter of some difficulty with a man of my habits, who had commonly a dozen of jovial fellows (artful scoundrels and false friends most of them were !) to drink with me every night, and who seldom, for my part, went to bed sober. Many and many a night, when I was unconscious of her attention, has that good soul pulled my boots off, and seen me laid by my servants snug in bed, and carried off the candle herself, and been the first in the morning, too, to bring me my drink of small-beer. Mine were no milksop times, I can tell you. A gentleman thought no shame of taking his half-dozen bottles ; and, as for your coffee and slops, they were left to Lady Lyndon, her doctor, and the other old women. It was my mother's pride that I could drink more than any man in the country,—as much, within a pint, as my father before me, she said.

That Lady Lyndon should detest her was quite natural. She is not the first of woman or mankind either that has hated a mother-in-law. I set my mother to keep a sharp watch over the freaks of her ladyship, and this, you may be sure, was one of the reasons why the latter disliked her. I never minded that, however. Mrs. Barry's assistance and surveillance were invaluable to me ; and, if I had paid twenty spies to watch my lady, I should not have been half so well served as by the disinterested care and watchfulness of my excellent mother. She slept with the house-keys under her pillow, and had an eye everywhere. She followed

all the Countess's movements like a shadow ; she managed to know, from morning till night, everything that my lady did. If she walked in the garden, a watchful eye was kept on the wicket ; and, if she chose to drive out, Mrs. Barry accompanied her, and a couple of fellows in my liveries rode alongside of the carriage to see that she came to no harm. Though she objected, and would have kept her room in sullen silence, I made a point that we should appear together at church in the coach-and-six every Sunday, and that she should attend the race-balls in my company, whenever the coast was clear of the rascally bailiffs who beset me. This gave the lie to any of those maligners who said that I wished to make a prisoner of my wife. The fact is, that, knowing her levity, and seeing the insane dislike to me and mine which had now begun to supersede what, perhaps, had been an equally insane fondness for me, I was bound to be on my guard that she should not give me the slip. Had she left me I was ruined the next day. This (which my mother knew) compelled us to keep a tight watch over her ; but, as for imprisoning her, I repel the imputation with scorn. Every man imprisons his wife to a certain degree ; the world would be in a pretty condition if women were allowed to quit home and return to it whenever they had a mind. In watching over my wife, Lady Lyndon, I did no more than exercise the legitimate authority which awards honour and obedience to every husband.

Such, however, is female artifice that, in spite of all my watchfulness in guarding her, it is probable my lady would have given me the slip, had I not had quite as acute a person as herself as my ally ; for, as the proverb says that ' the best way to catch one thief is to set another after him,' so the best way to get the better of a woman is to engage one of her own artful sex to guard her. One would have thought that, followed as she was, all her letters read, and all her acquaintances strictly watched by me, living in a remote part of Ireland away from her family, Lady Lyndon could have had no chance of communicating with her allies, or of making her wrongs, as she was pleased to call them, public ; and yet, for a while, she carried on a correspondence under my very nose, and acutely organized a conspiracy for flying from me, as shall be told.

She always had an inordinate passion for dress, and, as she was never thwarted in any whimsey she had of this kind

(for I spared no money to gratify her, and among my debts are milliners' bills to the amount of many thousands), boxes used to pass continually to and fro from Dublin, with all sorts of dresses, caps, flounces, and furbelows, as her fancy dictated. With these would come letters from her milliner, in answer to numerous similar injunctions from my lady, all of which passed through my hands, without the least suspicion, for some time. And yet in these very papers, by the easy means of sympathetic ink, were contained all her ladyship's correspondence, and Heaven knows (for it was some time, as I have said, before I discovered the trick) what charges against me.

But clever Mrs. Barry found out that always, before my lady-wife chose to write letters to her milliner, she had need of lemons to make her drink, as she said; and this fact, being mentioned to me, set me a-thinking, and so I tried one of the letters before the fire, and the whole scheme of villany was brought to light. I will give a specimen of one of the horrid artful letters of this unhappy woman. In a great hand, with wide lines, were written a set of directions to her mantua-maker, setting forth the articles of dress for which my lady had need, the peculiarity of their make, the stuffs she selected, &c. She would make out long lists in this way, writing each article in a separate line, so as to have more space for detailing all my cruelties and her tremendous wrongs. Between these lines she kept the journal of her captivity; it would have made the fortune of a romance-writer in those days but to have got a copy of it, and to have published it under the title of the 'Lovely Prisoner, or the Savage Husband,' or by some name equally taking and absurd. The journal would be as follows:—

' *Monday*.—Yesterday I was made to go to church. My odious, *monstrous, vulgar, she-dragon of a mother-in-law*, in a yellow satin and red ribbons, taking the first place in the coach; Mr. L. riding by its side, on the horse he never paid for to Captain Hurdlestone. The wicked hypocrite led me to the pew, with hat in hand and a smiling countenance, and kissed my hand as I entered the coach after service, and patted my Italian greyhound,—all that the few people collected might see. He made me come downstairs in the evening to make tea for his company, of whom three-fourths, he himself included, were, as usual, drunk.

They painted the parson's face black, when his reverence had arrived at his seventh bottle, and at his usual insensible stage, and they tied him on the grey mare, with his face to the tail. The she-dragon read the *Whole Duty of Man* all the evening till bedtime, when she saw me to my apartments, locked me in, and proceeded to wait upon her abominable son, whom she adores for his wickedness, I should think, *as Sycorax did Caliban.*'

You should have seen my mother's fury as I read her out this passage! Indeed, I have always had a taste for a joke (that practised on the parson, as described above, is, I confess, a true bill), and used carefully to select for Mrs. Barry's hearing all the *compliments* that Lady Lyndon passed upon her. The dragon was the name by which she was known in this precious correspondence, or sometimes she was designated by the title of the 'Irish Witch.' As for me, I was denominated 'my jailer,' 'my tyrant,' 'the dark spirit which has obtained the mastery over my being,' and so on, in terms always complimentary to my power, however little they might be so to my amiability. Here is another extract from her 'Prison Diary,' by which it will be seen that my lady, although she pretended to be so indifferent to my goings on, had a sharp woman's eye, and could be as jealous as another:—

'*Wednesday.*—This day two years my last hope and pleasure in life was taken from me, and my dear child was called to heaven. Has he joined his neglected brother there, whom I suffered to grow up unheeded by my side, and whom the tyranny of the monster to whom I am united drove to exile, and, perhaps, to death? Or is the child alive, as my fond heart sometimes deems? Charles Bullingdon! come to the aid of a wretched mother, who acknowledges her crimes, her coldness towards thee, and now bitterly pays for her error! But, no, he cannot live! I am distracted! My only hope is in you, my cousin—you whom I had once thought to salute by a *still fonder title*, my dear George Poynings! Oh, be my knight and my preserver, the true chivalric being thou ever wert, and rescue me from the thrall of the felon caitiff who holds me captive,—rescue me from him, and from Sycorax, the vile Irish witch, his mother!'

(Here follow some verses, such as her ladyship was in the habit of composing by reams, in which she compares herself to Sabra, in the *Seven Champions*, and besecches her George to rescue her from *the dragon*, meaning Mrs. Barry. I omit the lines, and proceed) :—

‘ Even my poor child, who perished untimely on this sad anniversary, the tyrant who governs me had taught to despise and dislike me. ’Twas in disobedience to my orders, my prayers, that he went on the fatal journey. What sufferings, what humiliations have I had to endure since then ! I am a prisoner in my own halls. I should fear poison, but that I know the wretch has a sordid interest in keeping me alive, and that my death would be the signal for his ruin. But I dare not stir without my odious, hideous, vulgar jailer, the horrid Irishwoman, who pursues my every step. I am locked into my chamber at night, like a felon, and only suffered to leave it when *ordered* into the presence of my lord (*I ordered !*), to be present at his orgies with his boon companions, and to hear his odious converse as he lapses into the disgusting madness of intoxication ! He has given up even the semblance of constancy—he, who swore that I alone could attach or charm him ! And now he brings his vulgar mistresses before my very eyes, and would have had me acknowledge, as heir to my own property, his child by another !

‘ No, I never will submit ! Thou, and thou only, my George, my early friend, shalt be heir to the estates of Lyndon. Why did not Fate join me to thee, instead of to the odious man who holds me under his sway, and make the poor Calista happy ! ’

So the letters would run on for sheets upon sheets, in the closest cramped handwriting ; and I leave any unprejudiced reader to say whether the writer of such documents must not have been as silly and vain a creature as ever lived, and whether she did not want being taken care of ? I could copy out yards of rhapsody to Lord George Poynings, her old flame, in which she addressed him by the most affectionate names, and implored him to find a refuge for her against her oppressors ; but they would fatigue the reader to peruse, as they would me to copy. The fact is, that this unlucky lady had the knack of writing a great deal more than she meant. She was always reading novels

and trash; putting herself into imaginary characters, flying off into heroics and sentimentalities, and, with as little heart as any woman I ever knew, yet showing the most violent disposition to be in love. She wrote always as if she was in a flame of passion. I have an elegy on her lap-dog, the most tender and pathetic piece she ever wrote; and most tender notes of remonstrance to Betty, her favourite maid; to her housekeeper, on quarrelling with her; to half a dozen acquaintances, each of whom she addressed as the dearest friend in the world, and forgot, the very moment she took up another fancy. As for her love for her children, the above passage will show how much she was capable of true maternal feeling; the very sentence in which she records the death of one child serves to betray her egotisms, and to wreak her spleen against myself; and she only wishes to recall another from the grave, in order that he may be of some personal advantage to her. If I *did* deal severely with this woman, keeping her from her flatterers, who would have bred discord between us, and locking her up out of mischief, who shall say that I was wrong? If any woman deserved a strait-waistcoat, it was my Lady Lyndon; and I have known people in my time manacled, and with their heads shaved, in the straw, who had not committed half the follies of that foolish, vain, infatuated creature.¹

My mother was so enraged by the charges against me and herself which these letters contained, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep her from discovering our knowledge of them to Lady Lyndon, whom it was, of course, my object to keep in ignorance of our knowledge of her designs; for I was anxious to know how far they went, and to what pitch of artifice she would go. The letters increased in interest (as they say of the novels) as they

¹ [Whatever her ladyship's faults were, and, indeed, she seems, according to her own showing, to have been as vain and silly a creature as ever lived, yet she seems to have had, from Mr. Barry's own account, a very sincere attachment for that amiable individual; to have come to him whenever he gave her the slightest encouragement; and, if she wrote silly letters to other persons, they appear to have been quite harmless, in intention at least, and to have had no further culpability than that resulting from an exceedingly strong vanity and feeble head. Those letters to Lord George Poynings, which her husband made use of against her subsequently, her husband here acknowledges to have been written without the slightest culpable design.]— Note in *Fraser's Magazine*, omitted in later editions.

proceeded. Pictures were drawn of my treatment of her which would make your heart throb. I don't know of what monstrosities she did not accuse me, and what miseries and starvation she did not profess herself to undergo, all the while she was living exceedingly fat and contented, to outward appearances, at our house at Castle Lyndon. Novel-reading and vanity had turned her brain. I could not say a rough word to her (and she merited many thousands a day, I can tell you) but she declared I was putting her to the torture; and my mother could not remonstrate with her but she went off into a fit of hysterics of which she would declare the worthy old lady was the cause.

At last she began to threaten to kill herself; and, though I by no means kept the cutlery out of the way, did not stint her in garters, and left her doctor's shop at her entire service,—knowing her character full well, and that there was no woman in Christendom less likely to lay hands on her precious life than herself, yet these threats had an effect evidently in the quarter to which they were addressed; for the milliner's packets now began to arrive with great frequency, and the bills sent to her contained assurances of coming aid. The chivalrous Lord George Poynings was coming to his cousin's rescue, and did me the compliment to say that he hoped to free his dear cousin from the clutches of the most atrocious villain that ever disgraced humanity, and that, when she was free, measures should be taken for a divorce, on the ground of cruelty and every species of ill-usage on my part.

I had copies of all these precious documents on one side and the other carefully made, by my before-mentioned relative, godson, and secretary, Mr. Redmond Quin, at present the *worthy* agent of the Castle Lyndon property. This was a son of my old flame Nora, whom I had taken from her in a fit of generosity, promising to care for his education at Trinity College, and provide for him through life. But after the lad had been for a year at the University the tutors would not admit him to commons or lectures until his college bills were paid; and, offended by this insolent manner of demanding the paltry sum due, I withdrew my patronage from the place, and ordered my gentleman to Castle Lyndon, where I made him useful to me in a hundred ways. In my dear little boy's lifetime he tutored the poor child as far as his high spirit would let him; but

I promise you it was small trouble poor dear Bryan ever gave the books. Then he kept Mrs. Barry's accounts ; copied my own interminable correspondence with my lawyers and the agents of all my various property ; took a hand at piquet or backgammon of evenings with me and my mother ; or, being an ingenious lad enough (though of a mean, boorish spirit, as became the son of such a father, accompanied my Lady Lyndon's spinet with his flageolet ; or read French and Italian with her, in both of which languages her ladyship was a fine scholar, and in which he also became perfectly conversant. It would make my watchful old mother very angry to hear them conversing in these languages ; for, not understanding a word of either of them, Mrs. Barry was furious when they were spoken, and always said it was some scheming they were after. It was Lady Lyndon's constant way of annoying the old lady, when the three were alone together, to address Quin in one or other of these tongues.

I was perfectly at ease with regard to his fidelity, for I had bred the lad, and loaded him with benefits, and, besides, had had various proofs of his trustworthiness. He it was who brought me three of Lord George's letters, in reply to some of my lady's complaints, which were concealed between the leather and the boards of a book which was sent from the circulating library for her ladyship's perusal. He and my lady too had frequent quarrels. She mimicked his gait in her pleasanter moments ; in her haughty moods she would not sit down to table with a tailor's grandson. ' Send me anything for company but that odious Quin,' she would say, when I proposed that he should go and amuse her with his books and his flute ; for, quarrelsome as we were, it must not be supposed we were always at it ; I was occasionally attentive to her. We would be friends for a month together, sometimes ; then we would quarrel for a fortnight ; then she would keep her apartments for a month ; all of which domestic circumstances were noted down, in her ladyship's peculiar way, in her journal of captivity, as she called it : and a pretty document it is ! Sometimes she writes, ' My monster has been almost kind to-day,' or ' My ruffian has deigned to smile.' Then she will break out into expressions of savage hate ; but for my poor mother it was *always* hatred. It was, ' The she-dragon is sick to-day ; I wish to Heaven

she would die ! ’ or, ‘ The hideous old Irish basket-woman has been treating me to some of her Billingsgate to-day,’ and so forth ; all which expressions, read to Mrs. Barry, or translated from the French and Italian, in which many of them were written, did not fail to keep the old lady in a perpetual fury against her charge ; and so I had my watch-dog, as I called her, always on the alert. In translating these languages, young Quin was of great service to me ; for I had a smattering of French ; and High Dutch, when I was in the army, of course, I knew well ; but Italian I knew nothing of, and was glad of the services of so faithful and cheap an interpreter.

This cheap and faithful interpreter, this godson and kinsman, on whom and on whose family I had piled up benefits, was actually trying to betray me, and for several months, at least, was in league with the enemy against me. I believe that the reason why they did not move earlier was the want of the great mover of all treasons—money, of which, in all parts of my establishment, there was a woful scarcity ; but of this they also managed to get a supply through my rascal of a godson, who could come and go quite unsuspected ; and the whole scheme was arranged under our very noses, and the post-chaise ordered, and the means of escape actually got ready, while I never suspected their design.

: A mere accident made me acquainted with their plan. One of my colliers had a pretty daughter ; and this pretty lass had for her bachelor, as they call them in Ireland, a certain lad who brought the letter-bag for Castle Lyndon (and many a dunning letter for me was there in it, God wot !) ; and this letter-boy told his sweetheart how he brought a bag of money from the town for Master Quin ; and how that Tim, the post-boy, had told him that he was to bring a chaise down to the water at a certain hour ; and Miss Rooney, who had no secrets from me, blurted out the whole story, asked me what scheming I was after, and what poor, unlucky girl I was going to carry away with the chaise I had ordered, and bribe with the money I had got from town ?

Then the whole secret flashed upon me, that the man I had cherished in my bosom was going to betray me. I thought at one time of catching the couple in the act of escape ; half drowning them in the ferry which they had

to cross to get to their chaise, and of pistolling the young traitor before Lady Lyndon's eyes ; but, on second thoughts, it was quite clear that the news of the escape would make a noise through the country, and rouse the confounded justice's people about my ears, and bring me no good in the end. So I was obliged to smother my just indignation, and to content myself by crushing the foul conspiracy just at the moment it was about to be hatched.

I went home, and in half an hour, and with a few of my terrible looks, I had Lady Lyndon on her knees, begging me to forgive her ; confessing all and everything ; ready to vow and swear she would never make such an attempt again ; and declaring that she was fifty times on the point of owning everything to me, but that she feared my wrath against the poor young lad, her accomplice, who was indeed the author and inventor of all the mischief. This, though I knew how entirely false the statement was, I was fain to pretend to believe ; so I begged her to write to her cousin, Lord George, who had supplied her with money, as she admitted, and with whom the plan had been arranged, stating, briefly, that she had altered her mind as to the trip to the country proposed ; and that, as her dear husband was rather in delicate health, she preferred to stay at home and nurse him. I added a dry post-script, in which I stated that it would give me great pleasure if his lordship would come and visit us at Castle Lyndon ; and that I longed to renew an acquaintance which in former times gave me so much satisfaction. ' I should seek him out,' I added, ' so soon as ever I was in his neighbourhood, and eagerly anticipated the pleasure of a meeting with him.' I think he must have understood my meaning perfectly well, which was, that I would run him through the body on the very first occasion I could come at him.

Then I had a scene with my perfidious rascal of a nephew, in which the young reprobate showed an audacity and a spirit for which I was quite unprepared. When I taxed him with ingratitude, ' What do I owe you ?' said he. ' I have toiled for you as no man ever did for another, and worked without a penny of wages. It was you yourself who set me against you, by giving me a task against which my soul revolted,—by making me a spy over your unfortunate wife, whose weakness is as pitiable as are her misfortunes and your rascally treatment of her. Flesh

and blood could not bear to see the manner in which you used her. I tried to help her to escape from you ; and I would do it again if the opportunity offered, and so I tell you to your teeth !' When I offered to blow his brains out for his insolence, 'Pooh !' said he,—'kill the man who saved your poor boy's life once, and who was endeavouring to keep him out of the ruin and perdition into which a wicked father was leading him, when a Merciful Power interposed, and withdrew him from this house of crime ? I would have left you months ago, but I hoped for some chance of rescuing this unhappy lady. I swore I would try, the day I saw you strike her. Kill me, you woman's bully ! You would, if you dared, but you have not the heart. Your very servants like me better than you. Touch me, and they will rise and send you to the gallows you merit !'

I interrupted this neat speech by sending a water-bottle at the young gentleman's head, which felled him to the ground ; and then I went to meditate upon what he had said to me. It was true the fellow had saved poor little Bryan's life, and the boy to his dying day was tenderly attached to him. 'Be good to Redmond, papa,' were almost the last words he spoke ; and I promised the poor child, on his death-bed, that I would do as he asked. It was also true that rough usage of him would be little liked by my people, with whom he had managed to become a great favourite ; which, somehow, though I got drunk with the rascals often, and was much more familiar with them than a man of my rank commonly is, yet I knew I was by no means liked by them, and the scoundrels were murmuring against me perpetually.

But I might have spared myself the trouble of debating what his fate should be, for the young gentleman took the disposal of it out of my hands in the simplest way in the world, viz., by washing and binding up his head so soon as he came to himself, by taking his horse from the stables ; and, as he was quite free to go in and out of the house and park as he liked, he disappeared without the least let or hindrance ; and, leaving the horse behind him at the ferry, went off in the very post-chaise which was waiting for Lady Lyndon. I saw and heard no more of him for a considerable time, and, now that he was out of the house did not consider him a very troublesome enemy.

But the cunning artifice of woman is such that, I think, in the long run, no man, were he Machiavel himself, could escape from it; and though I had ample proofs in the above transaction (in which my wife's perfidious designs were frustrated by my foresight, and under her own handwriting) of the deceitfulness of her character and her hatred for me, yet she actually managed to deceive me, in spite of all my precautions and the vigilance of my mother in my behalf. Had I followed that good lady's advice, who scented the danger from afar off, as it were, I should never have fallen into the snare prepared for me, and which was laid in a way that was as successful as it was simple.

My Lady Lyndon's relation with me was a singular one. Her life was passed in a crack-brained sort of alternation between love and hatred for me. If I was in a good humour with her (as occurred sometimes), there was nothing she would not do to propitiate me further, and she would be as absurd and violent in her expressions of fondness as, at other moments, she would be in her demonstrations of hatred. It is not your feeble, easy husbands, who are loved best in the world, according to my experience of it. I do think the women like a little violence of temper, and think no worse of a husband who exercises his authority pretty smartly. I had got my lady into such a terror about me that when I smiled it was quite an era of happiness to her; and, if I beckoned to her, she would come fawning up to me like a dog. I recollect how, for the few days I was at school, the cowardly, mean-spirited fellows would laugh if ever our schoolmaster made a joke. It was the same in the regiment whenever the bully of a sergeant was disposed to be jocular—not a recruit but was on the broad grin. Well, a wise and determined husband will get his wife into this condition of discipline; and I brought my high-born wife to kiss my hand, to pull off my boots, to fetch and carry for me like a servant, and always to make it a holiday, too, when I was in good humour. I confided, perhaps, too much in the duration of this disciplined obedience, and forgot that the very hypocrisy which forms a part of it (all timid people are liars in their hearts) may be exerted in a way that may be far from agreeable in order to deceive you.

After the ill-success of her last adventure, which gave me endless opportunities to banter her, one would have

thought I might have been on my guard as to what her real intentions were, but she managed to mislead me with an art of dissimulation quite admirable, and lulled me into a fatal security with regard to her intentions: for, one day, as I was joking her, and asking her whether she would take the water again, whether she had found another lover, and so forth, she suddenly burst into tears, and, seizing hold of my hand, cried passionately out,—

‘ Ah, Barry, you know well enough that I have never loved but you! Was I ever so wretched that a kind word from you did not make me happy? ever so angry, but the least offer of goodwill on your part did not bring me to your side? Did I not give a sufficient proof of my affection for you, in bestowing one of the first fortunes in England upon you? have I repined or rebuked you for the way you have wasted it? No, I loved you too much and too fondly; I have always loved you. From the first moment I saw you, I felt irresistibly attracted towards you. I saw your bad qualities, and trembled at your violence; but I could not help loving you. I married you, though I knew I was sealing my own fate in doing so, and in spite of reason and duty. What sacrifice do you want from me? I am ready to make any, so you will but love me, or, if not, that at least, you will gently use me.’

I was in a particularly good humour that day, and we had a sort of reconciliation; though my mother, when she heard the speech, and saw me softening towards her ladyship, warned me solemnly, and said, ‘ Depend on it, the artful hussy has some other scheme in her head now.’ The old lady was right, and I swallowed the bait which her ladyship had prepared to entrap me as simply as any gudgeon takes a hook.

I had been trying to negotiate with a man for some money, for which I had pressing occasion; but since our dispute regarding the affair of the succession, my lady had resolutely refused to sign any papers for my advantage, and without her name, I am sorry to say, my own was of little value in the market, and I could not get a guinea from any money-dealer in London or Dublin. Nor could I get the rascals from the latter place to visit me at Castle Lyndon, owing to that unlucky affair I had with Lawyer Sharp, when I made him lend me the money he brought

down, and old Solomons the Jew being robbed of the bond I gave him after leaving my house,¹ the people would not trust themselves within my walls any more. Our rents, too, were in the hands of receivers by this time, and it was as much as I could do to get enough money from the rascals to pay my wine-merchants their bills. Our English property, as I have said, was equally hampered, and, as often as I applied to my lawyers and agents for money, would come a reply demanding money of me, for debts and pretended claims which the rapacious rascals said they had on me.

It was, then, with some feelings of pleasure that I got a letter from my confidential man in Gray's Inn, London, saying (in reply to some ninety-ninth demand of mine) that he thought he could get me some money; and enclosing a letter from a respectable firm in the City of London, connected with the mining interest, which offered to redcem the incumbrance in taking a long lease of certain property of ours, which was still pretty free, upon the Countess's signature, and provided they could be assured of her free will in giving it. They said they heard she lived in terror of her life from me, and meditated a separation, in which case she might repudiate any deeds signed by her while in durance, and subject them, at any rate, to a doubtful and expensive litigation, and demanded to be made assured of her ladyship's perfect free will in the transaction before they advanced a shilling of their capital.

Their terms were so exorbitant that I saw at once their offer must be sincere, and, as my lady was in her gracious mood, had no difficulty in persuading her to write a letter, in her own hand, declaring that the accounts of our misunderstandings were utter calumnies, that we lived in perfect union, and that she was quite ready to execute any deed which her husband might desire her to sign.

This proposal was a very timely one, and filled me with great hopes. I have not pestered my readers with many accounts of my debts and law affairs, which were by this time so vast and complicated that I never thoroughly knew them myself, and was rendered half wild by their urgency. Suffice it to say, my money was gone—my credit was done.

¹ These exploits of Mr. Lyndon are not related in the narrative. He probably, in the cases above alluded to, took the law into his own hands.

I was living at Castle Lyndon off my own beef and mutton, and the bread, turf, and potatoes off my own estate; I had to watch Lady Lyndon within, and the bailiffs without. For the last two years, since I went to Dublin to receive money, which I unluckily lost at play there, to the disappointment of my creditors, I did not venture to show in that city, and could only appear at our own county town at rare intervals, and because I knew the sheriffs, whom I swore I would murder if any ill chance happened to me. A chance of a good loan, then, was the most welcome prospect possible to me, and I hailed it with all the eagerness imaginable.

In reply to Lady Lyndon's letter came, in course of time, an answer from the confounded London merchants, stating that if her ladyship would confirm by word of mouth, at their counting-house in Birchin Lane, London, the statement of her letter, they, having surveyed her property, would no doubt come to terms; but they declined incurring the risk of a visit to Castle Lyndon to negotiate, as they were aware how other respectable parties, such as Messrs. Sharp and Salmon of Dublin, had been treated there. This was a hit at me; but there are certain situations in which people can't dictate their own terms, and, faith, I was so pressed now for money, that I could have signed a bond with Old Nick himself, if he had come provided with a good round sum.

I resolved to go and take the Countess to London. It was in vain that my mother prayed and warned me. 'Depend on it,' says she, 'there is some artifice. When once you get into that wicked town, you are not safe. Here you may live for years and years, in luxury and splendour, barring claret and all the windows broken; but as soon as they have you in London, they'll get the better of my poor innocent lad; and the first thing I shall hear of you will be that you are in trouble.'

'Why go, Redmond?' said my wife. 'I am happy here, as long as you are kind to me, as you are now. We can't appear in London as we ought; the little money you will get will be spent, like all the rest has been. Let us turn shepherd and shepherdess, and look to our flocks and be content.' And she took my hand, and kissed it, while my mother only said, 'Humph! I believe she's at the bottom of it—the wicked *schamer!*'

I told my wife she was a fool ; bade Mrs. Barry not be uneasy, and was hot upon going, and would take no denial from either party. How I was to get the money to go was the question : but that was solved by my good mother, who was always ready to help me on a pinch, and who produced sixty guineas from a stocking, which was all the ready money that Barry Lyndon, of Castle Lyndon, and married to a fortune of twenty thousand a year, could command, such had been the havoc made in this fine fortune by my own extravagance (as I must confess), but chiefly by my misplaced confidence and the rascality of others.

We did not start in state, you may be sure. We did not let the country know we were going, or leave notice of adieu with our neighbours. The famous Mr. Barry Lyndon and his noble wife travelled in a hack-chaise and pair to Waterford, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and thence took shipping for Bristol, where we arrived quite without accident. When a man is going to the deuce, how easy and pleasant the journey is ! The thought of the money quite put me in a good humour, and my wife, as she lay on my shoulder in the post-chaise going to London, said it was the happiest ride she had taken since our marriage.

One night we stayed at Reading, whence I dispatched a note to my agent at Gray's Inn, saying I would be with him during the day, and begging him to procure me a lodging, and to hasten the preparations for the loan. My lady and I agreed that we would go to France, and wait there for better times, and that night, over our supper, formed a score of plans both for pleasure and retrenchment. You would have thought it was Darby and Joan together over their supper. Oh, woman ! woman ! when I recollect Lady Lyndon's smiles and blandishments, how happy she seemed to be on that night ! what an air of innocent confidence appeared in her behaviour, and what affectionate names she called me ! I am lost in wonder at the depth of her hypocrisy. Who can be surprised that an unsuspecting person like myself should have been a victim to such a consummate deceiver ?

We were in London at three o'clock, and half an hour before the time appointed our chaise drove to Gray's Inn. I easily found out Mr. Tapewell's apartments—a gloomy

den it was, and in an unlucky hour I entered it ! As we went up the dirty back-stair, lighted by a feeble lamp and the dim sky of a dismal London afternoon, my wife seemed agitated and faint. ‘Redmond,’ said she, as we got up to the door, ‘don’t go in : I am sure there is danger. There’s time yet, let us go back—to Ireland—anywhere !’ And she put herself before the door, in one of her theatrical attitudes, and took my hand.

I just pushed her away to one side. ‘Lady Lyndon,’ said I, ‘you are an old fool !’

‘Old fool !’ said she ; and she jumped at the bell, which was quickly answered by a mouldy-looking gentleman, in an unpowdered wig, to whom she cried, ‘Say Lady Lyndon is here ;’ and stalked down the passage, muttering, ‘Old fool.’ It was ‘old’ which was the epithet that touched her. I might call her anything but that.

Mr. Tapewell was in his musty room, surrounded by his parchments and tin boxes. He advanced and bowed ; begged her ladyship to be seated ; pointed towards a chair for me, which I took, rather wondering at his insolence ; and then retreated to a side-door, saying he would be back in one moment.

And back he *did* come in one moment, bringing with him—whom do you think ? Another lawyer, six constables in red waistcoats, with bludgeons and pistols, my Lord George Poynings, and his aunt, Lady Jane Peckover.

When my Lady Lyndon saw her old flame, she flung herself into his arms in a hysterical passion. She called him her saviour, her preserver, her gallant knight, and then, turning round to me, poured out a flood of invective which quite astonished me.

‘Old fool as I am,’ said she, ‘I have outwitted the most crafty and treacherous monster under the sun. Yes, I *was* a fool when I married you, and gave up other and nobler hearts for your sake—yes, I was a fool when I forgot my name and lineage to unite myself with a base-born adventurer—a fool to bear, without repining, the most monstrous tyranny that ever woman suffered ; to allow my property to be squandered ; to see women, as base and low-born as yourself——’

‘For Heaven’s sake, be calm !’ cries the lawyer ; and then bounded back behind the constables, seeing a threatening look in my eye, which the rascal did not like. Indeed,

I could have torn him to pieces had he come near me. Meanwhile, my lady continued in a strain of incoherent fury, screaming against me, and against my mother especially, upon whom she heaped abuse worthy of Billingsgate, and always beginning and ending the sentence with the word fool.

‘You don’t tell all, my lady,’ says I, bitterly; ‘I said *old* fool.’

‘I have no doubt you said and did, sir, everything that a blackguard could say or do,’ interposed little Poynings. ‘This lady is now safe under the protection of her relations and the law, and need fear your infamous persecutions no longer.’

‘But *you* are not safe,’ roared I; ‘and, as sure as I am a man of honour, and have tasted your blood once, I will have your heart’s blood now.’

‘Take down his words, constables; swear the peace against him!’ screamed the little lawyer, from behind his tipstaffs.

‘I would not sully my sword with the blood of such a ruffian,’ cried my lord, relying on the same doughty protection. ‘If the scoundrel remains in London another day, he will be seized as a common swindler.’ And this threat indeed made me wince, for I knew that there were scores of writs out against me in town, and that once in prison, my case was hopeless.

‘Where’s the man will seize me?’ shouted I, drawing my sword, and placing my back to the door. ‘Let the scoundrel come. You—you cowardly braggart, come first, if you have the soul of a man!’

‘We’re not going to seize you!’ said the lawyer; my ladyship, her aunt, and a division of the bailiffs moving off as he spoke. ‘My dear sir, we don’t wish to seize you; we will give you a handsome sum to leave the country, only leave her ladyship in peace!’

‘And the country will be well rid of such a villain,’ says my lord, retreating too, and not sorry to get out of my reach; and the scoundrel of a lawyer followed him, leaving me in possession of the apartment, and in company of the three bullies from the police-office, who were all armed to the teeth. I was no longer the man I was at twenty, when I should have charged the ruffians sword in hand, and have sent at least one of them to his account.

I was broken in spirit, regularly caught in the toils, utterly baffled and beaten by that woman. Was she relenting at the door when she paused and begged me turn back? Had she not a lingering love for me still? Her conduct showed it, as I came to reflect on it. It was my only chance now left in the world, so I put down my sword upon the lawyer's desk.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I shall use no violence; you may tell Mr. Tapewell I am quite ready to speak with him when he is at leisure!' and I sat down and folded my arms quite peaceably. What a change from the Barry Lyndon of old days! but, as I have read in an old book about Hannibal the Carthaginian general, when he invaded the Romans, his troops, which were the most gallant in the world, and carried all before them, went into cantonments in some city where they were so sated with the luxuries and pleasures of life that they were easily beaten in the next campaign. It was so with me now. My strength of mind and body were no longer those of the brave youth who shot his man at fifteen, and fought a score of battles within six years afterwards. Now, in the Fleet Prison, where I write this, there is a small man who is always jeering me and making game of me, who asks me to fight, and I haven't the courage to touch him. But I am anticipating the gloomy and wretched events of my history of humiliation, and had better proceed in order.

I took a lodging in a coffee-house near Gray's Inn, taking care to inform Mr. Tapewell of my whereabouts, and anxiously expecting a visit from him. He came and brought me the terms which Lady Lyndon's friends proposed,—a paltry annuity of 300*l.* a year, to be paid on the condition of my remaining abroad out of the three kingdoms, and to be stopped on the instant of my return. He told me what I very well knew, that my stay in London would infallibly plunge me in jail, that there were writs innumerable taken out against me here and in the west of England, that my credit was so blown upon that I could not hope to raise a shilling, and he left me a night to consider of his proposal, saying that if I refused it, the family would proceed; if I acceded, a quarter's salary should be paid to me at any foreign port I should prefer.

What was the poor, lonely, and broken-hearted man to do? I took the annuity, and was declared outlaw in the

course of next week. The rascal Quin had, I found, been, after all, the cause of my undoing. It was he devised the scheme for bringing me up to London, sealing the attorney's letter with a seal which had been agreed upon between him and the countess formerly; indeed, he had always been for trying the plan, and had proposed it at first, but her ladyship, with her inordinate love of romance, preferred the project of elopement. Of these points my mother wrote me word in my lonely exile, offering at the same time to come over and share it with me, which proposal I declined. She left Castle Lyndon a very short time after I had quitted it, and there was silence in that hall where, under my authority, had been exhibited so much hospitality and splendour. She thought she would never see me again, and bitterly reproached me for neglecting her; but she was mistaken in that and in her estimate of me. She is very old, and is sitting by my side at this moment in the prison working, and has a bedroom in Fleet Market over the way; and, with the fifty-pound annuity which she has kept with a wise prudence, we manage to eke out a miserable existence, quite unworthy of the famous and fashionable Barry Lyndon.

Mr. Barry Lyndon's personal narrative finishes here, for the hand of death interrupted the ingenious author soon after the period at which the Memoir was compiled, after he had lived nineteen years an inmate of the Fleet Prison, where the prison records state he died of delirium tremens. His mother attained a prodigious old age, and the inhabitants of the place in her time can record with accuracy the daily disputes which used to take place between mother and son, until the latter, from habits of intoxication, falling into a state of almost imbecility, was tended by his tough old parent as a baby almost, and would cry if deprived of his necessary glass of brandy.

His life on the Continent we have not the means of following accurately, but he appears to have resumed his former profession of a gambler without his former success.

He returned secretly to England after some time, and made an abortive attempt to extort money from Lord George Poynings, under a threat of publishing his correspondence with Lady Lyndon, and so preventing his

lordship's match with Miss Driver, a great heiress, of strict principles, and immense property in slaves in the West Indies. Barry narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the bailiffs who were dispatched after him by his lordship, who would have stopped his pension, but his wife would never consent to that act of justice and, indeed, broke with my Lord George the very moment he married the West India lady.

The fact is, the old countess thought her charms were perennial, and was never out of love with her husband. She was living at Bath, her property being carefully nursed by her noble relatives the Tiptoffs, who were to succeed to it in default of direct heirs; and such was the address of Barry, and the sway he still held over the woman, that he actually had almost persuaded her to go and live with him again, when his plan and hers were interrupted by the appearance of a person that had been deemed dead for several years.

This was no other than Viscount Bullingdon, who started up to the surprise of all, and especially to that of his kinsman of the house of Tiptoff. This young nobleman made his appearance at Bath, with the letter from Barry to Lord George in his hand, in which the former threatened to expose his connexion with Lady Lyndon—a connexion, we need not state, which did not reflect the slightest dishonour upon either party, and only showed that her ladyship was in the habit of writing exceedingly foolish letters, as many ladies, nay, gentlemen, have done ere this. For calling the honour of his mother in question, Lord Bullingdon assaulted his step-father (living at Bath under the name of Mr. Jones), and administered to him a tremendous castigation in the Pump-room.

His lordship's history, since his departure, was a romantic one, which we do not feel bound to narrate. He had been wounded in the American War, reported dead, left prisoner, and escaped. The remittances which were promised him were never sent; the thought of the neglect almost broke the heart of the wild and romantic young man, and he determined to remain dead to the world at least, and to the mother who had denied him. It was in the woods of Canada, and three years after the event had occurred, that he saw the death of his half-brother chronicled in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the title of 'Fatal Accident

to Lord Viscount Castle-Lyndon,' on which he determined to return to England, where, though he made himself known, it was with very great difficulty indeed that he satisfied Lord Tiptoff of the authenticity of his claim. He was about to pay a visit to his lady-mother at Bath, when he recognized the well-known face of Mr. Barry Lyndon, in spite of the modest disguise which that gentleman wore, and revenged upon his person the insults of former days.

Lady Lyndon was furious when she heard of the encounter, declined to see her son, and was for rushing at once to the arms of her adored Barry; but that gentleman had been carried off, meanwhile, from jail to jail, until he was lodged in the hands of Mr. Bendigo, of Chancery Lane, an assistant to the Sheriff of Middlesex, from whose house he went to the Fleet Prison. The sheriff and his assistant, the prisoner, nay, the prison itself, are now no more.

As long as Lady Lyndon lived, Barry enjoyed his income, and was perhaps as happy in prison as at any period of his existence; when her ladyship died, her successor sternly cut off the annuity, devoting the sum to charities, which, he said, would make a nobler use of it than the scoundrel who had enjoyed it hitherto. At his lordship's death, in the Spanish campaign, in the year 1811, his estate fell into the family of the Tiptoffs, and his title merged in their superior rank; but it does not appear that the Marquis of Tiptoff (Lord George succeeded to the title on the demise of his brother) renewed either the pension of Mr. Barry or the charities which the late lord had endowed. The estate has vastly improved under his lordship's careful management. The trees in Hackton Park are all about forty years old, and the Irish property is rented in exceedingly small farms to the peasantry, who still entertain the stranger with stories of the daring, and the devilry, and the wickedness, and the fall of Barry Lyndon.

[When that famous character lost his income, his spirits entirely fell. He was removed into the paupers' ward, where he was known to black boots for wealthier prisoners, and where he was detected in stealing a tobacco-box. It was in this plight his staunch old mother found him, and from it she withdrew him; and if, upon being restored

to bread-and-cheese, he despised blacking boots and no longer stole snuff-boxes, the reader must not fancy that he was a whit more virtuous than when, under the strong temptation of necessity, he performed those actions unworthy of a man and a gentleman. If the tale of his life have any moral (which I sometimes doubt), it is that honesty is *not* the best policy. That was a pettifogger's maxim, who half admits he would be a rogue if he found his profit in it, and has led astray scores of misguided people both in novels and the world, who forthwith set up the worldly prosperity or adversity of a man as standards by which his worth should be tried. Novelists especially make a most profuse, mean use of this pedlar's measure, and mete out what they call poetical justice.

Justice, forsooth ! Does human life exhibit justice after this fashion ? Is it the good always who ride in gold coaches, and the wicked who go to the workhouse ? Is a humbug never preferred before a capable man ? Does the world always reward merit, never worship cant, never raise mediocrity to distinction ? never crowd to hear a donkey braying from a pulpit, nor ever buy the tenth edition of a fool's book ? Sometimes the contrary occurs, so that fools and wise, bad men and good, are more or less lucky in their turn, and honesty is 'the best policy,' or not, as the case may be.

If this be true of the world, those persons who find their pleasure or get their livelihood by describing its manners and the people who live in it are bound surely to represent to the best of their power life as it really appears to them to be ; not to foist off upon the public figures pretending to be delineations of human nature,—gay and agreeable cut-throats, otto-of-rose murderers, amiable hackney-coachmen, Prince Rodolphs and the like, being representatives of beings that never have or could have existed. At least, if not bounden to copy nature, they are justified in trying ; and hence in describing not only what is beautiful, but what is ill-favoured too, faithfully, so that each may appear as like as possible to nature. It is as right to look at a beauty as at a hunchback ; and, if to look, to describe too : nor can the most prodigious genius improve upon the original. Who knows, then, but the old style of Molière and Fielding, who drew from nature, may come into fashion again, and replace the terrible, the

humorous, always the genteel impossible new in vogue? Then, with the sham characters, the sham *moral* may disappear. The one is a sickly humbug as well as the other. I believe for my part Hogarth's pictures of 'Mariage à la Mode' in Trafalgar Square to be more moral and more beautiful than West's biggest heroic piece, or Angelica Kaufmann's most elegant allegory!

G. S. FITZ-BOODLE.]¹

¹ Omitted in later editions.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

WRITTEN BETWEEN 1843 AND 1847

MR. MACAULAY'S ESSAYS¹

[*Pictorial Times*, April 1, 1843.]

WE have but a word or two to say this week as a welcome to the reappearance of these noble essays. No critic has a right to judge them hurriedly, and we hope that they may afford to the readers of this paper many hours of entertainment yet. For power and variety of memory, for vividness of painting, and for delightful grace of scholarship, there is no English author of our days who has equalled Mr. Macaulay; and the charm of his style is, that it is as warm and kindly as it is bright, and engages the reader's heart by its affectionate sympathy, as it delights his taste by its brilliancy, poetry, and wit.

Of course, in volumes embracing such a vast range of reading, and treating of little less than literature and history from their beginning until now, every reader who, in the course of his own humble pursuits, may encounter this active, untiring, bright-eyed inquirer, may have many a point to argue with him; and may not subscribe to many of the opinions which, with such astounding prodigality, are poured from him. But, whether one agree or not, one is always forced to admire; and the most uninformed reader of Mr. Macaulay's works will do this as well as the gravest student. It requires no more science than may be had from a circulating library or a Scott's novel to be delighted with narratives not less exciting than the best fictions of the novelist: while the reader who seeks for profit and study more than amusement will better see the extraordinary powers of this brilliant intellect, and the amazing variety and extent of learning, which must have gone to the preparation of essays which all may so easily read.

And no small thanks are due to this accomplished scholar

¹ [*Critical and Historical Essays*, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. In three volumes. London: Longman. 1843.]

from the unlettered public, that—unlike many a pedant, whose reputation is founded upon a tithe of Mr. Macaulay's learning, who fences round his stock of scholarship with hard words and dull phrases and old scholastic impediments, and from his old-world lore has a huge college gate to keep the public out, and a watchful porter with a cane to drive the vulgar from the prim old walks and grass-plats of his college-garden,—no small thanks do we owe Mr. Macaulay for laying open his learning to all, and bidding the humble and the great alike welcome to it.

This generous and kindly system characterizes his political as well as his literary career.

A man of letters and of the world, too, there is no man whose public life has better shown how the one and the other pursuit may be followed to the advantage of both ; and his very success is as useful to both the causes which he has at heart as his talents and character have been. He had no other friend at the commencement of his career but his own genius : he never became the follower of any patron, or truckled to great man or mob : he never swerved from any principle with which he set out : he made no party sacrifices to win his honours ; and the very publication of these volumes shows how he bears them. Allied with a party, he always bore himself above it ; and has made his reputation and calling as a man of letters his title to honour, as others do their birth, their influence, or their money.

He is the first literary man in this country who has made himself honourably and worthily the equal of the noblest and wealthiest in it : this may be no cause for respect with the reader, perhaps, but with every *writer* it should be, who is glad to see in another his own profession advanced, and success and honour bestowed at last upon one of a body of men who were but a few score years since begging guineas from my lord for a dedication ; the byword for poverty, the theme for sneering wits.

But the review, the newspaper addressed to no party merely, a clique of *literati* or politicians, have made the nation and the man of letters directly acquainted ; and it begins to reward him as it does all the rest of its servants. As it receives instruction from him, it will take care that at least he shall be respected, and will treat him as it does any other man of any other liberal profession who labours in

its advantage. And it is as a proof that the literary man's claim is a good one, and at last an acknowledged one, too, that we the more gladly welcome Mr. Macaulay's success. What was done once may be done again, and what his genius attained for himself, his precedent and example will make easier for others. The mere party man has some reason to be grateful to Mr. Macaulay. He has made more converts to Liberalism than any mere politician ever could. He has brought thousands and thousands to interest themselves with literature, to sympathize, that is, with truth, wherever it comes from, or from what rank of men; and to acknowledge (as who shall not that ever read in a history book?) the constant progress of the world, and how at the close of every century, it is in something, at least, more free, wise, or happy than at its beginning. The bitterest attack on its opponents will not bring so many recruits to the Liberal party, nor will the best places be given away.

And this is the part of the work of progress that is to be done *by the man of letters*; the rest is but the humble duty of officials and tape-men.

JEROME PATUROT¹

WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON NOVELS IN GENERAL—IN A
LETTER FROM M. A. TITMARSH

[*Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1843.]

PARIS, July 20.

IF I had been his Majesty Louis Philippe, and the caricaturist had made fun of me ever so, I would, for the sake of the country, have put up with the insult—aye, perhaps have gone a little further, and encouraged it. I would be a good king, and give a premium to any fellow who, for a certain number of hours, could make a certain number of my subjects laugh. I would take the Salle des Pas Perdus, and have an exhibition of caricature-cartoons, with a dozen of handsome prizes for the artists who should invent the dozen ugliest likenesses of me. But, wise as the French king proverbially is, he has not attained this degree of wisdom. Let a poor devil but draw the royal face like a pear now, or in the similitude of a *brioche*, and he, his printer, and publisher are clapped into prison for months, severe fines are imposed upon them, their wives languish in their absence, their children are deprived of their bread, and, pressing round the female author of their days, say sadly, '*Maman, où est notre père ?*'

It ought not to be so. Laughing never did harm to any one yet; or if laughing does harm, and king's majesties suffer from the exhibition of caricatures, let them suffer. Mon Dieu! it is the lesser evil of the two. Majesties are to be had any day; but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the opinion commonly held about the *gaieté française* is no more than

¹ [*Jérôme Paturot à la recherche d'une position sociale. Par **** (i.e. M. R. L. Reybaud.) Bruxelles. 1843.]

a mystification, a vulgar practical joke of the sort which the benevolent mind abhors. For it is a shame to promise us something pleasant and then disappoint us. Men and children feel in this matter alike. To give a child an egg-shell, under pretence that it is an egg, is a joke; but the child roars in reply, and from such joking the gentle spirit turns away abashed, disgusted.

So about the *gaieté française*. We are told that it still exists, and are invited by persons to sit down and make a meal of it. But it is almost all gone. Somebody has scooped out all the inside and swallowed it, and left only the shell behind. I declare, for my part, I know few countries where there is less joking than in France; it is of a piece with the boasted amenity and politeness of the Gauls. Really and truly, there is more real and true politeness in Wapping than in the Champs Élysées. People whom the stranger addresses give him civil answers, and they are leaving off this in France. Men in Wapping do not jostle ladies off the street, and this they do in France, where the charcoal man, drinking at the corner of the wine-shop, will let a lady's muslin slip into the gutter rather than step aside an inch to allow her to pass.

In the matter of novels especially, the national jocularity has certainly passed away. Paul de Kock writes now in such a way as not to make you laugh, but to make you blush for the intolerable vulgarity of the man. His last book is so little humorous, that even the English must give him up—the English, whose island is said after dinner to be ‘the home of the world,’ and who certainly gave Monsieur Paul a very hearty welcome. In his own country this prophet has never been much honoured. People sneer at his simple tricks for exciting laughter, and detest a vulgarity of style which the foreigner is not so ready to understand. And as one has seen many a vulgar fellow who dropped his h's, and came from Hislington, received with respect by foreigners, and esteemed as a person of fashion, so we are on our side slow in distinguishing the real and sham foreign gentleman.

Besides Paul de Kock, there is another humorous writer of a very different sort, and whose works have of late found a considerable popularity among us—Monsieur de Bernard. He was first discovered by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who wrote a critique on one of his works, and pilfered one

of his stories. Mrs. Gore followed him by 'editing' Bernard's novel of *Gerfeuil*, which was badly translated, and pronounced by the press to be immoral. It may be so in certain details, but it is not immoral in tendency. It is full of fine observation and gentle feeling; it has a gallant sense of the absurd, and is written—rare quality for a French romance—in a gentlemanlike style.

Few celebrated modern French romance writers can say as much for themselves. Monsieur Sue has tried almost always, and, in *Mathilde*, very nearly succeeded in attaining a tone of *bonne compagnie*. But his respect for lackeys, furniture, carpets, titles, bouquets, and such aristocratic appendages is too great. He slips quietly over the carpet, and peers at the silk hangings, and looks at Lafleur handing about the tea-tray with too much awe for a gentleman. He is in a flutter in the midst of his marquesses and princes—happy, clever, smiling, but uneasy. As for De Balzac, he is not fit for the *salon*. In point of gentility, Dumas is about as genteel as a courier; and Frédéric Soulié as elegant as a *huissier*.

These are hard words. But a hundred years hence (when, of course, the frequenters of the circulating library will be as eager to read the works of Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, as now), a hundred years hence, what a strange opinion the world will have of the French society of to-day! Did all married people, we may imagine they will ask, break a certain commandment?—They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes, who lived in the friendship of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *savate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys? All these characters are quite common in French novels, and France in the nineteenth century was the politest country in the world. What must the rest of the world have been?

Indeed, in respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest

oneself in a personage who, you know, must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death. What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination ?

Formerly, whenever I came to one of these fatally virtuous characters in a romance (ladies are very fond of inventing such suffering angels in their novels, pale, pious, pulmonary, crossed in love, of course ; hence I do not care to read ladies' novels, except those of Mesdames Gore and Trollope) —whenever I came to one of those predestined creatures, and saw from the complexion of the story that the personage in question was about to occupy a good deal of the reader's attention, I always closed the book at once, and in disgust, for my feelings are much too precious to be agitated at threepence per volume. Even then it was often too late. One may have got through half a volume before the ultimate fate of Miss Trevanion was made clear to one. In that half volume, one may have grown to be exceedingly interested in Miss Trevanion ; and hence one has all the pangs of parting with her, which were not worth incurring for the brief pleasure of her acquaintance. *Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle.* It is well to say, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with his dark blue eye, but when he came to know me well he was sure to die ; and to add, that I never loved a tree or flower but 'twas the first to fade away. Is it not better, instead of making yourself unhappy, as you inevitably must be, to spare yourself the trouble of this bootless affection ? Do not let us give up our affections rashly to young gazelles, or trees, or flowers ; and confine our tenderness to creatures that are more long-lived.

Therefore, I say, it is much better to look at the end of a novel ; and when I read, 'There is a fresh green mound in Brentford churchyard, and a humble stone, on which is inscribed the name of "Anna Maria";' or 'Le jour après on voyait sur les dalles humides de la terrible Morgue le corps virginal et ruisselant de Bathilde' ; or a sentence to that effect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings needlessly ; for at that stage I do not care a fig for Anna Maria's consumption or Bathilde's suicide ; I have not the honour of their acquaintance, nor will I make it. If you had the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce you to a man who you knew would borrow

money of you, or would be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some other annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introduction? So with novels. The *Book of Fate* of the heroes and heroines is to be found at the end of Vol. III. One has but to turn to it to know whether one shall make their acquaintance or not. For my part, I heartily pardon the man who brought Cordelia to life (was it Cibber, or Sternhold and Hopkins?). I would have the stomach-pump brought for Romeo at the fifth act; for Mrs. Macbeth I am not in the least sorry; but, as for the general, I would have him destroy that swaggering Macduff (who always looks as if he had just slipped off a snuff-shop), or, if not cut him in pieces, disarm him, pink him certainly; and then I would have Mrs. Macduff and all her little ones come in from the slips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful fabrication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them perfectly well and hearty. The entirely wicked you may massacre without pity; and I have always admired the German Red Riding-Hood on this score, which is a thousand times more agreeable than the ferocious English tale, because, when the wolf has gobbled up Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother, in come two foresters, who cut open the wolf, and out step the old lady and the young one quite happy.

So I recommend all people to act with regard to lugubrious novels and eschew them. I have never read the *Nelly* part of the *Old Curiosity Shop* more than once; whereas I have Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness by heart. And in like manner, with regard to *Oliver Twist*, it did very well to frighten one in numbers; but I am not going to look on at Sikes's murder and to writhe and twist under the Jew's nightmare again. No! no! give me Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick for a continuance. Which are read most—*The Pirate* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*?—The former may be preferred by scowling Frenchmen, who pretend to admire Lord Byron. But, if we get upon the subject of Lord Byron, Heaven knows how far we may go. Let us return to the Frenchmen, and ask pardon for the above digression.

The taste for horrors in France is so general that one can really get scarcely any novels to read in the country (and so much the better, no doubt, say you; the less of their immoralities any man reads the better); hence

(perfectly disregarding the interruption of the reader), when a good, cheerful, clear, kind-hearted, merry, smart, bitter, sparkling romance falls in the way, it is a great mercy, and of such a sort is the *Life of Jerome Paturot*. It will give any reader who is familiar with Frenchmen a couple of long summer evenings' laughter, and any person who does not know the country a curious insight into some of the social and political humbugs of the great nation.

Like many an idle honest fellow who is good for nothing else, honest Paturot commences life as a literary man. And here, but that a man must not abuse his own trade, would be a fair opportunity for a tirade on the subject of literary characters—those doomed poor fellows of this world whose pockets Fate has ordained shall be perpetually empty. Pray, all parents and guardians, that your darlings may not be born with literary tastes! If so endowed, make up your minds that they will be idle at school, and useless at college; if they have a profession they will be sure to neglect it; if they have a fortune, they will be sure to spend it. How much money has all the literature of England in the Three per cents? That is the question; and any bank-clerk could calculate accurately the advantage of any other calling over that of the pen. Is there any professional penman who has laid by five thousand pounds of his own earnings? Lawyers, doctors, and all other learned persons save money; tradesmen and warriors save money; the Jew-boy who sells oranges at the coach-door, the burnt-umber Malay who sweeps crossings, save money; there is but Vates in the world who does not seem to know the art of growing rich, and, as a rule, leaves the world with as little coin about him as he had when he entered it.

So, when it is said that honest Paturot begins life by publishing certain volumes of poems, the rest is understood. You are sure he will come to the parish at the end of the third volume; that he will fail in all he undertakes; that he will not be more honest than his neighbours, but more idle and weak; that he will be a thriftless, vain, kind-hearted, irresolute, devil-may-care fellow, whose place is marked in this world; whom bankers sneer at, and tradesmen hold in utter discredit.

Jerome spends his patrimony, then, first in eating, drinking, and making merry; secondly, in publishing four volumes of poems, four copies of which were sold; and he

wonders to this day who bought them : and so, having got to the end of his paternal inheritance, he has to cast about for means of making a livelihood. There is his uncle Paturot, the old hosier, who has sold flannel and cotton nightcaps with credit for this half-century past. 'Come and be my heir, and sell flannels, Jerome,' says this excellent uncle (alas ! it is only in novels that these uncles are found—living literary characters have no such lucky relationships). But Jerome's soul is above nightcaps. How can you expect a man of genius to be anything but an idiot ?

The events of his remarkable history are supposed to take place just after the late glorious Revolution. In the days of his *bombance*, Jerome had formed a connexion with one of those interesting young females with whom the romances of Paul de Kock have probably made some readers acquainted—a connexion sanctified by everything except the magistrate and the clergyman,—a marriage to all intents and purposes, the ceremony only being omitted.

The lovely Malvina, the typification of the *grisette*, as warm an admirer of Paul de Kock as any in the three kingdoms, comes to Jerome's aid, after he has spent his money and pawned his plate, and while (with the energy peculiar to the character of persons who publish poems in four volumes) he sits with his hands in his pocket bemoaning his fate, Malvina has bethought herself of a means of livelihood, and says, 'My Jerome, let us turn Saint-Simonians.'

So Saint-Simonians they become. For some time, strange as it may seem, Saint-Simonianism was long a flourishing trade in this strange country ; and the two new disciples were admitted into the community *chacun selon sa capacité*.

'As a poet of the romantic school,' says Jerome, 'you know what a figure I made. My name had taken its place on the list of long-haired bards, and I flatter myself that in our set I had enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation. When it became necessary to assign me a grade among the Saint-Simonians, I brought with me these my former titles to reputation, a face and figure which I believe to be tolerably agreeable, and further personal advantages which my modesty prevents me from mentioning. I flattered myself that the Saint-Simonian dons—the fathers, or *pères*, as they were called—would receive in a distinguished manner a person as literary as I was. They examined me, and would you believe it ? they placed me in the fourth class of disciples—the last class. As a literary man, they offered me the sub-editorship of the addresses of the journal which

they published at that time. I leave you to fancy my indignation and disgust !

‘ While I, sir, was thus degraded, the *débuts* of Malvina were, on the contrary, most brilliant. Fancy, sir, a young woman, whose literary capabilities did not go beyond Paul de Kock, growing all of a sudden a shining light and vessel in the new church ! She hath a certain energy and gift of tongue which the fathers prized highly, and the value of which was pretty soon shown in their service.

‘ It was, you know, the custom of the religion at that time to have conferences illuminated by wax-candles, and held in a large room in the Rue Taitbout. To these meetings all sorts of personages used to flock, *grisettes* and workmen, artists, idlers, and men of the world. The company was rather mixed, and exceedingly original. The Saint-Simonian chiefs used here to deliver orations, and, being endowed with great facilities of speech, spoke on all sorts of subjects, and vied with each other in oratory. Here it was that conversions used to take place, and new believers came forward and uttered their profession of faith. Then would follow tremendous applause, shouts, tears, and embraces, all, of course, under the protection of the police, who attended to keep order in the meeting. If a stranger had a mind to speak he was allowed to do so ; and thus would commence an oratorical passage of arms between the unbeliever and the fathers of the doctrine. Hisses would come from one side of the house, and loud clapping of hands from the other ; hard words would be bandied about, and at last the police would interpose, clear the room, and assert the dignity of the law. I have passed in that room six nights of which I shall never again see the like.

‘ On the first occasion in which Malvina and I appeared at one of those meetings, a discussion arose with regard to the rights and emancipation of woman. A stranger in the company rose and made a speech to establish the superiority of our own sex, which he proposed to prove by historical documents, differences of organization, and the laws of nature. Malvina had shown symptoms of intense impatience during the discourse, until, able to refrain no longer, she jumped up and said, “ Father, I feel called upon to answer this impudence, and beg your permission to speak.”

“ Sister, you may speak,” said the president.

“ Here goes,” said she. “ What song is it that this here bird’s a-piping here ? Our sex inferior to his ? They’re all in the same tune, these men. They superior to us ! To this my reply is, *Gammon !*”

‘ A great laugh arose on all sides. The *grisettes* were in a majority in the room, and applauded their sister with vehemence. Malvina was delighted, and continued :—

“ You pretend to be superior to us, do you ? You give yourselves high and mighty airs in public ; but who’s missis at home, I’d like to know ? You shall soon see that. Don’t be alarmed, gents, the show costs nothing. Jerome, here !”

“Jerome, here!” was applied to me; she pointed at me, sir, with her finger, and there was no mistake as to the person meant. I wished myself a hundred feet under ground. They were going to make an exhibition of me! For a moment, I thought of refusing; but Malvina’s air was so imperious,—she seemed to be so sure of my submission, that I thought it best not to exert my authority. Besides, the Saint-Simonian fathers seemed to be delighted with the scene; it was a living demonstration of their doctrine, and everybody round about us encouraged me to devote myself. Accordingly, I obeyed Malvina’s call, and came to her. When she had me within reach, she put her hand on my shoulder, and, turning round to the company, said,

“There! didn’t I tell you so? Here’s a man of *my* bringing up! He wanted to be a poet, but I wouldn’t have it and made a Simonian of him, and will make anything else of him I choose. So much for that. And now which of us two, pray, is it that wears the breeches? That’s enough, Jerome, now go and sit down.”

‘Tremendous cheers followed this little speech of Malvina’s. All the washerwomen, all the embroideresses, gloveresses, cap-makeresses, shoe-binderesses in the room rose in a body, and talked of carrying off Malvina in triumph. No father of the doctrine had ever had such a success, and at that very sitting fifty-three workwomen confessed the faith. The conversion continued, and entirely through Malvina’s agency. She was, therefore, instantly appointed priestess of the first class.’

The funds of the religion, as history has informed us, soon began to fail; and the high-priestess, little relishing the meagre diet on which the society was now forced to subsist, and likewise not at all approving of the extreme devotion which some of the priests manifested for her, quitted the Saint-Simonians, and established herself once more very contentedly in her garret, and resumed her flower-making. As for Paturot, he supported the falling cause as long as strength was left him, and for awhile blacked the boots of the fraternity very meekly. But he was put upon a diet of sour grapes, which by no means strengthened his constitution, and at last, by the solicitations of his Malvina, was induced to recant, and come back again into common life.

Now begin new plans of advancement. Malvina makes him the treasurer of the Imperial Morocco Bitumen Company, which ends in the disappearance of the treasury with its manager, the despair and illness of the luckless treasurer. He is thrown on the world yet again, and resumes his literary labours. He becomes editor of that famous journal, the *Aspic*: which, in order to gather customers round it,

proposes to subscribers a journal and a pair of boots, a journal and a great-coat, a journal and a leg of mutton, according to the taste of the individual. Then we have him as a dramatic critic, then a writer of romances, then the editor of a government paper ; and all these numerous adventures of his are told with capital satire and hearty fun. The book is, in fact, a course of French humbug, commercial, legal, literary, political ; and, if there be any writer in England who has knowledge and wit sufficient, he would do well to borrow the Frenchman's idea, and give a similar satire on our own country.

The novel in numbers is known with us, but the daily *feuilleton* has not yet been tried by our newspapers, the proprietors of some of which would, perhaps, do well to consider the matter. Here is Jerome's theory on the subject, offered for the consideration of all falling journals, as a means whereby they may rise once more into estimation :—

' You must recollect, sir, that the newspaper, and in consequence, the *feuilleton*, is a family affair. The father and mother read the story first, from their hands it passes to the children, from the children to the servants, from the servants to the house porter, and becomes at once a part of the family. They cannot do without the story, sir, and, in consequence, must have the journal which contains it. Suppose, out of economy, the father stops the journal ; mamma is sulky, the children angry, the whole house is in a rage ; in order to restore peace to his family, the father must take in the newspaper again. It becomes as necessary as their coffee in a morning or as their soup for dinner.'

' Well, granting that the *feuilleton* is a necessity nowadays, what sort of a *feuilleton* must one write in order to please all these various people ?'

' My dear sir, nothing easier. After you have written a number or two, you will see that you can write seventy or a hundred at your will. For example, you take a young woman, beautiful, persecuted, and unhappy. You add, of course, a brutal tyrant of a husband or father, you give the lady a perfidious friend, and introduce a lover, the pink of virtue, valour, and manly beauty. What is more simple ? You mix up your characters well, and can serve them out hot in a dozen or fourscore numbers as you please.

' And it is the manner of cutting your story into portions to which you must look especially. One portion must be bound to the other, as one of the Siamese twins to his brother, and at the end of each number there must be a mysterious word, or an awful situation, and the hero perpetually the hero before your public. They never tire of the hero, sir, they get acquainted with him, and the more they do so the more they like him, and you may

keep up the interest for years. For instance, I will show you a specimen of the interesting in number-writing, made by a young man, whom I educated and formed myself, and whose success has been prodigious. It is a story of a mysterious castle.

“ Ethelgida was undressed for the night. Her attendant had retired, and the maiden was left in her vast chamber alone. She sat before the dressing-glass, revolving the events of the day, and particularly thinking over the strange and mysterious words which Alfred had uttered to her in the shrubbery. Other thoughts succeeded and chased through her agitated brain. The darkness of the apartment filled with tremor the sensitive and romantic soul of the young girl. Dusky old tapestries waved on the wall, against which a huge crucifix of ivory and ebony presented its image of woe and gloom. It seemed to her as if, in the night-silence, groans passed through the chamber, and a noise, as of chains clanking in the distance, jarred on her frightened ear. The tapers flickered, and seemed to burn blue. Ethelgida retired to bed with a shudder and, drawing the curtains round her, sought to shut out the ghostly scene. But what was the maiden’s terror when, from the wall at her bedside, she saw thrust forward a naked hand and arm, the hand was clasping by its clotted hair a living, bloody head! What was that hand!!!—what was that head!!!!!!”

(To be continued in our next.)

This delightful passage has been translated for the benefit of literary men in England, who may learn from it a profitable lesson. The terrible and mysterious style has been much neglected with us of late, and if, in the recess of Parliament, some of our newspapers are at a loss to fill their double sheets, or inclined to treat for a story in this *genre*, an eminent English hand, with the aid of Dumas, or Frédéric Soulié, might be got to transcribe such a story as would put even Mr. O’Connell’s Irish romances out of countenance.

The following is a specimen of graver satire. It gives us a curious idea of the state of French law and lawyers. Jerome had left his friend Valmont working hard at the bar, he finds him second clerk to a notary :—

‘My dear Jerome,’ said Valmont, ‘we have among us a very foolish idea, on which families expend a vast deal of money, that the title of barrister is a profession for a man. My family thought so, and spent large sums of money to procure me the rank.

‘I was four years at the bar and never got a single brief. I am not more idle or more proud than my neighbours. I have been round and solicited the attorneys, who are the dispensers of business,

and keep advocates in their pay, and so take the profits of both branches of the profession. I have been round to the presidents of the courts, in the hopes of getting a few government prosecutions, but they have all their *protégés*, or only take such as are recommended by high authority, or are connected by birth with the magistracy. Then I tried the police courts, in hopes of finding some poor devil too poor to fee counsel, and so of getting myself heard and known. But here my luck was no better: the criminal barristers will let no stranger come near their clients. They know beforehand what cases are in the register, and go and seek for business in the prisons. Everything was shut out to me at the bar; well, I am turned notary, and why? because (I speak without affectation of modesty) I am a good-looking fellow.'

'But how can good looks help you in such a calling?'

'You shall hear. I am second clerk. The three last heads of this establishment were second clerks before me. The senior clerk counts for nothing; he is old, plain, vulgar, and fond of drink. Well, the notary sells his office usually, so as to return him five per cent. Say this office brings in 25,000 francs a year; the *patron* will dispose of it for 500,000. Now you may suppose that a man possessed of 500,000 francs of his own would not be so foolish as to give them and his time for a life annuity at five per cent; the office, therefore, is sold to a young clerk, who has nothing but the handsome person of which I spoke just now.'

'I begin to understand.'

'The notary knows very well that he sells his office to his clerk for more than its value, as the clerk knows very well that he pays it. Each man makes his own calculation. To be a notary at Paris is to hold a high position in the world. A notary's wife goes everywhere, even to court. Add to this that the man has an agreeable person, a good name, and a gentlemanlike manner, he may marry whom he likes. He knows all the fortunes of all the clients of the office, and may take the largest. Never mind the woman, of course; *she* is sure to be handsome enough if the fortune is. The notary then attacks the father, the clerk attacks the young lady. The business is done in a month, and the contract is signed; out of the wife's dowry the new notary pays his former master, and on his side prepares a clerk of his own, with whom the same arrangement will be repeated over again. I can show you a notary's office which has changed hands ten times in the course of twenty years.'

Here Valmont stopped, for, the door of his cabinet opening, there came in an old gentleman, of a distinguished air, with a beautiful young lady on his arm. I saw that I was *de trop*, and took my hat, and made my bow.

'She has 50,000 francs a year,' whispered he.

The book abounds in such sketches, which are drawn in perfect good faith and good humour. The latter is no

bad quality in a satirist, and I think one may mistrust the genius whose *indignatio facit versum*, and as a general rule, set him down as no better than his neighbours. Swift was no better than the demoniacal libeller, nor Byron that one knows of; and, be pretty sure on't, that foul-mouthed Juvenal could not have described what he did, had he been the delicate moralist he pretends to be. If the reader has a curiosity regarding Parisian life let him get the book and read the lively sketches it contains. All the journalist scenes are very brilliant; the director of the Morocco Bitumen Company and his prospectus are admirable; then we have a quack doctor, and some quack secretaries of a quack government office. Don't you know what I am about to say? one who is eating and drinking, and laughing, and reading the newspaper all day. *Je conserve des monuments*. It is a little manual of French quackery, against which the persons satirized themselves can hardly have the heart to be angry.

Having gone through all the phases of literary quackery, and succeeded in none, honest Jerome, driven to despair, has nothing for it, at the end of the first volume of his adventures, but to try the last quackery of all, the charcoal pan and suicide. But in this juncture the providential uncle (by means of Malvina, who is by no means disposed to quit this world, unsatisfactory as it is), the uncle of the cotton nightcaps steps in, and saves the unlucky youth, who cured henceforth of his literary turn, submits to take his place behind the counter, performs all the ceremonies which were necessary for making his union with Malvina perfectly legal, and settles down into the light of common day.

May, one cannot help repeating, may all literary characters at the end of the first volume of their lives, find such an uncle! but alas! this is the only improbable part of the book. There is no such blessed resource for the penny-a-liner in distress. All he has to do is to write more lines, and get more pence, and wait for grim Death, who will carry him off in the midst of a penny, and lo! where is he? You read in the papers that yesterday, at his lodgings in Grub Street, 'died Thomas Smith, Esq., the ingenious and delightful author, whose novels have amused us all so much. This eccentric and kind-hearted writer has left a wife and ten children, who, we understand, are totally

unprovided for, but we are sure that the country will never allow them to want.' Smith is only heard of once or twice again. A publisher discovers a novel left by that lamented and talented author ; on which another publisher discovers another novel by the same hand : and ' Smith's last work,' and the ' last work of Smith,' serve the bibliopologists' turn for a week, are found entirely stupid by the public ; and so Smith, and his genius, and his wants, and his works pass away out of this world for ever. The paragraph in the paper next to that which records Smith's death announces the excitement created by the forthcoming work of the admirable Jones ; and so to the end of time. But these considerations are too profoundly melancholic, and we had better pass on to the second tome of Jerome Paturot's existence.

One might fancy that, after Monsieur Paturot had settled down in his nightcap and hosiery shop, he would have calmly enveloped himself in lambswool stockings and yards of flannel, and, so protected, that Fortune would have had no more changes for him. Such, probably, is the existence of an English hosier ; but in ' the empire of the middle classes' matters are very differently arranged, and the *bonnetier de France peut aspirer à tout*. The defunct Paturot whispered that secret to Jerome before he departed this world, and our honest tradesman begins presently to be touched by ambition, and to push forward towards the attainment of those dignities which the Revolution of July has put in his reach.

The first opportunity for elevation is offered him in the ranks of that cheap defence of nations the National Guard. He is a warm man, as the saying is ; he is looked up to in his quarter ; he is a member of a company ; why should he not be its captain too ? A certain Oscar, painter-in-ordinary to his Majesty, who paints spinach-coloured landscapes, and has an orange-coloured beard, has become the bosom friend of the race of Paturot, and is the chief agent of the gallant hosier in his attempts at acquiring the captain's epaulets :—

' Jerome, my friend,' said the painter one day, examining me with a profoundly ecstatic look, ' do you know you have a prodigious air of Napoleon ?'

' Nonsense, Oscar ; no joking, if you please.'

' Earnest, upon my honour. You have the very build and look

of *l'autre*. I would wager that you have the bump of military genius too ; let me feel.' And he passed his hands over my skull, and there, sure enough, discovered the warlike protuberance in question. During this examination, several voltigeurs of the company were standing round us, some laughing and some serious. Sergeant-major Oscar made them one by one feel the bump ; he then analysed the conformation of my countenance, and proved beyond a doubt that I had a great deal of Napoleon in the eyes, in the nose, and the look. Having finished his demonstration, he turned round solemnly to the warriors assembled, and said :—

'Comrades, our actual captain is—what ? An oystermonger. Is this company to be commanded by an oystermonger ? I say no. We will suffer that molluscos degradation no more. Look at Paturot. He has the eyes of Napoleon, he alone should be our man. He who died at St. Helena will approve our choice ; from the height of the column he will look down upon us and bless us. Long live Captain Paturot !'

'Long live Captain Paturot !' cried the ten tradesmen who furnished my house. And it was thus that Oscar improvised me as a candidate for the captaincy.

Oscar's position in the company was very firmly established. He had duties to do as a sergeant-major, and services to render which had made him generally popular. He did not press poor fellows too hard about mounting guard, and brought them up before the council of discipline with reluctant moderation. He had, moreover, some social talents, which acquired for him the general esteem ; he cultivated ventriloquism with success, and blackened the walls with the most laughable charcoal caricatures possible. In order utterly to destroy the oysterman, he made a series of pitiless caricatures in all our guard-rooms, and endowed him with a nose so monstrous that it lost the oysterman forty votes. Meanwhile he persisted in my likeness to Napoleon, he drew me with my arms folded, in a cocked hat, in a grey coat, in a thousand Napoleonic ways and attitudes ; and thus by degrees the star of the actual captain of our company began to grow pale before that of its future commander.

This labour continued for at least a year, and at last the critical day arrived when the new elections took place. For ten months past, Malvina had been at work preparing our allies for the great occasion. Our tradesmen had never before had such customers as we were ; if Paris had been menaced with a siege, our house could not have been more crammed with provisions, and it may be supposed that the worthy merchants who supplied them redoubled their attentions to these most profitable of customers. The wine-merchant carried me ten voltigeurs, the porkman enlisted four, the tailor came over with three ; but more than all these did Oscar. Every time he was on guard came a fresh prodigy. He imitated donkeys, cocks, dogs, and cats with a fidelity that won the hearts of the company. He performed dialogues, polylogues,

operas, comedies, and farces all by himself. A refractory upholsterer came over after seeing him dance the previous night, another voltigeur yielded to the portrait of his two darlings in oil, and a third deserted from the oystermonger in gratitude for a shop-sign which Oscar painted for him, and on which that illustratious artist lavished all the spinach of his palette. This propaganda assumed such a character that I was menaced with a unanimous election. The oysterman was ruined ; he had only to retire and deplore his defeat upon a heap of shells.

But he still desperately clung on to his captaincy. He refused to be swallowed up by me, he opposed his to the different influences I had brought to bear. His audacity was monstrous ; for three days the whole company was deluged with oysters, ostracized, smothered with shells. But my rival carried his liberality too far ; the company grew sick of oysters, and, as they fell off from the feast of shells, came over to me. Oscar, too, did not allow my adversary's proceedings to pass without remark. He pursued what he called the Oysterites with sarcasms so pitiless that no voltigeur dared openly acknowledge himself to be of the party. Henceforth my antagonist's supporters were a shamed and feeble band, defeated before they had fought.

On the day of election my painter was prodigious ; he went from group to group exciting this by his praise, frightening that by his sneer, giving one a shake of the hand that made him mine for ever, and that a withering frown that sent him back into his shell. My adversary sat demurely in a corner of the room, whither the sarcasms of Oscar had driven him.

'Look at him, there on his bench, the oyster captain ! Waiter, some pepper and vinegar, and sprinkle on this gentleman ! Bah ! I could swallow a dozen such captains, bread-and-butter included ! How do you like your officers served up, gentlemen ? scolloped or in their shells ? Silence in the ranks. Oysters to the left, and down they go !'

It was with jokes of this nature that Oscar assailed the oysterman—jokes which were received on our side with immense cheers and laughter. The oyster captain sat confounded in his corner, scarce knowing which way to look. His partisans did not dare to support him openly, and abandoned him in his solitude. At length we came to voting. Of the eighty voters I received forty-six suffrages ; the rest were for my adversary. I was captain, and the painter plunged into my arms, shouting, 'Long live Captain Paturot.'

This cry passed through the ranks of the soldiery, which was infected by the enthusiasm of Oscar, and, the operations of the election being terminated, we had a collation of punch and cakes, whereof Oscar did the honours and of which I paid the bill.

Thus happily elected, the mighty Paturot determines that the eyes of France are on his corps of voltigeurs, and that

they shall be the model of all National Guardsmen. He becomes more and more like Napoleon. He pinches the sentinels with whom 'he is content' by the ear, he swears every now and then with much energy; he invents a costume (it was in the early days when the fancy of the National Guardsman was allowed to luxuriate over his facings and pantaloons at will); and in a grand review before Marshal Soban the Paturot company turns out in its splendid new uniform, yellow facings, yellow-striped trousers, brass buckles and gorgets—the most brilliant company ever seen. But though these clothes were strictly military and unanimously splendid, the wearers had not been bred up in those soldatesque habits which render much inferior men more effective on parade. They failed in some manœuvre which the old soldier of the empire ordered them to perform—the front and rear ranks were mingled in hopeless confusion. 'Ho, porter!' shouted the old general to the guard of the Carrousel gate, 'shut the gates, porter! these canaries will fly off if you don't.'

Undismayed by this little check, and determined, like all noble spirits, to repair it, Captain Paturot now laboured incessantly to bring his company into discipline, and brought them not only to march and to counter-march, but to fire with great precision, until, on an unlucky day, the lieutenant, being in advance of his men, a certain voltigeur, who had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, discharged the rod into the fleshy part of the lieutenant's back, which accident caused the firing to abate somewhat afterwards.

Ambition, meanwhile, had seized on the captain's wife, who too was determined to play her part in the world; and had chosen the world of fashion for her sphere of action. A certain Russian princess of undoubted grandeur had taken a great fancy to Madame Paturot, and, under the auspices of that illustrious hyperborean chaperone, she entered into the genteel world.

Among the fashionable public of Paris, we are led by Monsieur Paturot's memoirs to suppose that they mingle virtue with their pleasure, and, so that they can aid in a charitable work, are ready to sacrifice themselves and dance to any extent. It happened that a part of the Borysthenes in the neighbourhood of the Princess Flibustikopfkoï's estate overflowed, and the Parisian public

came forward as sympathizers, as they did for suffering Ireland and Prince O'Connell the other day. A great fête was resolved on, and Madame de Paturot became one of the lady patronesses.

And at this fête we are presented to a great character, in whom the *habitué* of Paris will perhaps recognize a certain likeness to a certain celebrity of the present day, by name Monsieur Hector Berlioz, the musician and critic.

The great artist promised his assistance. All the wind-instruments in Paris were engaged in advance, and all the brass bands and all the fiddles possible.

'Princess,' said the artist, agitating his locks, 'for your sake I would find the hymn of the creation that has been lost since the days of the deluge.'

The day of the festival arrived. The artist would allow none but himself to conduct his own *chef-d'œuvre*; he took his place at a desk five metres above the level of the waves of the orchestra, and around him were placed the most hairy and romantic musicians of the day, who were judged worthy of applauding at the proper place. The artist himself, the utterer of the musical apocalypse, cast his eyes over the assembly, seeking to dominate the multitude by that glance, and also to keep in order a refractory lock of hair which would insist upon interrupting it. I had more than once heard of the plan of this great genius, which consists in setting public and private life to music. A thousand extraordinary anecdotes are recorded of the extraordinary power which he possesses for so doing; among others is the story of the circumstance which occurred to him in a tavern. Having a wish for a dish of fricandeau and sorrel, the genius took a flageolet out of his pocket, and modulated a few notes—

'Tum-tiddle-di-tum-tiddle-de,' &c.

The waiter knew at once what was meant, and brought the fricandeau and the sauce required. Genius always overcomes its detractors in this way.

I am not able to give a description of the wonderful *morceau* of music now performed. With it the festival terminated. The hero of the evening sat alone at his desk, vanquished by his emotions, and half-drowned in a lock of hair, which has previously been described. The music done, the hairy musicians round about rushed towards the *maestro* with the idea of carrying him in triumph to his coach, and of dragging him home in the same. But he, modestly retiring by a back door, called for his cloak and his clogs, and walked home, where he wrote a critique for the newspapers of the music which he had composed and directed previously. It is thus that modern genius is made; it is sufficient for all duties, and can swallow any glory you please.

Whether this little picture is a likeness or not, who shall say ? but it is a good caricature of a race in France, where geniuses *poussent* as they do nowhere else ; where poets are prophets, where romances have revelations. It was but yesterday I was reading in a Paris newspaper some account of the present state of things in Spain. ‘ Battles in Spain are mighty well,’ says the genius ; ‘ but what does Europe care for them ? *A single word* spoken in France has more influence than a pitched battle in Spain.’ So stupendous a genius is that of the country !

The nation considers, then, its beer the strongest that ever was brewed in the world ; and so with individuals. This has his artistical, that his musical, that his poetical beer, which frothy liquor is preferred before that of all other taps ; and the musician above has a number of brethren in other callings.

Jerome’s high fortunes are yet to come. From being captain of his company he is raised to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such has the honour to be invited to the palace of the Tuileries with Madame Paturot. This great event is described in the following eloquent manner :—

The day of the ball arrived, and numberless misfortunes with it. At ten o’clock my wife’s hairdresser had not made his appearance, and my pumps were still absent. Servant after servant was dispatched after these indispensable and dilatory articles, and it was eleven o’clock before we were *en route*. Even then our troubles were not over ; in order to arrive at the Carrousel it was necessary to follow the file of carriages from the Rue Rivoli. The heavens poured down cataracts on the pavement, the carriages entered slowly one by one, and I had all but given orders to return home and to wait for a more favourable opportunity to exhibit my court suit ; but Oscar, who in his quality of painter-in-ordinary to his Majesty, found means to get a ticket to every court gala in the season, had no idea of dressing himself to no purpose, and he succeeded in calming my ill humour. The carriages began to move a little more quickly, and presently we saw the palace staircase and balcony, which was to be our port in the storm.

The stair was as much crowded as the street had been previously, we could only ascend the steps with infinite pains and precaution. We had been practising at home the court manner of ascending the stair, and lo ! all our studies had been in vain. Gentlemen’s swords crossed together, ladies’ trains grew rebellious and persisted in wandering under gentlemen’s legs, and, by the time we arrived at the entry of the reception rooms, we were all crumpled, rumpled, trampled, and in disorder. At last, thanks to the *huissiers* and

the servants in waiting, and thanks to a good deal of pushing and struggling forward, we arrived at the grand saloon where the king and queen were. I had studied at home a low bow of the most elegant kind, having perfected myself in it with infinite care, and when I arrived near his Majesty executed it, I flatter myself, not unsuccessfully.

'Sire,' I added, with a loyal inflection of voice which I thought could not fail to produce some sensation in the bosom of his Majesty; but fancy my surprise when I lifted up my head after the salute to perceive before me only the back of his Majesty, who had turned round to speak to I don't know what ambassador of a northern court. Madame Paturot had likewise missed her *entrée*, which even cast upon her countenance a certain expression of ill humour. At last, and as well as we could, we struggled into a corner of the room, where though tired we were not able to sit down, as etiquette prevented us from being seated in their Majesty's presence. To this regulation I was resigned, but I could not console myself for not having been able to captivate for a moment the regards of my sovereign. That royal back oppressed me. It poisoned my fête.

However, as I looked on, I began soon to perceive that his Majesty might be *blasé* even in respect of bows as elegant as mine. The gracious monarch performed less than three thousand bows in the course of the evening, his illustrious head bobbing up and down like the piston in a fire-pump. There must be certain state consolations for royalty, otherwise how could kings get through their duty? Far from envying kings, I pity them heartily. Few subjects would bear the duties which their station obliges sovereigns to go through. From the place where I stood, I could admire that gift of smiling, that elastic play of muscles with which Heaven has endowed monarchs, and which is at once a proof of the superiority of their rank as individually of their royal vocation. As I saw the old dowagers step up in their fallalas, the respectable old peers in their powder, all those fat, meagre, wrinkled, toothless, sickly, vulgar faces which followed in an almost interminable file, I wondered how a human head could maintain its calm in the midst of such a whirlwind of such a suffocating heat, of such doubtful odours as filled the scented air, of all these flowers and ribbons, bare necks and epaulets, diamonds, bald heads, wigs, and powder. The uniforms especially fatigued the eye with their colours and embroideries, with their foreign stars and crosses, their grand cordons, and German eagles, their garters, iron crowns, golden fleeces, Cincinnatuses, and a chain of stars and what not, sparkling and twinkling in a thousand coats, civil and military, passing and crossing perpetually before my eyes. Heavens! what a scene of luxury it was, and what an overpowering suffocating enthusiasm I felt! There I stood, with my elbow in the side of a marshal of France, my heel on the corn of a foreign plenipotentiary, in the midst of all the great names of Europe, and the finest diamonds in

the world. It was an honour of which a man may acknowledge himself to be proud, an honour which no Paturot before me had ever enjoyed. And, when the factious rebels of the Opposition pretend that the Revolution of July has miscarried, I answer no ! it has carried hosiers to the Tuileries, and I have no doubt that it was the end of the institution.

After the reception was over their Majesties retired, according to custom, and dancing began. It was for this moment that Madam Paturot had been in waiting. She had indulged herself in a frock so remarkably *décolletée* that she hoped at least to catch the eye of one of the princes ; and, seated on a stool, she flung round her, for this important end, all the fascinations of her glance, and all the seductions of her fan. I saw clearly that my presence could in no wise aid my wife's manœuvres, and therefore disappeared in the direction of the buffet. Ah ! you rascally pamphleteers, who are always sneering at the entertainments of the most generous of sovereigns, I wish I had you in that refreshment-room placed by the side of one of those tables always covered with dishes of the most delicious meats, though these were always disappearing down the throats of the gormandizers around. With every respect for the high society which frequents the Tuileries, their appetite, I must say, is prodigious. As I examined the dishes as they came and disappeared, it certainly seemed to me that their excellencies the ambassadors were in a state of famine, that the plenipotentiaries must have been starving, that the great cordons covered stomachs still greater than themselves. I must also admit that several peeresses and deputies' ladies were doing their duty round the tables, and that the three powers of our state were there represented by some of the stoutest jaws and most capacious abdomens in our country.

To this spectacle, which filled my soul with admiration for the magnificence of my king, I devoted the greater part of my evening. As far as turkeys, patties, jellies, wines, and plate went, it was, indeed, a noble sight, and perhaps I should never to this minute have been able to snatch myself away from these Capuan delights had not Malvina come up rather abruptly to join me.

'Let us go,' said she, with an air of extreme ill humour.

'But,' said I.

'No buts,' said she, 'let us be off !'

And so we went to our carriage. During the drive home Madame Paturot maintained a profound silence, a precursor of a storm. I could not imagine what was the cause which rendered her so taciturn and so sombre.

'What a splendid fête !' said I, by way of breaking the ice.

'A pretty fête, indeed ! it was good enough, though, for greedy creatures like you !'

'Ah, Malvina,' I replied, in a tender tone.

'Not a single quadrille—not one !' said she, going off at once.

'Pretty princes they are—pretty calves they have, wadded an inch

all round! Pretty dances, pretty calves! as much fat on them as on the back of my hand! Pooh! it makes me yawn only to think,—only to think of them.'

This sortie explained everything to me. In spite of those incendiary glances of hers, Malvina had never been asked to dance.

If the respected reader, like the writer of this, has never had the honour of figuring at a ball at the Tuileries (at home, of course, we are as regular at Pimlico as Lord Melbourne used to be), here is surely in a couple of pages a description of the affair so accurate, that, after translating it, I for my part feel as if I were quite familiar with the palace of the French king. I can see Louis Philippe grinning endlessly, ceaselessly bobbing his august head up and down. I can see the footmen in red, the *officiers d'ordonnance* in stays, the spindle-shanked young princes frisking round to the sound of the brass bands. The chandeliers, the ambassadors, the flaccid Germans with their finger-rings, the Spaniards looking like gilded old-clothes men; here and there a deputy-lieutenant, of course, and one or two hapless Britons in their national court suits, that make the French mob, as the Briton descends from his carriage, exclaim, *Oh, ce marquis!* Fancy besides fifteen hundred women, of whom fourteen hundred and fifty are ugly—it is the proportion in France. And how much easier is it to enjoy this Barmecide dance in the description of honest Paturot than to dress at midnight, and pay a guinea for a carriage, and keep out of one's wholesome bed, in order to look at King Louis Philippe smiling! What a mercy it is not to be a gentleman! What a blessing it is not to be obliged to drive a cab in white kid gloves, nor to sit behind a great floundering racing-tailed horse in Rotten Row, expecting momentarily that he will jump you into the barouche full of ladies just ahead! What a mercy it is not to be obliged to wear tight lacquered boots, nor to dress for dinner, nor to go to balls at midnight, nor even to be a member of the House of Commons, nor to be prevented from smoking a cigar if you are so minded! All which privileges of poverty may Fortune long keep to us! Men do not know half their luck, that is the fact. If the real truth were known about things, we should have their Graces of Sutherland and Devonshire giving up their incomes to the national debt,

and saying to the country, ' Give me a mutton chop and a thousand a year ! '

In the fortunes of honest Paturot this wholesome moral is indicated with much philosophic acumen, as those will allow who are inclined from the above specimen of their quality to make themselves acquainted with the further history of his fortunes. Such persons may read how Jerome, having become a colonel of the National Guards, becomes, of course, a member of the Legion of Honour, how he is tempted to aspire to still further dignities, how he becomes a deputy, and how his constituents are served by him ; how, being deputy, he has perhaps an inclination to become minister, but that one fine day he finds that his house cannot meet certain bills which are presented for payment, and so the poor fellow becomes a bankrupt.

He gets a little place, he retires with Malvina into a country town ; she is exceedingly fond of canaries and dominoes, and Jerome cultivates cabbages and pinks with great energy and perfect contentment. He says he is quite happy. Ought he not to be so who has made a thousand readers happy, and perhaps a little wiser ?

I have just heard that *Jérôme Paturot* is a political novel ; one of the *Reviews* dispatches this masterpiece in a few growling lines, and pronounces it to be a failure. Perhaps it is a political novel, perhaps there is a great deal of sound thinking in this careless, familiar, sparkling narrative, and a vast deal of reflection hidden under Jerome's ordinary cotton nightcap ; certainly it is a most witty and entertaining story, and as such is humbly recommended by the undersigned to all lovers of the Pantagruelian philosophy. It is a great thing nowadays to get a funny book which makes you laugh, to read three volumes of satire in which there is not a particle of bad blood, and to add to one's knowledge of the world, too, as one can't help doing by the aid of this keen and good-humoured wit. The author of *Jérôme Paturot* is M. Reybaud, understood to be a grave man, dealing in political economy, in Fourierism, and other severe sciences. There is a valuable work by the late Mr. Henry Fielding, the police-magistrate, upon the prevention of thieving in the metropolis, and some political pamphlets of merit by the same author ; but it hath been generally allowed that the *History of Mr. THOMAS JONES* by the same Mr. Fielding is amongst

the most valuable of the scientific works of this author. And in like manner, whatever may be the graver works of M. Reybaud, I heartily trust that he has some more of the Paturot kind in his brain or his portfolio, for the benefit of the lazy, novel-reading, unscientific world.

M. A. TITMARSH.

BLUEBEARD'S GHOST

BY M. A. TITMARSH

[*Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1843.]

FOR some time after the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband, Mrs. Bluebeard was, as may be imagined, in a state of profound grief.

There was not a widow in all the country who went to such an expense for black bombasine. She had her beautiful hair confined in crimped caps, and her weepers came over her elbows. Of course she saw no company except her sister Anne (whose company was anything but pleasant to the widow); as for her brothers, their odious mess-table manners had always been disagreeable to her. What did she care for jokes about the major, or scandal concerning the Scotch surgeon of the regiment? If they drank their wine out of black bottles or crystal, what did it matter to her? Their stories of the stable, the parade, and the last run with the hounds were perfectly odious to her; besides, she could not bear their impertinent moustachios and filthy habit of smoking cigars.

They were always wild, vulgar young men at the best; but now—*now*, oh! their presence to her delicate soul was horror! How could she bear to look on them after what had occurred? She thought of the best of husbands ruthlessly cut down by their cruel, heavy cavalry sabres; the kind friend, the generous landlord, the spotless justice of peace, in whose family differences these rude cornets of dragoons had dared to interfere, whose venerable blue hairs they had dragged down with sorrow to the grave!

She put up a most splendid monument to her departed lord over the family vault of the Bluebeards. The rector, Dr. Sly, who had been Mr. Bluebeard's tutor at college, wrote an epitaph in the most pompous yet pathetic Latin:—
'*Siste, viator! moerens conjux, heu! quanto minus est*

cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse;' in a word, everything that is usually said in epitaphs. A bust of the departed saint, with Virtue mourning over it, stood over the epitaph, surrounded by medallions of his wives, and one of these medallions had as yet no name in it, nor (the epitaph said) could the widow ever be consoled until her own name was inscribed there. 'For then I shall be with him. In coelo quies,' she would say, throwing up her fine eyes to heaven, and quoting the enormous words of the hatchment which was put up in the church and over Bluebeard's hall, where the butler, the housekeeper, the footman, the housemaid, and scullions were all in the profoundest mourning. The keeper went out to shoot birds in a crape band; nay, the very scarecrows in the orchard and fruit-garden were ordered to be dressed in black.

Sister Anne was the only person who refused to wear black. Mrs. Bluebeard would have parted with her, but she had no other female relative. Her father, it may be remembered by readers of the former part of her Memoirs, had married again; and the mother-in-law and Mrs. Bluebeard, as usual, hated each other furiously. Mrs. Shacabac had come to the hall on a visit of condolence; but the widow was so rude to her on the second day of the visit that the stepmother quitted the house in a fury. As for the Bluebeards, of course *they* hated the widow. Had not Mr. Bluebeard settled every shilling upon her? and, having no children by his former marriage, her property, as I leave you to fancy, was pretty handsome. So sister Anne was the only female relative whom Mrs. Bluebeard would keep near her, and, as we all know, a woman *must* have a female relative under any circumstances of pain, or pleasure, or profit—when she is married, or when she is widowed, or when she is in a delicate situation. But let us continue our story.

'I will never wear mourning for that odious wretch, sister!' Anne would cry.

'I will trouble you, Miss Anne, not to use such words in my presence regarding the best of husbands, or to quit the room at once!' the widow would answer.

'I'm sure it's no great pleasure to sit in it. I wonder you don't make use of the closet, sister, where the *other* Mrs. Bluebeards are.'

'Impertinence! they were all embalmed by M. Gannal.

How dare you repeat the monstrous calumnies regarding the best of men? Take down the family Bible and read what my blessed saint says of his wives—read it written in his own hand:—

“*Friday, June 20.*—Married my beloved wife, Anna Maria Scrogginsia.

“*Saturday, August 1.*—A bereaved husband has scarcely strength to write down in this chronicle that the dearest of wives, Anna Maria Scrogginsia, expired this day of sore throat.”

‘There! can anything be more convincing than that? Read again:’

“*Tuesday, Sept. 1.*—This day I led to the hymeneal altar my soul’s blessing, Louisa Matilda Hopkinson. May this angel supply the place of her I have lost!

“*Wednesday, October 5.*—Oh, heavens! pity the distraction of a wretch who is obliged to record the ruin of his dearest hopes and affections! This day my adored Louisa Matilda Hopkinson gave up the ghost! A complaint of the head and shoulders was the sudden cause of the event which has rendered the unhappy subscriber the most miserable of men.
BLUEBEARD.”

‘Every one of the women are calendared in this delightful, this pathetic, this truly virtuous and tender way; and can you suppose that a man who wrote such sentiments could be a *murderer*, miss?’

‘Do you mean to say that he did not *kill* them, then?’ said Anne.

‘Gracious goodness, Anne, kill them! they died all as naturally as I hope you will. My blessed husband was an angel of goodness and kindness to them. Was it *his* fault that the doctors could not cure their maladies? No, that it wasn’t! and when they died the inconsolable husband had their bodies embalmed, in order that on this side of the grave he might never part from them.’

‘And why did he take you up in the tower, pray? and why did you send me in such a hurry to the leads? and why did he sharpen his long knife, and roar out to you to **COME DOWN**?’

‘Merely to punish me for my curiosity—the dear, good, kind, excellent creature!’ sobbed the widow, overpowered with affectionate recollections of her lord’s attentions to her.

‘I wish,’ said sister Anne, sulkily, ‘that I had not been in such a hurry in summoning my brothers.’

‘ Ah ! ’ screamed Mrs. Bluebeard, with a harrowing scream, ‘ don’t—don’t recall that horrid, fatal day, miss ! If you had not misled your brothers, my poor, dear, darling Bluebeard would still be in life, still—still the soul’s joy of his bereaved Fatima ! ’

Whether it is that all wives adore husbands when the latter are no more, or whether it is that Fatima’s version of the story is really the correct one, and that the common impression against Bluebeard is an odious prejudice, and that he no more murdered his wives than you and I have, remains yet to be proved, and, indeed, does not much matter for the understanding of the rest of Mrs. B.’s adventures. And though people will say that Bluebeard’s settlement of his whole fortune on his wife, in event of survivorship, was a mere act of absurd mystification, seeing that he was fully determined to cut her head off after the honeymoon, yet the best test of his real intentions is the profound grief which the widow manifested for his death, and the fact that he left her mighty well to do in the world.

If any one were to leave you or me a fortune, my dear friend, would we be too anxious to rake up the how and the why ? Pooh ! pooh ! we would take it and make no bones about it, and Mrs. Bluebeard did likewise. Her husband’s family, it is true, argued the point with her, and said, ‘ Madam, you must perceive that Mr. Bluebeard never intended the fortune for you, as it was his fixed intention to chop off your head ! it is clear that he meant to leave his money to his blood relations, therefore you ought in equity to hand it over.’ But she sent them all off with a flea in their ears, as the saying is, and said, ‘ Your argument may be a very good one, but I will, if you please, keep the money.’ And she ordered the mourning as we have before shown, and indulged in grief, and exalted everywhere the character of the deceased. If any one would but leave me a fortune, what a funeral and what a character I would give him !

Bluebeard Hall is situated, as we all very well know, in a remote country district, and, although a fine residence, is remarkably gloomy and lonely. To the widow’s susceptible mind, after the death of her darling husband, the place became intolerable. The walk, the lawn, the fountain, the green glades of park over which frisked the dappled

deer, all—all recalled the memory of her beloved. It was but yesterday that, as they roamed through the park in the calm summer evening, her Bluebeard pointed out to the keeper the fat buck he was to kill. 'Ah!' said the widow, with tears in her fine eyes, 'the artless stag was shot down, the haunch was cut and roasted, the jelly had been prepared from the currant-bushes in the garden that he loved, but my Bluebeard never ate of the venison! Look, Anna sweet, pass we the old oak hall; 'tis hung with trophies won by him in the chase, with pictures of the noble race of Bluebeard! Look! by the fireplace there is the gig-whip, his riding-whip, the spud with which you know he used to dig the weeds out of the terrace-walk; in that drawer are his spurs, his whistle, his visiting-cards, with his dear, dear name engraven upon them! There are the bits of string that he used to cut off the parcels and keep because string was always useful; his button-hook, and there is the peg on which he used to hang his h—h—hat!'

Uncontrollable emotions, bursts of passionate tears, would follow these tender reminiscences of the widow; and the long and short of the matter was that she was determined to give up Bluebeard Hall and live elsewhere; her love for the memory of the deceased, she said, rendered the place too wretched.*

Of course an envious and sneering world said that she was tired of the country and wanted to marry again; but she little heeded its taunts, and Anne, who hated her stepmother and could not live at home, was fain to accompany her sister to the town where the Bluebeards have had for many years a very large, genteel, old-fashioned house. So she went to the town-house, where they lived and quarrelled pretty much as usual; and though Anne often threatened to leave her and go to a boarding-house, of which there were plenty in the place, yet after all, to live with her sister, and drive out in the carriage with the footman and coachman in mourning, and the lozenge on the panels, with the Bluebeard and Shacabac arms quartered on it, was far more respectable, and so the lovely sisters continued to dwell together.

For a lady under Mrs. Bluebeard's circumstances, the town-house had other and peculiar advantages. Besides

being an exceedingly spacious and dismal brick building, with a dismal iron railing in front, and long dismal thin windows with little panes of glass, it looked out into the churchyard where, time out of mind, between two yew-trees, one of which is cut into the form of a peacock, while the other represents a dumb-waiter—it looked into the churchyard where the monument of the late Bluebeard was placed over the family vault. It was the first thing the widow saw from her bedroom window in the morning, and 'twas sweet to watch at night from the parlour the pallid moonlight lighting up the bust of the departed, and Virtue throwing great black shadows athwart it. Polyanthuses, rhododendra, ranunculuses, and other flowers with the largest names and of the most delightful odours, were planted within the little iron railing that enclosed the last resting-place of the Bluebeards; and the beadle was instructed to half kill any little boys who might be caught plucking these sweet testimonies of a wife's affection.

Over the sideboard in the dining-room hung a full-length of Mr. Bluebeard, by Tickle-gill, R.A., in a militia uniform, frowning down upon the knives and forks and silver trays. Over the mantelpiece he was represented in a hunting costume on his favourite horse; there was a sticking-plaster silhouette of him in the widow's bedroom, and a miniature in the drawing-room, where he was drawn in a gown of black and gold, holding a gold-tasselled trencher-cap with one hand, and with the other pointing to a diagram of Pons Asinorum. This likeness was taken when he was a fellow-commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge, and before the growth of that blue beard which was the ornament of his manhood, and a part of which now formed a beautiful blue neck-chain for his bereaved wife.

Sister Anne said the town-house was even more dismal than the country-house, for there was pure air at the Hall, and it was pleasanter to look out on a park than on a churchyard, however fine the monuments might be. But the widow said she was a light-minded hussy, and persisted as usual in her lamentations and mourning. The only male whom she would admit within her doors was the parson of the parish, who read sermons to her; and, as his reverence was at least seventy years old, Anne, though she might be ever so much minded to fall in love, had no opportunity to indulge her inclination; and the towns-

people, scandalous as they might be, could not find a word to say against the *liaison* of the venerable man and the heart-stricken widow.

All other company she resolutely refused. When the players were in the town, the poor manager, who came to beg her to bespeak a comedy, was thrust out of the gates by the big butler. Though there were balls, card-parties, and assemblies, Widow Bluebeard would never subscribe to one of them ; and even the officers, those all-conquering heroes who make such ravages in ladies' hearts, and to whom all ladies' doors are commonly open, could never get an entry into the widow's house. Captain Whiskerfield strutted for three weeks up and down before her house, and had not the least effect upon her. Captain O'Grady (of an Irish regiment) attempted to bribe the servants, and one night actually scaled the garden-wall ; but all that he got was his foot in a man-trap, not to mention being dreadfully scarified by the broken glass ; and so *he* never made love any more. Finally, Captain Blackbeard, whose whiskers vied in magnitude with those of the deceased Bluebeard himself, although he attended church regularly every week—he who had not darkened the doors of a church for ten years before—even Captain Blackbeard got nothing by his piety ; and the widow never once took her eyes off her book to look at him. The barracks were in despair ; and Captain Whiskerfield's tailor, who had supplied him with new clothes in order to win the widow's heart, ended by clapping the captain into jail.

His reverence the parson highly applauded the widow's conduct to the officers ; but, being himself rather of a social turn, and fond of a good dinner and a bottle, he represented to the lovely mourner that she should endeavour to divert her grief by a little respectable society, and recommended that she should from time to time entertain a few grave and sober persons whom he would present to her. As Dr. Sly had an unbounded influence over the fair mourner, she acceded to his desires ; and accordingly he introduced to her house some of the most venerable and worthy of his acquaintance,—all married people, however, so that the widow should not take the least alarm.

It happened that the doctor had a nephew, who was a lawyer in London, and this gentleman came dutifully in the Long Vacation to pay a visit to his reverend uncle.

'He is none of your roystering, dashing young fellows,' said his reverence; 'he is the delight of his mamma and sisters; he never drinks anything stronger than tea; he never missed church thrice a Sunday for these twenty years; and I hope, my dear and amiable madam, that you will not object to receive this pattern of young men for the sake of your most devoted friend, his uncle.'

The widow consented to receive Mr. Sly. He was not a handsome man certainly; 'but what does that matter?' said the doctor; 'he is *good*, and virtue is better than all the beauty of all the dragoons in the Queen's service.'

Mr. Sly came there to dinner, and he came to tea; and he drove out with the widow in the carriage with the lozenge on it; and at church he handed the psalm-book; and, in short, he paid her every attention which could be expected from so polite a young gentleman.

At this the town began to talk, as people in towns will. 'The doctor kept all bachelors out of the widow's house, said they, 'in order that that ugly nephew of his may have the field entirely to himself.' These speeches were of course heard by sister Anne, and the little mix was not a little glad to take advantage of them, in order to induce her sister to see some more cheerful company. The fact is, the young hussy loved a dance or a game at cards much more than a humdrum conversation over a tea-table; and so she plied her sister day and night with hints as to the propriety of opening her house, receiving the gentry of the county, and spending her fortune.

To this point the widow at length, though with many sighs and vast unwillingness, acceded; and she went so far as to order a very becoming half-mourning, in which all the world declared she looked charming. 'I carry,' said she, 'my blessed Bluebeard in my heart,—*that* is in the deepest mourning for him, and when the heart grieves there is no need of outward show.'

So she issued cards for a little quiet tea and supper, and several of the best families in the town and neighbourhood attended her entertainment. It was followed by another and another; and at last Captain Blackbeard was actually introduced, though, of course, he came in plain clothes.

'Dr. Sly and his nephew never could abide the captain. 'They had heard some queer stories,' they said, 'about proceedings in barracks. Who was it that drank three

bottles at a sitting? who had a mare that ran for the plate? and why was it that Dolly Coddlin left the town so suddenly?' Mr. Sly turned up the whites of his eyes as his uncle asked these questions, and sighed for the wickedness of the world. But for all that he was delighted, especially at the anger which the widow manifested when the Dolly Coddlin affair was hinted at. She was furious, and vowed she would never see the wretch again. The lawyer and his uncle were charmed. O short-sighted lawyer and parson, do you think Mrs. Bluebeard would have been so angry if she had not been jealous?—do you think she would have been jealous if she had not . . . had not what? She protested that she no more cared for the captain than she did for one of her footmen; but the next time he called she would not condescend to say a word to him.

'My dearest Miss Anne,' said the captain, as he met her in Sir Roger de Coverley (she was herself dancing with Ensign Trippet), 'what is the matter with your lovely sister?'

'Dolly Coddlin is the matter,' said Miss Anne. 'Mr. Sly has told all;' and she was down the middle in a twinkling.

The captain blushed so at this monstrous insinuation that any one could see how incorrect it was. He made innumerable blunders in the dance, and was all the time casting such ferocious glances at Mr. Sly (who did not dance, but sat by the widow and ate ices), that his partner thought he was mad, and that Mr. Sly became very uneasy.

When the dance was over, he came to pay his respects to the widow, and, in so doing, somehow trod so violently on Mr. Sly's foot that that gentleman screamed with pain, and presently went home. But though he was gone the widow was not a whit more gracious to Captain Blackbeard. She requested Mr. Trippet to order her carriage that night, and went home without uttering one single word to Captain Blackbeard.

The next morning, and with a face of preternatural longitude, the Rev. Dr. Sly paid a visit to the widow. 'The wickedness and bloodthirstiness of the world,' said he, 'increase every day. O my dear madam, what monsters do we meet in it—what wretches, what assassins, are allowed to go abroad! Would you believe it, that this morning, as my nephew was taking his peaceful morning meal,

one of the ruffians from the barracks presented himself with a challenge from Captain Blackbeard ?'

'Is he hurt?' screamed the widow.

'No, my dear friend, my dear Frederick is not hurt. And oh, what a joy it will be to him to think you have that tender solicitude for his welfare!'

'You know I have always had the highest respect for him,' said the widow; who, when she screamed, was in truth thinking of somebody else. But the doctor did not choose to interpret her thoughts in that way, and gave all the benefit of them to his nephew.

'That anxiety, dearest madam, which you express for him emboldens me, encourages me, authorizes me, to press a point on you which I am sure must have entered your thoughts ere now. The dear youth in whom you have shown such an interest lives but for you! Yes, fair lady, start not at hearing that his sole affections are yours; and with what pride shall I carry to him back the news that he is not indifferent to you!'

'Are they going to fight?' continued the lady, in a breathless state of alarm. 'For Heaven's sake, dearest doctor, prevent the horrid, horrid meeting. Send for a magistrate's warrant; do anything; but do not suffer those misguided young men to cut each other's throats!'

'Fairest lady, I fly!' said the doctor, and went back to lunch quite delighted with the evident partiality Mrs. Bluebeard showed for his nephew. And Mrs. Bluebeard, not content with exhorting him to prevent the duel, rushed to Mr. Pound, the magistrate, informed him of the facts, got out warrants against both Mr. Sly and the captain, and would have put them into execution; but it was discovered that the former gentleman had abruptly left town, so that the constable could not lay hold of him.

It somehow, however, came to be generally known that the widow Bluebeard had declared herself in favour of Mr. Sly, the lawyer; that she had fainted when told her lover was about to fight a duel; finally, that she had accepted him, and would marry him as soon as the quarrel between him and the captain was settled. Dr. Sly, when applied to, hummed and ha'd, and would give no direct answer; but he denied nothing, and looked so knowing, that all the world was certain of the fact; and the county paper next week stated:—

We understand that the lovely and wealthy Mrs. Bl—b—rd is about once more to enter the bands of wedlock with our distinguished townsman, Frederick S-y, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, London. The learned gentleman left town in consequence of a dispute with a gallant son of Mars, which was likely to have led to warlike results, had not a magistrate's warrant intervened, when the captain was bound over to keep the peace.

In fact, as soon as the captain was so bound over, Mr. Sly came back, stating that he had quitted the town not to avoid a duel,—far from it, but to keep out of the way of the magistrates, and give the captain every facility. *He* had taken out no warrant; *he* had been perfectly ready to meet the captain; if others had been more prudent, it was not his fault. So he held up his head, and cocked his hat with the most determined air; and all the lawyers' clerks in the place were quite proud of their hero.

As for Captain Blackbeard, his rage and indignation may be imagined; a wife robbed from him, his honour put in question by an odious, lanky, squinting lawyer! He fell ill of a fever incontinently; and the surgeon was obliged to take a quantity of blood from him, ten times the amount of which he swore he would have out of the veins of the atrocious Sly.

The announcement in the *Mercury*, however, filled the widow with almost equal indignation. 'The widow of the gallant Bluebeard,' she said, 'marry an odious wretch who lives in dingy chambers in the Middle Temple! Send for Dr. Sly.' The doctor came; she rated him soundly, asked him how he dared set abroad such calumnies concerning her; ordered him to send his nephew back to London at once; and, as he valued her esteem, as he valued the next presentation to a fat living which lay in her gift, to contradict everywhere, and in the fullest terms, the wicked report concerning her.

'My dearest madam,' said the doctor, pulling his longest face, 'you shall be obeyed. The poor lad shall be acquainted with the fatal change in your sentiments!'

'Change in my sentiments, Dr. Sly!'

'With the destruction of his hopes, rather let me say; and Heaven grant that the dear boy have strength to bear up against the misfortune which comes so suddenly upon him!'

The next day sister Anne came with a face full of care to Mrs. Bluebeard. 'Oh, that unhappy lover of yours!' said she.

'Is the captain unwell?' exclaimed the widow.

'No, it is the other,' answered sister Anne. 'Poor, poor Mr. Sly! He made a will leaving you all, except five pounds a year to his laundress: he made his will, locked his door, took heartrending leave of his uncle at night, and this morning was found hanging at his bedpost when Sambo, the black servant, took him up his water to shave. "Let me be buried," he said, "with the pincushion she gave me and the locket containing her hair." Did you give him a pincushion, sister? did you give him a locket with your hair?'

'It was only silver-gilt!' sobbed the widow; 'and now, O Heavens! I have killed him!' The heartrending nature of her sobs may be imagined; but they were abruptly interrupted by her sister.

'Killed him?—no such thing! Sambo cut him down when he was as black in the face as the honest negro himself. He came down to breakfast, and I leave you to fancy what a touching meeting took place between the nephew and uncle.'

'So much love!' thought the widow. 'What a pity he squints so! If he would but get his eyes put straight, I might perhaps——' She did not finish the sentence: ladies often leave this sort of sentence in a sweet confusion.

But hearing some news regarding Captain Blackbeard, whose illness and blood-letting were described to her most pathetically, as well as accurately, by the Scotch surgeon of the regiment, her feelings of compassion towards the lawyer cooled somewhat; and when Dr. Sly called to know if she would condescend to meet the unhappy youth, she said, in rather a *distract* manner, that she wished him every happiness; that she had the highest regard and respect for him; that she besought him not to think any more of committing the dreadful crime which would have made her unhappy for ever; but that she thought, for the sake of both parties, they had better not meet until Mr. Sly's feelings had grown somewhat more calm.

'Poor fellow! poor fellow!' said the doctor, 'may he be enabled to bear his frightful calamity! I have taken away

his razors from him, and Sambo, my man, never lets him out of his sight.'

The next day Mrs. Bluebeard thought of sending a friendly message to Dr. Sly's, asking for news of the health of his nephew ; but, as she was giving her orders on that subject to John Thomas the footman, it happened that the captain arrived, and so Thomas was sent downstairs again. And the captain looked so delightfully interesting with his arm in a sling, and his beautiful black whiskers curling round a face which was paler than usual, that at the end of two hours the widow forgot the message altogether, and indeed, I believe, asked the captain whether he would not stop and dine. Ensign Trippet came, too, and the party was very pleasant ; and the military gentlemen laughed hugely at the idea of the lawyer having been cut off the bedpost by the black servant, and were so witty on the subject, that the widow ended by half believing that the bedpost and hanging scheme on the part of Mr. Sly was only a feint—a trick to win her heart. Though this, to be sure, was not agreed to by the lady without a pang, for, *entre nous*, to hang oneself for a lady is no small compliment to her attractions, and, perhaps, Mrs. Bluebeard was rather disappointed at the notion that the hanging was not a *bona-fide* strangulation.

However, presently her nerves were excited again ; and she was consoled or horrified, as the case may be (the reader must settle the point according to his ideas and knowledge of womankind)—she was at any rate dreadfully excited by the receipt of a billet in the well-known clerk-like hand of Mr. Sly. It ran thus :—

I saw you through your dining-room windows. You were hobnobbing with Captain Blackbeard. You looked rosy and well. You smiled. You drank off the champagne at a single draught.

I can bear it no more. Live on, smile on, and be happy. My ghost shall repine, perhaps, at your happiness with another—but in life I should go mad were I to witness it.

It is best that I should be gone.

When you receive this, tell my uncle to drag the fish-pond at the end of Bachelor's Acre. His black servant Sambo accompanies me, it is true. But Sambo shall perish with me should his obstinacy venture to restrain me from my purpose. I know the poor fellow's honesty well, but I also know my own despair.

Sambo will leave a wife and seven children. Be kind to those orphan mulattoes for the sake of

FREDERICK.

The widow gave a dreadful shriek, and interrupted the two captains, who were each just in the act of swallowing a bumper of claret. 'Fly—fly—save him,' she screamed; 'save him, monsters, ere it is too late! Drowned!—Frederick!—Bachelor's Wa——' Syncope took place, and the rest of the sentence was interrupted.

Deucedly disappointed at being obliged to give up their wine, the two heroes seized their cocked-hats, and went towards the spot which the widow in her wild exclamations of despair had sufficiently designated.

Trippet was for running to the fish-pond at the rate of ten miles an hour. 'Take it easy, my good fellow,' said Captain Blackbeard; 'running is unwholesome after dinner. And, if that squinting scoundrel of a lawyer *does* drown himself, I shan't sleep any the worse.' So the two gentlemen walked very leisurely on towards the Bachelor's Walk; and, indeed, seeing on their way thither Major Macabaw looking out of the window at his quarters and smoking a cigar, they went upstairs to consult the major, as also a bottle of Schiedam he had.

'They come not!' said the widow, when restored to herself. 'O Heavens! grant that Frederick is safe! Sister Anne, go up to the leads and look if anybody is coming.' And up, accordingly, to the garrets sister Anne mounted. 'Do you see anybody coming, sister Anne?'

'I see Dr. Drench's little boy,' said sister Anne; 'he is leaving a pill and draught at Miss Molly Grub's.'

'Dearest sister Anne, don't you see any one coming?' shouted the widow once again.

'I see a flock of dust,—no! a cloud of sheep. Pshaw! I see the London coach coming in. There are three outsides, and the guard has flung a parcel to Mrs. Jenkins's maid.'

'Distraction! Look once more, sister Anne.'

'I see a crowd—a shutter—a shutter with a man on it—a beadle—forty little boys—Gracious goodness! what *can* it be?' and downstairs tumbled sister Anne, and was looking out of the parlour-window by her sister's side when the crowd she had perceived from the garret passed close by them.

At the head walked the beadle, slashing about at the little boys.

Two scores of these followed and surrounded

A SHUTTER carried by four men.

On the shutter lay *Frederick!* He was ghastly pale; his hair was draggled over his face; his clothes stuck tight to him on account of the wet; streams of water gurgled down the shutter-sides. But he was not dead! He turned one eye round towards the window where Mrs. Bluebeard sat, and gave her a look which she never could forget.

Sambo brought up the rear of the procession. He was quite wet through; and, if anything would have put his hair out of curl, his ducking would have done so. But, as he was not a gentleman, he was allowed to walk home on foot, and, as he passed the widow's window, he gave her one dreadful glance with his goggling black eyes, and moved on pointing with his hands to the shutter.

John Thomas, the footman, was instantly dispatched to Dr. Sly's to have news of the patient. There was no shilly-shallying now. He came back in half an hour to say that Mr. Frederick flung himself into Bachelor's Acre fish-pond with Sambo, had been dragged out with difficulty, had been put to bed, and had a pint of white wine whey, and was pretty comfortable. 'Thank Heaven!' said the widow, and gave John Thomas a seven-shilling piece, and sat down with a lightened heart to tea. 'What a heart!' said she to sister Anne. 'And, oh, what a pity it is that he squints!'

Here the two captains arrived. They had not been to the Bachelor's Walk; they had remained at Major Macabaw's consulting the Schiedam. They had made up their minds what to say. 'Hang the fellow! he will never have the pluck to drown himself,' said Captain Blackbeard. 'Let us argue on that, as we may safely.'

'My sweet lady,' said he, accordingly, 'we have had the pond dragged. No Mr. Sly. And the fisherman who keeps the punt assures us that he has not been there all day.'

'Audacious falsehood!' said the widow, her eyes flashing fire. 'Go, heartless man! who dares to trifle thus with the feelings of a respectable and unprotected woman. Go, sir, you're only fit for the love of a—Dolly—Coddilins!' She pronounced the *Coddilins* with a withering sarcasm that struck the captain aghast; and, sailing out of the room, she left her tea untasted, and did not wish either of the military gentlemen good night.

But, gentles, an ye know the delicate fibre of woman's heart, ye will not in very sooth believe that such events as those we have described—such tempests of passion—fierce

winds of woe—blinding lightnings of tremendous joy and tremendous grief—could pass over one frail flower and leave it all unscathed. No! Grief kills as joy doth. Doth not the scorching sun nip the rosebud as well as the bitter wind? As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly sings—

Ah! the heart is a soft and a delicate thing;
 Ah! the heart is a lute with a thrilling string
 A spirit that floats on a gossamer's wing!

Such was Fatima's heart. In a word, the preceding events had a powerful effect upon her nervous system, and she was ordered much quiet and sal-volatile by her skilful medical attendant Dr. Glauber.

To be so ardently, passionately loved as she was, to know that Frederick had twice plunged into death from attachment to her, was to awaken in her bosom 'a thrilling string' indeed! Could she witness such attachment, and not be touched by it? She *was* touched by it—she was influenced by the virtues, by the passion, by the misfortunes of Frederick; but then he was so abominably ugly that she could not—she could not consent to become his bride!

She told Dr. Sly so. 'I respect and esteem your nephew,' said she; 'but my resolve is made. I will continue faithful to that blessed saint whose monument is ever before my eyes' (she pointed to the churchyard as she spoke). 'Leave this poor tortured heart in quiet. It has already suffered more than most hearts could bear. I will repose under the shadow of that tomb until I am called to rest within it—to rest by the side of my Bluebeard!'

The ranunculuses, rhododendra, and polyanthuses which ornamented that mausoleum had somehow been suffered to run greatly to seed during the last few months, and it was with no slight self-accusation that she acknowledged this fact on visiting the 'garden of the grave,' as she called it; and she scolded the beadle soundly for neglecting his duty towards it. He promised obedience for the future, dug out all the weeds that were creeping round the family vault, and (having charge of the key) entered that awful place, and swept and dusted the melancholy contents of the tomb.

Next morning the widow came down to breakfast looking very pale. She had passed a bad night; she had had awful dreams; she had heard a voice call her thrice at midnight.

‘Pooh! my dear; it’s only nervousness,’ said sceptical sister Anne.

Here John Thomas the footman entered, and said the beadle was in the hall, looking in a very strange way. He had been about the house since daybreak, and insisted on seeing Mrs. Bluebeard. ‘Let him enter,’ said that lady, prepared for some great mystery. The beadle came; he was pale as death; his hair was dishevelled, and his cocked hat out of order. ‘What have you to say?’ said the lady, trembling.

Before beginning, he fell down on his knees.

‘Yesterday,’ said he, ‘according to your ladyship’s orders, I dug up the flower-beds of the family vault—dusted the vault and the—the coffins’ (added he, trembling) ‘inside. Me and John Sexton did it together, and polished up the plate quite beautiful.’

‘For Heaven’s sake, don’t allude to it,’ cried the widow, turning pale.

‘Well, my lady, I locked the door, came away, and found in my hurry—for I wanted to beat two little boys what was playing at marbles on Alderman Paunch’s monyment—I found, my lady, I’d forgot my cane. I couldn’t get John Sexton to go back with me till this morning, and I didn’t like to go alone, and so we went this morning; and what do you think I found? I found his honour’s coffin turned round, and the cane broke in two. Here’s the cane!’

‘Ah!’ screamed the widow, ‘take it away! take it away!’

‘Well, what does this prove,’ said sister Anne, ‘but that somebody moved the coffin, and broke the cane?’

‘Somebody! *who’s somebody?*’ said the beadle, staring round about him. And all of a sudden he started back with a tremendous roar, that made the ladies scream, and all the glasses on the sideboard jingle, and cried, ‘*That’s the man!*’

He pointed to the portrait of Bluebeard, which stood over the jingling glasses on the sideboard. ‘That’s the man I saw last night walking round the vault, as I’m a living sinner. I saw him a-walking round and round, and when I went up to speak to him, I’m blessed if he didn’t go in at the iron gate, which opened afore him like—like winking, and then in at the vault door, which I’d double-locked, my lady, and bolted inside, I’ll take my oath on it!’

‘Perhaps you had given him the key?’ suggested sister Anne.

'It's never been out of my pocket. Here it is,' cried the beadle, 'I'll have no more to do with it;' and he flung down the ponderous key, amidst another scream from widow Bluebeard.

'At what hour did you see him?' gasped she.

'At twelve o'clock, of course.'

'It must have been at that very hour,' said she, 'I heard the voice.'

'What voice?' said Anne.

'A voice that called, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!" three times as plain as ever voice did.'

'It didn't speak to me,' said the beadle; 'it only nodded its head and wagged its head and beard.'

'W—w—was it a *bl—ue beard*?' said the widow.

'Powder-blue, ma'am, as I've a soul to save!'

Dr. Drench was of course instantly sent for. But what are the medicaments of the apothecary in a case where the grave gives up its dead? Dr. Sly arrived, and he offered ghostly—ah! too ghostly—consolation. He said he believed in them. His own grandmother had appeared to his grandfather several times before he married again. He could not doubt that supernatural agencies were possible, even frequent.

'Suppose he were to appear to me alone,' ejaculated the widow, 'I should die of fright.'

The doctor looked particularly arch. 'The best way in these cases, my dear madam,' said he—'the best way for unprotected ladies is to get a husband. I never heard of a first husband's ghost appearing to a woman and her second husband in my life. In all history there is no account of one.'

'Ah! why should I be afraid of seeing my Bluebeard again?' said the widow; and the doctor retired quite pleased, for the lady was evidently thinking of a second husband.

'The captain would be a better protector for me certainly than Mr. Sly,' thought the lady, with a sigh; but Mr. Sly will certainly kill himself, and will the captain be a match for two ghosts? Sly will kill himself; but ah! the captain won't;' and the widow thought with pangs of bitter mortification of Dolly Coddlin's. 'How, how should these distracting circumstances be brought to an end?'

She retired to rest that night not without a tremor—to

bed, but not to sleep. At midnight a voice was heard in her room crying, 'Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!' in awful accents. The doors banged to and fro, the bells began to ring, the maids went up and down stairs scurrying and screaming, and gave warning in a body. John Thomas, as pale as death, declared that he found Bluebeard's yeomanry sword, that hung in the hall, drawn and on the ground; and the sticking-plaster miniature in Mr. Bluebeard's bedroom was found turned topsy-turvy!

'It is some trick,' said the obstinate and incredulous sister Anne. 'To-night I will come and sleep with you, sister;' and the night came, and the sisters retired together.

'Twas a wild night. The wind howling without went crashing through the old trees of the old rookery round about the old church. The long bedroom windows went thump—thumping; the moon could be seen through them lighting up the graves with their ghastly shadows; the yew-tree, cut into the shape of a bird looked particularly dreadful, and bent and swayed as if it would peck something off that other yew-tree which was of the shape of a dumb-waiter. The bells at midnight began to ring as usual, the doors clapped, jingle—jingle down came a suit of armour in the hall, and a voice came and cried, 'Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! look, look, look; the tomb, the tomb, the tomb!'

She looked. The vault door was open; and there in the moonlight stood Bluebeard, exactly as he was represented in the picture, in his yeomanry dress, his face frightfully pale and his great blue beard curling over his chest, as awful as Mr. Muntz's.

Sister Anne saw the vision as well as Fatima. We shall spare the account of their terrors and screams. Strange to say, John Thomas, who slept in the attic above his mistress's bedroom, declared he was on the watch all night and had seen nothing in the churchyard, and heard no sort of voices in the house.

And now the question came, What could the ghost want by appearing? 'Is there anything,' exclaimed the unhappy and perplexed Fatima, 'that he would have me do? It is well to say, "Now, now, now," and to show himself; but what is it that makes my blessed husband so uneasy in his grave?' And all parties consulted agreed that it was a very sensible question.

John Thomas, the footman, whose excessive terror at the

appearance of the ghost had procured him his mistress's confidence, advised Mr. Screw, the butler, who communicated with Mrs. Baggs, the housekeeper, who condescended to impart her observations to Mrs. Bustle, the lady's-maid—John Thomas, I say, decidedly advised that my lady should consult a cunning man. There was such a man in town; he had prophesied who should marry his (John Thomas's) cousin; he had cured Farmer Horn's cattle, which were evidently bewitched; he could raise ghosts, and make them speak, and he therefore was the very person to be consulted in the present juncture.

'What nonsense is this you have been talking to the maids, John Thomas, about the conjurer who lives in—in——'

'In Hangman's Lane, ma'am, where the old gibbet used to stand,' replied John, who was bringing in the muffins. 'It's no nonsense, my lady. Every word as that man says comes true, and he knows everything.'

'I desire you will not frighten the girls in the servants' hall with any of those silly stories,' said the widow; and the meaning of this speech may, of course, at once be guessed. It was that the widow meant to consult the conjurer that very night. Sister Anne said that she would never, under such circumstances, desert her dear Fatima. John Thomas was summoned to attend the ladies with a dark lantern, and forth they set on their perilous visit to the conjurer at his dreadful abode in Hangman's Lane.

What took place at that frightful interview has never been entirely known. But there was no disturbance in the house on the night after. The bells slept quietly, the doors did not bang in the least, twelve o'clock struck and no ghost appeared in the churchyard, and the whole family had a quiet night. The widow attributed this to a sprig of rosemary which the wizard gave her, and a horseshoe which she flung into the garden round the family vault, and which would keep *any* ghost quiet.

It happened the next day that, going to her milliner's, sister Anne met a gentleman who has been before mentioned in this story, Ensign Trippet by name; and, indeed if the truth must be known, it somehow happened that she met the ensign somewhere every day of the week.

'What news of the ghost, my dearest Miss Shacabac?'

said he (you may guess on what terms the two young people were by the manner in which Mr. Trippet addressed the lady); 'has Bluebeard's ghost frightened your sister into any more fits, or set the bells a-ringing?'

Sister Anne, with a very grave air, told him that he must not joke on so awful a subject; that the ghost had been laid for awhile; that a cunning man had told her sister things so wonderful that *any* man must believe in them; that, among other things, he had shown to Fatima her future husband.

'Had,' said the ensign, 'he black whiskers and a red coat?'

'No,' answered Anne, with a sigh, 'he had red whiskers and a black coat.'

'It can't be that rascal Sly!' cried the ensign. But Anne only sighed more deeply and would not answer yes or no. 'You may tell the poor captain,' she said, 'there is no hope for him, and all he has left is to hang himself.'

'He shall cut the throat of Sly first, though,' replied Mr. Trippet, fiercely. But Anne said things were not decided as yet. Fatima was exceedingly restive and unwilling to acquiesce in the idea of being married to Mr. Sly; she had asked for further authority. 'The wizard said he could bring her own husband from the grave to point out her second bridegroom, who shall be, can be, must be, no other than Frederick Sly.'

'It is a trick,' said the ensign. But Anne was too much frightened by the preceding evening's occurrences to say so. 'To-night,' she said, 'the grave will tell all.' And she left Ensign Trippet in a very solemn and affecting way.

At midnight three figures were seen to issue from Widow Bluebeard's house and pass through the churchyard turnstile and so away among the graves.

'To call up a ghost is bad enough,' said the wizard; 'to make him speak is awful. I recommend you, ma'am, to beware, for such curiosity has been fatal to many. There was one Arabian necromancer of my acquaintance who tried to make a ghost speak, and was torn in pieces on the spot. There was another person who *did* hear a ghost speak certainly, but came away from the interview deaf and dumb. There was another——'

'Never mind,' says Mrs. Bluebeard, all her old curiosity

aroused, 'see him and hear him I will. Haven't I seen him and heard him, too, already? When he's audible *and* visible, *then's* the time.'

'But when you heard him,' said the necromancer, 'he was invisible, and when you saw him he was inaudible; so make up your mind what you will ask him, for ghosts will stand no shilly-shallying. I knew a stuttering man who was flung down by a ghost, and——'

'I *have* made up my mind,' said Fatima, interrupting him.

'To ask him what husband you shall take,' whispered Anne.

Fatima only turned red, and sister Anne squeezed her hand; they passed into the graveyard in silence.

There was no moon; the night was pitch dark. They threaded their way through the graves, stumbling over them here and there. An owl was toowhooing from the church tower, a dog was howling somewhere, a cock began to crow, as they will sometimes at twelve o'clock at night.

'Make haste,' said the wizard. 'Decide whether you will go on or not.'

'Let us go back, sister,' said Anne.

'I *will* go on,' said Fatima. 'I should die if I gave it up, I feel I should.'

'Here's the gate; kneel down,' said the wizard. The women knelt down.

'Will you see your first husband or your second husband?'

'I will see Bluebeard first,' said the widow; 'I shall know then whether this be a mockery, or you have the power you pretend to.'

At this the wizard uttered an incantation, so frightful and of such incomprehensible words, that it is impossible for any mortal man to repeat them. And at the end of what seemed to be a versicle of his chant he called 'Bluebeard!' There was no noise but the moaning of the wind in the trees, and toowhooing of the owl in the tower.

At the end of the second verse he paused again and called 'Bluebeard.' The cock began to crow, the dog began to howl, a watchman in the town began to cry out the hour, and there came from the vault within a hollow groan, and a dreadful voice said, 'Who wants me?'

.. Kneeling in front of the tomb, the necromancer began the third verse; as he spoke, the former phenomena were

still to be remarked. As he continued, a number of ghosts rose from their graves and advanced round the kneeling figures in a circle. As he concluded, with a loud bang the door of the vault flew open, and there in blue light stood Bluebeard in his blue uniform, waving his blue sword and flashing his blue eyes round about !

‘Speak now, or you are lost,’ said the necromancer to Fatima. But, for the first time in her life, she had not a word to say. Sister Anne, too, was dumb with terror. And, as the awful figure advanced, towards them as they were kneeling, the sister thought all was over with them, and Fatima once more had occasion to repent her fatal curiosity.

The figure advanced, saying, in dreadful accents, ‘Fatima ! Fatima ! Fatima ! wherefore am I called from my grave ?’ when all of a sudden down dropped his sword, down the ghost of Bluebeard went on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, roared out, ‘Murder ! mercy !’ as loud as man could roar.

Six other ghosts stood round the kneeling group. ‘Why do you call me from the tomb ?’ said the first ; ‘Who dares disturb my grave ?’ said the second ; ‘Seize him and away with him !’ cried the third. ‘Murder ! mercy !’ still roared the ghost of Bluebeard, as the white-robed spirits advanced and caught hold of him.

‘It’s only Tom Trippet,’ said a voice at Anne’s ear.

‘And your very humble servant,’ said a voice well known to Mrs. Bluebeard ; and they helped the ladies to rise, while the other ghosts seized Bluebeard. The necromancer took to his heels and got off ; he was found to be no other than Mr. Claptrap, the manager of the theatre.

It was some time before the ghost of Bluebeard could recover from the fainting fit into which he had been plunged when seized by the opposition ghosts in white ; and while they were ducking him at the pump his blue beard came off, and he was discovered to be—who do you think ? Why, Mr. Sly, to be sure ; and it appears that John Thomas, the footman, had lent him the uniform, and had clapped the doors, and rung the bells, and spoken down the chimney ; and it was Mr. Claptrap who gave Mr. Sly the blue fire and the theatre gong, and he went to London next morning by the coach ; and, as it was discovered that the story concerning Miss Coddlin’s was a shameful calumny,

why, of course, the widow married Captain Blackbeard. Dr. Sly married them, and has always declared that he knew nothing of his nephew's doings, and wondered that he has not tried to commit suicide since his last disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Trippet are likewise living happily together, and this, I am given to understand, is the ultimate fate of a family in whom we were all very much interested in early life.

You will say that the story is not probable. Psha ! Isn't it written in a book ? and is it a whit less probable than the first part of the tale ?

GRANT IN PARIS ¹

BY FITZ-BOODLE

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1843.]

TRAVELLERS' CLUB, Nov. 24, 1843.

It is needless to state to any gent in the upper circles of society that the eyes of Europe have long been directed towards Grant. All the diplomatic gents at this haunt of the aristocracy have been on the look-out for his book. The question which Don Manuel Godoy addresses to Field-Marshal Blücher (before they sit down to whist) is, in the Spanish language of course, 'When will it appear?' '*Prxckpfsky Grantowitz bubbwky*,' exclaims his Excellency Count Pozzo di Borgo, before taking his daily glass of caviare and water, 'that terrible fellow Grant is going to publish a work about Paris, I see.' '*Quand sera-t-il dehors?*' screams Prince Talleyrand, 'when will it be out?' and on the day of publication I know for a fact that a courier was in waiting at the French embassy to carry off the volumes to His M-t-y L-is Ph-l-ppe and Monsieur Gu-z-t. They have 'em by this time—they have read every word of these remarkable tomes, and I have no doubt that they are trembling in their *souliers* at some of the discoveries therein made.

Grant has always been notorious for possessing a masculine and vigorous understanding, a fine appreciation of the delicacies of good society, and a brilliant—almost too brilliant wit. The only things wanting to perfect him as a writer were, perhaps, English grammar and foreign travel. This latter difficulty he has now brilliantly overcome. He *has* travelled. Dangers and expense have not

¹ *Paris and its People*. By the author of *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons, The Great Metropolis, &c., &c.* [i. e. James Grant, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*]. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

delayed him. He has visited foreign courts and acquired the high-bred elegance and badinage which the young English gent can only attain by Continental excursions ; and though in the matter of grammar before alluded to he is not perfectly blameless, yet who is ? ‘ *Nil desperandum*,’ as Molière observes, grammar may be learned even better at home in the solitude of the closet, than abroad amidst the dazzling enticements of the French (who, besides, don’t speak the English grammar), and I have no doubt that after he has published a few more works, Grant will be pronounced faultless.

It was a kind thought which induced Grant to have his portrait engraved, and to prefix it to this his last and most original work. This practice has of late been very common amongst our great men, who know that the affectionate public longs to be in possession of the form and features as well as of the thoughts of the poets and sages who delight and instruct it. We enter into society with them, as it were : we have personal converse with them. Who, for instance, when he sees that fascinating portrait of Moore in Longman’s late edition does not feel doubly interested in the bard ? Who that has seen Chalon’s picture of Sir Edward Bulwer turned up in the uneasy chair, or that in which the honourable baronet is represented with his arms folded, or that in which we have him without any arms, nay, almost without any clothes—I mean in the engraving after the bust—who, I say, does not feel more intimate with the accomplished author ? And if with these, why not with Grant ? I venture to say that though, perhaps, he does not know it himself, as a writer of fiction he surpasses any one of them ; and that he can say of his works what they cannot say of theirs, that in every single page there is something amusing.

We accordingly have him on steel, and from the likeness here given I should take Grant to be a man of forty or two-and-forty. He is represented as sitting on a very handsome chair, probably of mahogany, and with a leather back, though what the colour of the leather is, it is impossible, as the engraving is not coloured, to say. He is dressed in a suit of black, probably his best suit of clothes. The elbow of his left hand reposes upon a work entitled *Random Recollections* ; while the fingers are occupied in twiddling his shirt-collar, probably a clean one (or if not

a shirt-collar at least a false collar, or by possibility a dicky) put on that very day. In his right hand he holds a pen, with which very likely he wrote those very *Random Recollections* under his left elbow. A chain hangs out of the pocket of his velvet waistcoat, by which we may conclude that he has a watch, though we have known many gents whose watches were at their *uncle's* (as the fashionable term for the pawnbroker goes)—I have known, I say, many gents who had no watch wear a bullet or a copper-piece in their fob, and when asked, 'What o'clock is it?' say, 'Oh, my dear William!' or 'my dear John' (varying the name, of course, as the case may be), 'I forgot to wind my watch up last evening or this morning,' and so they *did forget to wind it up*. But a truce to pleasantries.

Grant's hair seems to be rather thin on the forehead, and I should say, if closely pressed, that he was—baldish. Over his ears it grows, however, pretty luxuriously, and if not put into papers overnight, or touched up with the tongs, as many gents' hair is, especially when they are going to have their portraits taken, has a natural curl. Whether his nose grows as it is represented in the picture, and his eyes have that peculiar look, I cannot, of course, say, so much depending upon the artist in these cases, for it is manifest that if we have never seen a gent, we cannot say whether that gent's picture is like or no. The above description will suffice to give the reader an idea of Grant.

Under the print is written, 'Yours very truly, James Grant.' And in looking at that piece of writing, as at many other similar autographs at the bottom of portraits, I have not been able to refrain from asking myself, *Whose* very truly? Does a gent sit down and write, 'Yours very truly' to himself, which is absurd? Or does he send off a letter to a friend begging him to send back a former letter, in some terms like the following?—

MY DEAR FRIEND (or Sir, or Madam, as the case may be)—The public is very anxious to have my picture and autograph; as I cannot write 'yours very truly,' to myself, will you have the goodness to send me any one of my former letters and oblige yours very truly,

JAMES OR EDWARD LYTON SO-AND-SO.

However this may have been managed, there the auto-

graph is—the handwriting is very like the Duke of Wellington's, by the way—there is the writing, and there is the writer, and very truly he *has* been ours, and in no instance more truly than now. James Grant, I say to myself, when looking at that *writing*, I am very glad to take you by the *hand*.¹ And so to business.

‘In appearing once more before the public,’ begins James in his preface, ‘it is unnecessary for the author to say that he has gone over entirely new ground—ground which for the most part has been untrodden by any previous English writer.’ And I quote the sentence for the purpose of vindicating at the outset a remark which some people may have thought unnecessarily harsh, viz., that Grant sometimes neglects his grammar. I don't mean merely his grammar of language, but his moral grammar, so to speak, his grammar of the mind. Thus when our dear friend says, ‘It is unnecessary to say that I have gone over entirely new ground,’ I ask, first, if it is unnecessary to say so, dear friend, why *do* you say so? Second, I inquire, how can that ground, of which some part has been trodden, according to Grant's own admission—how can that very ground be *entirely* new? Such contradictions, coming in the very same sentence, do not, permit me to state, look well. There should be a few pages between them; they should not jostle each other, and eat each other up, as it were, in the narrow space of a couple of lines; but one or other assertion should be allowed to stand over to another chapter, and thus it would wear the air, not of a contradiction, but of a fresh and brilliant thought. Many of our well-known writers use this method with the greatest success. Thirdly, I would take the liberty to ask: *Is* Paris entirely new ground? It can't be, for James himself says, at the end of the second volume, that when he went thither he expected to find 15,000 English there. However, I need not have occupied so much of your valuable time and the club paper in discussing the above sentence, for on turning to sentence 2, what do I perceive? Why, this: that as the last part of sentence 1 contradicts the first part, so sentence 2 contradicts the second part of sentence 1, by admitting that a great deal has been already

¹ Our opinion is that Master Fitz is attempting an imitation of the style of Grant.

written about Paris—which, indeed, I believe to be the fact.

In six masterly pages James narrates the early history of Paris ; and though it must be owned that these pages are robbed, for the chief part, from an exceedingly rare and curious book, called *Galignani's Paris Guide*, yet it must not be imagined that James has not placed his own peculiar mark upon the article which he has appropriated.

For instance, Galignani begins his account thus : 'The origin of Paris and the character of its inhabitants are necessarily involved in deep obscurity.' Whereas James writes as follows : 'The origin and early history of Paris, *unlike the early history of the metropolis of England*, are so completely enveloped in obscurity that *we rarely meet with any writer of note who even hazards a conjecture on the subject.*' How fine this is ! Some people may presume that James has committed a theft, but surely it is an excusable theft. If I steal the child of a beggar, and make him a duke, with a hundred thousand a year, will not that child—will not the public (provided his grace has no collateral heirs) pardon me ? So with James. He takes a handkerchief, let us say, he appropriates, or—to speak professionally—*prigs* that handkerchief ; but the instant it is in his possession, he puts a border of gold lace round it, so that the handkerchief will hardly know itself. And how happily chosen are all the ornaments which he adds to the appropriated article ! *Unlike* the history of London, the origin of Paris is, and no writer even hazards a conjecture on the subject ; by which words we see that James is perfectly aware of the origin of London (and in that knowledge, I fearlessly say, excels any man in England), and, likewise, that he has consulted every author of note who has written about Paris, for how else could he say that they never hazarded conjectures concerning its origin ?

'The first mention,' says he, 'of *the French capital*' (the turn is again delightfully happy) 'occurs in Caesar's *Commentaries*, written about fifty years before the Christian era. *That distinguished writer* refers to it under the name of Lutetia. . . . The references which Caesar makes to the Paris of his day are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. All that can be gleaned from them is that it was an inconsiderable town built on *La Cité*, one of the *then* five islands in the Seine. This island was at that period *much*

smaller than it now is. Indeed! If an island cannot grow in 1890 years the deuce is in it! And so he continues, now narrating what 'the Emperor Julian informs us,' now stating that it was sacked under 'the auspices of Clovis,' again touching upon 'Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty,' always happy in his phrases, and profound, if not in research (for, indeed, I believe the guide-book contains most of the truths which Grant has arranged for publication), yet in that profound spirit of observation and manly justice of reasoning, which is so much better than mere musty book-learning, and which the mere scholar can sometimes *never* acquire. For instance, take the following passage:—

Great diversity of opinion exists among the earlier historians of England as to the period at which Christianity was first introduced into our country. There seems to be *no such diversity* among the accredited historians of France, respecting the time when the Christian faith was first promulgated in *that part of Europe*. They *all* concur in the statement that St. Denis introduced Christianity among the Parisians about the year 250. Whether the majority of them renounced Paganism, and embraced the religion of Jesus, on the introduction of the latter, is a point on which the French historians are silent; but the presumption is that at least a goodly number must have adopted the new faith, as a bishopric was established in Paris a few years after St. Denis promulgated the truths of Christianity among its people.

How fine it is to see Grant sitting, as it were, in the judgement-seat, and calling up to the tribunal of his thought the mighty witnesses of the past. Nothing escapes him. The doubts and struggles of the new faith, the surly, yet unavailing resistance of the old, are painted by him in a few masterly touches. Whether the majority embraced the new creed is what he at once asks. And how does he answer that momentous question? Why, by a manly and straightforward statement that he doesn't know. 'The French historians are silent. But there *must* have been a goodly number,' says the keen and noble James. And why? Because a *bishopric* was established. It is (if he will pardon me the expression) his *eureka*. It is stout Cortes discovering the Pacific. The mists of time are rolled away before the keen eyes of James. He sees the bard and Druid retreating into his woods to emerge from them no more. He sees the pale-faced missionary of

the new faith pleading its cause before the savage and wondering Gaul. Down go Thor and Woden; down go the fairer idols of Roman worship; cross-topped church-spires rise over the pines; clinking chapel-bells are heard in the valleys; and lo! preceded by banner and crosier, by beadle and verger, comes BISHOP DENIS, in his wig and lawn-sleeves. It is a fact, I believe, not generally known, that Bishop Denis walked for several miles with his head cut off; which circumstance, supposing his lordship was twenty years occupier of the see of Paris, must therefore have taken place about the year 270—no less than fifteen hundred and seventy-four years ago.

Let us quit, however, the regions of antiquity, and plunge at once into the Paris of to-day.

And now our first antiquarian having put us in possession of the ancient history of the place, he passes the barrier, and rushes *in medias res* I may say, if the Latin word *res, rei*, 'a thing,' may in the present instance, be allowed by a little poetic licence to mean 'a street' (as, in fact, a street *is* a thing, therefore *res* is Latin for a street). He rushes, I say, *in medias res*, into the middle of the streets, where the gutter is, and begins to look about him. And his very first remark on entering the city shows how fine is his insight into human nature, and how, though he has travelled but little hitherto, he has profited by the little he has seen.

'The first impression of Paris,' says James, 'which a stranger receives *depends on the part of the town at which he makes his entrance.*' Such facts may possibly strike other travellers, but do other travellers discover them? No; and the best characteristic of truth I say is, when everybody says, 'How true!' Having been at Paris myself I can state for a fact that nothing *is* more true than the above observation; and that not only there, but in other cities which I have visited, *your impressions depend upon what you see.* He must be a miserably prejudiced creature who judges otherwise, and one who is not worthy of credit.

Now, as the entrance from the St. Denis road is not picturesque, what does our author do but benevolently carry us round to the Arc de l'Étoile, and introduce us to the city that way.

‘Englishmen are accustomed,’ says he, ‘to admire the grand entrance into Hyde Park ; but it is nothing’ (no more it is) ‘to the majestic barrier. As the stranger passes it, a singularly beautiful prospect presents itself to his view. He sees a considerable portion of Paris in the distance, with all the magnificence of the Tuileries in the foreground ; while on either side, extending for more than a mile and a half, are many rows of trees of stately size and ample foliage, all planted with perfect regularity, and producing an effect in the mind of the spectator *far too pleasing to admit of description.*’

The only difficulty to this charming description is with regard to the foreground of the Tuileries, which is a mile and a half off, for, ‘as you proceed farther on this beautiful road, you near the garden of the Tuileries, which never yet *has* been beheld by an intelligent person without confounding him with *their* surpassing beauty!’ And Grant is an intelligent person, and confounded, therefore, must he have been at the sight, of which he finely says again, ‘it were impossible for the most graphic description to convey an idea.’ ‘In the months of August and September,’ he adds, ‘I stood in *the centre* of the Tuileries, and felt myself literally bewildered with the glories around me ;’ and so, I need not say, would any man who were to stand there for that time. ‘Nature and man,’ continues James, ‘co-operate together in this charming locality ; and it is no wonder that the Parisians should be so anxious that all illustrious visitors should enter their city by the Champs Elysées.’

In the city ‘what most forcibly strikes the stranger is,’ Grant says at once, ‘the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets.’ This would strike anybody perhaps ; but few know that the houses are painted in different fancy colours ; that each individual has a right to paint the part of the house which he rents as he pleases ; and hence that ‘there is something very pleasing as well as strange to the eye of the visitor in the aspect of many of the streets.’ In the summer season the streets have a horticultural aspect. Most of the windows in the upper stories are filled with flowers of various kinds, and along the fronts of many of the houses are balconies so abundantly laden with every diversity of flowers as to have the appearance of so many gardens. ‘This fortunately struck me,’ says James, ‘*in the middle of the Rue St. Honoré ;*’ but he does not say in what months he stood there—in July probably,

before he went to stand in the centre of the Tuileries, where we have seen him during August and September. This point, however, is of minor importance; the main matter is the description of the town. And who that has been at Paris does not recognize the capital of Europe in the above lively description? One more circumstance regarding the exterior aspect of the town could not be expected to escape one of the most daring investigators in the world: it is this—*the number of signs*. ‘Most of these signs consist of the name and business of the parties *painted*, as with us, *on a board* on the wall—in other cases on the walls themselves, and the gigantic proportions of the letters will be understood when I state that they are often *two feet in length and one foot in breadth*.’ What say you to that, my masters? Is it good to go abroad, or is it not? Is observation a noble quality, or is it not? I say, that Grant going into a town—a foreign town, not knowing the language, as he himself says, and discovering at a glance the boards upon the shop walls—the size of their letters, and that those letters were formed into words meant to describe ‘the name and business of the parties’—I say that such a man is a man of genius. What does *he* want with knowing a language? he knows it without learning it, by the intuition of great spirits. How else could he have ascertained that fact, or have been aware that the letters written upon the walls, *as with us* (as with us, mark you; nothing escapes him at home or abroad, and he is ready with a thousand rich illustrations to decorate the subject in hand)—how, I say, should he have known BUT by genius that those boards, those words, those letters, were not meant to describe the name and business of some *other* parties over the way? Pass we to the *inside* of the shops: ’tis without meaning a play upon words, a natural *transition*:—

The Paris shops are remarkable for the number and size of their mirrors. Look in what direction you may, after you have entered, and you see your person reflected at full length. In some cases, indeed, you can hardly see anything but mirrors; and the entire fitting-up displays corresponding taste. Then, as regards the arrangement of grouping of the articles for sale, nothing can be more tasteful. Everything in the shop is seen and everything is seen to the best advantage. But the Parisian shopkeeper remembers that every passer-by does not enter his shop, and therefore he very wisely bestows his special attention to his windows. The window of a Parisian shop—*I am assuming, of course, that it is in the fancy*

line—is a sight worth going a day's journey to witness ; it is quite a study—a perfect picture. It affords an exhibition of artistical skill of which the people of no other country can have any conception. I never looked at a French shopkeeper's window without the conviction forcing itself on my mind that he who arranged its contents must be an artist, *though he may himself be unconscious of it* ; and that had he turned his attention to any department of art requiring a combination of the imaginative faculty with an exquisite taste in the practical embodiment of his notions, he must have attained a celebrity of no common order.

Isn't it too bad to say, after this, that we do not do foreigners justice ? that we pretend in all things to assert the superiority of our country ? Here is Jim, who goes into a shop—of course assuming that it is in the fancy line—and pays it a compliment such as deserves to get him the cross of the Legion of Honour. I can see him looking in the glass—not over ill satisfied with himself, the sly rogue ! and with his person reflected all over the shop. ' *Perhaps* I may here remark,' says Jim, ' that the pleasing effect of the Parisian shops is very considerably heightened by the number of beautiful and well-dressed women that are to be found in them.' The *perhaps* indeed ! The rogue, the sly rogue, the wicked abominable rogue ! But mum is the word, dear James. Let us not touch on this painful, this delicate theme.

James's, however, is no blind admiration—no Gallomania (if he will allow me the expression). If he praises some things, he blames others—viz. the gutters in the streets ;— ' those puddles or miniature rivers of mud which assail the eye, and another organ which it is needless to name.' (Blessings on him—my James—my Jim—my dear, dear friend ! I don't know him ; but as I write about him, and think about him, I love him more and more.) The remedy for these gutters his eagle eye at once sees.

' The remedy,' says he, ' is cheap, simple, efficacious. Let conduits be formed underground and the thing is done.' Ought not the Ville de Paris to thank him for this ; and, instead of spending their money in presenting swords to the Comte de Paris, and erecting tawdry gimcracks of camps and fountains, present James with something handsome ? Since the gentleman who has a good memory has been writing in this Magazine, it is read with anxiety in the French court. This I know to be a fact. And, perhaps,

these humble lines may fall under the eye of M——y, to whom I would say, ‘Sire, remember Jim Grant!’

There are other nuisances in Paris which the untiring observer points out—‘small exposed constructions, which invite the passers-by,’ and which will, doubtless, be hurled down by the withering denunciations of the indignant moralist—for instance, the cabs. ‘The cabs,’ says he, ‘are, for the most part, the same in form as they are with us: so are the coaches. Connected with the drivers of the former, especially, there is one very unpleasant thing. I allude to the fact that, in a great many, though not in a majority of these vehicles, the driver actually sets himself down alongside his passenger. No matter how dirty his appearance may be, he will actually plant himself beside the finest and most elegantly dressed lady in the land.’

‘This,’ Jim says, in a tone of melancholy, almost tender reproof, ‘he should not have expected from the Parisians.’ And, indeed, it ought to be looked to. A duchess wants to go to court; a marchioness wishes to pay her respects to her friend the Countess of So-and-so. It rains; and, of course, she calls a cab. Can her ladyship do otherwise? And when in that cab, dressed out in silks and satins, with a swansdown muff and tippet, and feathers in her head very possibly, is a filthy cabman to set himself alongside of her? Faugh! This must be amended. And many a noble dame of the Faubourg will thank JIM, a foreigner and a man of letters, for pointing out this intolerable nuisance. Now let us give a rapid glance with James at the city, which was never described so delightfully before:—

In Paris there are no squares—not, I mean, in the sense in which the word is generally understood by us. There are, it is true, several open places, somewhat resembling our squares; but these are public buildings—the Louvre, for example—and not a series of houses inhabited by private families. The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell, and other squares of London, are wholly unknown in the French capital. It can, however, boast of several ‘places’—some of them of a very imposing kind. Nothing, for instance, could be finer than the Place Vendôme; it is the admiration of all who have seen it.

But of all localities in Paris, there is none that gratifies the visitor so much as the Boulevards. The Boulevards may be said to constitute one great road or street, about three miles in length, and fully as broad as the broadest of our streets. The Boulevards are

divided into two departments—the northern and the southern. The northern Boulevards are twelve in number, and are much more magnificent than the southern, which are seven in number. The houses on either side of the northern Boulevards, especially on the right hand as you proceed towards their termination in the neighbourhood of the Madeline Church, are remarkably beautiful. Some of them are private residences, but most of them are cafés, restaurants, hotels, shops, &c. The aspect of the Boulevards, especially on a summer's evening, is singularly striking and pleasing. In front of all the cafés you see crowds of elegantly dressed men and women partaking of the grateful refreshment which these places supply, and looking, not with rude gaze, but with an expression of much gratification, at the streams of people who are slowly and softly gliding along the beautiful promenade before them. The interior of the countless shops displays the very perfection of taste as regards the manner in which they are fitted up, and in which the various articles are arranged. Like all the better class of shops in the centre of Paris, they are not only brilliantly and most effectively lighted up inside, but in many cases, the windows and the articles are set off to peculiar advantage by the lights outside, which by means of glasses and other reflectors are made to throw a blaze of light on the whole place. The shops in the Boulevards, as in all the other principal streets of Paris, however small some of them may be, can boast of the presence of one or more elegantly dressed young women. The promenade on either side of this celebrated place is unusually broad. It cannot be less than from thirty-five to forty feet. It is, indeed, as broad as some of the leading streets in the centre of the city. Two rows of elm-trees, fifteen or twenty feet apart, extend their whole length on either side of the Boulevards, and contribute much to their surpassing beauty; so that the person passing hastily along the Boulevards finds himself in a sort of avenue formed by trees in the middle of Paris. The trees vary in height, size, and appearance, which adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. The aspect of the place is at once rural and architectural, or rather presents an instance in which both the rural and architectural are happily blended. The pavement is formed of asphalt materials; but the effect is somewhat impaired when the eye fixes on the ground, owing to a large circular patch of earth being left uncovered by the pavement around each tree, in order that its growth may not be retarded. Some persons have expressed regret that the Boulevards, instead of having several turnings, should not run in a straight line. I altogether differ from those who entertain this opinion. The windings of this magnificent road contribute, in my judgement, very materially to its surpassing beauty. I consider, indeed, that the curvatures in the Boulevards impart to them their greatest charm. Only imagine how cheerless and monotonous, comparatively speaking, the Boulevards would appear did they extend for three miles in a straight line.

Between the Rue St. Honoré and the northern Boulevards lies the Palais Royale. There is no part of Paris which is so constantly in the thoughts, or so frequently on the lips of the Parisian, as this locality. He thinks of it by day, and dreams of it by night. He regards it with all the fervour of affection with which a lover adores his mistress. It is in a sense mixed up with his very existence. Paris, with all its attractions, would be scarcely tolerable to him were he denied access to the Palais Royale. Wherever the genuine Parisian is, whether in any other part of the city or in the provinces; whether at home or abroad, his thoughts and affections tend as surely to the Palais Royale as the needle points to the Pole. Death may tear an attached friend from his embraces, and he is overwhelmed for a season with sorrow at his loss; but it is only for a season. Time heals the wound which the bereavement has inflicted, and he is himself again. It is otherwise if he be placed in circumstances which debar him from the Palais Royale. It is the heaviest calamity, the severest affliction which can befall him. The exclusion preys on his spirits and wears away his body. To those who have not been in Paris this may appear exaggeration; but it is not so. We all know the ascendancy which the love of country often acquires in the breast of a Scotchman, or a Swiss, when circumstances have obliged him to reside in a foreign clime. The feeling at times so powerfully preys upon his mind as to impair his health. I know one instance, and there are many such most amply attested, in which a Scotch Highlandman in South America died from the excess of his love of country. The same ardent affection for the Palais Royale exists in the heart of a Parisian. I cannot say I know any particular case in which a Parisian, doomed to settle in the provinces or abroad, has died of a broken heart because exiled from his beloved Palais Royale; but I saw and heard enough, when in the French capital, of the Parisian's passionate fondness for that charming locality, to look on such an event as possible.

Those only who have been in Paris, and know something of the French character, can at all comprehend how a Parisian's liking for the Palais Royale should assume this consuming passion. It is not the mere outward beauty of the place, though that, as I shall presently endeavour to show, surpasses anything to be met with either in Paris or London, or, I had almost said, in any other city in the world. It is the associations connected with the locality, more than anything else, which contribute to the production of this feeling of partiality for the Palais Royale.

Here he has been for a series of years in the habit of meeting kindred spirits—persons so very familiar in their views, habits, practices, that he and they seemed as much animated by one spirit as if they had only had one soul among them. There he and they dined, drank coffee, sipped their glasses of brandy, smoked their cigars, and played at billiards and the draughts together, until they actually appeared part and parcel of each other's being. No

wonder then that the Parisian, who is forced to forego the exquisite enjoyment which he derived from these associations and exercises, should feel as if violence were done to his nature.

To describe the Palais Royale were impossible. The imagination cannot conceive anything in the centre of a great city at all like it. In most other cases the writer who attempts to sketch a scene, to which he feels himself unable to do justice, has the satisfaction of thinking that where he fails, the imagination of the reader will supply the deficiency. It is otherwise in this case; the most fertile fancy would fail to picture to itself what the Palais Royale is on a fine summer's evening. Its length from outside to outside is little, if at all, short of a quarter of a mile, and the breadth cannot be much less than a furlong, or the eighth of a mile. In the centre are a great number of tastefully laid-out trees of various kinds and various sizes. Portions of the ground have the rich appearance of an arbour; in the centre of all is a large fountain, which on particular nights sends up, from six or seven places, its waters twenty or twenty-five feet high. In the grounds, to the east and west of the fountain, are two parterres of matchless beauty. Immense crowds of persons, dressed in the extreme of fashion, are always to be seen on a summer's evening, walking about the grounds, or along the splendid piazzas which surround them, while many hundreds more are to be seen sitting luxuriously on chairs, the men sipping their coffee or brandy, and the women eating their ices, or drinking their lemonade. You fancy you are sitting in a second Eden, only that you see no growing fruit—though, in the season, the windows of the surrounding cafés are always full of the choicest sorts.

It will surprise the English reader to be informed that, among the immense concourse of persons thus occupied, or rather thus indulging in luxurious indolence, are to be seen many handsome and elegantly dressed women. The reader may probably infer that these women belong to the class of the unfortunates. The fact is otherwise; they are, or at least as far as is known, women of undoubted respectability.

The whole annals of literature (if I may be allowed the expression) contain, I fearlessly assert, no description like this. 'The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell Squares' (how finely does he keep up the genteel gradation) 'are wholly unknown in France.' Aye! and so I may say are the Bloomsbury, the Red Lion, too; and the more is the pity. If I had children, and wished to form their tender minds, I would have a sort of catechism made of the above description, which they should be made to get by heart. As thus:—

Q. What is the Boulevard?

A. A sort of avenue formed by trees.

Q. What is its aspect ?

A. Its aspect is at once rural and architectural, or rather (this distinction is uncommonly fine) presents an instance in which the rural and the architectural are happily blended.

Q. How is the pavement formed ?

A. Of asphalt materials.

Q. How is its effect impaired ?

A. By circular patches of earth.

Q. What imparts to the Boulevards their greatest charms ?

A. Their curvatures.

Q. What locality is most frequently in the thoughts and on the lips of a Frenchman ?

A. The Palais Royale.

Q. Why do you spell Royale with an *e* ?

A. Because I choose.

Q. Does a Parisian dream of the Palais Royale every night ?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it a more severe affliction to the Frenchman to lose the Palais Royale than to lose his dear friend, wife, mother or child ?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. Is this an exaggeration ?

A. Not in the least to those who know Paris, &c., &c.

And then the question comes, How did Jim, not speaking a word of French, find out these things ? He says he took a *laquais de place* at three francs the half-day, who probably told him these stories. But I have too high an opinion of Jim's economy to suppose he would hire one of these fellows for many days together ; and indeed, he very soon appears to have got a smattering of the language, and to push on for himself. Thus, he used to go to a barber's, and he calls him ' Monsieur Tonsor.' This he never could have done had he not known French—Monsieur being French for *Mister*, and Tonsor meaning Barber in the Latin language. Again, we find him speaking French with respect to hats, in the noble passage where he says :—

Of all parts of a Parisian's dress, that which he is most particular about is his hat. I am confident that any man might with safety bet that, out of every hundred hats you see on the heads of the pedestrians in Paris, *not more than one in ten will be found to be*

bad. A Frenchman seems to consider his 'chapeau' as part of himself. He would just as soon be seen with an unwashed face as with a shabby hat. *It is to him what a bonnet is to a lady.* It is true the Parisian gentlemen do not talk of their new hats as ladies do about their new bonnets; but they are not on that account the less delighted when they see a beautiful 'chapeau.' A Frenchman would sooner receive a blow which would injure his head than one which would damage his hat. He will pardon an insult offered to himself, but he will never forgive you if you destroy or injure his hat.

This is a curious fact; and the story, coming from a man of honour and observation, will be useful to our young countrymen abroad, who can easily prove the correctness of the narrative by kicking the first Frenchman they meet, and sitting on the hat of the second. They will see, then, if *Monsieur's* conduct will bear out Jim's assertion. A military man (of whom there are plenty) would be a good subject to select for the first experiment. But the point which I wish to mark here is the progress he has evidently made in the language; on two occasions, and in the same sentence, he playfully uses the foreign word 'chapeau,' a hat—aye, and spells it right too, which could hardly be expected of him in so short a time.

A laughable *quid pro quo*, if he will pardon me the term, occurred to him in a conversation with one of the men of distinction to whom he had letters of introduction—one of the most rising barristers in France. I shrewdly suspect Monsieur Charles Ledru to be the man of distinction in question.

He and Jim fell to talking naturally about lords and judges. 'What's the opinion of Lord ——?' said the French barrister. On which Grant expressed his idea that his lordship was insane.

'You don't mean that!' said the other, falling back in his seat and looking unutterably amazed. 'Thrown himself into the Seine?'

'Oh, no! I only said that some people thought him insane.'

'Ah! *in-sane*, not *in* the *Seine*. I mistook what you said. Ah! I see now.'

Of course, nobody knew who was the noble and learned lord who gave rise to this play upon words.

To do him justice, Jim very seldom indulges in them. But when he does, the dry rogue! he takes care to fix

upon a good one. I have laughed at the above heartily for the last twenty years, and can fancy how Ledru and Grant must have enjoyed it as they sat together in the parlour discussing the character of Lord Br——. But mum! The word was very nearly out.

Jim had an interview with Jules Janin, which does not appear to have been very satisfactory; for though Janin writes English books, he does not understand a word of the language. Nor was our James much more skilled in the *parley Fransy*, as they say. Janin did not ask him to dinner, nor probably did Ledru; for about the hospitality of the French he speaks in a very sad and desponding tone. 'Dinner-parties are comparatively rare amongst the aristocracy of France. When they invite their friends they ask them to a *soirée*; when the refreshments consist of tea and coffee, with a little wine and cake.' Wine is much cheaper in France, adds Jim, who does not conceal his disappointment, and has probably been asked to some *soirée*, where, after going to the expense of a cab, a fresh shirt-collar, and a pair of white Berlin gloves, he has been fobbed off with a glass of sour wine-and-water and a biscuit. And yet, in spite of this disappointment, I think there is nothing I would more like to have seen than James at one of these French parties of the 'aristocracy' pulling a queer face over a glass of orgeat (pronounced orjaw) while the *monsieurs* were thinking him a great literary man.

What he calls the *table-d'hôtes* (for his expressions are invariably happy) seem to have pleased him a good deal. None but the aristocracy, he says, ever dream of 'putting up' in 'Meurice's,' from which choice place the honest fellow accordingly kept away. 'No man must think of dining there,' he says sadly, '*under from fifteen to twenty francs*'; and he does not think the average price of a bed can be less than eight or ten francs per night. But it is not so, dear Jim; and out of respect to a worthy landlord whom you have injured, you should alter this passage in your second edition. You might have gone with perfect safety and asked the question of the waiter. Snobs are admitted at Meurice's as well as gentlemen. Why, then should James Grant be denied admittance to the 'most famous of the Parisian establishments'?

About the two-franc dinners of which the French aristocracy partake, our dear friend is much better informed.

‘I met with no instance,’ says he, ‘in which the charge exceeded two francs and a half, including a pint, or *half a bottle*, of *vin ordinaire*. There are, indeed, some respectable houses where the charge is as low as a franc and a half. The most common price, however, is two francs; and for this sum (twenty pence of our money) with an additional three-halfpence or twopence in the shape of a gratuity to the waiter, you can have a dinner which never fails to suit the most dainty palate.’ He then describes the bill of fare, and says, ‘Would the most passionate admirer of a good dinner desire more?’ Jim says a great amount of business is done in these houses, and used to take his dinner in a ‘very celebrated one, up three pair of stairs in the Palais Royal.’ Bless him once more, I say; bless him. He is a dainty dog, fond of good victuals and fine things. The aristocracy in Paris seem to be shabby fellows; he never saw a carpet in any house except an English one, and thought with pride of Kidderminster, the luxurious rogue!

He does not appear to have seen ‘Chautebriand,’ but says he is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a republican in principles, and that he goes weekly to weep over the tomb of Armand Carrel. A ‘priest’ by the name of Ginode is also mentioned as a priest of republican principles, which are, moreover, those of Jim. The first thing he remarks about the Chamber of Deputies (for the fellow goes everywhere) is that THE SEATS are incomparably superior to those in our House of Commons. These seats bear ample proof that the penknives of honourable members are not idle, for they are covered with all sorts of hieroglyphics, the works of the French legislators.

As Jim contemplated these, ‘schoolboy recollections,’ he affectingly says, rushed into his mind, and his thoughts reverted, with a rapidity surpassing that which light travels, to a period full thirty years ago, when he, Jim, used to see so many of his companions soundly thrashed by their ‘teacher for doing precisely similar work.’

How different the scene is now! Then Jim was a boy, getting probably, with other boys at Eton, where he was brought up, some cuts from the usher across his own—organ, which it is needless to name. Now he is a man, honoured, wise, and wealthy. He has improved his mind by study in Long Acre, and afterwards abroad by foreign

travel. He has taken his place with the learned of the land. People look up to him as their instructor and friend. Only this minute comes up to me a venerable gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat, who says, 'Reading Mr. Grant's new work, Fitz-Boodle? An able man, sir, though I think he has somewhat fallen off.'

Fallen off! O jimini (as the poet observes)! fallen off? No, Jim is better than ever. He grows more rich the more he publishes. *His* ideas are not like those of some feeble writers who give birth to an idea and die. No, Jim is always ready, always abundant, no subject will ever find him at a loss, no plummet will ever sound the depth of his tremendous dullness. Why is he mere private man still? Why is he not in the House of Commons, and making senates shout with his eloquence? I am sure that he would speak to perfection. I am sure that worthy people in the country would rally round him. I have a very strong notion indeed that he is the 'coming man' for whom we are on the look-out. Other people may doubt and be perplexed, but, depend upon it, *he* never feels a difficulty. Jim has achieved fortune and fame as, perhaps, no man ever achieved it. He has published five-and-twenty volumes of such a quality as perhaps the whole world cannot elsewhere produce; and his success is to the world and himself a credit. It shows that a good writer need not despair nowadays. Burns died a beggar, for instance, and Jim Grant will probably have a good round sum at his lamented demise. And so he should with such a public as ours. So alive to genius, so wise a critic of good writing, so able an appreciator of fine wit, Jim is worthy of the public and the public of him. May they long both flourish, each honouring the other!

Sometimes popular writers find themselves outstripped of a sudden by younger rivals, and deserted in their old age. I do not think in Jim's case this is likely, or even possible. I do not think the world *can* produce a greater than Jim. Honour to him and his patron! He has already written five-and-twenty volumes: let us hope and pray for scores more. I have requested Mr. Titmarsh, the eminent artist, to copy his picture and hang it up in the heroic picture-gallery, by the side of . . . and——¹

¹ Here our friend Fitz grew so abominably scurrilous that we were obliged to expunge the sentence.—O. Y.

One word more. The revelations in this book concerning Louis Philippe will be found of the highest interest. I think Jim's description of the king beats that of the gentleman with the good memory completely. 'Louis,' says Grant, 'is tall and portly in his person. *His face partakes of the oval shape, and his cheeks are rather PLUFFY.*'

Farewell, and Heaven bless him! I have ordered all his books at the club—not to read them at once, that would be impossible, but to meditate over favourite bits and con over old familiar pages. Familiar! Why do I say familiar? Fresh beauties bubble up in them at every moment, new expressions, and vast and wonderful thoughts.

G. S. F.-B.

A BOX OF NOVELS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1844.]

THE ARGUMENT.—Mr. Yorke having dispatched to Mr. Titmarsh, in Switzerland, a box of novels (carriage paid), the latter returns to Oliver an essay upon the same, into which he introduces a variety of other interesting discourse. He treats of the severity of critics ; of his resolution to reform in that matter, and of the nature of poets ; of Irishmen ; of Harry Lorrequer, and that Harry is a sentimental writer ; of Harry's critics ; of Tom Burke ; of Rory O'More ; of the young Pretender and the Duke of Bordeaux ; of Irish Repeal and Repeal songs ; concerning one of which he addresseth to Rory O'More words of tender reproach. He mentioneth other novels found in the box, viz. *The Miser's Son*, and *The Burgomaster of Berlin*. He bestoweth a parting benediction on Boz.

SOME few—very few years since, dear sir, in our hot youth, when Will the Fourth was king, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses who contributed their share of high spirits to the columns of this Magazine, to belabour with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England, to sneer at their scholarship, to question their talents, to shout with fierce laughter over their faults, historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental ; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critic's) own immense superiority in all the points which we questioned in all the world beside. I say *our*, because the undersigned Michael Angelo has handled the tomahawk as well as another, and has a scalp or two drying in his lodge.

Those times, dear Yorke, are past. I found you, on visiting London last year, grown fat (pardon me for saying so)—fat and peaceful. Your children clambered smiling about your knee. You did not disdain to cut bread-and-butter for them ; and, as you poured out their milk-and-

water at supper, I could not but see that you, too, had imbibed much of that sweet and wholesome milk of human kindness, at which in youth we are ready to sneer as a vapid and unprofitable potion; but whereof, as manhood advances, we are daily more apt to recognize the healthful qualities. For of all diets good humour is the most easy of digestion; if it does not create that mad boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire; above all, one rises the next morning without fever or headache, and without the dim and frightful consciousness of having broken somebody's undeserving bones in a frolic, while under the satirical frenzy. You are grown mild—we are all grown mild. I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers, we can assault men and fathers no more.

Besides, a truth dawns upon the mature mind, which may thus be put by interrogation. Because a critic, deeming A and B to be blockheads for whom utter destruction is requisite, forthwith sets to work to destroy them, is it clear that the public are interested in that work of demolition, and that they admire the critic hugely for his pains? At my present mature age, I am inclined to think that the nation does not much care for this sort of executive-ness; and that it looks upon the press-Mohawks (this is not the least personal)—as it did upon the gallant young noblemen who used a few years since to break the heads of policemen, and paint apothecaries' shops pea-green—with amusement, perhaps, but with anything but respect and liking. And as those young noblemen, recognizing the justice of public opinion, have retired to their estates, which they are now occupied peacefully in administering and improving, so have the young earls and marquesses of the court of REGINA of Regent Street calmly subsided into the tillage of the pleasant fields of literature, and the cultivation of the fresh green crops of good-humoured thought. *My* little work on the differential calculus, for instance, is in a most advanced state; and you will correct me if I break a confidence in saying that your translation of the first hundred and ninety-six chapters of the Mahabharata will throw some extraordinary light upon a subject most intensely interesting to England, viz., the Sanskrit theosophy.

This introduction, then, will have prepared you for an

exceedingly humane and laudatory notice of the packet of works which you were good enough to send me, and which, though they doubtless contain a great deal that the critic would not write (from the extreme delicacy of his taste and the vast range of his learning), also contain, between ourselves, a great deal that the critic *could* not write if he would ever so ; and this is a truth which critics are sometimes apt to forget in their judgements of works of fiction. As a rustical boy, hired at twopence per week, may fling stones at the blackbirds and drive them off and possibly hit one or two, yet if he get into the hedge and begin to sing, he will make a wretched business of the music, and Lubin and Colin and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his folly ; so the critic employed to assault the poet . . . But the rest of the simile is obvious, and will be apprehended at once by a person of your experience.

The fact is, that the blackbirds of letters—the harmless, kind, singing creatures who line the hedge-sides and chirp and twitter as nature bade them (they can no more help singing, these poets, than a flower can help smelling sweet)—have been treated much too ruthlessly by the watchboys of the press, who have a love for flinging stones at the little innocents, and pretend that it is their duty, and that every wren or sparrow is likely to destroy a whole field of wheat, or to turn out a monstrous bird of prey. Leave we these vain sports and savage pastimes of youth, and turn we to the benevolent philosophy of maturer age.

A characteristic of the Irish writers and people, which has not been at all appreciated by the English, is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad ; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand ; and from *Castle Rackrent* downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woful, tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books—and he is by far the greatest *genius* who has written of Irish life—are pre-eminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, *The Collegians*, has the same painful character ; and I have always been surprised, while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of Harry Lorrequer, that he has not recognized the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language

is *The Night before Larry was Stretched* ; but along with the joviality, you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. *The Groves of Blarney* is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais ; but is it not very pathetic nonsense ? The folly is uttered with a sad look, and to the most lamentable wailing music ; it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one ; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England, you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place. But we in England have adopted our idea of the Irishman, and, like the pig-imitator's audience in the fable (which simile is not to be construed into an opinion on the writer's part that the Irish resemble pigs, but simply that the Saxon is dull of comprehension), we *will* have the sham Irishman in preference to the real one, and will laugh at the poor wag, whatever his mood may be. The romance-writers and dramatists have wronged the Irish cruelly (and so has every Saxon among them, the O'Connellites will say) in misrepresenting him as they have done. What a number of false accounts, for instance, did poor Power give to English playgoers about Ireland ! He led Cockneys to suppose that all that Irish gaiety was natural and constant ; that Paddy was in a perpetual whirl of high spirits and whisky ; for ever screeching and whooping mad songs and wild jokes ; a being entirely devoid of artifice and calculation : it is only after an Englishman has seen the country that he learns how false these jokes are ; how sad these high spirits, and how cunning and fitful that exuberant joviality, which we have been made to fancy are the Irishman's every-day state of mind. There is, for example, the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan, at whose humours we all laugh delightfully. He is the most real character, in all that strange company of profligates and swindlers who people Sheridan's plays ; and I think the most profoundly dismal of all. The poor Irish knight's jokes are only on the surface. He is a hypocrite all through the comedy, and **his fun no more real than his Irish estate. He makes others**

laugh, but he does not laugh himself ; as Falstaff does, and Sydney Smith, and a few other hearty humourists of the British sort.

So when he reads in the ' Opinions of the Press ' how the provincial journalists are affected with Mr. Lever's books ; how the *Doncaster Argus* declares, ' We have literally roared with laughter over the last number of *Our Mess* ' ; or the *Manx Mercury* vows it has ' absolutely burst with cachination over the *facetiae* of friend Harry Lorrequer ' ; or the *Bungay Beacon* has been obliged to call in two printer's devils to hold the editorial sides while perusing *Charles O'Malley's* funny stories ; let the reader be assured that he has fallen upon critical opinions not worth the having. It is impossible to yell with laughter through thirty-two pages. Laughter, to be worth having, can only come by fits and now and then. The main body of your laughter-inspiring book must be calm ; and if we may be allowed to give an opinion about *Lorrequer* after all that has been said for and against him, after the characteristics of boundless merriment which the English critic has found in him, and the abuse which the Irish writers have hurled at him for presenting degrading pictures of the national character, it would be to enter a calm protest against both opinions, and say that the author's characteristic is *not* humour, but sentiment—neither more nor less than sentiment, in spite of all the rollicking and bawling, and the songs of Micky Free, and the horse-racing, and punch-making, and charging, and steeplechasing—the quality of the *Lorrequer* stories seems to me to be extreme delicacy, sweetness, and kindness of heart. The *spirits* are for the most part artificial, the *fond* is sadness, as appears to me to be that of most Irish writing and people.

Certain Irish critics will rise up in arms against this dictum, and will fall foul of the author of the paradox and of the subject of these present remarks too. For while we have been almost universal in our praise of *Lorrequer* in England, no man has been more fiercely buffeted in his own country, Mr. O'Connell himself taking the lead to attack this kindly and gentle writer, and thundering out abuse at him from his *cathedra* in the Corn Exchange. A strange occupation this for a statesman ! Fancy Sir Robert Peel taking occasion to bring *Martin Chuzzlewit* before the House of Commons ; or the American President

rapping *Sam Slick* over the knuckles in the thirty-fourth column of his speech ; or Lord Brougham attacking Mr. Albert Smith in the Privy Council !

The great Corn Exchange critic says that Lórrequer has sent abroad an unjust opinion of the Irish character, which he (the Corn Exchange critic) is upholding by words and example. On this signal, the Irish Liberal journals fall foul of poor Harry with a ferocity which few can appreciate in this country, where the labours of our Hibernian brethren of the press are little read. But you would fancy from the *Nation* that the man is a stark traitor and incendiary ; that he has written a libel against Ireland, such as merits cord and fire ! O patriotic critic ! what Brutus-like sacrifices will the literary man not commit ! what a noble professional independence he has ! how free from envy he is ! how pleased with his neighbour's success ! and yet how ready (on public grounds—of course, only on public grounds) to attack his nearest friend and closest acquaintance ! Although he knows that the success of one man of letters is the success of all, that with every man who rises a score of others rise too, that to make what has hitherto been a struggling and uncertain calling an assured and respectable one, it is necessary that some should succeed greatly, and that every man who lives by his pen should, therefore, back the efforts and applaud the advancement of his brother ; yet the virtues of professional literature are so obstinately republican, that it will acknowledge no honours, help no friend, have all on a level ; and so the Irish press is at present martyrizing the most successful member of its body. His books appeared ; they were very pleasant, Tory and Liberal applauded alike the good-humoured and kind-hearted writer, who quarrelled with none, and amused all. But his publishers sold twenty thousand of his books. He was a monster from that moment, a doomed man ; if a man can die of articles, Harry Lorrequer ought to have yielded up the ghost long ago.

Lorrequer's military propensities have been objected to strongly by his squeamish Hibernian brethren. I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting in the Lorrequerian romances for my taste, an endless clashing of sabres, unbounded alarums, 'chambers' let off (as in the old Shakespeare stage directions), the warriors drive one another on and off the stage, until the quiet citizen

is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headache with the smell of the powder. But is Lorrequer the only man in Ireland who is fond of military spectacles? Why do ten thousand people go to the Phaynix Park twice a week? Why does the *Nation* newspaper publish those edifying and Christian war-songs? And who is it that prates about the Irish at Waterloo, and the Irish at Fontenoy, and the Irish at Seringapatam, and the Irish at Timbuctoo? If Mr. O'Connell, like a wise rhetorician, chooses, and very properly, to flatter the national military passion, why should not Harry Lorrequer? There is bad blood, bitter, brutal, unchristian hatred in every line of every single ballad of the *Nation*; there is none in the harmless war-pageants of honest Harry Lorrequer. And as for the Irish brigade, has not Mr. O'Connell bragged more about that than any other author of fiction in or out of his country?

The persons who take exceptions to numerous hunting and steeplechasing descriptions which abound in these volumes have, perhaps, some reason on their side. Those quiet people who never leaped across anything wider than a gutter in Pall Mall, or have learned the chivalric art in Mr. Fozard's riding-school, are not apt to be extremely interested in hunting stories, and many find themselves morally thrown out in the midst of a long fox-chase, which gallops through ever so many pages of close type. But these descriptions are not written for such. Go and ask a 'fast man' at college what he thinks of them. Go, dine at Lord Cardigan's mess-table, and as the black bottle passes round ask the young cornets and captains whether they have read the last number of *Tom Burke*, and you will see what the answer will be. At this minute those pink-bound volumes are to be found in every garrison, in every one of the towns, colonies, islands, continents, isthmuses, and promontories where her Majesty's flag floats; they are the pleasure of country folk, high and low; they are not scientific treatises, certainly, but are they intended as such? They are not, perhaps, taken in by Dissenting clergymen and doctors of divinity (though for my part I have seen, in the hall of a certain college of Dublin, a score of the latter, in gowns and bands, crowding round Harry Lorrequer and listening to his talk with all their might); but does the author aim especially at instructing their reverences? No. Though this is a favourite method with many critics—viz. to find fault

with a book for what it does not give, as thus—'Lady Smigsmag's new novel is amusing, but lamentably deficient in geological information.' 'Dr. Swishtail's *Elucidations of the Digamma* show much sound scholarship, but infer a total absence of humour.' And 'Mr. Lever's tales are trashy and worthless, for his facts are not borne out by any authority, and he gives us no information upon the political state of Ireland. Oh! our country; our green and beloved, our beautiful and oppressed! accursed be the tongue that should now speak of aught but thy wrong, withered the dastard hand that should strike upon thy desolate harp another string!' &c., &c., &c.

And now, having taken exception to the pugnacious and horse-racious parts of the Lorrequer novels (whereof an admirable parody appeared some months since in *Tait's Magazine*), let us proceed to state further characteristics of Lorrequer. His stories show no art of construction; it is the good old plan of virtue triumphant at the end of the chapter, vice being wofully demolished some few pages previously. As Scott's heroes were, for the most part, canny, gallant, prudent, modest young North-Britons, Lorrequer's are gallant young Irishmen, a little more dandified and dashing, perhaps, than such heroes as novelists create on this side of the water; wonderfully like each other in personal qualities and beauty; but, withal, modest and scrupulously pure-minded. And there is no reader of Mr. Lever's tales but must admire the extreme, almost woman-like delicacy of the author, who, amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters, and with all his out-breaks of spirits and fun, never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure. Nor is he singular in this excellent chastity of thought and expression; it is almost a national virtue with the Irish, as any person will acknowledge who has lived any time in their country or society.

The present hero of the Lorrequerian cyclus of romances resembles the other young gentlemen whose history they record in his great admiration for the military profession, in the which, after some adventurous half-dozen numbers of civil life, we find him launched. Drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder form the subject of the whole set, and are emblazoned on the backs of every one of the volumes. The present volume is bound in a rich blood-coloured calico, and has a most truculent and ferocious look.

The illustrations, from the hand of the famous Phiz, show to great advantage the merits of that dashing designer. He draws a horse admirably, a landscape beautifully, a female figure with extreme grace and tenderness; but as for his humour, it is stark naught; aye, worse! the humorous faces are bad caricatures, without, as I fancy, the slightest provocation to laughter. If one were to meet these monsters expanded from two inches to six feet, people would be frightened by them, not amused, so cruel are their grimaces and unearthly their ugliness. And a study of the admirable sketches of Raffet and Charlet would have given the designer a better notion of the costume of the soldiery of the Consulate than that which he has adopted. Indeed, one could point out sundry errors in costume which the author himself has committed, were the critic inclined to be severely accurate and not actuated by that overflowing benevolence which is so delightful to feel.

*Tom Burke of 'Ours'*¹ is so called because he enters the French service at an early age; but his opening adventures occur at the close of the rebellion, before the union of Ireland and England, and before the empire of Napoleon. The opening chapters are the best because they are the most real. The author is more at home in Ireland than in the French camp or capital, the scenes and landscapes he describes there are much more naturally depicted, and the characters to whom he introduces us more striking and life-like. The novel opens gloomily and picturesquely. Old Burke is dying alone in his dismal old tumbledown house, somewhere near the famous town of Athlone (who can describe with sufficient desolation the ride from that city to Ballinasloe?). Old Burke is dying, and this is young Tom's description of the appearance of

AN OLD HOUSE AT HOME

I mounted the long flight of stone steps that led to what once had been a terrace, but the balustrades were broken many a year ago, and even the heavy granite stone had been smashed in several places. The hall-door lay wide open, and the hall itself had no

¹ *Our Mess.* Edited by Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer). Vol. II. *Tom Burke of 'Ours,'* Vol. I. Dublin, 1844; Curry, jun. and Co. London, Orr. Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.

other light save such as the flickering of a wood fire afforded, as its uncertain flashes fell upon the dark wainscot and the floor.

I had just recognized the grim, old-fashioned portraits that covered the walls, when my eye was attracted by a figure near the fire. I approached, and beheld an old man doubled with age, his bleared eyes were bent upon the wood embers, which he was trying to rake together with a stick. His clothes bespoke the most miserable poverty, and afforded no protection against the cold and cutting blast. He was crooning some old song to himself as I drew near, and paid no attention to me. I moved round so as to let the light fall on his face, and then perceived it was old Lanty, as he was called. Poor fellow ! age and neglect had changed him sadly since I had seen him last. He had been the huntsman of the family for two generations, but having somehow displeased my father one day at the cover, he rode at him and struck him on the head with his loaded whip. The man fell senseless from his horse and was carried home. A few days, however, enabled him to rally and be about again ; but his senses had left him for ever. All recollection of the unlucky circumstance had faded from his mind, and his rambling thoughts dwelt on his old pursuits ; so that he passed his days about the stables, looking after the horses, and giving directions about them. Latterly he had become too infirm for this, and never left his own cabin ; but now, from some strange cause, he had come up to ' the house,' and was sitting by the fire as I found him.

They who know Ireland will acknowledge the strange impulse which at the approach of death seems to excite the people to congregate about the house of mourning. The passion for deep and powerful excitement, the most remarkable feature in their complex nature, seems to revel in the details of sorrow and suffering. Not content even with the tragedy before them, they call in the aid of superstition to heighten the awfulness of the scene ; and every story of ghost and banshee is conned over in tones that need not the occasion to make them thrill upon the heart. At such a time the deepest workings of their wild spirits are revealed. Their grief is low and sorrow-struck, or it is loud and passionate ; now breaking into some plaintive wail over the virtues of the departed ; now bursting into a frenzied appeal to the Father of Mercies, as to the justice of recalling those from earth who were its blessing ; while, stranger than all, a dash of reckless merriment will break in upon the gloom, but it is like the red lightning through the storm that, as it rends the cloud, only displays the havoc and desolation around, and at its parting leaves even a blacker darkness behind it.

From my infancy I had been familiar with scenes of this kind ; and my habit of stealing away unobserved from home to witness a country wake had endeared me much to the country people, who felt this no small kindness from ' the master's son.' Somehow the ready welcome and attention I always met with had worked on my young heart, and I learned to feel all the interest of these

scenes fully as much as those about me. It was then with a sense of desolation that I looked upon the one solitary mourner, who now sat at the hearth—that poor old idiot man who gazed on vacancy, or muttered with parched lip some few words to himself; that he alone should be found to join his sorrows to ours, seemed to me like utter destitution, and as I leaned against the chimney I burst into tears.

‘Don’t cry, alannah, don’t cry,’ said the old man; ‘it’s the worst way at all. Get up again, and ride him at it bould. Oh, vo, look at where the thief is taking now—along the stone wall there.’ Here he broke into a low wailing ditty—

And the fox set him down and looked about,
 And many were feared to follow.
 “Maybe I’m wrong,” says he, “but I doubt
 That you’ll be as gay to-morrow.
 For loud as you cry, and high as you ride,
 And little you feel my sorrow,
 I’ll be free on the mountain-side,
 While you’ll lie low to-morrow.”
 Oh, Moddideroo, aroo, aroo.

Aye, just so—they’ll run to earth in the could churchyard—Whisht—hark—there—soho, soho—that’s Badger I hear.’

I turned away with a bursting heart, and felt my way up the broad oak stair, which was left in complete darkness.

I don’t know whether the *Nation* and the Irish journals call the above description libellous; but the truth is, the traveller in Ireland sees many such a tenement in a day’s journey, and many such a wretched figure as that of poor old Lanty the huntsman peering at the coach as it stops and asking for wayfarers’ charity.

Darby the Blast, with his fine words and sham humility, his savage fidelity and his admirably affected loyalty, is an excellent, though not a flattering Irish portrait. His eulogium on tobacco will be pronounced a masterpiece. It is illustrated by a delightful design of Phiz, most delicately and charmingly etched, and full of grace and fancy.

THE PIPER ON PIPES

‘Do you ever take a shaugh of the pipe, Master Tom?’

‘No,’ said I, laughing, ‘I never learned to smoke yet.’

‘Well,’ replied he, a little piqued by the tone of my answer, ‘’tis worse you might be doin’ than that same. Tobacco’s a fine thing for the heart! Many’s the time when I’m alone, if I hadn’t the pipe, I’d be low and sorrowful—thinking over the hard times,

and the like ; but when I've filled my dureen, and do be watching the smoke curling up, I begin dhraming about sitting around the fire with pleasant companions, chatting away, and discoursing, and telling stories ; and then I invint the stories to myself, about quare devils of pipers travelling over the country, making love here and there, and playing dhroll tunes out of their own heads ; and then I make the tunes to them ; and after that, maybe, I make words, and sometimes lay down the pipe and begin singing to myself ; and often I take up the bagpipes and play away with all my might, till I think I see the darlinest little fairies ever you seen dancing before me, setting to one another, and turning round, and capering away—down the middle and up again : small chaps with three-cornered hats, and wigs, and little red coats, all slashed with goold ; and beautiful little craytures houlding their petticoats this way to show a nate leg and foot ; and I do be calling out to them, " Hands round "—" that's your dowl "—" look at the green fellow—'tis himself can do it "—" rise to the jig, hoo ! " and faix, 'tis sorry enough I'm when they go, and lave me all alone to myself.'

' And how does all that come into your head, Darby ? '

' Troth, 'tis hard to tell,' said Darby, with a sigh ; ' but my notion is, that the poor man that has neither fine houses, nor fine clothes, nor horses, nor sarvants to amuse him, that Providence is kind to him in another way, and fills his mind with all manner of dhroll thoughts and quare stories, and bits of songs, and the like ; and lets him into many a sacret about fairies, and the good people, that the rich has no time for ; and sure you must have often remarked it, that the quality has never a bit of fun in them at all, but does be always coming to us for something to make them laugh. Did you never lave the parlour, when the company was sitting with lashings of wine and fruit, and every convaniency, and go downstairs to the kitchen, where maybe there was nothing but a salt herrin' and a jug of punch, and if you did, where was the most fun, I wondher ? Arrah, when they bid me play a tune for them, and I look at their sorrowful, pale faces, and their dim eyes, and the stiff way they sit upon their chairs, I never put heart in it ; but when I rise " Dirty James," or " The Little Bould Fox," or " Kiss my Lady," for the boys and girls, sure 'tis my whole sowl does be in the bag, and I squeeze the notes out of it with all my might.'

Darby echoes the latter sentiment in poetry as follows :—

DARBY THE BLAST

Oh ! my name it is Darby the Blast,
 My country is Ireland all over ;
 My religion is never to fast,
 But live, as I wander, in clover ;

To make fun for myself every day,
 The ladies to plaze when I'm able,
 The boys to amuse, as I play,
 And make the juga dance on the table.
 Oh, success to the chanter, my dear !

Your eyes on each side you may cast,
 But there isn't a house that is near you,
 But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
 And they'll tell ye 'tis he that can cheer ye.
 Oh ! 'tis he can put life in a feast ;
 What music lies under his knuckle,
 As he plays, ' Will I send for a Priest ?'
 Or a jig they call ' Cover the Buckle.'
 Oh, good luck to the chanter, your sowl !

But give me an audience in rags,
 They're illigant people for list'ning ;
 'Tis they that can humour the bags,
 As I rise a fine tune at a christ'ning.
 There's many a weddin' I make
 Where they never get further nor sighing ;
 And when I perform at a wake.
 The corpse looks delighted at dying.
 Oh, success to the chanter, your sowl !

In the company of this worthy, whose patriotic sentiments he unwarily adopts, the youthful Thomas makes his escape from the paternal attorney to whom he was to be bound apprentice, and takes to the country-side, where various adventures befall the couple. A cottage is burnt down over his ears (the scene, the farmer with his bravery and cunning, the terrible rebel-hunter Major Barton, with his brutal, undaunted resolution, and the accidents of the fight and explosion, are most capitally described), and presently we find young Tom in Dublin, in front of that celebrated building which is the Bank of Ireland now, but which sounded of old to the voices of Flood and Grattan. The picture of Irish life and an Irish mob is excellently lively :—

Nothing struck me so much in the scene as the real or apparent knowledge possessed by the mob of all the circumstances of each individual's personal and political career ; and thus the price for which they had been purchased—either in rank, place, or pounds sterling, was cried aloud amid shouts of derision and laughter, or the more vindictive yells of an infuriated populace.

' Ha ! Ben, what are you to get for Baltinglass ? Boroughs is

up in the market. Well, Dick, you won't take the place—nothing but hard cash. Don't be hiding, Jenny. Look at the Prince of Orange, boys. A groan for the Prince of Orange!'—here is a fearful groan from the mob echoed through the streets. 'There's Luke Fox—ha! stole away!'—here followed another yell.

With difficulty I elbowed my way through the densely packed crowd, and at last reached the corner of George's Street, where a strong police force was stationed, not permitting the passage of any one either up or down that great thoroughfare. Finding it impossible to penetrate by this way, I continued along Dame Street, where I found the crowd to thicken as I advanced. Not only were the pathways, but the entire streets filled with people—through whom the dragoons could with difficulty force a passage for the carriages, which continued at intervals to pass down. Around the statue of King William the mob was in its greatest force: not merely the railings around the statue, but the figure itself was surmounted by persons, who, taking advantage of their elevated and secure position, hurled their abuse upon the police and military with double bitterness; these sallies of invective were always accompanied by some humorous allusion, which created a laugh among the crowd beneath, to which, as the objects of the ridicule were by no means insensible, the usual reply was by charging on the people, and a demand to keep back, a difficult precept when pressed forward by some hundreds behind them. As I made my way slowly through the moving mass, I could see that a powerful body of horse patrolled between the mob and the front of the college; the space before which and the iron railings being crammed with students of the university, for so their caps and gowns bespoke them. Between this party and the others a constant exchange of abuse and insult was maintained, which even occasionally came to blows whenever any chance opportunity of coming in contact, unobserved by the soldiery, presented itself.

In the interval between these rival parties, each member's carriage was obliged to pass, and here each candidate, for the honours of one and the execrations of the other, met his bane and antidote.

'Ha! broken beak, there you go! bad luck to you. Ha! old vulture, Flood.'

'Three cheers for Flood, lads,' shouted a voice from the college, and in the loud cry the yells of their opponents were silenced, but only to break forth the next moment into further licence.

'Here he comes, here he comes,' said the mob; 'make way there or he'll take you flying. It's himself can do it. God bless your honour, and may you never want a good baste under ye!'

This civil speech was directed to a smart, handsome-looking man of about five-and-forty, who came dashing along on a roan thoroughbred, perfectly careless of the crowd, through which he rode with a smiling face and a merry look. His leathers and tops were all in perfect jockey style, and even to his long-lashed whip he was in everything a sportsmanlike figure.

‘That’s George Ponsonby,’ said a man beside me, in answer to my question; ‘and I suppose you know who that is?’

A perfect yell from the crowd drowned my reply, and amid mingled curses and execrations of the mass, a dark-coloured carriage moved slowly on; the coachman evidently fearful at every step lest his horses should strike against some of the crowd, and thus license the outbreak that seemed only waiting an opportunity to burst forth.

‘Ha! Bladderchops, Bloody Jack, are you there?’ shouted the savage ringleaders, as they pressed up to the very glasses of the carriage and stared at the occupant.

‘Who is it?’ said I, again.

‘John Toler, the attorney-general.’

Amid deafening cries of vengeance against him, the carriage moved on, and then rose the wild cheers of the college-men to welcome their partisan. A hurrah from the distant end of Dame Street now broke on the ear, which, taken up by those nearer, swelled into a regular thunder, and at the same moment the dragoons cried out to keep back, a lane was formed in a second, and down it came six smoking thoroughbreds; the postilions in white and silver, cutting and spurring with all their might. Never did I hear such a cheer as now burst forth; a yellow chariot, its panels covered with emblazonry, came flying past; a hand waved in return from the window to the salutation of the crowd, and the name of Tom Conolly of Castletown rent the very air; two outriders in their rich liveries followed, unable to keep their place through the thick mass that wedged in after the retiring equipage.

Scarcely had the last echo of the voices subsided when a cheer burst from the opposite side, and a waving of caps and handkerchiefs proclaimed that some redoubted champion of Protestant ascendancy was approaching. The crowd rocked to and fro as question after question poured in.

‘Who is it? who is coming?’ but none could tell, for as yet the carriage, whose horses were heard at a smart trot, had not turned the corner of Grafton Street; in a few moments the doubt seemed resolved, for scarcely did the horses appear in sight when a perfect yell rose from the crowd and drowned the cheers of their opponents. I cannot convey anything like the outbreak of vindictive passion that seemed to convulse the mob, as a splendidly appointed carriage drove rapidly past and made towards the colonnade of the Parliament-house. A rush of the people was made at the moment, in which, as in a wave, I was borne along in spite of me. The dragoons, with drawn sabres, pressed down upon the crowd, and a scene of frightful confusion followed; many were sorely wounded by the soldiers, some were trampled under foot, and one poor wretch, in an effort to recover himself from stumbling, was supposed to be stooping for a stone, and cut through the skull without mercy. He lay there insensible for some time, but, at last, a party of the crowd, braving everything, rushed forward and

carried him away to a hospital; during this I had established myself on the top of a lamp-post, which gave me a full view, not only of all the proceedings of the mob, but of the different arrivals as they drew up at the door of the House. The carriage whose approach had been signaled by all these disasters had now reached the colonnade. The steps were lowered, and a young man, of the very handsomest and most elegant appearance, descended slowly from the chariot; his dress was in the height of the reigning fashion, but withal had a certain negligence that bespoke one who paid less attention to toilet than that his costume was a thing of course, which could not but be, like all about him, in the most perfect taste. In his hand he held a white handkerchief, which, as he carelessly shook, the perfume floated over the savage-looking, half-naked crowd around; he turned to give some directions to his coachman, and at the same moment a dead cat was hurled by some one in the crowd and struck him on the breast, a cry of exultation rending the very air in welcome of this ruffian act; as for him, he slowly moved his face round towards the mob, and as he brushed the dirt from his coat with his kerchief, he bestowed on them one look, so full of immeasurable heartfelt contempt, that they actually quailed beneath it; the cry grew fainter and fainter, and it was only as he turned to enter the House that they recovered self-possession enough to renew their insulting shout. I did not need to ask the name, for the yell of 'Bloody Castlereagh' shook the very air.

How Tom Burke further fared—how he escaped the dragoon's sabre and the executioner's rope—how he became the protégé of the facetious Bubbleton (a most unnatural character, certainly, but who is drawn exactly from a great living model)—how Captain de Meudon, the French cuirassier, took a liking to the lad, and died in a uniform sparkling with crosses (which crosses were not yet invented in France), leaving Tom a sum of money, and a recommendation to the École Polytechnique (where, by the way, students are not admitted with any such recommendations)—how Tom escaped to France, and beheld the great First Consul, and was tried for the infernal-machine affair, and was present at the glorious field of Austerlitz, and made war, and blunders, and love—are not all these things written in the blood-coloured volume embroidered with blunderbusses aforesaid, and can the reader do better than recreate himself therewith? Indeed, as the critic lays down the lively, sparkling, stirring volume, and thinks of its tens of thousands of readers; and that it is lying in the little huckster's window at Dunleary, and upon the artillery mess-table at Damchun; and that it is, beyond the shadow of a doubt,

taken in at Hong-Kong, where poor, dear Commissioner Lin has gazed, delighted, at the picture of 'Peeping Tom'; or that it is to be had at the Library, Cape Town, where the Dutch boors and the Hottentot princes are longing for the reading of it—the critic, I say, considering the matter merely in a geographical point of view, finds himself overcome by an amazing and blushing modesty, timidly apologizes to the reader for discoursing to him about a book which the universal public peruses, and politely takes his leave of the writer by wishing him all health and prosperity.

By the way, one solemn protest ought to be made regarding the volume. The monster of the latter part is a certain truculent captain (who is very properly done for) and who goes by the name of *Amédée Pichot*. Why this name above all others? Why not Jules Janin, or Alexandre Dumas, or Eugène Sue? *Amédée Pichot* is a friend to England in a country where friends to England are rare, and worth having. *Amédée Pichot* is the author of the excellent life of Charles Edward, the friend of Scott, and the editor of the *Revue Britannique*, in which he inserts more translations from *Fraser's Magazine* than from any other periodical produced in this empire. His translations of the works of a certain gentleman with a remarkably good memory have been quoted by scores of French newspapers; his version of other articles (which, perhaps, modesty forbids the present writer to name) has given the French people a most exalted idea of English lighter literature: he is such a friend to English literature that he will not review a late work called *Paris and the Parisians*, lest France should have a contemptible opinion of our tourists; it is a sin and a shame that Harry Lorrequer should have slaughtered *Amédée Pichot* in this wanton and cruel manner.

And now having said our little say regarding *Tom Burke*, we come to the work of an equally famous Irish novelist, the ingenious, the various author of *£.S.D.*¹, latterly called, though we know not for what very good reason, *Treasure Trove*.² It is true that something concerning a treasure is

¹ *£.S.D.*; or, Accounts of Irish Heirs furnished to the Public Monthly by Samuel Lover. London, 1843. Lover, and Groombridge.

² If the respected critic had read the preface of Mr. Lover's work he would have perceived that *£.S.D.* is the general name of a series of works, of which *Treasure Trove* is only the first. Those

to be discovered at the latter end of the novel, but *£.S.D.*, or *D.C.L.*, or what you will, is quite as good a title as another. It is the rose smells sweet, and not the name of it,—at least I take it, it is only a publisher who would assert the contrary. For instance, everybody quarrels with the title of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and all that incomprehensible manifesto about the silver spoons and the family plate which followed; but did we read it the less? No. The British public is of that order of gormandizers which would like a cabinet pudding, even though you called it hard dumpling, and is not to be taken in by titles in the main. *£.S.D.* is a good name; may all persons concerned have plenty of it.

The present tale of Mr. Lover's contains more action and incident than are to be found in his former works. It is an historical romance in due form,—a romance of war, and love, and fun, and sentiment, and intrigue, and escape, and rebellion. I have but the dozen first numbers, and the thirteenth of the series is to complete the tale, but the question is, how on earth is it to be finished? It is true the wicked rival has been done for—that circumstances look prosperously enough for the hero—that he has saved the heroine from a proper number of dangers, and made himself agreeable to her father; all this is very well. But the hero's name is *Corkery*. *Bon Dieu!* can the lovely Ellen Lynch of Galway, the admired of a Brady, a Bodkin, a Marshal Saxe, the affianced of a Kirwan (name equally illustrious, as Hardeman's *Galway* relates), can Ellen Lynch marry a fellow by the name of Corkery? I won't believe it. It is against all the rules of romance. They must both die miserably in No. XIII, or young Ned Corkery must be found to be somebody else's son than his father's the old grocer of Galway. But this matter has been settled long ere this; and if Ellen and Edward are married and happy (though, indeed, some people are married and unhappy, and some happy and unmarried, for the matter of that), if they have taken the matrimonial line, Ellen, I would lay a wager, is not Mrs. Corkery.¹

The novel carries us back to the year 1745, when the who know Ireland must be aware that the title *£.S.D.* is singularly applicable to that country, the quantity of specie there being immense—only a good deal of it is yet undiscovered.—O.Y.

¹ Private to the Editor:—Please to add here in a short note the catastrophe of the novel, which I don't know.

respected Mr. Edward Waverley distinguished himself in the service of his late Royal Highness the Pretender, and when men, instead of bandying compliments and *congés* in Belgrave Square, flying thither in hack-cabs, with white kid gloves on, and comfortable passports in their pockets, turned out on the hillside sword in hand, and faced Cumberland's thundering dragoons, and saw the backs of Johnny Cope's grenadiers. The contrast between the times is not a bad one, in the warriors of Perth and Falkirk yonder, with tartan and claymore, and the young French dandies, with oiled beards, and huge, gold-topped canes, grinning over a *fricandeau* at Vérey's! We have seen them, these warriors of the latter days—we have seen Belgrave Square—we have seen the chivalry of France (in cabs) collected round the royal door, and battling about eightpenny fares at the sacred threshold—we have seen the cads shouting, 'This way, my lord! this way, mounseer!'—we have seen Gunter's cart driving up with *orgeat* and *limonade* for the faithful warriors of HENRI! He was there—there, in the one-pair front, smiling royally upon them as they came; and there was *eau sucrée* in the dining-room if the stalwart descendants of Du Guesclin were athirst. *O vanitas! O* woful change of times! The play is played up. Who dies for kings now? If Henri was to say to one of those martyrs in white *paletots* and lacquered boots, '*Seigneur comte, coupez-moi cette barbe que vous paraissez tant chérir,*' would the count do it? Ah! do not ask! do not let us cut too deep into this dubious fidelity! let us have our opinions, but not speak them too loudly. At any rate, it was better for Mr. Lover to choose 1740 for a romance in place of 1840, which is the sole moral of the above sentence.

The book is written with ability, and inspires great interest. The incidents are almost too many. The scene varies too often. We go from Galway to Hamburg—from Hamburg to Bruges,—from Bruges, *via* London, to Paris—from Paris to Scotland, and thence to Ireland, with war's alarms ringing in the ear the whole way, and are plunged into sea-fights, and land-fights, and shipwrecks, and chases, and conspiracies without end. Our first battle is no less than the battle of Fontenoy, and it is described in a lively and a brilliant manner. Voltaire, out of that defeat, has managed to make such a compliment to the English nation

that a thrashing really becomes a pleasure; and Mr. Lover does not neglect a certain little opportunity :—

‘ Dillon ! ’ said Marshal Saxe, ‘ let the whole Irish brigade charge ! to you I commend its conduct. Where Dillon’s regiment leads the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet ; let the Irish brigade show an example ! ’

‘ It shall be done, marshal ! ’ said Dillon, touching his hat, and turning his horse.

‘ To victory ! ’ cried Saxe, emphatically.

‘ Or death ! ’ cried Dillon, solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse’s side, that swiftly he might do his bidding, and that the Irish brigade might first have the honour of changing the fortune of the day.

Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient of the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clench his teeth, firmly plunge his foot deep in the stirrup, and grip his sword for vengeance ; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that have been memorable ; he shouted, as he rode along, ‘ *Remember Limerick !* ’ and then, wheeling round, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment to whom the honour of leading was given, he gave the word to charge ; and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge, the very earth trembled beneath that horrible rush of horse. Dillon was amongst the first to fall ; he received a mortal wound from the steady and well-directed fire of the English column, and, as he was struck, he knew his presentiment was fulfilled ; but he lived long enough to know, also, he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge ; plunging his spurs into his fiery horse, he jumped into the forest of bayonets, and, laying about him gallantly, he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won ; the column could no longer resist ; but, with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion ; *they lost the field with honour*, and, in the midst of defeat, it was some satisfaction to know it was the bold islanders of their own seas who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they yielded. The thought *was* bitter that they themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty ; but they took consolation in a strange land in the thought that it was only their *own right arm* could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are past, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valour helped to win victory on the side of England ; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion, not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain.

That Irish brigade is the deuce, certainly. When once it appears, the consequences are obvious. No mortal can

stand against it. Why does not some military Liberal write the history of this redoubtable legion ?

There is something touching in these legends of the prowess of the exile in his banishment, and no doubt it could be shown that where the French did not happen to have the uppermost in their contest with the Saxon, it was because their allies were engaged elsewhere, and not present in the field to *fag an Bealach* as Mr. Lover writes it, to 'clear the way'; on which subject he writes a song, which, he says, 'at least all Ireland will heartily digest.'

FĀG AN BEALACH

Fill the cup, my brothers,
 To pledge a toast,
 Which, beyond all others,
 We prize the most ;
 As yet 'tis but a notion
 We dare not name ;
 But soon o'er land or ocean
 'Twill fly with fame !
 Then give the game before us
 One view holla,
 Hip ! hurra ! in chorus,
 Fāg an Bealach !

We our hearts can fling, boys,
 O'er this notion,
 As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
 Dips the ocean.
 'Tis too deep for words, boys,
 The thought we know—
 So, like the ocean-bird, boys,
 We touch and go :
 For dangers deep surrounding
 Our hopes might swallow ;
 So through the tempest bounding,
 Fāg an Bealach !

This thought with glory rife, boys,
 Did brooding dwell,
 Till time did give it life, boys,
 To break the shell :
 'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
 An unfledged thing ;
 But soon, an eaglet flying,
 'Twill take the wing !

For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
 No summer swallow—
 'Twill live through winter's gale, boys.
 Fäg an Bealach !

Lawyers may indict us
 By crooked laws,
 Soldiers strive to fright us
 From country's cause ;
 But we will sustain it
 Living—dying—
 Point of law or bay'net
 Still defying !
 Let their parchment rattle—
 Drums are hollow,
 So is lawyer's prattle—
 Fäg an Bealach !

Better early graves, boys,
 Dark locks gory,
 Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
 When they're hoary.
 Fight it out we must, boys,
 Hit or miss it ;
 Better *bite* the dust, boys,
 Than to *kiss* it !
 For dust to dust at last, boys,
 Death *will* swallow—
 Hark ! the trumpet's blast, boys,
 Fäg an Bealach !

Hurra ! clear the course ! Here comes Rory O'More thundering down with his big alpeen ; his blood is up, and woe to the Saxon skull that comes in contact with the terrible fellow's oak-stick. He is in a mortal fury, that's a fact. He talks of dying as easy as of supping buttermilk ; he rattles out rhymes for bayonet and cartouche-box as if they were his ordinary weapons ; he is a sea-bird, and then an eagle breaking his shell, and previously a huntsman—anything for his country ! ' Your sowl ! ' how I see the Saxon flying before Rory and his wild huntsmen, as the other foul animals did before St. Patrick !

It is a good rattling lyric, to be sure. But is it well sung by *you*, O Samuel Lover ? Are *you*, too, turning rebel, and shouting out songs of hatred against the Saxon ? You, whose gentle and kindly muse never breathed anything but peace and goodwill as yet : you, whose name did seem to indicate your nature ; the happy discoverer of the four-

leaved shamrock, and of that blessed island 'where not a tear or aching heart should be found'! Leave the brawling to the politicians and the newspaper ballad-mongers. They live by it. *You* need not. The lies which they tell, and the foul hatred which they excite, and the fierce lust of blood which they preach,—leave to them. Don't let poets and men of genius join in the brutal chorus, and lead on starving savages to murder. Or do you, after maturely deliberating the matter, mean to say, you think a rebellion a just, feasible, and useful thing for your country—the *only* feasible thing, the inevitable slaughter which it would occasion, excusable on account of the good it would do? 'A song,' say you, ushering this incendiary lyric into print, 'is the spawn of a poet, and, when healthy, of a thing of life and feeling that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world.' And so, with this conviction of the greatness of your calling, and this knowledge of the fact, that every line you write is food for mankind to profit by, you sit down calmly and laboriously in your study in London, and string together rhymes for Faug a Bolla, and reasons for treason! 'All Ireland,' forsooth, is 'heartily to digest' the song! A pretty moral, truly, for all Ireland,—a comfortable dinner! Blood, arsenic, blue-vitriol, prussic acid, to wash down pikes, cannon-balls, and red-hot shot!

Murder is the meaning of this song, or what is it? Let a Saxon beseech you to hold your hand before you begin this terrible sport. Can you say, on your honour and conscience and after living in England, that you ever met an Englishman with a heart in his Saxony-cloth surtout that was not touched by the wrongs and miseries of your country? How are these frantic denunciations of defiance and hatred, these boasts of strength and hints of murder, received in England? Do the English answer you with a hundredth part of the ferocity with which you appeal to them? Do they fling back hatred for your hatred? Do they not forget your anger in regard for your misery, and receive your mad curses and outcries with an almost curious pitying forbearance? *Now*, at least, the wrong is not on our side, whatever in former days it may have been. And I think a poet shames his great calling, and has no more right to preach this wicked, foolish, worn-out, unchristian doctrine from *his* altar than a priest from his pulpit. No good ever came of it. *This* will never 'be

food for the world,' be sure of that. Loving, honest men and women were never made to live upon such accursed meat. Poets least of all should recommend it; for are they not priests, too, in their way? do they not occupy a happy neutral ground, apart from the quarrels and hatred of the world,—a ground to which they should make all welcome, and where there should only be kindness and peace? . . . I see Rory O'More relents. He drops his terrific club of battle; he will spare the Sassenach this time, and leave him whole bones. Betty, take down the gentleman's stick, and make a fire with it in the kitchen, and we'll have a roaring pot of twankay.

While discussing the feast, in perfect good humour and benevolence, let us say that the novel of *Treasure Trove* is exceedingly pleasant and lively. It has not been written without care, and a great deal of historical reading. Bating the abominable 'Faug a Bolla,' it contains a number of pleasant, kindly, and sweet lyrics, such as the author has the secret of inventing, and of singing, and of setting to the most beautiful music; and is illustrated by a number of delicate and graceful etchings, far better than any before designed by the author.

Let us give another of his songs, which, albeit of the military sort, has the real, natural, *Lover-like* feeling about it:—

THE SOLDIER

'Twas glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
 Two kings had fought, and the fight was done
 When 'midst the shout of victory swelling,
 A soldier fell on the field he won.
 He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
 And thought of glory without a smile;
 For what had he to do with laurels?
 He was only one of the rank and file.
 But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,
 And drank to his pretty *colleen*:
 'Oh, darling!' says he, 'when I die
 You won't be a widow—for why?
 Ah! you never would have me, *vourneen*.'
 A raven tress from his bosom taking,
 That now was stained with his life-stream shed;
 A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
 He blessings sought on the loved one's head.

And visions fair of his native mountains
 Arose, enchanting his fading sight ;
 Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
 Were never shining more green and bright ;
 And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
 He pledged the dear island of green :
 ' Though far from thy valleys I die,
 Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
 As though absent I never had been.'

A tear now fell—for as life was sinking,
 The pride that guarded his manly eye
 Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
 Brought heaven and home, and his true love nigh
 But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
 He scorn'd surrender without a blow !
 He made with death capitulation,
 And with warlike honours he still would go ;
 For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
 He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
 To the emerald land of his birth—
 And lifeless he sank to the earth.
 Brave a soldier as ever was seen !

Here is the commencement of another lyric :—

Oh, remember this life is but dark and brief ;
 There are sorrows, and tears, and despair for all,
 And hope and joy are as leaves that fall.
 Then pluck the beauteous and fragrant leaf
 Before the autumn of pain and grief !

There are hopes and smiles with their starry rays,—
 Oh, press them tenderly to thy heart !
 They will not return when they once depart !
 Rejoice in the radiant and joyous days,
 Though the light, though the glee, but a moment stays !

But these pretty, wild fantastical lines are not from *Treasure Trove*. They come from another volume bound in yellow ; another monthly tale, from another bard who ' lips in numbers,' and has produced a story called *The Miser's Son*.¹

The Miser's Son (no relation to *The Miser's Daughter*) is evidently the work of a very young hand. It, too, is a stirring story of love and war ; and the Pretender is once more in the field of fiction. The writer aims, too, at

¹ *The Miser's Son : a Tale*. London : Thompson, James Street, Gray's Inn Lane.

sentiment and thoughtfulness, and writes sometimes wisely, sometimes poetically, and often (must it be said ?) bombastically and absurdly. But it is good to find a writer nowadays (whether it be profitable for himself is another question) who takes the trouble to think at all. Reflection is not the ordinary quality of novels, whereof it seems to be the writer's maxim to give the reader and himself no trouble of thinking at all, but rather to lull the mind into a genial doze and forgetfulness. For this wholesome and complete vacuity I would recommend —¹

And now we come to the *Burgomaster of Berlin*,² from the German of Willebald Alexis, which has been admirably translated by W. A. G. It is a somewhat hard matter to peruse these three great volumes ; above all, the commencement is difficult. The type is close ; the German names very outlandish and hard to pronounce ; the action of the novel rather confused and dilatory. But as soon as the reader grows accustomed to the names and the style, he will find much to interest him in the volumes, and a most curious and careful picture of German life in the fifteenth century exhibited to him. German burghers, with their quarrels and carouses ; German princes, for whom the author has a very German respect ; German junkers and knights gallantly robbing on the highway. The whole of that strange, wild, forgotten German life of the middle ages is here resuscitated for him with true German industry, and no small share of humour. There are proverbs enough in the book to stock a dozen High-Dutch Sanchos with wisdom ; and you feel, after reading through the volumes, glad to have perused them, and not a little glad that the work is done. It is like a heavy book of travels ; but it carries the reader into quite a new country and familiarizes him with new images, personages, ideas.

Here is a striking specimen of the style :—

THE FEAST IN THE FOREST

On the spot where Hans Makeprang's cart stood there was afterwards a great feast. No human eye saw it : it was a sight that would not have suited the human eye. The sky was grey enough

¹ Here our correspondent's manuscript is quite illegible.

² *The Burgomaster of Berlin*, from the German of Willebald Alexis. 3 vols. London : Saunders and Ottley.

before ; but now it became black. The red pine-branches shook their boughs, and from every one the crows sprang up, and circled in the air, croaking. Then they descended like night upon the stones ; and as flies blacken a spot where there is a drop of something sweet, so they covered the dead body of the horse with their black wings.

But then came another rushing through the air, and on the highest branches sat other birds, with crooked bills, rocking themselves. They were hawks and kites, and they flew down upon the lumps of stone ; and the crows were restless, and fluttered backwards and forwards.

But whilst they were contending, and the crows which had flown away kept coming again, scarce giving the hawks time for their dainty meal, there might be seen two dark spots in the highest clouds ; nearer they drew with immense circles, and as they came nearer each circle became less. The crows fluttered anxiously, and the hawks looked up and screamed, still unwilling to quit their food ; but down came, with outspread wings wide enough to wrap round a lamb, with glistening eyes and powerful-hooked beaks, two mighty eagles. It was as if a hot stone had fallen from the clouds hissing and glowing, raising dust, and smoke, and vapour where it fell. Just in such a manner they pounced upon the carrion, beating their wings so that the grass moved, and the loose snow was blown about ; and they dug their claws into the body, so that it seemed as if the dead animal was moving again, and making efforts to get up.

The crows flew croaking away, and the other birds screamed and flew here and there, ever coming again, but not venturing to approach. There was a sound and a warring in the air, and all for the carrion. But as night approached, and the birds began to seek their nests in the hollow trunks, and the eagles, sated, flew away, bearing pieces with them to their distant nests, then out-crept the foxes, and plundered what the eagles had left. But not for long ; for out of the depths of the woods came a distant howling. All that had life was silent ; nothing was heard save the sound of long leaps in the cracking brushwood. The foxes stole away ; for the wolves were there, and they tore, with frightful howlings, what the kites, and eagles, and foxes had left. When the morning came, all that was left of Makeprang's horse was a few picked and broken bones : it was gone here and gone there.

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh ! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humourists now alive ; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the

kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us ; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel ! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait ? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these ? They have made millions of rich and poor happy ; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance ? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now,—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection ? I do not know whether these stories are written for future ages : many sage critics doubt on this head. There are always such conjurers to tell literary fortunes ; and to my certain knowledge, Boz, according to them, has been sinking regularly these six years. I doubt about that mysterious writing for futurity which certain big-wigs prescribe. Snarl has a chance, certainly. His works, which have not been read in this age, *may* be read in future ; but the receipt for that sort of writing has never as yet been clearly ascertained. Shakespeare did not write for futurity ; he wrote his plays for the same purpose which inspires the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esquire, viz. to fill his Theatre Royal. And yet we read Shakespeare now. Le Sage and Fielding wrote for their public ; and though the great Doctor Johnson put his peevish protest against the fame of the latter, and voted him ' a dull dog, sir—a low fellow,' yet somehow Harry Fielding has survived in spite of the critic, and Parson Adams is at this minute as real a character, as much loved by us as the old doctor himself. What a noble, divine power this of genius is, which, passing from the poet into his reader's soul, mingles with it, and there engenders, as it were, real creatures, which is as strong as history, which creates beings that take their place by nature's own ! All that we know of Don Quixote or Louis XIV we got to know in the same way—out of a book. I declare I love Sir Roger de Coverley quite as much as Izaak Walton,

and have just as clear a consciousness of the looks, voice, habit, and manner of being of the one as of the other.

And so with regard to this question of futurity ; if any benevolent being of the present age is imbued with a yearning desire to know what his great-great-grandchild will think of this or that author—of Mr. Dickens especially, whose claims to fame have raised the question—the only way to settle it is by the ordinary historic method. Did not your great-great-grandfather love and delight in Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ? Have they lost their vitality by their age ? Don't they move laughter and awaken affection now as three hundred years ago ? And so with Don Pickwick and Sancho Weller, if their gentle humours, and kindly wit, and hearty benevolent natures, touch us and convince us, as it were, now, why should they not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy as they have the nineteenth ? Let Snarl console himself, then, as to the future.

As for the *Christmas Carol*,¹ or any other book of a like nature which the public takes upon itself to criticize, the individual critic had quite best hold his peace. One remembers what Bonaparte replied to some Austrian critics, of much correctness and acumen, who doubted about acknowledging the French republic. I do not mean that the *Christmas Carol* is quite as brilliant or self-evident as the sun at noonday ; but it is so spread over England by this time that no sceptic, no *Fraser's Magazine*,—no, not even the godlike and ancient *Quarterly* itself (venerable, Saturnian, big-wigged dynasty !), could review it down. ' Unhappy people ! deluded race ! ' one hears the cauliflowered god exclaim, mournfully shaking the powder out of his ambrosial curls, ' what strange new folly is this ? What new deity do ye worship ? Know ye what ye do ? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek ? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington ? Know ye that in mathematics, or logics, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden spoon ? See ye not how, from

¹ *A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas.* By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. London, 1843. Chapman and Hall.

describing low humours, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity to write blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave this new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come listen to us once more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *as in praesenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum.' But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply, 'Rush to the Strand! and purchase five thousand more copies of the *Christmas Carol*.'

In fact, one might as well detail the plot of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, as recapitulate here the adventures of Scrooge the miser, and his Christmas conversion. I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, 'God bless him!' A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas Day, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine—this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fullness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Had the book appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cattle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, Epping denuded of sausages, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. His Royal Highness's fat stock would have fetched unheard-of prices, and Alderman Bannister would have been tired of slaying. But there is a Christmas for 1844, too; the book will be as early then as now, and so let speculators look out.

As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman, about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart.

There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, 'GOD BLESS HIM!' What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

M. A. T.

‘A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE’¹

[*Morning Chronicle*, April 2, 1844.]

THERE is an easy candour about Mr. Horne which ought to encourage all persons to deal with him with similar sincerity. He appears to us to be generous, honest, in the main good humoured (for in the only instance in which his spleen is shown in the two volumes of the *New Spirit of the Age*, it is pardonable, on account of a sort of clumsy sincerity), and he admires rightly, and not mean persons nor qualities. But having awarded the *New Spirit of the Age* praise so far, the critic finds himself at a loss for further subjects of commendation, nay, may feel himself called upon to elevate his voice in tones akin to reproof. For it is not only necessary that a man should be a perfectly honest and well-meaning individual, but that he should have something novel, or striking, or witty, or profound to make his works agreeable or useful to the world. Thus, to say that ‘Shakespeare is a great poet,’ that ‘Hot roast beef is an excellent food for man, and may be advantageously eaten cold the next day,’ that ‘Two multiplied by three equals six,’ that ‘Her Majesty Queen Anne has ceased to exist,’ is to advance what is perfectly just and reasonable; but other thinkers have attained the same knowledge of facts and history, and, coinciding perfectly with every one of these propositions, may not care to have them discussed in print. A number of such undeniable verities are gravely discussed in the two portly volumes entitled the *New Spirit of the Age*. Why the ‘New Spirit’? Is the work offered as a successor to Hazlitt’s book, which bore (without the epithet) the same title? The author of the *Spirit of the Age* was one of the keenest and brightest critics that ever lived. With partialities and prejudices innumerable, he

¹ *A New Spirit of the Age*. Edited by R. H. Horne, Author of *Orion*, *Gregory VII*, &c. &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1844.

had a wit so keen, a sensibility so exquisite, an appreciation of humour, or pathos, or even of the greatest art, so lively, quick, and cultivated, that it was always good to know what were the impressions made by books, or men, or pictures on such a mind; and that, as there were not probably a dozen men in England with powers so varied, all the rest of the world might be rejoiced to listen to the opinions of this accomplished critic. He was of so different a caste to the people who gave authority in his day—the pompous big-wigs and schoolmen, who never could pardon him his familiarity of manner, so unlike their own—his popular, too popular, habits and sympathies, so much beneath their dignity—his loose disorderly education, gathered here and there at bookstalls or picture-galleries, where he laboured a penniless student, in lonely journeys over Europe, tramped on foot (and not made according to the fashion of the regular critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a post-chaise), in every school of knowledge, from St. Peter's at Rome, to St. Giles's in London. In all his modes of life and thought he was so different from the established authorities, with their degrees and white neck-cloths, that they hooted the man down with all the power of their lungs, and disdained to hear truth that came from such a ragged philosopher.

We do not believe that Mr. Horne has inherited any portion of the stained, travel-worn old mantle which Hazlitt left behind him. He is enveloped in a good stout suit of the undeniable Bow-bell cut; rather more splendid in the way of decoration than is usual out of the district; but it is the wear of an honest, portly, good-humoured man. Under the fine waistcoat there beats a kindly heart, and in the pocket there is a hand that has a warm grasp for a friend, and a welcome twopence for the poor.

To drop this tailor's metaphor (which will not be quarrelled with by those who remember that Mr. Carlyle has written a volume upon it), we will briefly say that, beyond the qualifications of justice and good humour, we cannot see that Mr. Horne has any right to assume the critical office. In the old *Spirit of the Age* you cannot read a page that does not contain something startling, brilliant—some strange paradox, or some bright dazzling truth. Be the opinion right or wrong, the reader's mind is always set a-thinking—amazed, if not by the novelty

or justness of the thoughts, by their novelty and daring. There are no such rays started from the lantern of Horne. There are words—such a cornucopia of them as the world has few examples of ; but the thoughts are scarce in the midst of this plentifulness, the opinions for the most part perfectly irreproachable, and the ennui caused by their utterance profound.

The *Spirit of the Age* gives us pictures of a considerable number of the foremost literary characters of the day. It is to be followed, should the design of the projectors be fully carried out, ' by the political spirit of the age, the scientific spirit of the age, the artistical spirit of the age, and the historical, biographical, and critical spirit of the age,' nay, an infantine spirit of the age is also hinted at as a dreadful possibility. The matter is serious, as it will be seen. Only give Mr. Horne encouragement to the task, and he will go and do it. He never doubts about anything. He would write the dancing spirit of the age, or the haberdashing spirit of the age, with as little hesitation ; and give you a dissertation upon bombasines, or a disquisition on the true principles of the fandango. In the interest of the nation, people ought to speak, and beg him to be quiet. Now is the time to entreat him to hold his hand ; otherwise, all ranks and classes in the empire, from Dr. Wiseman to Fanny Elssler, may find themselves caught, their bodies and souls turned inside out, so to speak, by this frightful observer, and consigned to posterity in red calico. For the sake of the public, we say, ' Stop ' ; we go down on our knees, like Lord Brougham, and say so.

Mr. Horne has received assistance in his task from ' several eminent individuals,' but their names are not given ; and, as the editor says, with a becoming simplicity, that he deliberated with himself ' a good half-hour ' as to ' whether he should try to please everybody,' and determined, after the conclusion of that tremendous cogitation, to try and please only one, viz. himself,—he stands the sponsor of the eminent individuals who remain in the shade, and we trust heartily that his satisfaction is complete.

From the tone of the volumes it would seem so. There is not the least pride about the author, who only delivers his opinions for what they will fetch, saying to the public, ' Take your change out of that, I believe it to be pure

gold'; nor will he be angry, he says, if any sceptic should doubt the authenticity of the bullion. This calm faith is a quality possessed by the very highest souls.

The calm genius glances over the entire field of English literature. From Dr. Pusey to *Punch* nothing escapes the searching inevitable inquiry. He weighs all claims in the great balance of his intelligence, and metes to each his due. Hazlitt used sometimes to be angry; Horne never is. Twice in the course of his lectures he lays 'an iron hand,' as he calls it (perhaps leaden would have been the better epithet; but Mr. Horne is, as we have said, a judge of his own metal), upon unlucky offenders; but it is in the discharge of his moral duties, and his pleasure, clearly, is to preach rather than to punish. Indeed, whatever may be thought with regard to the quality of the doctrine, all must agree that the preacher is a kindly soul, and would hurt no man alive.

We cannot invite the reader to discuss all the opinions contained in the *Spirit*; but we may glance at a couple of the most elaborate (though not the best) notices to be found in the volumes, the first of which thus opens with the author's opinions upon—what shall we say?—upon things in general:—

If an extensive experience and knowledge of the world be certain in most cases to render a man suspicious, full of doubts and incredulities, equally certain is it that with other men such experience and such knowledge exercise this influence at rare intervals only, or in a far less degree; while in some respects the influence even acts in a directly opposite way, and the extraordinary things they have seen or suffered cause them to be very credulous and of open-armed faith to embrace strange novelties. They are not startled at the sound of fresh wonders in the moral or physical world—they laugh at no feasible theory, and can see truth through the refractions of paradox and contradictory extremes. They *know* that there are more things in heaven and on the earth than in 'your philosophy.' They observe the fables and the visions of one age become the facts and practices of a succeeding age—perhaps even of a few years after their first announcement, and before the world has done laughing: they are slow to declare any character or action to be unnatural, having so often witnessed some of the extreme lights and shadows which flit upon the outskirts of nature's capacious circle, and have perhaps themselves been made to feel the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly previously unaccountable, if not incredible. They have discovered that in matters of practical conduct a greater blunder cannot in

general be made than to 'judge of others by yourself,' or what you think, feel, and fancy of yourself. But having found out that the world is not 'all alike,' though like enough for the charities of real life, they identify themselves with other individualities, then search within for every actual and imaginary resemblance to the great majority of their fellow-creatures, which may give them a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, and thus enlarge the bounds of unexclusive sympathy.

To men of this genial habit and maturity of mind, if also they have an observing eye for externals, there is usually a very tardy admission of the alleged madness of a picture of scenery, or the supposed grossness of a caricature of the human countenance. The traveller and the voyager, who has, moreover, an eye for art, has often seen enough to convince him that the genius of Turner and Martin has its foundation not only in elemental but in actual truth; nor could such an observer go into any large concourse of people (especially of the poorer classes, where the unsuppressed character has been suffered to rise completely to the surface) without seeing several faces, which, by the addition of the vices of social man, might cause many a dumb animal to feel indignant at the undoubtedly deteriorated resemblance. The curse of evil circumstances acting upon the 'third and fourth generation,' when added to the 'sins of the fathers,' can and does turn the lost face of humanity into something worse than brutish. As with the face, so is it with the character of mankind; nothing can be too lofty, too noble, too lovely to be natural; nor can anything be too vicious, too brutalized, too mean, or too ridiculous. It is observable, however, that there are many degrees and fine shades in these frequent degradations of man to the mere animal. Occasionally they are no degradation, but rather an advantage, as a falcon eye, or a lion-brow, will strikingly attest. But more generally the effect is either gravely humorous, or grotesquely comic; and in these cases the dumb original is not complimented. For you may see a man with a bull's forehead and neck, and a mean, grovelling countenance (while that of the bull is physically grand and high purposed), and the dog, the sheep, the bird, and the ape in all their varieties are often seen with such admixtures as are really no advantage. Several times in an individual's life he may meet in the actual world with most of the best and worst kind of faces and characters of the world of fiction. It is true that there are not to be found a whole tribe of Quilps and Quasimodos (you would not *wish* it); but once in the life of the student of character he may have a glimpse of just such a creature; and that, methinks, were quite familiar proof enough both for nature and art. Those who have exclusively portrayed the pure ideal in grandeur or beauty, and those also who have exclusively or chiefly portrayed monstrosities and absurdities, have been recluse men, who drew with an inward eye, and copied from their imaginations: the men who have given us the largest amount of truth under the greatest variety of forms, have

always been those who went abroad into the world in all its ways ; and in the works of such men will always be found those touches of nature which can only be copied at first-hand, and the extremes of which originalities are never unnaturally exceeded. There are no caricatures in the portraits of Hogarth, nor are there any in those of Dickens. The most striking thing in both is their apparently inexhaustible variety and truth of character.

The above sentences may be put down thus :—Extensive knowledge of the world makes some men incredulous, some men less incredulous, some men exceedingly credulous. These latter, taking experience and history into account, end by being astonished at nothing. They have remarked ‘ the lights and shadows flitting on the outskirts of nature’s capacious circle,’ so as to make themselves aware of ‘ the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly.’ They then find that they must not judge of others by themselves ; they then identify themselves with other individualities, and they then plunge into a process entirely undescribable, in which they search within for an actual and imaginary resemblance to the majority of their fellow creatures, a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, by which ‘ they enlarge the bounds of their sympathy.’

If these people have an eye for externals, they will scarce allow that any picture is mad, or the grossness of any caricature ; and, as regards the latter, they will see in the poorer classes such faces, resembling animals, as might make the animals themselves ashamed of their human types. In faces, or souls, there is nothing too hideous on the one side, or too pure on the other. (Then follow further illustrations of the fact by which apes, sheep, birds, and high-purposed bulls are made to be ashamed of their likenesses among men.) All these points are to be observed by the man of genius—Hogarth and Dickens are men of genius—therefore there is no distortion in the works of Hogarth and Dickens.

What does all this mean, letting alone the big words ?—letting alone ‘ the lights and shadows flitting on the outskirts of nature’s circle,’ the process of ‘ searching within for imaginary resemblances with mankind,’ the distinction between ‘ actual and elementary truth,’ the indignation of the dumb animals, the physical high purpose of the bull’s head ?—It means, as we take it, that there are amazing varieties in nature ; that what seems monstrous and absurd

is often natural ; that Dickens and Hogarth have observed many of these extremes, and that there are no caricatures in their portraits. After a wind and war of words, exploding incoherently over five pages, you get an assertion that ‘ there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy,’ an assertion that men are like animals in features, which is of similar novelty, and an assertion that Dickens and Hogarth do not caricature, which anybody may believe or disbelieve at pleasure.

Bating the confusion of metaphors, this is all very well meaning ; but well meaning is not enough for the *Spirit of the Age*. Men cannot go on in this way, unwrapping little stale truths from the midst of such enormous envelopes as these. We have no time for such labour : we have the debates to read, Lord Brougham up every night, the League and Anti-league meetings, and private business to attend to. Ah, Mr. Horne, why did you take Hazlitt’s name in vain !

Having brought Mr. Dickens and Hogarth together, the *Spirit of the Age* proceeds to say that both are moral comic artists, and that they are alike ; then, to show that they are unlike, or, in other words, that Hogarth is Hogarth after all, and Dickens Dickens, he notices with just approval the kindly spirit which animates both—the peeps of love and sweetness which we have in their darkest scenes. He discovers Mr. Dickens’s propensity to animate inanimate objects, and make nature bear witness to the ludicrous or the tragic moral in the author’s mind. He shows also Mr. Dickens’s manner of writing rhythmical prose, and takes the pains to set out some passages in blank verse, of different metres, for the reader’s benefit. Has not every one with a fair share of brains made the same discoveries long ago ; and was there a necessity to propound them now, any more than to declare that apple-pie is good, and Queen Elizabeth no more ?

The second volume of the series opens with a fine portrait of Mr. Tennyson, and much hearty and just approbation on the writer’s part of the merits of that great poet. These just remarks are prefaced by such stuff as this :—

The poetic fire is one simple and intense element in human nature ; it has its source in the divine mysteries of our existence ; it develops with the first abstract delight of childhood, the first youthful aspirations towards something beyond our mortal reach ; and eventually

becomes the master passion of those who are possessed with it in the highest degree, and the most ennobling and refining influence that can be exercised upon the passions of others. At times, and in various degrees, all are open to the influence of the poetic element. Its objects are palpable to the external senses, in proportion as individual perception and sensibility have been habituated to contemplate them with interest and delight; and palpable to the imagination in proportion as an individual possesses this faculty, and has habituated it to ideal subjects and profoundly sympathetic reflections. If there be a third condition of its presence, it must be that of a certain consciousness of dreamy glories in the soul, with vague emotions, aimless impulses, and prophetic sensations, which may be said to tremble on the extreme verge of the fermenting source of that poetic fire, by which the life of humanity is purified and adorned. The first and second of these conditions must be clear to all; the last will not receive so general an admission, and perhaps may not be so intelligible to everybody as could be wished. We thus arrive at the conclusion that the poetic element, though simple and entire, has yet various forms and modifications of development, according to individual nature and circumstance, and, therefore, that its loftiest or subtlest manifestations are not equally apparent to the average mass of human intelligence. He, then, who can give a form and expression to these lofty or these subtle manifestations, in a way that shall be the most intelligible to the majority, is he who best accomplishes the mission of a poet.

It is the speech we, however, before quoted, spoken in different words; for our lecturer, before entering on his subject, seems to be partial to prefacing it by a general roar, to call the attention of the audience. But what have we here? 'The poetic fire is one simple and intense element of our nature.' What does this mean?—this simple and intense element? Suppose he had begun by saying that the poetic genius was a subtle and complex essence distilled from the innumerable conduits which lead from the alembic of the brain? We should have been just as wise, should have had just as much notion of the fluid as of the fire, and the deductions might have been continued. Some men have more poetic fire, some less, in some it is strong, in some vague—which we take to be the meaning of the big words. The assertion which follows we gladly admit, that Mr. Tennyson is a poet of the highest class, and one 'whose writings may be considered as peculiarly lucid to all competent understandings that have cultivated a love for poetry.' In this pompous way our author will talk. We do not here quarrel with the sentiment—which is that the best judges of poetry think Mr. Tennyson a great poet—

but with the manner of expressing it, the persevering flatulence of words. Mr. Horne then turns away to speak of Keats. Like Tennyson, and yet unlike, and, with a true and honest admiration for the genius of both (for, as we have said before, Mr. Horne's admirations appear to us to be well placed, and his sympathies generous and noble), he begins to characterize the poet, and is impelled by his usual *afflatus*. He is tumbling about among the 'essences' and 'elements' forthwith. 'He has painted the inner and essential life of the gods;' 'his imagination identified itself with the essences of things;' 'his influence has been spiritual in its ideality;' and, profiting by his example, 'kindred spirits will recognize the voice from other spheres, and will have their inherent impulses quickened to look into their own hearts, and to work out the purposes of their souls.' As for Tennyson, 'the art *stands* up in his poems self-proclaimed, and not any mere modification of thought and language, but the operation of a separate and definite power in the human faculties.' 'He has the most wonderful command of language, without having recourse to exotic terminologies.' Certain of 'his heroines are transcendentalisms of the senses, examples of the Homeric εἶδωλα, or rather descendants of the εἶδωλα, lovely *underbodies*, which no German critic would hesitate to take to his visionary arms.' But we, says the *Spirit of the Age*, are such a people for 'beef.' . . .

Well, why not? Beef is better than this—beef is better than wind—better, nay, more poetical, than exotic terminologies—the 'underbody' of the sirloin is better than the descendant of the Greek εἶδωλον, whom German philosophers are in the habit of hugging. Above all, the practisers of βουλατρεία call their god by his name of Beef. It would be just as easy as not to call it an element or an eon: to call soup an essence, or a round of beef a circle of the god, or cabbage a green horticultural emanation, which commingled with concoct particles of the animals which Egyptians worship, which Brahmins adore, and whose form once Zeus assumed, is denominated in the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, bubble-and-squeak; but it is best not to seek after exotic terminologies, and so the beef-eater says bubble-and-squeak at once. This bull-baiting is ungrateful and unnatural. Let not the noble animal die gored to death, and by a Horne.

For a great deal of benefit has the author of the *Spirit of the Age* had from the despised quadruped. He is 'morally high-purposed,' as he says bullocks are physically. He is never ungenerous or unmanly ; his sympathies are honourable and well placed ; and he tells the truth as far as he knows it. So as he deals with others ought he to be done by ; and as in these volumes he has not hesitated to lay hold of an amusing poet, and worry his harmless phantasies as if they were the gravest and deepest crimes ; and as he has taken to himself the title formerly adopted by the most brilliant of critics, and as he has no business to be left in possession of that dignity of spirit of the age ; and as he mistakes words for meanings, and can see no further into a millstone than other folk, so let the critic, imitating his words to the unlucky wag in question, lay a friendly hand on his shoulder and say, yawning, ' Friend, a great deal too much of this.'

THE *PARTIE FINE*

BY LANCELOT WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

[*New Monthly Magazine*, May, 1844.]

COLONEL GOLLOP's dinner in Harley Street (the Colonel is an East-India Director, and his mulligatawny the best out of Bengal) was just put off, much to my disappointment, for I had no other engagement; Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town with her mother at Bognor; and my clothes had been brought down to the club to dress—all to no purpose.

I was disconsolately looking over the bill of fare, and debating between Irish stew and the thirteenth cut at a leg of lamb (of which seven barristers had partaken, each with his half-pint of marsala), when Jiggins, the waiter, brought me in a card, saying that the gentleman was in the hall, and wished to see me.

The card was Fitzsimons's,—a worthy fellow, as I dare say my reader knows. I went out to speak to him. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'he is going to ask me to dine.'

There was something particularly splendid in Fitz's appearance, as I saw at a glance. He had on a new blue-and-white silk neckcloth, so new that it had never been hemmed; his great gold jack-chain, as I call it, was displayed across his breast, showing off itself and a lace ruffle, a great deal too ostentatiously, as I thought. He had lemon-coloured gloves; French polished boots, with deuced high heels; his hair curled (it is red, but oils to a mahogany colour); his hat extremely on one side; and his moustache lacquered up with, I do believe, the very same varnish which he puts to his boots. I hate those varnished boots, except for moderns, and Fitz is three-and-forty if he is a day.

However, there he stood, whipping his lacquered boots with a gold-headed stick, whistling, twirling his moustache, pulling up his shirt-collar, and giving himself confoundedly

dandified airs in a word, before the hall-porter and the club message-boy in brass buttons.

‘Wagstaff, my boy,’ says he, holding out a kid glove, in a most condescending manner, ‘I have something to propose to you.’

‘What is it, and what’s your hour?’ said I, quite playfully.

‘You’ve guessed it at once,’ answered he. ‘A dinner is what I mean. Mrs. Wagstaff is out of town, and——’ Here he whispered me.

Well? why not?—After all, there may be some very good fun. If my mother-in-law heard of it she would be sure to make a row. But she is safe at Bognor (may she stay there for ever!). It is much better that I should have some agreeable society than dine alone at the club, after the seven barristers on the leg of lamb. Of course it was not to be an expensive dinner,—of course not, Fitzsimons said,—no more it was to *him*—hang him!—as you shall hear.

It was agreed that the dinner-hour should be seven: the place, Durognon’s in the Haymarket; and as I rather pique myself on ordering a French dinner, that matter was to be consigned to me. I walked down to Durognon’s, looked at the room, and ordered the dinner for four persons,—the man asked how much champagne should be put in ice? which I considered rather a leading question, and giving a rather vague reply to this (for I determined that Fitzsimons should treat us to as much as he liked), I walked away to while away the hour before dinner.

After all, I thought, I may as well dress: the things are ready at the club, and a man is right to give himself every personal advantage, especially when he is going to dine—with LADIES. There—the secret is out. Fitz has asked me to make a fourth in a *petit diner*, given to Madame Nelval of the French Theatre, and her friend Madame Delval. I had seen Madame Nelval from a side-box a few evenings before—and *parbleu, homo sum*; I meant no harm; Gollop’s dinner was off; Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town; and I confess I was very glad to have an opportunity of meeting this fascinating actress, and keeping up my French. So I dressed, and at seven o’clock walked back to Durognon’s: whither it was agreed that Fitz was to bring the

ladies in his brougham ;—the deuce knows how he gets the money to pay for it by the way, or to indulge in a hundred other expenses far beyond any moderate man's means.

As the St. James's clock struck seven, a gentleman—past the period of extreme youth, it is true, but exhibiting a remarkably elegant person still, in a very becoming costume, might have been seen walking by London House, and turning down Charles Street to the Haymarket. This individual, I need not say, was myself. I had done my white tie to a nicety, and could not help saying, as I gazed for a moment in the great glass in the club drawing-room,—‘*Corbleu*, Wagstaff, you are still as *distingué* a looking fellow as any in London.’ How women can admire that odious Fitzsimons on account of his dyed moustaches, I for one never could understand.

The dinner-table at Durognon's made a neat and hospitable appearance ; the plated candlesticks were not more coppery than such goods usually are at taverns ; the works of art on the wall were of tolerable merit ; the window-curtains, partially drawn, yet allowed the occupant of the room to have a glimpse of the cab-stand opposite, and I seated myself close to the casement, as they say in the novels, awaiting Captain Fitzsimons's arrival with the two ladies.

I waited for some time—the cabs on the stand disappeared from the rank, plunged rattling into the mighty vortex of London, and were replaced by other cabs. The sun, which had set somewhere behind Piccadilly, was now replaced by the lustrous moon, the gas lamps, and the red and blue orbs that flared in the windows of the chemist opposite. Time passed on, but no Fitzsimons's brougham made its appearance. I read the evening paper, half an hour was gone, and no company come. At last, as the opera carriages actually began to thunder down the street, ‘a hand was on my shoulder,’ as the member for Pontefract sings. I turned round suddenly from my reverie—that hand, that yellow-kid-glove-covered hand was Fitzsimons's.

‘Come along, my boy,’ says he, ‘we will go fetch the ladies—they live in Bury Street, only three minutes' walk.’

I go to Bury Street ? I be seen walking through St. James's Square, giving any arm to any other lady in Europe but my Arabella, my wife, Mrs. Wagstaff ? Suppose her uncle, the dean, is going to dine at the bishop's, and should

see me?—me, walking with a French lady, in three-quarters of a bonnet! I should like to know what an opinion he would have of me, and where his money in the funds would go to?

‘No,’ says I, ‘my dear Fitzsimons, a joke is a joke, and I am not more strait-laced than another; but the idea that Mr. Lancelot Wagstaff should be seen walking in St. James’s Square with a young French actress is a *little* too absurd. It would be all over the city to-morrow, and Arabella would tear my eyes out.’

‘You shan’t walk with a French actress,’ said Fitz. ‘You shall give your arm to as respectable a woman as any in Baker Street—I pledge you my honour of this—Madame la Baronne de Saint-Ménéhould, the widow of a General of the Empire—connected with the first people in France. Do you mean to say that she is not equal to any of your sugar-baking family?’

I passed over Fitz’s sneer regarding my family; and as it was a baroness, of course agreed to walk with Fitzsimons in search of the ladies.

‘I thought you said Madame Delval this morning!’ said I.

‘Oh, the baroness is coming too,’ answered Fitzsimons, and ordered a fifth cover to be laid. We walked to Bury Street, and presently, after a great deal of chattering and clapping of doors and drawers, three ladies made their appearance in the drawing-room, and having gone through the ceremony of an introduction in an entire state of darkness, the order of march was given. I offered my arm to the Baroness de Saint-Ménéhould, Fitz leading the way with the other two ladies.

We walked down Jermyn Street; my heart thumped with some uneasiness as we crossed by the gambling-house in Waterloo Place, least any one should see me. There is a strong gas lamp there, and I looked for the first time at my portly companion. She was fifty-five if a day—five years older than that Fitzsimons. This eased me, but somehow it didn’t please me. I can walk with a woman of five-and-fifty any day—there’s my mother-in-law, my aunts, and the deuce knows how many more I could mention. But I was consoled by the baroness presently saying that she should, from my accent, have mistaken me for a Frenchman—a great compliment to a man who has been in Paris but once, and learned the language from a Scotch usher,

never mind how many years ago, at Mr. Lord's academy, Tooting, Surrey.

But I adore Paul de Kock's novels, and have studied them so rapturously that no wonder I should have made a proficiency in the language. Indeed, Arabella has often expressed herself quite jealous as I lay on the sofa of an evening, laughing my waistcoat-strings off, over his delightful pages. (The dear creature is not herself very familiar with the language, and sings *Fluve dew Tage, Partong pour Syrie, &c.*, with the most confirmed Clapham accent.) I say she has often confessed herself to be jealous of the effect produced on my mind by this dear, delightful, wicked, odious, fascinating writer, whose pictures of French society are so admirably ludicrous. It was through Paul de Kock that I longed to know something about Parisian life, and those charming *sémillantes, frétilantes, pétillantes grisettes* whose manners he describes. 'It's Paul de Kock in London, by Jove,' said I to myself, when Fitz proposed the little dinner to me; 'I shall see all their ways and their fun.'—And *that* was the reason why, as Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town, I accepted the invitation so cordially.

Well, we arrived at Durognon's at a quarter-past eight, we five, and were ushered at length into the dining-room, where the ladies flung off their cloaks and bonnets, and I had an opportunity of seeing their faces completely.

Madame Nelval's was as charming a face as I ever looked upon; her hair parted meekly over the forehead, which was rather low; the eyes and eyebrows beautiful; the nose such as Grecian sculptor scarce ever chipped out of Parian stone; the mouth small, and, when innocently smiling, displaying the loveliest pearly teeth, and calling out two charming attendant dimples on each fresh cheek; the ear a perfect little gem of an ear. (I adore ears—unadorned ears without any hideous ornaments dangling from them—pagodas, chandeliers, bunches of grapes, and similar monstrosities, such as ladies will hang from them—*entr' autres*, my own wife, Mrs. W., who has got a pair of ear-rings her uncle, the dean, gave her, that really are as big as boot-jacks almost.) She was habited in a neat, close-fitting dress of Parisian tartan silk, which showed off to advantage a figure that was perfect, and a waist that was ridiculously small. A more charming, candid, distinguished head it was impossible to see.

Madame Delval was a modest, clever, pleasing person, neatly attired in a striped something, I don't know the proper phrase; and Madame la Baronne was in a dress which I should decidedly call gingham.

When we sat down to the *potage printanière*, and I helped the baroness naturally first, addressing her respectfully by her title, the other two ladies began to laugh, and that brute Fitzsimons roared as if he was insane. 'La Baronne de Saint-Ménéhould!' cried out little Madame Nelval; 'oh, par exemple! c'est maman, mon cher monsieur!'

On which (though I was deucedly nettled, I must confess) I said that to be the mother of Madame Nelval was the proudest title any lady could have, and so sneaked out of my mortification, with this, I flatter myself, not inelegant compliment. The ladies, one and all, declared that I spoke French like a Parisian, and so I ordered in the champagne; and very good Durognon's sillery is, too.

Both the young ladies declared they detested it, but Madame Nelval the elder honestly owned that she liked it; and indeed I could not but remark that, in our favour doubtless, the two younger dames forgot their prejudices, and that their glasses were no sooner filled than they were empty.

Ah, how charming it was to see the shuddering, timid, nervous way in which the lovely Nelval junior (let me call her at once by her Christian name of Virginie) turned away her little shrinking head as the waiter opened the bottles, and they went off with their natural exhilarating pop and fiz! At the opening of the first bottle, she flew into a corner; at the opening of the second, she ran to her mother's arms (*hinnuleo similis quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis matrem*, as we used to say at Tooting). Sweet sensibility! charming, timorous grace! but she took the liquor very kindly when it was opened, saying, as she turned up her fine eyes to Heaven, 'Il n'y a rien qui m'agace les nerfs comme cela!' *Agacer les nerfs!* What a delicate expression. The good old lady told her to be calm, and made light of her terror.

But though I had piqued myself on ordering the dinner, the little coquette soon set me down. She asked for the most wonderful things—for instance, she would have a salad of dandelion—the waiter was packed off to Covent Garden

to seek for it. When the fish came, she turned to the waiter and said, 'Comment ? vous n'avez point de moules ?' with the most natural air in the world, as if mussels were always served at Parisian dinners, which I suppose is the case. And then, at dessert, what must she remark but the absence of asparagus, which, I must confess, I had not ordered !

'What,' she said, turning round to my companion, 'are there no asparagus, monsieur ? No asparagus ! ah, monsieur ! c'est ma vie, mon bonheur que les asperges ! J'en suis folle—des asperges. Je les adore—les asperges. Je ne mange que cela,—il me les faut, Monsieur Fitzsimons. Vite, garçon ! des asperges—des asperges à l'huile, entendez-vous ?'

We were both very much alarmed by this manifest excitement of Virginie's nerves ; and the asparagus was sent for. O woman ! you are some of you like the animals of the field in so far as this, that you do not know your power. Those who do can work wonders over us. No man can resist them. We two were as timid, wretched, and trembling until the asparagus came, as any mortal could be. It seemed as if we had committed a crime in not ordering the asparagus that Virginie adored. If she had proposed a pint of melted pearls, I think Fitz was the man to send off to Storr and Mortimer's, and have the materials bought. They (I don't mean the pearls, but the vegetables) came in about half an hour, and she ate them cold, as she said, with oil and vinegar ; but the half-hour's pause was a very painful one, and we vainly endeavoured to fill the odious vacuum with champagne. All the while Fitzsimons, though he drank and kept nervously helping his neighbours right and left, was quite silent and frightened. I know which will be the better horse (as the phrase is) if *he's* ever married. I was of course collected, and kept putting in my jokes as usual, but I cannot help saying that I wished myself out of the premises, dreading to think what else Madame Virginie might ask for, and saying inwardly, 'What would my poor Arabella say if she knew her scoundrel of a Lancelot was in such company ?'

Well—it may have been the champagne, or it may have been the asparagus,—though I never, I confess, remarked such a quality in the vegetable,—it may, I say, have been the asparagus which created—what do you think ?—a reconciliation between Virginie and Héloïse—the Madame

Delval before mentioned. This is a delicate matter, but it appeared the ladies had had a difference in the morning about a ribbon, a fichu, or some such matter doubtless, and they had not spoken all dinner-time.

But after a bottle of sherry, four of Sillery (which we all took fairly, no flinching, no heel-taps, glass and glass about), after coffee and curaçao, and after the asparagus, a reconciliation took place. Héloïse looked at Virginie, Virginie looked at Héloïse, the latter rose from her chair, tottered towards her friend, and they were in each other's arms in a minute. Old Madame Nelval looked quite pleased at the scene, and said, smiling, to us, '*Elle a si bon cœur, ma fille!*' Oh, those mothers! they are all the same. Not that she was wrong in this instance. The two young ladies embraced with the warmest cordiality, the quarrel about the ribbon was forgotten, the two young hearts were united once more; and though that selfish brute, Fitzsimons, who has no more heart than a bedpost, twiddled his eternal moustache, and yawned over the scene, I confess I was touched by this little outbreak of feeling, and this glimpse into the history of the hearts of the young persons; and drank a glass of curaçao to old Madame Nelval with a great deal of pleasure.

But oh! fancy our terror, when all of a sudden Héloïse, weeping on her friend's neck, began to laugh and to cry, and burst out shrieking into a fit of hysterics! When women begin hysterics a tremor seizes me—I become mad myself—I have had my wife and mother-in-law in hysterics on the same rug, and I know what it is—the very sound of the whoo-oo-oo drives me wild. I have heard it imitated in theatres, and have rushed out in a frenzy. 'Water! water!' gasped Virginie (we had somehow not had any all dinner-time). I tumbled out of the room, upsetting three waiters who were huddled at the door (and be hanged to them!): 'Water,' roared I, rushing downstairs, upsetting boots, and alarmed chambermaids came panting in with a jug.

'What will they think of us?' thought I, trembling with emotion,—'they will think we have murdered the poor young lady, and yet on my honour and conscience!—oh, why did I come?—what *would* Arabella say if she knew?' I thought of the police coming in, of paragraphs in the paper beginning, 'Two ruffians of gentlemanly exterior were brought before Mr. Jardine, &c.—it was too horrible. If

I had had my hat I would have taken a cab off the stand, and driven down to my wife at Bognor that minute ; but I hadn't—so I went up to fetch it.

Héloïse was lying on the sofa now, a little calmer ; Madame Nelval and the chambermaid were being kind to her : as for that brute, Fitzsimons, he was standing in one of the windows, his legs asunder, his two fists thrust into the tail pockets of his brass-buttoned coat, whistling 'Suoni la Tromba,' the picture of heartless, shameless indifference.

As soon as the maid was gone, and I was come in, Madame Virginie must of course begin hysterics too—they always do, these women. She turned towards me with an appealing look (she had been particularly attentive to me at dinner, much more than to Fitzsimons, whom she *boudé'd* the whole time)—she gave me an appealing look—and struck up too.

I couldn't bear it. I flung myself down on a chair, and beginning to bang my forehead, gasped out, 'O Heavens ! a cab, a cab !'

'We'll have a coach. Go back with them,' said Fitz, coming swaggering up.

'Go back with them ?' said I : 'I'll never see them again as long as I live.' No more I *would* go back with them. The carriage was called (the hysterics ceased the very moment Fitz flung open the window and the cab-stand opposite could hear)—the ladies went out. In vain good old Madame Nelval looked as if she expected my arm. In vain Virginie cast her appealing look. I returned it them with the most stony indifference, and falling back upon my chair, thought of my poor Arabella.

The coach drove off. I felt easier as the rattle of the departing wheels died away in the night, and I got up to go. 'How glad I am it's over !' thought I on the stair ; 'if ever I go to a *partie fine* again, may I——'

'I beg your parding, sir,' said the waiter, touching my elbow just as I was at the hotel door

'What is it ?' says I.

'The bill, sir,' says he, with a grin.

'The bill, sir ?' I exclaimed ; 'why, it's Captain Fitzsimons's dinner !'

'I beg your parding, sir ; you ordered it,' answered the man.

'But, good Heavens ! you know Captain Fitzsimons ?'

‘ We do, sir, precious well, too. The capting owes master two underd pound,’ answered the wretched official.

No. 24. To ANATOLE DUROGNON

5 Dinners	£1 15 0
Sherry	0 6 0
Sillery Champagne (4 bottles)	2 0 0
Asparagus	0 5 0
Coffee and liqueurs	0 7 6
Wax-lights and apartment.	0 5 0
	<hr/>
	£4 18 6

And I must say that the bill, considered as a bill, was moderate, but I had better have dined off that Irish stew at the club.

ARABELLA

OR, THE MORAL OF 'THE *PARTIE FINE*'[*New Monthly Magazine*, June, 1844.]

WHEN the news came to Wagstaff that he had made a public appearance in the *New Monthly Magazine*, he affected to be in great wrath that his peccadilloes should have been laid bare to the whole nation ; and was for sacrificing the individual who had held him up to ridicule. Luckily that person was out of town for some days, so his anger had time to cool if it was real ; but the truth must be told, that Lancelot Wagstaff was in heart quite delighted at being shown up for a *séducteur*, and has ordered some new waistcoats, and affects to talk very big about the French play, and has been growing a tuft to his chin ever since. Mrs. Wagstaff still continues at Bognor. Poor soul ! *She* will never know whose was the portrait which figured last month in this Miscellany under the pseudonym of Wagstaff : it is only the coincidence of the new waistcoats and the sudden growth of that tuft that can by any possibility betray him.

Some critics have hinted that the scene described was immoral. So it was, there's not a doubt of it ; but so is a great deal of life immoral : so are many of Hogarth's pictures immoral, if you don't choose to see their moral tendency ;—nor indeed are critics to be very much blamed for not perceiving the moral of the brief tract called '*The Partie Fine*,' seeing, as it were, that it was not yet in sight. No : it was purposely kept back, as a surprise for the June number of the Magazine. THIS is going to be the moral paper : and I hope to goodness that Mr. Colburn's editor will not refuse it, or I shall be set down, in spite of myself, as a writer of a questionable tendency. I solemnly demand the insertion of this paper, in order to set a well-meaning man right with a public he respects. Yes, ladies, you yourselves, if you peruse these few, these very few pages, will

say, 'Well, although he shocked us, the man *is* a moral man after all.' He is, indeed he is. Don't believe the critics who say the contrary.

The former history described to you the conduct of Wagstaff abroad. Ah, ladies! you little knew that it was preparatory to showing the monster up when *at home*. You would not have understood the wretch had you not received this previous insight into his character. If *this* be not morality, I know not what is.

Those people who at the club and elsewhere are acquainted with Mr. W., declare he is the most generous and agreeable creature that ever turned out of the city. He arrives, his jolly face beaming with good humour. He has a good word for everybody, and every man a good word for him. Some bachelor says, 'Wag, my boy, there is a whitebait party at Greenwich; will you be one?' He hesitates. 'I promised Mrs. Wagstaff to be home to dinner,' says he; and when he says *that*, you may be sure he will go. If you propose to him a game of billiards in the afternoon, he will play till dinner, and make the most ludicrous jokes about his poor wife waiting till his return. If you ask him to smoke cigars, he will do so till morning, and goes home with a story to Mrs. W., which the poor soul receives with a desperate credulity. Once she used to sit up for him; but to have continued that practice would have killed her. She goes to bed now, and Wagstaff reels in when he likes.

He is not ill-humoured. Far from it. He never says an unkind word to the children, or to the cook, or to the boy who blacks his boots, or to his wife. She wishes he would. He comes downstairs exactly three minutes before office time. He has his tea and his newspaper in bed. His eldest daughter brings the paper in, and his poor wife appears with the tea. He has a kind word for both, and scrubs the little girl's fresh cheek with his bristly beard, and laughs at the joke, and professes a prodigious interest in her lessons, and in knowing whether Miss Wiggles, the governess, is satisfied with her; and before she finishes her answer, he is deep in the folios of the *Times*, and does not care one farthing piece what the little girl says. He has promised to take the child to Astley's any time these four years. She could hardly speak when he promised it. She is a fine tall lass, and can read and write now; and though

it was so long ago, has never forgotten the promise about Astley's.

When he is away from home, Wagstaff talks about his family with great affection. In the long, long days when he is away, their mother, God help her ! is telling them what a good man their papa is—how kind and generous—and how busy he is—what a pity ! he is obliged to work so hard and stay away from home ! Poor creature, poor creature ! Sure Heaven will pardon her these lies if any lies are pardonable. Whenever he says he will walk with her, Arabella dresses herself in the gown he likes, and puts on her pink bonnet, and is ready to the very minute, you may be sure. How often is it that *he* is ready at the minute ? How many scores and scores of times has he left the heart-sick girl ? not forgetting her in the least—but engaged elsewhere with a game of billiards, or a jolly friend and a cigar—and perhaps wishing rather to be at home all the time—but he is so good-natured, such a capital fellow ! Whenever he keeps his appointment—Heaven help us ! she brightens up as if it were Paradise coming to her. She looks with a triumphant air at the servant who opens the door, and round about at the neighbours' windows as if she would have all the world know that she is walking with her husband. Every now and then as she walks (it is but twice and thrice in a year, for Wagstaff has his business on week-days, and never gets up till one on a Sunday),—every now and then as she walks with him, the delighted creature gives a skip, and squeezes his arm, and looks up in his face, she is so happy. And so is he too, for he is as good-natured a fellow as ever breathed—and he resolves to take her out the very next Sunday—only he doesn't. Every one of these walk-days are noted down in the poor soul's Calendar of Home as saint's days. She talks of them quite fondly ; and there is not one of her female friends whom she won't visit for weeks after, and to whom she will not be sure to find some pretext for recounting the wonderful walk.

Mon Dieu, ladies—all the time I was describing that affair at Durognon's, those odious French women, and their chatter, and their ogling, and their champagne, I was thinking of Arabella far away in the distance and alone—I declare, upon my honour, she was never out of my thoughts for a single minute. *She* was the moral of 'The *Partie Fine*'—the simple, white-robed, spotless, meek-eyed angel of a wife

—thinking about her husband—and he among the tawdry good-for-nothings yonder! Fizz! there goes the first champagne cork, Mr. Wagstaff is making a tender speech to Madame Virginie.

At that moment Arabella is upstairs in the nursery, where the same moon is shining in, and putting her youngest boy to bed.

Bang! there goes the second cork. Virginie screams—Fitzsimons roars with laughter—Wagstaff hobnobs with the old lady, who gives a wink and a nod. They are taking away the fish and putting down the entrées.

At that moment Arabella has her second child between her knees (the little one is asleep with its thumb in its mouth, and the elder even is beginning to rub her eyes over her favourite fairy tale, though she has read it many scores of times). Arabella has the child between her knees, and just as Wag is clinking his glass with the old lady in London, his wife at Bognor says something to the child, who says after her, ‘*Dod bless my dear papa*’: and presently he is in bed, too, and sleeps as soundly as his little sister.

And so it is that these pure blessings are sent—yearning after that fellow over his cups. Suppose they reach him? Why, the spotless things must blush and go out again from the company in which they find him. The drinking goes on, the jokes and fun get faster and faster. Arabella has by this time seen the eldest child asleep in her crib, and is looking out at the moon in silence as the children breathe round her a soft chorus of slumber. Her mother is downstairs alone, reading *Blair’s Sermons*,—a high-shouldered, hook-nosed, lean, moral woman. She wonders her daughter don’t come down to tea—there is her cup quite cold, with the cream stagnant on the surface, and her work-basket by its side, with a pair of man’s slippers nearly done, and one lazy scrawl from her husband, four lines only, and ten days old. But Arabella keeps away, thinking, thinking, and preferring to be alone. The girl has a sweet, soft heart, and little sympathy with the mother’s coarse, rigid, strong-minded nature. The only time they quarrel is when the old lady calls her son-in-law a brute: then the young one fires up and defends her own like a little Amazon.

What is this secret of love? How does it spring? How is it that no neglect can kill it? Its truth, its origin and

endurance are alike, utterly absurd and unreasonable. What secret power was it that made this delicate-minded young creature, who had been bred up upon the purest doctrines of the sainted Mrs. Chapone ; who had never thought about love ; who, simple soul, had been utterly absorbed in her little daily duties, her pianoforte practice, her French lesson, her use-of-the-globes, her canary bird, and her *Mangnall's Questions*,—what, I say, is it that makes this delicate girl all of a sudden expand into a passion of love for a young sugar-baker, simply because she meets him three times riding on a grey mare on Clapham Common, and afterwards (the sly rogue !) on half a dozen occasions at her aunt's at tea ? What is it that makes her feel that that young sugar-baker is the fatal man with whom her existence is bound up : go through fire and water to marry him : love him in spite of neglect and indifference : adore him so absurdly that a half-hour's kindness from him more than balances a month's brutality ! Oh, mystery of woman's heart ! I declare all this lies in the moral of 'The *Partie Fine*.'

Wagstaff, so splendid with his dinners and so generous on himself, is not so generous at home. He pays the bills with only a few oaths ; but somehow he leaves his wife without money. He will give it to anybody rather than to her : a fact of which he himself is, very likely, unaware at this minute, or of the timidity of his wife in asking for it. In order to avoid this asking, the poor girl goes through unheard-of economies, and performs the most curious tricks of avarice. She dresses herself for nothing, and she dresses her children out of her own frocks. Certain dimities, caps, pinafores, and other fal-lals have gone through the family ; and Arabella, though she sees ever such a pretty thing in a shop-window, will pass on with a sigh ; whereas her Lancelot is a perfect devourer of waistcoats, and never sets eyes on a flaring velvet that strikes his fancy but you will be sure to behold him the next week staggering about in the garment in Pall Mall. Women are ever practising these petty denials, about which the Lords of the Creation never think.

I will tell you what I once saw Arabella doing. She is a woman of very high breeding and no inconsiderable share of family pride : well, one day, on going to Wagstaff's house, who had invited a party of us to Blackwall, about a bet he had lost, I was, in the master's absence, ushered into the drawing-room, which is furnished very fine, and

there sat the lady of the house at her work-table, with her child prattling at her knee.

I could not understand what made Mrs. Wagstaff blush so—look so entirely guilty of something or other—fidget, answer *à travers*, and receive an old friend in this strange and inhospitable way.

She, the descendant of the Smiths of Smithfield, of the Browns of Brown Hall, the proud daughter of the aristocracy, *was making a pair of trousers for her eldest son*. She huddled them away hastily under a pillow,—but bah! we have keen eyes—and from under that pillow the buttons peeped out, and with those buttons the secret—they were white ducks—Wagstaff's white ducks—his wife was making them into white ducklings for little Fred.

The sight affected me. I should like to have cried, only it is unmanly; and to cry about a pair of little breeches!—I should like to have seized hold of Mrs. Wagstaff and hugged her to my heart: but she would have screamed, and rung for John to show me downstairs; so I disguised my feelings by treading on the tail of her spaniel dog, whose squealing caused a diversion.

But I shall never forget those breeches. What! Wagstaff is flaunting in a coat of Nugee's, and his son has that sweet, humble tailor. Wagstaff is preparing for Blackwall, and here is his wife plying her gentle needle. Wagstaff feasts off plate and frothing wine; and Arabella sits down to cold mutton in the nursery, with her little ones ranged about her. Wagstaff enjoys, Arabella suffers. He flings about his gold; and she tries to stave off evil days by little savings of meek pence. Wagstaff sins and she forgives—and trusts, and loves, and hopes on in spite of carelessness, and coldness, and neglect, and extravagance, and—and *Parties Fines*.

This is the moral of the last story. O ye Wagstaffs of this world, profit by it. O ye gentle, meek angels of Arabellas, be meek and gentle still. If an angel can't reclaim a man, who can? And I live in hopes of hearing that by the means of that charming mediation, the odious Lancelot has become a reformed character.

TITMARSH.

GREENWICH—WHITEBAIT

BY MR. WAGSTAFF

[*New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1844.]

I WAS recently talking in a very touching and poetical strain about the above delicate fish to my friend Foozle and some others at the club, and expatiating upon the excellence of the dinner which our little friend Guttlebury had given us : when Foozle, looking round about him with an air of triumph and immense wisdom, said—

‘ I’ll tell you what, Wagstaff, I’m a plain man, and despise all your gormandizing and kickshaws. I don’t know the difference between one of your absurd made-dishes and another—give me a plain cut of mutton or beef. I’m a plain Englishman, I am, and no glutton.’

Foozle, I say, thought this speech a terrible set-down for me—and indeed acted up to his principles—you may see him any day at six sitting down before a great reeking joint of meat ; his eyes quivering, his face red, and he cutting great smoking red collops out of the beef before him, which he devours with corresponding quantities of cabbage and potatoes, and the other gratis luxuries of the club-table.

What I complain of is, not that the man should enjoy his great meal of steaming beef ; let him be happy over that as much as the beef he is devouring was in life happy over oilcakes or mangel-wurzel : but I hate the fellow’s brutal self-complacency, and his scorn of other people who have different tastes from his. A man who brags regarding himself ; that whatever he swallows is the same to him, and that his coarse palate recognizes no difference between venison and turtle, pudding, or mutton-broth, as his indifferent jaws close over them, brags about a personal defect—the wretch—and not about a virtue. It is like a man boasting that he has no ear for music, or no eye for colour, or that his nose cannot scent the difference between a rose and a cabbage—

I say, as a general rule, set that man down as a conceited fellow who swaggers about not caring for his dinner.

Why shouldn't we care about it? Was eating not made to be a pleasure to us? Yes, I say, a daily pleasure: a sweet solamen: a pleasure familiar, yet ever new, the same and yet how different! It is one of the causes of domesticity: the neat dinner makes the husband pleased, the housewife happy, the children consequently are well brought up and love their papa and mamma. A good dinner is the centre of the circle of the social sympathies—it warms acquaintanceship into friendship—it maintains that friendship comfortably unimpaired: enemies meet over it and are reconciled. How many of you, dear friends, has that last bottle of claret warmed into affectionate forgiveness, tender recollections of old times, and ardent, glowing anticipations of new? The brain is a tremendous secret. I believe some chemist will arise anon, who will know how to doctor the brain as they do the body now, as Liebig doctors the ground. They will apply certain medicines, and produce crops of certain qualities that are lying dormant now for want of intellectual guano. But this is a subject for future speculation—a parenthesis growing out of another parenthesis—what I would urge especially here is a point which must be familiar to every person accustomed to eat good dinners—viz., the noble and friendly qualities that they elicit. How is it we cut such jokes over them? How is it we become so remarkably friendly? How is it that some of us, inspired by a good dinner, have sudden gusts of genius unknown in the quiet unfestive state? Some men make speeches, some shake their neighbour by the hand, and invite him or themselves to dine—some sing prodigiously—my friend Saladin, for instance, goes home, he says, with the most beautiful harmonies ringing in his ears: and I, for my part, will take any given tune, and make variations upon it for any given period of hours, greatly, no doubt, to the delight of all hearers. These are only temporary inspirations given us by the jolly genius, but are they to be despised on that account? No. Good dinners have been the greatest vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat.

A taste for good living then is praiseworthy in moderation—like all the other qualities and endowments of man. If a man were to neglect his family or his business on account of his love for the fiddle or the fine arts—he would commit

just the crime that the dinner-sensualist is guilty of ; but to enjoy wisely is a maxim of which no man need be ashamed. But if you cannot eat a dinner of herbs as well as a stalled-ox, then you are an unfortunate man—your love for good dinners has passed the wholesome boundary, and degenerated into gluttony.

Oh, shall I ever forget the sight of the only City dinner I ever attended in my life ! at the hall of the Right Worshipful Company of Chimney-sweepers—it was in May, and a remarkably late pea-season. The hall was decorated with banners and escutcheons of deceased *chummies*—martial music resounded from the balconies as the master of the company and the great ones marched in. We sat down, grace was said, the tureen-covers removed, and instantly a silence in the hall—a breathless silence—and then a great gurgle !—grwlwllw it sounded like. The worshipful company were sucking in the turtle ! Then came the venison, and with it were two hundred quarts of peas, at five-and-twenty shillings a quart—oh, my heart sank within me, as we devoured the green ones ! as the old waddling, trembling, winking citizens held out their plates quivering with anxiety, and, said Mr. Jones, ‘ A little bit of the f-f-fat, another spoonful of the p-p-pe-eas ’—and they swallowed them down, the prematurely born children of the spring—and there were thousands in London that day without bread.

This is growing serious—and is a long grace before whitebait, to be sure—but at a whitebait dinner, haven’t you remarked that you take a number of dishes first ? In the first place, water-souchy, soochy, or soojy—flounder-souchy is incomparably, exquisitely the best—perch is muddy, bony, and tough compared to it ; slips are coarse ; and salmon—perhaps salmon is next to the flounder. You hear many people exclaim against flounder-souchy—I dined with Jorrocks, Sangsue, the Professor, and one or two more, only the other day, and they all voted it tasteless—tasteless ! It has an almost angelic delicacy of flavour : it is as fresh as the recollections of childhood—it wants a Correggio’s pencil to describe it with sufficient tenderness.

‘ *If a flounder had two backs,*’ Saladin said at the Star and Garter the other day, ‘ it would be divine ! ’

Foolish man, whither will your wild desires carry you ?

As he is, a flounder is a perfect being. And the best reply to those people who talk about its tastelessness, is to say 'Yes,' and draw over the tureen to yourself, and never leave it while a single slice of brown bread remains beside it, or a single silver-breasted fishlet floats in the yellow parsley-flavoured wave.

About eels, salmon, lobsters, either *au gratin* or in cutlets, and about the variety of sauces—Genevese sauce, Indian sauce (a strong but agreeable compound), &c., I don't think it is necessary to speak. The slimy eel is found elsewhere than in the stream of Thames (I have tasted him charmingly matelotted with mushrooms and onions at the Marronniers at Passy), the lusty salmon flaps in other waters—by the fair tree-clad banks of Lismore—by the hospitable margin of Ballynahinch—by the beauteous shores of Wye, and on the sandy flats of Scheveling [Scheveningen?] I have eaten and loved him. I do not generally eat him at Greenwich. Not that he is not good. But he is not good in such a place. It is like Mrs. Siddons dancing a hornpipe, or a chapter of Burke in a novel—the salmon is too *vast* for Greenwich.

I would say the same, and more, regarding turtle. It has no business in such a feast as that fresh and simple one provided at the Trafalgar, or the Old Ship. It is indecorous somehow to serve it in that company. A fine, large, lively turtle, and a poor little whitebait by his side! Ah, it is wrong to place them by each other.

At last we come to the bait—the twelve dishes of preparatory fish are removed, the Indian sauced salmon has been attacked in spite of our prohibition, the stewed eels have been mauled, and the flounder soup-tureen is empty. All those receptacles of pleasure are removed—eyes turn eagerly to the door, and enter

Mr. Derbyshire (with a silver dish of whitebait).

John (brown bread-and-butter).

Samuel (lemons and cayenne).

Frederick (a dish of whitebait).

Gustavus (brown bread-and-butter).

Adolphus (whitebait).

A waiter with a napkin, which he flaps about the room in an easy *dégagé* manner.

'There's plenty more to follow, sir,' says Mr. D., whisking off the cover. Frederick and Adolphus pass rapidly round

with their dishes ; John and Gustavus place their refreshments on the table, and Samuel obsequiously insinuates the condiments under his charge.

Ah, he must have had a fine mind who first invented brown bread-and-butter with whitebait ! That man was a kind, modest, gentle benefactor to his kind. We don't recognize sufficiently the merits of those men who leave us such quiet benefactions. A statue ought to be put up to the philosopher who joined together this charming couple. Who was it ? Perhaps it was done by the astronomer at Greenwich, who observed it when seeking for some other discovery. If it were the astronomer—why, the next time we go to Greenwich we will go into the Park and ascend the hill, and pay our respects to the Observatory.

That, by the way, is another peculiarity about Greenwich. People leave town, and *say* they will walk in the park before dinner. But we never do. We may suppose there is a park from seeing trees ; but we have never entered it. We walk wistfully up and down on the terrace before the Hospital, looking at the clock a great many times ; at the brown old seamen basking in the sun ; at the craft on the river ; at the nursery-maids mayhap, and the gambols of the shrill-voiced Jacks-ashore on the beach. But the truth is, one's thinking of something else all the time. Of the bait. Remark how silent fellows are on steamboats going down to Greenwich. They won't acknowledge it, but they are thinking of what I tell you.

Well, when the whitebait does come, what is it after all ? Come now. Tell us, my dear sir, your real sentiments about this fish, this little, little fish about which we all make such a noise ! There it lies. Lemon it, pepper it : pop it into your mouth—and what then ?—a crisp crunch, and it is gone. Does it realize your expectations—is it better than anything you ever tasted ? Is it as good as raspberry open tarts used to be at school ? Come, upon your honour and conscience now, is it better than a fresh dish of tittlebacks or gudgeons ?

O fool, to pry with too curious eye into these secrets ! O blunderer, to wish to dash down a fair image because it may be of plaster ! O dull philosopher, not to know that pursuit is pleasure, and possession worthless without it ! I, for my part, never will, as long as I live, put to myself that question about whitebait. Whitebait is a

butterfly of the waters—and as the animal mentioned by Lord Byron invites the young pursuer near, and leads him through thy fields, Cashmere—as it carries him in his chase through a thousand agreeable paths scented with violets, sparkling with sunshine, with beauty to feast his eyes, and health in the air—let the right-thinking man be content with the pursuit, nor inquire too curiously about the object. How many hunters get the brush of the fox, and what, when gotten, is the worth of that tawny wisp of hair ?

Whitebait, then, is only a little means for acquiring a great deal of pleasure. Somehow, it is always allied with sunshine : it is always accompanied by jolly friends and good humour. You rush after that little fish, and leave the cares of London behind you—the row and struggle, the foggy darkness, the slippery pavement where every man jostles you, striding on his way, preoccupied with care written on his brow. Look out of the window, the sky is tinted with a thousand glorious hues—the ships pass silent over the blue glittering waters—there is no object within sight that is not calm, and happy, and beautiful. Yes ! turn your head a little, and there lie the towers of London in the dim smoky sunset. There lies Care, Labour, To-morrow. Friends, let us have another glass of claret, and thank our luck that we have still to-day.

On thinking over the various whitebait dinners which have fallen to our lot in the last month—somehow you are sure to find the remembrance of them all pleasant. I have seen some wretches taking whitebait and *tea*, which has always inspired me with a sort of terror, and a yearning to go up to the miserable objects so employed, and say, ‘ My good friend, here is a crown-piece, have a bottle of iced punch, or a tankard of delicious cider-cup—but not tea, dear sir ; no, no, not tea ; you can get that at home—there’s no exhilaration in congon. It was not made to be drunk on holidays. Those people are unworthy of the Ship—I don’t wish to quarrel with the enjoyments of any man, but fellows who take tea and whitebait should not be allowed to damp the festive feelings of persons better engaged. They should be consigned to the smiling damsels whom one meets on the walk to Mr. Derbyshire’s, who issue from dingy tenements no bigger than houses in a pantomime, and who, whatever may be the rank of the

individual, persist in saying, 'Tea, sir—I can accommodate your party—tea, sir,—srimps?'

About the frequenters of Greenwich and the various classes of ichthyophagi, many volumes might be written. All classes of English Christians, with the exception of her Majesty and Prince Albert (and the more is the pity that their exalted rank deprives them of an amusement so charming!), frequent the hospitable taverns, the most celebrated gormandizer and the very humble. There are the annual Ministerial Saturnalia, which, whenever I am called in by her Majesty, I shall have great pleasure in describing in these pages, and in which the lowest becomes the highest for the occasion, and Taper and Tadpole take just as high a rank as Lord Eskdale or Lord Monmouth. There are the private banquets in which Lord Monmouth diverts himself with his friends from the little French—but this subject has been already touched upon at much length. There are the lawyers' dinners, when Sir Frederick or Sir William are advanced to the honour of the bench or the attorney-generalship, and where much legal pleasantry is elicited. The last time I dined at the Ship, hearing a dreadful Bacchanalian noise issuing from a private apartment, I was informed, '*It's the gentlemen of "Punch," sir.*' What would I not have given to be present at such an assembly of choice spirits! Even missionary societies and converters of the Quashimdoe Indians come hither for a little easy, harmless pleasuring after their labours, and no doubt the whitebait slips down their reverend throats, and is relished by them as well as by the profane crowd.

Then in the coffee-room, let a man be by himself, and he is never lonely. Every table tells its little history. Yonder sit three city bucks, with all the elegant graces of the Custom House and the Stock Exchange.

'That's a good glass of wine,' says Wiggins.

'Ropy,' says Figgins; 'I'll put you in a pipe of that to stand you in three-and-twenty a dozen.'

Once, in my presence, I heard a city '*gent*' speak so slightly of a glass of very excellent brown sherry that the landlord was moved almost to tears, and made a speech, of which the sorrow was only equalled by the indignation.

Sporting young fellows come down in great numbers, with cut-away coats and riding-whips, which must be very useful on the water. They discourse learnedly about

Leander and Running Rein, and say, 'I'll bet you three to two of that.'

Likewise pink-faced lads from Oxford and Cambridge. Those from the former university wear lavender-coloured gloves, and drink much less wine than their jolly comrades from the banks of Cam. It would be a breach of confidence to report their conversation; but I lately heard some very interesting anecdotes about the Master of Trinity, and one Bumpkins, a gyp there.

Of course there are foreigners. I have remarked many 'Mosaic Arabs,' who dress and drink remarkably smartly; honest, pudding-faced Germans, who sit sentimentally over their punch; and chattering little Frenchmen with stays, and whiskers, and canes, and little lacquered boots. These worthies drink ale for the most part, saying, '*Je ne bois que l'ale moi,*' or '*Que la bière est bonne en Angleterre.*' '*Et que le vin est mauvais,*' shrieks out the pygmy addressed, and so they club their sixpence, and remain faithful to the malt-and-hoppish liquor. It may be remarked, that ladies and Frenchmen are not favourites with inn-waiters, coach-guards, cabmen, and such officials, doubtless for reasons entirely mercenary.

I could continue for many more pages, but the evening grey is tingeing the river; the packet-boat bells are ringing; the sails of the ships look greyer and more ghostlike as they sweep silently by. It is time to be thinking of returning, and so let us call for the bill, and finish with a moral. My dear sir, it is this. The weather is beautiful. The white-bait singularly fine this season. You are sure to be happy if you go to Greenwich. Go then; and above all, TAKE YOUR AMIABLE LADY WITH YOU.

Ah! if but ten readers will but follow this advice, Lancelot Wagstaff has not written in vain, and has made ten charming women happy!

THE CHEST OF CIGARS

BY LANCELOT WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

[*New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1845.]

‘NOT smoke?’ said the gentleman near me.

We had the honour of dining at my Lord Hobanob’s, who ‘smokes’ after dinner, as all the world knows. The person who spoke was called the general by the company assembled.

‘Not smoke?’ says he.

‘Why—*I*—that is—what would Mrs. Caudle say?’ replied I, with a faint effort to be pleasant; ‘for the fact is, though my wife doesn’t like cigars, I was once very fond of them.’

‘Is your lady a sentimental woman?’ asked the general.

‘Extremely sentimental.’

‘Of a delicate turn?’

‘Very much so; this is the first time I have been permitted—I mean that I have had any wish to dine out since my marriage,’ said the reader’s humble servant.

‘If I can prove to her that the happiness of a virtuous family was secured by cigars; that an admirable woman was saved from ruin by smoking; that a worthy man might have been driven to suicide but for Havanas: do you think, sir, that *then* the respected lady who owns you would alter her opinion regarding the immorality of smoking?’

And so saying, the general handed me his box, and sent a puff so fragrant into my face, that I must own I took a cigar as he commenced his romantic tale in the following words:—

‘When our army was in Holland, in the time of the lamented Duke of York, the 56th Hussars (Queen Charlotte’s Own Slashers, as we were called from our tremendous ferocity) were quartered in the romantic vicinity of Vater-zouchy. A more gallant regiment never fought, conquered,

or ran away, and we did all in that campaign. A better fellow than our colonel never existed,—a dearer friend than Frederick Fantail, who was lieutenant in the troop I had the honour to command, mortal never had.’

Here my informant the general’s fine eye (for he had but one remaining) filled with tears, and he gave a deep sigh through the lung which had not been perforated at the battle of Salamanca.

‘Fantail had one consuming passion besides military glory,—this was smoking. His pipe was never out of his lips from morning till night. Till night? What did I say? He never went to bed without this horrible companion, and I have seen this misguided young man, seated on a barrel of gunpowder in the batteries, smoking as calmly as if death were not close under his coat-tails.

‘To these two passions my friend speedily added another: a love for the charming daughter of Burgomaster van Slappenbroch, whom he met one day in his rambles.

“I should never probably have remarked her, Goliah,” he would say to me, “but for the circumstance that her father smoked a peculiar fine canaster. I longed to know him from that circumstance, and as he always moved about with his pipe and his daughter, from getting to admire one I began to appreciate the other, and soon Amelia occupied my whole soul. My figure and personal beauty soon attracted her attention ;

In fact,
She saw and loved me, who could resist
Frederick Fantail ?

‘Amelia, sir, soon became Mrs. Fantail, but I shall spare you the details of the courtship at which I was not present. for having at the battle of Squeltersluys (so creditable to our arms) had the good fortune to run through a French field-marshal, and to receive a wound in the knee-pan, I was ordered home with the account of the victory, to lay the baton I had taken at the feet of my sovereign, and to have my left leg amputated by the late eminent Sir Everard Home. ’Twas whilst recovering from this little accident that my friend, Fred Fantail, wooed and won his Amelia.

‘Of course he described her in his letters as everything a heart could wish ; but I found, on visiting his relations

in Baker Street, that she was by no means what *they* could wish. When I mentioned the name of his son, the brow of Sir Augustus Fantail grew black as thunder. Her ladyship looked sad and faint; Anna Maria turned her lovely, imploring eyes upon me beseeching me to silence, and I saw a gleam of fiendish satisfaction twinkling in the mean green squinters of Simon Fantail, Fred's younger brother, which plainly seemed to say, "Fred is disinherited: I shall come in for the 300,000*l.* now." Sir Augustus had that sum in the family, and was, as you all know, an eminent City man.

'I learned from the lovely Anna Maria (in the embrasure of the drawing-room window, whither *somehow* we retired for a little conversation which does not concern you), I learned that Sir Augustus's chief rage against Fred arose from his having married the daughter of a Dutch *sugar-baker*. As the knight had been a drysalter himself, he would not overlook this insult to his family, and vowed he would cut off for ever the child who had so dishonoured him.

'Nor was this all.

'"Oh, major," said Anna Maria to me, putting into my hands a little purse, containing the amount of all her savings, "give him—give him this. My poor Frederick wants money. *He ran away with Amelia*—how could they do such a naughty, naughty thing? He has left the army. Her father has discarded her; and I fear they are starving."

'Here the dear child's beautiful hyacinthine eyes filled with tears; she held out her little hand with the little purse. I took one—both—I covered the one with kisses, and putting the other into my bosom, I promised to deliver it to the person for whom its affectionate owner intended it.

'Did I do so? No! I kept that precious relic with thirteen little golden guineas twinkling in its meshes; I wore it long, long, in my heart of hearts, under my waistcoat of waistcoats; and as for Fred, I sent him an order on Cox and Greenwood's for five hundred pounds, as the books of that house will show.

'I did more than this; knowing his partiality for cigars, I bought two thousand of the best from Davis in the Quadrant, and dispatched them to my poor friend.

'"A wife," said I, "is a good companion, no doubt;

but why should he not," I added, sportively, "have Dos AMIGOS too in his troubles?"

'Davis did not laugh at this joke, not understanding Spanish; but you, my dear friend, I have no doubt, will at once perceive its admirable point.

'Thus it stood then. Amelia was disinherited for running away with Fred; Fred was discarded for running away with Amelia. They were penniless. What could my paltry thousand do for a fellow in the 56th Hussars, where our yearly mess bill came to twelve hundred pounds, and our undress boots cost ninety-three guineas a pair? You are incredulous? I have Hoby's bills, sir, and you can see them any day you call in Grosvenor Square.

'To proceed. My imprudent friend was married; and was, as I suspect you are yourself, sir, hen-pecked. My present of cigars was flung aside as useless. I got letters from Fred saying that his Amelia was a mighty fine lady; that though she had been bred up in a tobacco warehouse all her life, she abominated cigars,—in fine, that he had given up the practice altogether. My little loan of a couple of thousand served to keep them going for some time, and they dashed on as if there was no end to that small sum. *Ruin* ensued, sir, but I knew not of the misfortunes of my friend. I was abroad, sir, serving my sovereign in the West Indies, where I had the yellow fever seventeen times.

'Soldiers are bad correspondents, sir. I did not write to Fred Fantail or hear of him, except through a brother officer, Major de Boots, of ours, who joined us in the West Indies, and who told me the sad news. Fred had incurred debts, of course—sold out—gone to pieces: "And fanthy my dithgutht, my dear cweature," said De Boots (you don't know him? he lisps confoundedly), "at finding Fwed at Bwighton giving lessons in dwawing, and hith wife, because she wath a Dutchwoman, teaching Fwench! The fellow wanted to bowow money of me."

"And you gave him some, I hope, De Boots?" said I.

"Not thickthpenth, by jingo," said the heartless hussar, whom I called out the next morning and shot for his want of feeling.

'I returned to England to recruit my strength, which had been somewhat exhausted by the repeated attacks of fever, and one day as I was taking a tumbler at the great

pump-room, Cheltenham, imagine, sir, my astonishment when an enormously stout lady, with yellow hair, and a pea-green satin dress, came up to me, gazed hard for a moment, gave an hysteric juggle in her throat, and flung her arms round my neck! I have led ninety-eight forlorn-hopes, sir, but I give you my honour I was never so flustered as by this tremendous phenomenon.

“For Heaven’s sake, madam,” said I, “calm yourself. Don’t scream—let me go. Who are you?”

“Oh, my *bresairfer!*” said the lady, still screeching, and in a foreign accent. “Don’t you know me? I am Amelia Vandail.”

“Amelia Vandale?” says I, more perplexed than ever.

“Amelia van Slappenbroch dat vas. Your friend Vrederic’s wife. I am *stouder* now dan I vas when I knew you in Holland.”

“Stouder indeed! I believe she *was* stouter! She was sixteen stone, or sixteen ten, if she weighed a pound: I got her off my shoulders and led her to a chair. Presently her husband joined us, and I need not tell you of the warmth of my meeting with my old friend.

“But what,” said I to Fantail, “procured me such a warm greeting from your lovely lady?”

“Don’t you know that you are our benefactor—our blessing—the cause of our prosperity?”

“Oh, the five thousand pounds,” said I,—“a mere bagatelle.”

“No, my dearest friend, it was not your money but your cigars saved us. You know what a fine lady my wife was when we were first married, and to what straits our mutual imprudence soon drove us? Who would have thought that the superb Mrs. Fantail, who was so fine that she would not allow her husband to smoke a cigar, should be brought so low as to be obliged to sing in the public streets for bread?—that the dashing Fred Fantail should be so debased by poverty as” (here my friend’s noble features assumed an expression of horrible agony), “as to *turn a mangle*, sir?”

“But away with these withering recollections,” continued Fred. “We were so poor, so wretched, that we resolved on *suicide*. My wife and I determined to fling ourselves off Waterloo Bridge, and kissing our nine innocent babes as they slumbered, hastened wildly thither from the

New Cut, Lambeth, where we were residing ; but we forgot, *we had no money to pay the toll*—we were forced to come back, to pass our door again : and we determined to see the dear ones once more, and *then*—away to Westminster !

“ There was a smell—a smell of tobacco issuing from the door of our humble hut as we came up. ‘ Good Heavens ! Mealy,’ said I to my beloved one, as we arrived at the door, and the thought flashed across me,—‘ there is still hope—still something left—the cigars I received as a gift on my marriage. I had forgotten them—they are admirable ! they will sell for gold !’ And I hugged the innocent partner of my sufferings to my bosom. Thou wert thinner then, dearest, than thou art now,” said Fantail, with a glance of ineffable affection towards his lady.

“ Well, sir, what do you think those cigars were worth to me ? ” continued he.

“ I gave forty pounds for them ; say you sold them for twenty.”

“ Twenty ! My dear fellow—no ! Those cigars were worth SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS to me ! as you shall hear. I said there was a smell of cigar smoke issuing from our humble cot—and why ? because somebody was smoking cigars. And who was that somebody ? Amelia’s father, the burgomaster, Van Slappenbroch. His heart had partially relented towards his only child. He determined to see her. He found out our wretched abode in our absence—saw our unconscious infants sleeping there, huddled on the straw in the desolate chamber. The only article of furniture left *was your chest of cigars*. Van Slappenbroch opened it—tried one—’twas excellent ; a second—delicious ! a third !—his daughter entered—the father and the tobacconist melted at once, and as she fainted in his arms he was reconciled to us for ever ! ”

“ The rest of Fantail’s story, my dear sir, you may easily imagine. Directly they heard in Baker Street that the Dutchman had pardoned his daughter and given her his fortune, of course old Fantail came down with his, and disinherited that squinting traitor, Simon. “ And, my dear fellow,” said Fred, “ if you will drive down with me to Fantail Castle, I will pay you the ten thousand pounds you lent me, and introduce you to a lady—my sister Anna Maria, who is very, *very* anxious to renew her acquaintance with you.”

‘That lady is now my wife, sir,’ the general said, getting up to go away,—‘and *she* never objects to smoking.’

‘Who is the general?’ said I to my host, when the teller of the above singular story had left the room.

‘Don’t you know him?’ replied my Lord Hobanob, with a smile; ‘you may believe every word he says. That is General Sir Goliah Gahagan.’

BOB ROBINSON'S FIRST LOVE

BY LANCELOT WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

[*New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1845.]

CLERGYMEN who take private pupils upon small livings in the West of England, and prepare young gentlemen for the universities or for public life, ought to be obliged by law to destroy their female offspring as certain Indian people do—or at least there should be convents or hospitals for the daughters of the tutoring clergy, where, until their papas had left off 'coaching' (as the Oxford phrase was—it is perhaps changed since our time), these virgins should be carefully immured.

For it is next to impossible that lads of eighteen years of age should be put in the daily presence of a rosy-fingered young creature, who makes breakfast every morning in a pink frock ; who trips across the common with good things in her basket for the suffering poor people of papa's parish , and who plays the most ravishing tunes on the piano in the evening after tea, when mathematics and the Greek plays are no longer thought of, when papa solaces himself with the *St. James's Chronicle* ; when Smith and Jones amuse themselves at chess ; and Robinson, who is musically inclined, accompanies Eliza on the flute :—it is next, I say, to impossible that something should not happen from the presence of such a young woman in a tutor's family—something delightful at its commencement, but often productive of woe, perplexity, and family annoyance ere its conclusion. Dear madam or miss ! I will not insult you by naming it—you have often inspired that something, and many a manly heart has suffered because you were inevitably fair !

So, too, was Miss Griggs, daughter of the clergyman under whose charge several of us completed our education. He took a limited number of young men of distinguished family

to prepare for the universities. He had a son at Cambridge, whose extravagance he would hint was the cause of his taking pupils; and his lovely daughter Eliza kept his house. When parents and guardians would remark on the comeliness of the young woman, and hint that her presence might be dangerous to the peace of mind of the pupils, old Griggs would fling his eyes up to heaven and say, 'I consider that dear girl, sir, to be married. She is engaged to her cousin, the Reverend Samuel Butts, fellow and tutor of Maudlin; and when the first living falls vacant,—alas, my Eliza will leave me! Would you have me part with her now? And yet, were she not engaged, she should not live under my roof, but reside, as she used to do previous to her engagement, with her angel mother's family.' Here old Griggs's white handkerchief would come out, and as with a trembling voice he uttered these words, his bald forehead, white head, hook nose, and white neck-cloth never failed to impose respect upon his hearers; and parents thought their children lucky under the care of such a man.

But Butts was absent: we saw nothing of him save occasionally in vacation time, when he made his appearance in the shape of a dumpy little flaccid-faced man, who wore high-lows, and no straps to his trousers. He made but a poor figure by the side of the brilliant young bucks at Griggs's, who dressed for dinner, had their clothes from Clifford Street, and wore yellow kid gloves at church on Sundays. I think Miss G. (we did not like to call her Miss Griggs, somehow) must have seen the disadvantage under which her Samuel laboured in the company of young men of the world. But he was an honest man, great at the digamma, and Miss G. had been engaged to him years ago, before her brother's extravagance at college had compelled pa to take pupils. She wore a lock of his sandy hair in a seven-shilling brooch round her neck; and there was a sticking-plaster full-length of him in his cap and gown, done by the fellow from Brighton, who had hit off to a nicety his little bunch of a nose, and his dumpy, pudgy figure and high-lows, hanging up in the dining-room. Robinson (he who played the flute) used to look at that black figure with violent rage and disgust, shake his fist at it, utter tremendous comminations against Butts as a snob, and wish that either one were dead or the other had never been born,

for his soul was consumed with passion for Eliza Griggs, and his heart was scorched with the flames of a first love.

Do not be alarmed for the consequences, madam ; don't expect any harrowing romance—*wir haben auch geliebt und gelebt*—we have endured it and survived it, as other people do. It is like the small-pox, diminished in virulence, and doesn't carry off half so many people as it used according to old accounts.

'They have been engaged for seven years,' Robinson used to say, making us confidants of his love, and howling and raging about it as young men of his ardent temperament will do ; 'but she can't care about him ; I know she can't look how the brute squints ; and see him eat peas with his knife,—I could thwottle him.'

It was quite true : Butts had that obliquity, and consumed his vegetables with the aid of the implement in question. Another day he would come out with, 'She was a child when the engagement was made. He is a brute to hold her to it. He might have married her years ago, but he is waiting for the 1,200*l.* a year great living, which may never fall in. The selfish scoundrel ought to release her from her engagement.' But he didn't. The promise was there. The locket hung round her neck. 'I confide these things to you as a friend—a brother'—Eliza would say. 'But let me submit to my destiny. What are you men but selfish ! all, all selfish ! Unfortunate Eliza !'

Don't imagine I am going to say anything disrespectful of her—don't fancy I would hint that she was unfaithful to her Butts—in love matters women are never in fault. I never heard of a coquette in my life—nor of a woman playing with a man's affections and heartlessly flinging him off—nor of a woman marrying for money—nor of a sly mother who coaxed and wheedled a young fellow until somehow Jemima was off her hands. No, no, the women are always right, and the author of *Mrs. Caudle's Lectures* ought to be pulled to pieces like Orpheus for vilifying the sex.

Eliza then did not give the least encouragement to young Robinson, though somehow they were always together. You couldn't go into the garden and see the pink frock among the gooseberry-bushes but Robinson's green shooting-jacket was seen sauntering by ; in the evening their flute and piano were always tweedledeedling in concert—and they never stopped until they had driven us out of the room with

their music, when unaccountably the duet would cease ; how was it that when miss was on the landing-place, Robinson was always coming upstairs ? So it was thought. They were talking about Mr. Butts probably. What was that lock of hair Robinson kept in his desk ? It may have been his sister's, his grandmother's. Were there not many people with black hair besides Eliza ? And yet the ill-natured might have fancied that some mercenary motives influenced the pure heart of Miss Eliza. Robinson, though six years younger than herself, was perhaps a catch in a pecuniary point of view. He was the son of the famous banking-house of Hobbs, Dobbs, and Robinson ; and when arrived at five-and-twenty (for as for Hobbs and Dobbs they were mere myths, like Child, Coutts, and others) would take his seat as head partner of the house. His widowed mother was a Miss Rolfe, daughter of Admiral Rolfe, and sister of General Sir Hugh Rolfe, K.C.B. Mr. Rolfe Robinson our young friend was called, being not a little proud of his double-barrelled name. By us he was denominated Rich Robinson, Kid Robinson, or Bandbox Robinson, alluding to the wealth to which he was heir, and the splendour of his person—or finally, in compliment to a hesitation in his speech which he possessed—Staggering Bob. He was, between ourselves, a weak, fair-haired, vapid, good-natured fellow : at Eton he was called Miss Robinson. Every one of his nicknames justly characterized some peculiarity about the honest fellow.

Huffle (belonging to the firm), Rolfe, his uncle, and his mother were joint guardians of this interesting heir. His lady mother spent her jointure in a stately way, occupying a great mansion in Portman Square, and giving grand parties in the season, whereof the *Morning Post* made mention. Royal dukes, ambassadors, never less than three marquises ;—Griggs, our tutor, never failed to read the names of these guests, to talk about them at dinner—and I think felt proud at having Mrs. Robinson's son in his house, who entertained such exalted company. He always helped Bob first in consequence, and gave him the wings of the fowls and the outside of the fillet of veal.

However, Mrs. Robinson had many daughters older than Bob ; and though she lived so splendidly, and though Bob was to be chief of the banking-house, the young man himself was not very well supplied with cash by his mother.

But he did not want for friends elsewhere ; and there was a certain old clerk in the bank who furnished his young master with any sums that he required—‘ out of regard for his dear father ’ the before-mentioned clerk used to say—of course never expecting to be paid back again, or to curry favour with his young principal so soon as he took the direction of affairs. From this man Robinson used to get down chests of cigars and cases of liquors and champagne which he consumed in secret at a certain cottage in the village. Nokes it was who provided surreptitious funds for the hiring of tandems, which, in our youthful days, we delighted to drive. Many a man at Griggs’s, who had only his own father’s purse to draw upon, envied Robinson such an invaluable friend as Nokes.

Well, this youth was in love with Miss Eliza Griggs. Her father was quite ignorant of the passion, of course—never dreamed of such a thing. Fathers are so proverbially blind !

Young Griggs, the Cambridge man, seldom came down among us, except to bleed the governor. A wild and impetuous young man he was ; not respectable, and of a bad set,—but we lads respected him because he was a man, and had rooms of his own, and told us stories about proctors and Newmarket ; and had a cut-away green coat and large whiskers—to all of which honours we one day hoped to come.

One Easter vacation when young Griggs came down, however, we observed he watched his sister and Robinson very keenly ; spoke harshly to the former, at which the latter would grow very angry ; and finally, one day after dinner, when, as usual after the second glass of port, Griggs had given the signal for retiring, touched Robinson on the shoulder as we were quitting the dining-room, and said, ‘ Mr. Robinson, I would wish to have a word with you on the lawn.’ At this summons I observed Robinson turn as red as a carrot, and give a hurried glance at Eliza, who very nearly dropped the bottle she was locking up of old Griggs’s fiery port wine.

The particulars of the interview between the two gentlemen Robinson narrated to me that very evening (indeed, he told everybody everything concerning himself). ‘ Griggs ’ (says he) ‘ has been asking me what my intentions are with regard to Eliza. He says my attentions to her are

most remarkable ; that I must have known she was already an engaged person, though he didn't care to confess that the engagement was one into which his sister had been forced, and which had never been pleasing to her—but that it was impossible that my attentions should continue, or the poor girl's affections be tampered with any further.

“Tampered with!” says I (continued Robinson, speaking for himself), “I tamper with the affections of Miss Griggs!”

“By Jove, sir, do you mean to say that you have not? Haven't you given her a pearl bracelet and a copy of Thomas Moore's poems? Haven't you written copies of verses to her, three in English and one in Latin Alcaics? Do you suppose, sir, as a man of honour, I can allow my sister's feelings to be played with, and you an inmate under my unsuspecting father's roof? No, sir, things can't end here. You must either declare yourself or—you know the alternative.”

Here he gave a tremendous scowl, and his eyes flashed so, and his bushy whiskers curled round his face so fiercely, that Robinson, a timid man—as almost all men who play on the flute are—felt no small degree of perturbation.

‘But I *do* declare myself,’ said the young gentleman, ‘I declare that I love your sister with all the ardour of a young heart; that she is the object of my daily thoughts and my nightly sighs—my soul's pole-star—my—my—’

‘Never mind any more, sir,’ replied young Griggs, somewhat appeased; ‘you have said all this in your poetry already.’ As Robinson confessed indeed he had.

The result of the interview between the young men was that Robinson declared himself the adorer of Eliza, and promised to marry her immediately on the consent of his mother and guardians, if not now, upon his coming of age, and entering into the banking business which he was heir to.

‘I may consider myself authorized on your part then to make this proposal to my sister?’ said Griggs.

To which Bob agreed, and as Griggs thought the offer had best come in writing, Robinson and he retired to the former's room, where a paper was drawn out at Griggs's direction, and signed by the lover of Eliza.

But the strange part of the story, and the proof of what I before advanced, viz. that Eliza was perfectly innocent and unconscious of the effects produced by her fatal beauty

—was that when George Griggs, her brother, carried her the offer, she vowed she had never been so surprised in her life—had never given Mr. Robinson the least encouragement—had, it is true, received presents of books from him and verses, which she regarded as mere proofs of school-boy friendship, a frolic—liked him very much certainly as a brother, a younger brother, in whose welfare she should ever feel the tenderest interest, for whose happiness she should ever pray—but she was certainly engaged to Mr. Butts.

Bob professed to be broken-hearted by this sentence of Eliza's, but we all saw there was hope for him, and that if the engagement with Butts could be broken, he might then aspire to the bliss which he desiderated. As for checking him in his desires, or pointing out the folly of his marriage at eighteen with a young lady of four-and-twenty, *that* was a point which struck none of us—on the contrary, our pleasure was to suppose that old Griggs would refuse consent, that an elopement would take place in consequence; which Bob's friends would have the fun of arranging, and we even inspected the post-chaise at the Green Dragon, and ascertained the condition of the posters kept there, in anticipation of such an event—not that Eliza would have consented, of course not—I would not suppose that she or any other woman would do such a thing, and mention this as an instance not of her indiscretion, but of our youthful folly.

Meanwhile, Mr. George Griggs returned to the university, having made an unsuccessful application, he said, upon the governor's feelings, to induce him to break off his sister's marriage with Butts.

'The old gentleman's honour was bound,' his son said; 'he wished it were otherwise, but having pledged his word he could not withdraw it: and as soon as Butts pleased he might claim his bride. The living Butts desires must soon fall in,' he added, 'Hicky has had two fits of apoplexy already. Give him a third, and it will be too late.'

With this intimation George Griggs departed, informing his young friend at the same time that, although he would gladly have shaken his hand as a brother-in-law, that relationship appeared now to be impossible; and that if he heard of the least further communication between Bob and his sister, he should be obliged to return from Cambridge in a character most painful to him.

'Why, why,' said he, 'did you come into our house, and bring wretchedness into our peaceful family? Before she saw you, my sister was happy—contented at least with her lot—now she only looks forward to it with terror, and I dread to think of the consequences—*that match will kill her*, sir—I know Eliza's heart—she will die, sir—and, mind me, *there must be other victims if she do!*'

I don't know whether Bob was touched, or terrified, or delighted by this announcement—delighted to be the possessor of such charms—touched by the cruel havoc they caused—or terrified at the consequences which might ensue to himself from the exercise of his fatal power to please; however, he determined Miss Griggs should *not* die.

He accordingly wrote off the following letter to his correspondent:—

MY DEAR NOKES—Send me down fifty pounds, and a case of pistols, and put them down to my own account. Counting upon receiving your parcel and remittance per coach, Wednesday; I shall leave this on Wednesday evening at eleven, drive through London to the Angel, Islington, and be there probably at five o'clock in the morning. Have a carriage-and-four waiting for me there, and you may as well bring fifty pounds more, for posting is dear, and I am going to the North. Don't fail me at *this most critical juncture of my life*, and count upon the eternal gratitude of

ROBERT ROLFE ROBINSON.

When the faithful Nokes received this letter, he for some time could not understand the nature of its contents, until at last the real nature flashed upon him that his young master was going to run away with some lady, and ruin his own and Nokes's prospects for life.

We made it all right meanwhile about the horses at the Green Dragon, which were to be ready at eleven o'clock on Wednesday evening; and in the afternoon of that day walked down to Puddle Heath, two miles from our parsonage, where the London coach passed, and we made sure of finding our parcel.

Instead of the parcel it was little Nokes himself who jumped off the box, and giving Robinson a squeeze of the hand, and a nod of the head, pointed significantly to the carpet-bag, which the ostler was handing down, and which no doubt contained the money and the pistols. What the deuce we wanted with pistols, I have never been able to ascertain—it was Tolmash, our comrade at Griggs's, who

suggested the pistols, as we sat in conspiracy over the affair (for we delighted in it, and had hours and hours of consultation every night concerning it), it was, I say, Tolmash suggested the pistols, taking a hint from a picture in *Tom and Jerry*, in which a fellow is represented running away to Gretna Green, and pointing the 'barkers' at the governor who is just galloping up.

Bob was so impatient to see these weapons that it was with great difficulty Nokes could restrain him from examining them on the high road, but we waited until we got a private room at the Green Dragon, where the weapons were shown, and where Bob explained at full length, and with great eloquence, his purpose of abduction.

'There was a gal, a beuffle gal, whose heart was bweaking for him, and whose pawents wouldn't let him marwy—he was determined to wun away with her if he couldn't get her—to blow his bwains out,' &c., &c.

All this Bob told with great spluttering and emotion over a glass of brandy-and-water. Nokes looked grave.

'I suppose it's the parson's daughter you wrote me about, that I sent the necklace down for. I thought *that* would have been enough for *her*. Lord, Lord, what fools you young men are, Mr. Bob!'

'Fools! If you call me a fool, or bweathe a word against Eliza, I'll kick you wound the woom,' roared Bob, who didn't seem to have much regard for his father's old friend.

'Well, well,—stop—you'll regret it in after-life, and remember the words of poor old faithful Jack Nokes; but never mind *that*. I can take a hard word from your father's son. Here are the pistols; you'd best not take them to the house, as you'll get into the carriage here, I presume. Here's the money—please just acknowledge it—I wash my hands of the business—kick Jack Nokes round the room, indeed!'

Bob seized Mr. Nokes's hand with eagerness, swore he was his best and deawest fwiend, as he should find when he came into Lombard Street; and then, being armed with the sinews of war, the chaise was ordered at eleven, and we all departed for the vicarage.

I repeat I have nothing to say against Miss Griggs—she wouldn't have come very likely—she would have spurned the proposition with scorn, and refused to run away altogether,

even if—even if a circumstance had not happened which rendered that measure impossible.

At about nine o'clock—the moon was shining beautifully over the old church—Bob was packing his portmanteau for the expedition, and laboriously striving to thrust in a large dressing-case full of silver saucepans, gold razors, &c., which must have been particularly useful to him, as he had no beard as yet. We were making ready for the start, I say, when a letter was brought for R. Rolfe Robinson, Esquire, in the well-known commercial running-hand of Mr. Nokes.

SIR—Though I may lose your friendship for ever, I am determined to prevent this mad step on your part. I have written to Mr. Griggs, warning him solemnly, and threatening him with law proceedings and ruin, from which I am confident that I have saved you. I was at school with your father, and saved him too, and devote myself to the son as to him.

I have taken the post-chaise and the pistols back to town with me.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN NOKES.

Bob was bursting out in an oath, when the door opened, and our respected tutor, the Reverend Frederic Griggs, made his awful appearance, candle in hand, and with a most agitated countenance.

'What is this that I hear, Mr. Robinson?' he exclaimed. 'What news, sir, is this for a tutor and a—a f-f-f-ather? Have I been harbouring a traitor in my bosom—a serpent that would sting my innocent child—so young and so corrupted! O Heavens!'

And he proceeded into an oration, which I pretermit, and which lasted for a quarter of an hour. Griggs had a flux of words, and which imposed greatly upon parents and guardians during a first visit or two, but became intolerably tedious to us who were forced to hear it every day. He left us after the oration, saying he was about to retire and pray for the misguided young men who had entered into a conspiracy against a fond father's peace.

Robinson was wild. He talked of suicide, but the pistols were gone, and he didn't think of using the gold razors in the grand new dressing-case. We sat with him, and tried to pacify him with philosophy, and a bottle of cherry-brandy. We left him at three o'clock, and he told us that he ran

frantically out of the room, to Miss Griggs's bedroom, and cried out passionately, 'Eliza, Eliza!' The door was locked, of course; he could hear sobbing from within, accompanied by the heavy snore of Mrs. West, the house-keeper, who was placed as dragon over the weeping virgin. Poor soul! she did not come down in her pink frock to breakfast next morning.

But about that hour, up drove General Sir Hugh Rolfe, an apoplectic, goggle-eyed, white-whiskered little general, tightly girthed round the waist, with buckskin gloves and a bamboo-cane, at whose appearance, as he rolled out of the yellow post-chaise, poor Bob turned ashy pale.

We presently heard the general swearing in the passage, and the voice of the Reverend Mr. Griggs raised in meek expostulation.

'Fetch down his things—don't humbug me, sir—infamous swindle, sir. Bring down Mr. Robinson's bags—d—d impostor, sir,' and so on. Volleys of oaths were let off by the fiery little man, which banged and exploded in our little hall like so many Vauxhall crackers.

Our friend was carried off. Our own relatives caused us to be removed speedily from Griggs's under the plea that his daughter was a dangerous inmate of a tutor's house, and that he might take a fancy to make her run away with one of *us*. Nokes even said that the old gentleman had gone so far as to offer to make it worth his while if he would allow the *enlèvement* to take place—but the Reverend Frederic Griggs replied triumphantly to these calumnies by marrying his daughter to the Reverend Samuel Butts (who got his living by the death of the apoplectic incumbent), and she is the mother of many children by him, and looks at that angel face of his with a fond smile, and asks, 'Who but you, love, could ever have touched the heart of Eliza?'

LITTLE TRAVELS AND ROADSIDE SKETCHES

BY TITMARSH

I

FROM RICHMOND IN SURREY TO BRUSSELS IN BELGIUM

[*Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1844.]

. . . I QUITTED the Rose Cottage Hotel at Richmond, one of the comfortablest, quietest, cheapest, neatest little inns in England, and a thousand times preferable, in my opinion, to the Star and Garter, whither, if you go alone, a sneering waiter, with his hair curled, frightens you off the premises; and where, if you are bold enough to brave the sneering waiter, you have to pay ten shillings for a bottle of claret; and whence, if you look out of the window, you gaze on a view which is so rich that it seems to knock you down with its splendour—a view that has its hair curled like the swaggering waiter: I say, I quitted the Rose Cottage Hotel with deep regret, believing that I should see nothing so pleasant as its gardens, and its veal cutlets, and its dear little bowling-green elsewhere. But the time comes when people must go out of town, and so I got on the top of the omnibus, and the carpet-bag was put inside.

If I were a great prince and rode outside of coaches (as I should if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havanas in my pocket—not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odour of their filthy weeds. A man at all easy in his circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back and asked for a light. He was a footman, or rather valet. He had no livery, but the three friends who accompanied

him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind-instrument, which he called a 'kinopium,' a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the 'kinopium' a most abominable air, which he said was the 'Duke's March.' It was played by particular request of one of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

The noise was so abominable that even the coachman objected (although my friend's brother footmen were ravished with it) and said that it was not allowed to play toons on *his* bus. 'Very well,' said the valet, '*we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment, THAT'S ALL.*' The coachman could not resist that appeal to his fashionable feelings. The valet was allowed to play his infernal kinopium, and the poor fellow (the coachman), who had lived in some private families, was quite anxious to conciliate the footmen of the Duke of B——'s establishment, that's all, and told several stories of his having been groom in Captain Hoskins's family, *nephew of Governor Hoskins*, which stories the footmen received with great contempt.

The footmen were like the rest of the fashionable world in this respect. I felt for my part that I respected them. They were in daily communication with a duke! They were not the rose, but they had lived beside it. There is an odour in the English aristocracy which intoxicates plebeians. I am sure that any commoner in England, though he would die rather than confess it, would have a respect for those great, big, hulking duke's footmen.

The day before, her grace the duchess had passed us alone in a chariot-and-four with two outriders. What better mark of innate superiority could man want? Here was a slim lady who required four—six horses to herself, and four servants (kinopium was, no doubt, one of the number) to guard her.

We were sixteen inside and out, and had consequently an eighth of a horse apiece.

A duchess = 6, a commoner = $\frac{1}{8}$; that is to say,

1 duchess = 48 commoners.

If I were a duchess of the present day, I would say to the duke, my noble husband, 'My dearest grace, I think, when I travel alone in my chariot from Hammersmith to

London, I will not care for the outriders. In these days, when there is so much poverty and so much disaffection in the country, we should not *éclabousser* the *canaille* with the sight of our preposterous prosperity.'

But this is very likely only plebeian envy, and I dare say, if I were a lovely duchess of the realm, I would ride in a coach-and-six, with a coronet on the top of my bonnet and a robe of velvet and ermine even in the dog-days.

Alas! these are the dog-days. Many dogs are abroad—snarling dogs, biting dogs, envious dogs, mad dogs; beware of exciting the fury of such with your flaming red velvet and dazzling ermine. It makes ragged Lazarus doubly hungry to see Dives feasting in cloth of gold; and so if I were a beauteous duchess. . . . Silence, vain man, can the queen herself make you a duchess? Be content, then, nor gibe at thy betters of 'the Duke of B——'s establishment—that's all.'

*On board the 'Antwerpen,'
off everywhere.*

We have bidden adieu to Billingsgate, we have passed the Thames Tunnel; it is one o'clock, and of course people are thinking of being hungry. What a merry place a steamer is on a calm sunny summer forenoon, and what an appetite every one seems to have! We are, I assure you, no less than 170 noblemen and gentlemen together pacing up and down under the awning, or lolling on the sofas in the cabin, and hardly have we passed Greenwich when the feeding begins. The company was at the brandy and soda-water in an instant (there is a sort of legend that the beverage is a preservative against sea-sickness), and I admired the penetration of gentlemen who partook of the drink. In the first place, the steward *will* put so much brandy into the tumbler that it is fit to choke you; and secondly, the soda-water, being kept as near as possible to the boiler of the engine, is of a fine wholesome heat when presented to the hot and thirsty traveller. Thus he is prevented from catching any sudden cold which might be dangerous to him.

The forepart of the vessel is crowded to the full as much as the genteeler quarter. There are four carriages, each with piles of imperials and aristocratic gimcracks of travel, under the wheels of which those personages have to clamber

who have a mind to look at the bowsprit, and perhaps to smoke a cigar at ease. The carriages overcome, you find yourself confronted by a huge penful of Durham oxen, lying on hay and surrounded by a barricade of oars. Fifteen of these horned monsters maintain an incessant mooing and bellowing. Beyond the cows come a heap of cotton-bags, beyond the cotton-bags more carriages, more pyramids of travelling-trunks, and valets and couriers bustling and swearing round about them. And already, and in various corners and niches, lying on coils of rope, black tar cloths, ragged cloaks, or hay, you see a score of those dubious fore-cabin passengers, who are never shaved, who always look unhappy, and appear getting ready to be sick.

At one, dinner begins in the after-cabin—boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled mutton, boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes, and parboiled wine for any gentlemen who like it, and two roast ducks between seventy. After this, knobs of cheese are handed round on a plate, and there is a talk of a tart somewhere at some end of the table. All this I saw peeping through a sort of meat-safe which ventilates the top of the cabin, and very happy and hot did the people seem below.

‘How the deuce *can* people dine at such an hour?’ say several genteel fellows who are watching the manœuvres. ‘I can’t touch a morsel before seven.’

But somehow at half-past three o’clock we had dropped a long way down the river. The air was delightfully fresh, the sky of a faultless cobalt, the river shining and flashing like quicksilver, and at this period steward runs against me bearing two great smoking dishes covered by two great glistening hemispheres of tin. ‘Fellow,’ says I, ‘what’s that?’

He lifted up the cover; it was ducks and green peas by jingo!

‘What, haven’t they done *yet*, the greedy creatures?’ I asked. ‘Have the people been feeding for three hours?’

‘Law bless you, sir, it’s the second dinner. Make haste, or you won’t get a place,’ at which words a genteel party with whom I had been conversing instantly tumbled down the hatchway, and I find myself one of the second relay of seventy who are attacking the boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled cabbage, &c. As for the ducks, I certainly

had some peas, very fine yellow stiff peas that ought to have been split before they were boiled ; but with regard to the ducks, I saw the animals gobbled up before my eyes by an old widow lady and her party just as I was shrieking to the steward to bring a knife and fork to carve them. The fellow ! (I mean the widow lady's whiskered companion)—I saw him eat peas with the very knife with which he had dissected the duck !

After dinner (as I need not tell the keen observer of human nature who peruses this) the human mind, if the body be in a decent state, expands into gaiety and benevolence, and the intellect longs to measure itself in friendly converse with the divers intelligences around it. We ascend upon deck, and after eyeing each other for a brief space and with a friendly, modest hesitation, we begin anon to converse about the weather and other profound and delightful themes of English discourse. We confide to each other our respective opinions of the ladies round about us. Look at that charming creature in a pink bonnet and a dress of the pattern of a Kilmarnock snuff-box ; a stalwart Irish gentleman in a green coat and bushy red whiskers is whispering something very agreeable into her ear, as is the wont of gentlemen of his nation ; for her dark eyes kindle, her red lips open and give an opportunity to a dozen beautiful pearly teeth to display themselves, and glance brightly in the sun, while round the teeth and the lips a number of lovely dimples make their appearance, and her whole countenance assumes a look of perfect health and happiness. See her companion in shot silk and a dove-coloured parasol ; in what a graceful Watteau-like attitude she reclines. The tall courier who has been bouncing about the deck in attendance upon these ladies (it is his first day of service, and he is eager to make a favourable impression on them and the lady's-maids too) has just brought them from the carriage a small paper of sweet cakes (nothing is prettier than to see a pretty woman eating sweet biscuits) and a bottle that evidently contains malmsey madeira. How daintily they sip it ; how happy they seem ; how that lucky rogue of an Irishman prattles away ! Yonder is a noble group indeed : an English gentleman and his family. Children, mother, grandmother, grown-up daughters, father, and domestics, twenty-two in all. They have a table to themselves on the deck, and the consumption of eatables

among them is really endless. The nurses have been bustling to and fro and bringing first, slices of cake ; then dinner ; then tea with huge family jugs of milk ; and the little people have been playing hide-and-seek round the deck, coquetting with the other children, and making friends of every soul on board. I love to see the kind eyes of women fondly watching them as they gambol about ; a female face, be it ever so plain, when occupied in regarding children becomes celestial almost, and a man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking on at such sights. ' Ah, sir ! ' says a great big man, whom you would not accuse of sentiment, ' I have a couple of those little things at home ; ' and he stops and heaves a great big sigh and swallows down a half-tumbler of cold something and water. We know what the honest fellow means well enough. He is saying to himself, ' God bless my girls and their mother ! ' but, being a Briton, is too manly to speak out in a more intelligible way. Perhaps it is as well for him to be quiet, and not chatter and gesticulate like those Frenchmen a few yards from him, who are chirping over a bottle of champagne.

There is, as you may fancy, a number of such groups on the deck, and a pleasant occupation it is for a lonely man to watch them and build theories upon them, and examine those two personages seated cheek by jowl. One is an English youth, travelling for the first time, who has been hard at his guide-book during the whole journey. He has a *Manuel du Voyageur* in his pocket ; a very pretty, amusing little oblong work it is too, and might be very useful, if the foreign people in three languages, among whom you travel, would but give the answers set down in the book, or understand the questions you put to them out of it. The other honest gentleman in the fur cap, what can his occupation be ? We know him at once for what he is. ' Sir, ' says he, in a fine German accent, ' I am a professor of languages, and will gif you lessons in Danish, Swedish, English, Bortuguese, Spanish and Bersian. ' Thus occupied in meditations, the rapid hours and the rapid steamer pass quickly on. The sun is sinking, and, as he drops, the ingenious luminary sets the Thames on fire : several worthy gentlemen, watch in hand, are eagerly examining the phenomena attending his disappearance,—rich clouds of purple and gold, that form the curtains of

his bed,—little barks that pass black across his disk, his disk every instant dropping nearer and nearer into the water. ‘There he goes!’ says one sagacious observer, ‘No, he doesn’t,’ cries another. Now he is gone, and the steward is already threading the deck, asking the passengers, right and left, if they will take a little supper. What a grand object is a sunset, and what a wonder is an appetite at sea! Lo! the horned moon shines pale over Margate, and the red beacon is gleaming from distant Ramsgate pier.

A great rush is speedily made for the mattresses that lie in the boat at the ship’s side; and, as the night is delightfully calm, many fair ladies and worthy men determine to couch on deck for the night. The proceedings of the former, especially if they be young and pretty, the philosopher watches with indescribable emotion and interest. What a number of pretty coquetries do the ladies perform, and into what pretty attitudes do they take care to fall. All the little children have been gathered up by the nursery-maids, and are taken down to roost below. Balmy sleep seals the eyes of many tired wayfarers, as you see in the case of the Russian nobleman asleep among the portmantaus; and Titmarsh, who has been walking the deck for some time with a great mattress on his shoulders, knowing full well, that were he to relinquish it for an instant, some other person would seize on it, now stretches his bed upon the deck, wraps his cloak about his knees, draws his white cotton nightcap tight over his head and ears; and, as the smoke of his cigar rises calmly upwards to the deep sky and the cheerful twinkling stars, he feels himself exquisitely happy, and thinks of thee, my Juliana!

Why people, because they are in a steamboat, should get up so deucedly early, I cannot understand. Gentlemen have been walking over my legs ever since three o’clock this morning, and, no doubt, have been indulging in personalities (which I hate) regarding my appearance and manner of sleeping, lying, snoring. Let the wags laugh on; but a far pleasanter occupation is to sleep until breakfast-time, or near it.

The tea, and ham, and eggs, which, with a beefsteak or two, and three or four rounds of toast, form the component parts of the above-named elegant meal, are taken

in the river Scheldt. Little, neat, plump-looking churches and villages are rising here and there among tufts of trees and pastures that are wonderfully green. To the right as the guide-book says, is Walcheren; and on the left Cadsand, memorable for the English expedition of 1809 when Lord Chatham, Sir Walter Manny, and Henry, Earl of Derby, at the head of the English, gained a great victory over the Flemish mercenaries in the pay of Philippe of Valois. The cloth-yard shafts of the English archer did great execution. Flushing was taken, and Lord Chatham returned to England, where he distinguished himself greatly in the debates on the American war, which he called the brightest jewel of the British crown. You see, my love, that, though an artist by profession, my education has by no means been neglected; and what, indeed, would be the pleasure of travel unless these charming historical recollections were brought to bear upon it?

Antwerp.

As many hundreds of thousands of English visit this city (I have met at least a hundred of them in this half-hour walking the streets, guide-book in hand), and as the ubiquitous Murray has already depicted the place, there is no need to enter into a long description of it, its neatness, its beauty, and its stiff antique splendour. The tall, pale houses have many of them crimped gables, that look like Queen Elizabeth's ruffs. There are as many people in the streets as in London at three o'clock in the morning; the market-women wear bonnets of a flower-pot shape, and have shining brazen milk-pots, which are delightful to the eyes of a painter. Along the quays of the lazy Scheldt are innumerable good-natured groups of beer-drinkers (small-beer is the most good-natured drink in the world); along the barriers outside of the town, and by the glistening canals, are more beer-shops and more beer-drinkers. The city is defended by the queerest fat military. The chief traffic is between the hotels and the railroad. The hotels give wonderful good dinners, and especially at the Grand *Laboureur* may be mentioned a peculiar tart, which is the best of all tarts that ever a man ate since he was ten years old. A moonlight walk is delightful. At ten o'clock the whole city is quiet; and so little changed does

it seem to be, that you may walk back three hundred years into time, and fancy yourself a majestical Spaniard, or an oppressed and patriotic Dutchman at your leisure. You enter the inn, and the old Quentin Durward courtyard, on which the old towers look down. There is a sound of singing—singing at midnight. Is it Don Sombrero, who is singing an Andalusian seguidilla under the window of the Flemish burgomaster's daughter? Ah, no! it is a fat Englishman in a zephyr coat; he is drinking cold gin-and-water in the moonlight, and warbling softly,

Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
N-ix my dolly, pals, fake a-a-way.

I wish the good people would knock off the top part of Antwerp Cathedral spire. Nothing can be more gracious and elegant than the lines of the first two compartments; but near the top there bulges out a little round, ugly, vulgar Dutch monstrosity (for which the architects have no doubt, a name) which offends the eye cruelly. Take the Apollo, and set upon him a bob-wig and a little cocked hat; imagine 'God save the King' ending with a jig; fancy a polonaise, or procession of slim, stately, elegant court beauties headed by a buffoon dancing a hornpipe. Marshal Gérard should have discharged a bomb-shell at that abomination, and have given the noble steeple a chance to be finished in the grand style of the early fifteenth century, in which it was begun.

This style of criticism is base and mean, and quite contrary to the orders of the immortal Goethe, who was only for allowing the eye to recognize the beauties of a great work, but would have its defects passed over. It is an unhappy, luckless organization which will be perpetually fault-finding, and in the midst of a grand concert of music will persist only in hearing that unfortunate fiddle out of tune.

Within—except where the rococo architects have introduced their ornaments (here is the fiddle out of tune again)—the cathedral is noble. A rich, tender sunshine is streaming in through the windows, and gilding the stately edifice with the purest light. The admirable stained-glass windows are not too brilliant in their colours. The organ is playing a rich, solemn music; some two hundred of people are listening to the service; and there is scarce

one of the women kneeling on her chair, enveloped in her full, majestic, black drapery, but is not a fine study for a painter. These large black mantles of heavy silk brought over the heads of the women, and covering their persons, fall into such fine folds of drapery that they cannot help being picturesque and noble. See, kneeling by the side of two of those fine devout-looking figures, is a lady in a little twiddling Parisian hat and feather, in a little lace mantelet, in a tight gown and a bustle. She is almost as monstrous as yonder figure of the Virgin, in a hoop, and with a huge crown and a ball and a sceptre; and a bambino dressed in a little hoop, and in a little crown, round which are clustered flowers and pots of orange-trees, and before which many of the faithful are at prayer. Gentle clouds of incense come wafting through the vast edifice; and in the lulls of the music you hear the faint chant of the priest and the silver tinkle of the bell.

Six Englishmen, with the commissionaires and the Murray's guide-books in their hands, are looking at the 'Descent from the Cross.' Of this picture the guide-book gives you orders how to judge. If it is the end of religious painting to express the religious sentiment, a hundred of inferior pictures must rank before Rubens. Who was ever piously affected by any picture of the master? He can depict a livid thief writhing upon the cross, sometimes a blonde Magdalen weeping below it; but it is a Magdalen a very short time indeed after her repentance; her yellow brocades and flaring satins are still those which she wore when she was of the world; her body has not yet lost the marks of the feasting and voluptuousness in which she used to indulge, according to the legend. Not one of the Rubens pictures, among all the scores that decorate chapels and churches here, has the least tendency to purify, to touch the affections, or to awaken the feelings of religious respect and wonder. The 'Descent from the Cross' is vast, gloomy, and awful; but the awe inspired by it is, as I take it, altogether material. He might have painted a picture of any criminal broken on the wheel, and the sensation inspired by it would have been precisely similar. Nor in a religious picture do you want the *savoir-faire* of the master to be always protruding itself; it detracts from the feeling of reverence, just as the thumping of cushion and the spouting of tawdry oratory does from a sermon. Meek religion dis-

appears, shouldered out of the desk by the pompous, stalwart, big-chested, fresh-coloured, bushy-whiskered pulpiteer. Rubens's piety has always struck us as of this sort. If he takes a pious subject, it is to show you in what a fine way he, Peter Paul Rubens, can treat it. He never seems to doubt but that he is doing it a great honour. His 'Descent from the Cross,' and its accompanying wings and cover, are a set of puns upon the word Christopher, of which the taste is more odious than that of the hooped-petticoated Virgin yonder, with her artificial flowers and her rings and brooches. The people who made an offering of that hooped-petticoat did their best, at any rate; they knew no better. There is humility in that simple, quaint present; trustfulness and kind intention. Looking about at other altars, you see (much to the horror of our pious) all sorts of queer little emblems hanging up under little pyramids of penny candles that are sputtering and flaring there. Here you have a silver arm, or a little gold toe, or a wax leg, or a gilt eye, signifying and commemorating cures that have been performed by the supposed intercession of the saint over whose chapel they hang. Well, although they are abominable superstitions, yet these queer little offerings seem to me to be a great deal more pious than Rubens's big pictures; just as is the widow with her poor little mite compared to the swelling Pharisee who flings his purse of gold into the plate.

A couple of days of Rubens and his church pictures makes one thoroughly and entirely sick of him. His very genius and splendour palls upon one, even taking the pictures as worldly pictures. One grows weary of being perpetually feasted with this rich, coarse, steaming food. Considering them as church pictures, I don't want to go to church to hear, however splendid, an organ play the 'British Grenadiers.'

The Antwerpians have set up a clumsy bronze statue of their divinity in a square of the town; and those who have not enough of Rubens in the churches may study him, and indeed to much greater advantage, in a good, well-lighted museum. Here there is one picture, a dying saint taking the communion, a large piece ten or eleven feet high, and painted in an incredibly short space of time, which is extremely curious indeed for the painter's study.

The picture is scarcely more than an immense magnificent sketch ; but it tells the secret of the artist's manner, which, in the midst of its dash and splendour, is curiously methodical. Where the shadows are warm the lights are cold, and vice versa ; and the picture has been so rapidly painted that the tints lie raw by the side of one another, the artist not having taken the trouble to blend them.

There are two exquisite Vandykes (whatever Sir Joshua may say of them), and in which the very management of the grey tones which the president abuses forms the principal excellence and charm. Why, after all, are we not to have our opinion ? Sir Joshua is not the Pope. The colour of one of those Vandykes is as fine as *fine* Paul Veronese, and the sentiment beautifully tender and graceful.

I saw, too, an exhibition of the modern Belgian artists (1843), the remembrance of whose pictures after a month's absence has almost entirely vanished. Wappers's hand, as I thought, seemed to have grown old and feeble. Verboeckhoven's cattle-pieces are almost as good as Paul Potter's, and Keyser has dwindled down into namby-pamby prettiness, pitiful to see in the gallant young painter who astonished the Louvre artists ten years ago by a hand almost as dashing and ready as that of Rubens himself. There were, besides, many caricatures of the new German school, which are in themselves caricatures of the masters before Raphael.

An instance of honesty may be mentioned here with applause. The writer lost a pocket-book containing a passport and a couple of modest ten-pound notes. The person who found the portfolio ingeniously put it into the box of the post office, and it was faithfully restored to the owner ; but somehow the two ten-pound notes were absent. It was, however, a great comfort to get the passport and the pocket-book, which must be worth about ninepence.

Brussels.

It was night when we arrived by the railroad from Antwerp at Brussels ; the route is very pretty and interesting, and the flat countries through which the road passes in the highest state of peaceful, smiling cultivation. The fields by the roadside are enclosed by hedges as in England,

the harvest was in part down, and an English country gentleman who was of our party pronounced the crops to be as fine as any he had ever seen. Of this matter a Cockney cannot judge accurately, but any man can see with what extraordinary neatness and care all these little plots of ground are tilled, and admire the richness and brilliancy of the vegetation. Outside of the moat of Antwerp, and at every village by which we passed, it was pleasant to see the happy congregations of well-clad people that basked in the evening sunshine, and soberly smoked their pipes and drank their Flemish beer. Men who love this drink must, as I fancy, have something essentially peaceful in their composition, and must be more easily satisfied than folks on our side of the water. The excitement of Flemish beer is, indeed, not great. I have tried both the white beer and the brown; they are both of the kind which schoolboys denominate 'swipes,' very sour and thin to the taste, but served, to be sure, in quaint Flemish jugs that do not seem to have changed their form since the days of Rubens, and must please the lovers of antiquarian knick-knacks. Numbers of comfortable-looking women and children sat beside the head of the family upon the tavern-benches, and it was amusing to see one little fellow of eight years old smoking, with much gravity, his father's cigar. How the worship of the sacred plant of tobacco has spread through all Europe! I am sure that the persons who cry out against the use of it are guilty of superstition and unreason, and that it would be a proper and easy task for scientific persons to write an encomium upon the weed. In solitude it is the pleasantest companion possible, and in company never *de trop*. To a student it suggests all sorts of agreeable thoughts, it refreshes the brain when weary, and every sedentary cigar-smoker will tell you how much good he has had from it, and how he has been able to return to his labour, after a quarter of an hour's mild interval of the delightful leaf of Havana. Drinking has gone from among us since smoking came in. It is a wicked error to say that smokers are drunkards; drink they do, but of gentle diluents mostly, for fierce stimulants of wine or strong liquors are abhorrent to the real lover of the Indian weed. Ah! my Juliana, join not in the vulgar cry that is raised against us. Cigars and cool drinks beget quiet conversations, good humour, meditation; not hot blood

such as mounts into the head of drinkers of apoplectic port or dangerous claret. Are we not more moral and reasonable than our forefathers? Indeed I think so somewhat; and many improvements of social life and converse must date with the introduction of the pipe.

We were a dozen tobacco-consumers in the wagon of the train that brought us from Antwerp; nor did the women of the party (sensible women!) make a single objection to the fumigation. But enough of this; only let me add, in conclusion, that an excellent Israelitish gentleman, Mr. Hartog of Antwerp, supplies cigars for a penny a-piece, such as are not to be procured in London for four times the sum.

Through smiling cornfields, then, and by little woods, from which rose here and there the quaint peaked towers of some old-fashioned *châteaux*, our train went smoking along at thirty miles an hour. We caught a glimpse of Mechlin steeple, at first dark against the sunset, and afterwards bright as we came to the other side of it, and admired long glistening canals or moats that surrounded the queer old town, and were lighted up in that wonderful way which the sun only understands, and not even Mr. Turner, with all his vermilion and gamboge, can put down on canvas. The verdure was everywhere astonishing, and we fancied we saw many golden Cuyps as we passed by these quiet pastures.

Steam-engines and their accompaniments, blazing forges, gaunt manufactories, with numberless windows and long black chimneys, of course take away from the romance of the place; but, as we whirled into Brussels, even these engines had a fine appearance. Three or four of the snorting, galloping monsters had just finished their journey, and there was a quantity of flaming ashes lying under the brazen bellies of each that looked properly lurid and demoniacal. The men at the station came out with flaming torches—awful-looking fellows, indeed! Presently the different baggage was handed out, and in the very worst vehicle I ever entered, and at the very slowest pace, we were borne to the Hôtel de Suède, from which house of entertainment this letter is written.

We strolled into the town, but, though the night was excessively fine and it was not yet eleven o'clock, the streets of the little capital were deserted, and the handsome blazing

cafés round about the theatres contained no inmates. Ah, what a pretty sight is the Parisian Boulevard on a night like this! how many pleasant hours has one passed in watching the lights, and the hum, and the stir, and the laughter of those happy, idle people! There was none of this gaiety here; nor was there a person to be found, except a skulking commissioner or two (whose real name in French is that of a fish that is eaten with fennel-sauce), and who offered to conduct us to certain curiosities in the town. What must we English not have done that in every town in Europe we are to be fixed upon by scoundrels of this sort; and what a pretty reflection it is on our country that such rascals find the means of living on us!

Early the next morning we walked through a number of streets in the place, and saw certain sights. The park is very pretty, and all the buildings round about it have an air of neatness—almost of stateliness. The houses are tall, the streets spacious, and the roads extremely clean. In the park is a little theatre, a café somewhat ruinous, a little palace for the king of this little kingdom, some smart public buildings (with S.P.Q.B. emblazoned on them, at which pompous inscription one cannot help laughing), and other rows of houses somewhat resembling a little Rue de Rivoli. Whether from my own natural greatness and magnanimity, or from that handsome share of national conceit that every Englishman possesses, my impressions of this city are certainly anything but respectful. It has an absurd kind of Lilliput look with it. There are soldiers, just as in Paris, better dressed, and doing a vast deal of drumming and bustle; and yet, somehow, far from being frightened at them, I feel inclined to laugh in their faces. There are little ministers, who work at their little bureaux, and, to read the journals, how fierce they are! A great thundering *Times* could hardly talk more big. One reads about the rascally ministers, the miserable opposition, the designs of tyrants, the eyes of Europe; &c., just as one would in real journals. The *Moniteur* of Ghent belabours the *Independent* of Brussels; the *Independent* falls foul of the *Lynx*; and really it is difficult not to suppose sometimes that these worthy people are in earnest. And yet how happy were they *sua si bona norint*! Think what a comfort it would be to belong to a little state like this;

not to abuse their privilege, but philosophically to use it. If I were a Belgian, I would not care one single fig about politics. I would not read thundering leading articles. I would not have an opinion. What's the use of an opinion here? Happy fellows! do not the French, the English, and the Prussians, spare them the trouble of thinking, and make all their opinions for them? Think of living in a country free, easy, respectable, wealthy, and with the nuisance of talking politics removed from out of it. All this might the Belgians have, and a part do they enjoy, but not the best part; no, these people will be brawling and by the ears, and parties run as high here as at Stoke Pogis or Little Pedlington.

These sentiments were elicited by the reading of a paper at the café in the park, where we sat under the trees for a while and sipped our cool lemonade. Numbers of statues decorate the place, the very worst I ever saw. These Cupids must have been erected in the time of the Dutch dynasty, as I judge from the immense posterior developments. Indeed the arts of the country are very low. The statues here, and the lions before the Prince of Orange's palace, would disgrace almost the figure-head of a ship.

Of course we paid our visit to this little lion of Brussels (the prince's palace, I mean). The architecture of the building is admirably simple and firm; and you remark about it, and all other works here, a high finish in doors, woodwork, paintings, &c., that one does not see in France, where the buildings are often rather sketched than completed, and the artist seems to neglect the limbs, as it were, and extremities of his figures.

The finish of this little place is exquisite. We went through some dozen of state rooms, paddling along over the slippery floors of inlaid woods in great slippers, without which we must have come to the ground. How did his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange manage when he lived here, and her Imperial Highness the Princess, and their excellencies the chamberlains, and the footmen? They must have been on their tails many times a day, that's certain, and must have cut queer figures.

The ball-room is beautiful—all marble, and yet with a comfortable, cheerful look; the other apartments are not less agreeable, and the people looked with intense satisfaction at some great lapis-lazuli tables, which the guide

informed us were worth four millions, more or less ; adding, with a very knowing look, that they were *un peu plus cher que l'or*. This speech has a tremendous effect on visitors, and when we met some of our steamboat companions in the Park or elsewhere—in so small a place as this one falls in with them a dozen times a day—'Have you seen the tables ?' was the general question. Prodigious tables are they, indeed ! Fancy a table, my dear—a table four feet wide—a table with legs. Ye heavens ! the mind can hardly picture to itself anything so beautiful and so tremendous !

There are some good pictures in the palace, too, but not so extraordinarily good as the guide-books and the guide would have us to think. The latter, like most men of his class, is an ignoramus, who showed us an Andrea del Sarto (copy or original) and called it a Correggio, and made other blunders of a like nature. As is the case in England, you are hurried through the rooms without being allowed time to look at the pictures, and, consequently, to pronounce a satisfactory judgement on them.

In the museum more time was granted me, and I spent some hours with pleasure there. It is an absurd little gallery, absurdly imitating the Louvre, with just such compartments and pillars as you see in the noble Paris gallery ; only here the pillars and capitals are stucco and white in place of marble and gold, and plaster-of-Paris busts of great Belgians are placed between the pillars. An artist of the country has made a portrait containing them, and you will be ashamed of your ignorance when you hear many of their names. Old Tilly of Magdeburg figures in one corner ; Rubens, the endless Rubens, stands in the midst. What a noble countenance it is, and what a manly, swaggering consciousness of power !

The picture to see here is a portrait, by the great Peter Paul, of one of the governesses of the Netherlands. It is just the finest portrait that ever was seen. Only a half-length, but such a majesty, such a force, such a splendour, such a simplicity about it ! The woman is in a stiff, black dress, with a ruff and a few pearls ; a yellow curtain is behind her—the simplest arrangement that can be conceived ; but this great man knew how to rise to his occasion ; and no better proof can be shown of what a fine gentleman he was than this his homage to the vice-queen. A common bungler would have painted her in her best

clothes, with crown and sceptre, just as our Queen has been painted by—but comparisons are odious. Here stands this majestic woman in her every-day working dress of black satin, *looking your hat off*, as it were. Another portrait of the same personage hangs elsewhere in the gallery, and it is curious to observe the difference between the two, and see how a man of genius paints a portrait, and how a common limner executes it.

Many more pictures are there here by Rubens, or rather from Rubens's manufactory,—odious and vulgar most of them are; fat Magdalens, coarse saints, vulgar Virgins, with the scene-painter's tricks far too evident upon the canvas. By the side of one of the most astonishing colour-pieces in the world, the 'Worshipping of the Magi,' is a famous picture of Paul Veronese that cannot be too much admired. As Rubens sought in the first picture to dazzle and astonish by gorgeous variety, Paul in his seems to wish to get his effect by simplicity, and has produced the most noble harmony that can be conceived. Many more works are there that merit notice,—a singularly clever, brilliant, and odious Jordaens, for example; some curious costume-pieces; one or two works by the Belgian Raphael, who was a very Belgian Raphael indeed; and a long gallery of pictures of the very oldest school, that, doubtless, affords much pleasure to the amateurs of ancient art. I confess that I am inclined to believe in very little that existed before the time of Raphael. There is, for instance, the Prince of Orange's picture by Perugino, very pretty, indeed, up to a certain point, but all the heads are repeated, all the drawing is bad and affected; and this very badness and affectation is what the so-called Catholic school is always anxious to imitate. Nothing can be more juvenile or paltry than the works of the native Belgians here exhibited. Tin crowns are suspended over many of them, showing that the pictures are prize compositions, and pretty things, indeed, they are! Have you ever read an Oxford prize-poem? Well, these pictures are worse even than the Oxford poems—an awful assertion to make.

In the matter of eating, dear sir, which is the next subject of the fine arts, a subject that, after many hours' walking, attracts a gentleman very much, let me attempt to recall the transactions of this very day at the table d'hôte: 1, green-pea soup; 2, boiled salmon; 3, mussels; 4, crimped skate;

5, roast meat ; 6, patties ; 7, melon ; 8, carp, stewed with mushrooms and onions ; 9, roast turkey ; 10, cauliflower and butter ; 11, fillets of venison *piqués*, with asafoetida sauce ; 12, stewed calf's-head ; 13, roast veal ; 14, roast lamb ; 15, stewed cherries ; 16, rice pudding ; 17, Gruyère cheese, and about twenty-four cakes of different kinds. Except 5, 13, and 14, I give you my word I ate of all written down here, with three rolls of bread, and a score of potatoes. What is the meaning of it ? How is the stomach of man brought to desire and to receive all this quantity ? Do not gastronomists complain of heaviness in London after eating a couple of mutton chops ? Do not respectable gentlemen fall asleep in their arm-chairs ? Are they fit for mental labour ? Far from it. But look at the difference here ; after dinner here one is as light as a gossamer. One walks with pleasure, reads with pleasure, writes with pleasure—nay, there is the supper-bell going at ten o'clock, and plenty of eaters, too. Let lord mayors and aldermen look to it, this fact of the extraordinary increase of appetite in Belgium, and, instead of steaming to Blackwall, come a little farther to Antwerp.

Of ancient architectures in the place, there is a fine old Port de Halle, which has a tall, gloomy, bastille look ; a most magnificent town hall, that has been sketched a thousand of times, and, opposite it, a building that I think would be the very model for a Conservative club-house in London. Oh ! how charming it would be to be a great painter, and give the character of the building, and the numberless groups round about it. The booths lighted up by the sun, the market-women in their gowns of brilliant hue, each group having a character, and telling its little story, the troops of men lolling in all sorts of admirable attitudes of ease round the great lamp. Half a dozen light blue dragoons are lounging about, and peeping over the artist as the drawing is made, and the sky is more bright and blue than one sees it in a hundred years in London.

The priests of the country are a remarkably well-fed and respectable race, without that scowling, hang-dog look which one has remarked among reverend gentlemen in the neighbouring country of France. Their reverences wear buckles to their shoes, light blue neckcloths, and huge three-cornered hats in good condition. To-day, strolling by the cathedral, I heard the tinkling of a bell in the street, and

beheld certain persons, male and female, suddenly plump down on their knees before a little procession that was passing. Two men in black held a tawdry red canopy, a priest walked beneath it holding the sacrament covered with a cloth, and before him marched a couple of little altar-boys in short white surplices, such as you see in Rubens, and holding lacquered lamps. A small train of street boys followed the procession, cap in hand, and the clergyman finally entered a hospital for old women, near the church, the canopy and the lamp-bearers remaining without.

It was a touching scene, and, as I stayed to watch it, I could not but think of the poor old soul who was dying within, listening to the last words of prayer, led by the hand of the priest to the brink of the black, fathomless grave. How bright the sun was shining without all the time, and how happy and careless everything around us looked !

The Duke d'Arenberg has a picture-gallery worthy of his princely house. It does not contain great pieces, but tit-bits of pictures, such as suit an aristocratic epicure. For such persons a great huge canvas is too much, it is like sitting down alone to a roasted ox ; and they do wisely, I think, to patronize small, high-flavoured, delicate *morceaux*, such as the duke has here.

Among them may be mentioned, with special praise, a magnificent small Rembrandt, a Paul Potter of exceeding minuteness and beauty, an Ostade, which reminds one of Wilkie's early performances, and a Dusart quite as good as Ostade. There is a Berghem, much more unaffected than that artist's works generally are ; and, what is more, precious in the eyes of many ladies as an object of art, there is, in one of the grand saloons, some needlework done by the duke's own grandmother, which is looked at with awe by those admitted to see the palace.

The chief curiosity, if not the chief ornament, of a very elegant library, filled with vases and bronzes, is a marble head, supposed to be the original head of the Laocoon. It is, unquestionably, a finer head than that which at present figures upon the shoulders of the famous statue. The expression of woe is more manly and intense ; in the group, as we know it, the head of the principal figure has always seemed to me to be a grimace of grief, as are the two accom-

panying young gentlemen, with their pretty attitudes and their little, silly, open-mouthed despondency. It has always had upon me the effect of a trick, that statue, and not of a piece of true art. It would look well in the vista of a garden ; it is not august enough for a temple, with all its jerks, and twirls, and polite convulsions. But who knows what susceptibilities such a confession may offend ? Let us say no more about the Laocoon, nor its head, nor its tail. The duke was offered its weight in gold, they say, for this head, and refused. It would be a shame to speak ill of such a treasure, but I have my opinion of the man who made the offer.

In the matter of sculpture almost all the Brussels churches are decorated with the most laborious wooden pulpits, which may be worth their weight in gold, too, for what I know, including his reverence preaching inside. At St. Gudule the preacher mounts into no less a place than the garden of Eden, being supported by Adam and Eve, by Sin and Death, and numberless other animals ; he walks up to his desk by a rustic railing of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, with wooden peacocks, parakeets, monkeys biting apples, and many more of the birds and beasts of the field. In another church the clergyman speaks from out a hermitage ; in a third from a carved palm-tree, which supports a set of oak clouds that form the canopy of the pulpit, and are, indeed, not much heavier in appearance than so many huge sponges. A priest, however tall or stout, must be lost in the midst of all these queer gimcracks ; in order to be consistent, they ought to dress him up, too, in some odd fantastical suit. I can fancy the *curé* of Meudon preaching out of such a place, or the Rev. Sydney Smith, or that famous clergyman of the time of the League, who brought all Paris to laugh and listen to him.

But let us not be too supercilious and ready to sneer. It is only bad taste. It may have been very true devotion which erected these strange edifices.

II

GHENT—BRUGES

[*Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1844.]

GHENT (1840)

THE Béguine College or Village is one of the most extraordinary sights that all Europe can show. On the confines of the town of Ghent you come upon an old-fashioned brick gate, that seems as if it were one of the city barriers; but on passing it, one of the prettiest sights possible meets the eye: at the porter's lodge you see an old lady, in black and a white hood, occupied over her book; before you is a red church with a tall roof and fantastical Dutch pinnacles, and all around it rows upon rows of small houses, the queerest, neatest, nicest that ever were seen (a doll's house is hardly smaller or prettier); right and left, on each side of little alleys, these little mansions rise; they have a courtlet before them, in which some green plants or hollyhocks are growing; and to each house is a gate, that has mostly a picture or queer-carved ornament upon or about it, and bears the name, not of the Béguine who inhabits it, but of the saint to whom she may have devoted it—the house of St. Stephen, the house of St. Donatus, the English or Angel Convent, and so on. Old ladies in black are pacing in the quiet alleys here and there, and drop the stranger a curtsy as he passes them and takes off his hat. Never were such patterns of neatness seen as these old ladies and their houses. I peeped into one or two of the chambers, of which the windows were open to the pleasant evening sun, and saw beds scrupulously plain, a quaint old chair or two, and little pictures of favourite saints decorating the spotless white walls. The old ladies kept up a quick, cheerful clatter, as they paused to gossip at the gates of their little domiciles; and with a great deal of artifice, and lurking behind walls, and looking at the church as if I intended to design that, I managed to get a sketch of a couple of them.

But what white paper can render the whiteness of their

linen ? what black ink can do justice to the lustre of their gowns and shoes ? Both of the ladies had a neat ankle and a tight stocking ; and I fancy that Heaven is quite as well served in this costume as in the dress of a scowling, stockingless friar, whom I had seen passing just before. The look and dress of the man made me shudder ; his great red feet were bound up in a shoe open at the toes, a kind of compromise for a sandal. I had just seen him and his brethren at the Dominican Church, where a mass of music was sung, and orange-trees, flags, and banners decked the aisle of the church.

One begins to grow sick of these churches, and the hideous exhibitions of bodily agonies that are depicted on the sides of all the chapels. Into one wherein we went this morning was what they call a Calvary, a horrible, ghastly image of a Christ in a tomb, the figure of the natural size, and of the livid colour of death ; gaping red wounds on the body and round the brows ; the whole piece enough to turn one sick, and fit only to brutalize the beholder of it. The Virgin is commonly represented with a dozen swords stuck in her heart ; bleeding throats of headless John-Baptists are perpetually thrust before your eyes. At the cathedral gate was a papier-mâché church ornament shop—most of the carvings and reliefs of the same dismal character : one, for instance, represented a heart with a great gash in it, and a double row of large blood-drops dribbling from it ; nails and a knife were thrust into the heart ; round the whole was a crown of thorns. Such things are dreadful to think of. The same gloomy spirit which made a religion of them, and worked upon the people by the grossest of all means, terror, distracted the natural feelings of man to maintain its power—shut gentle women into lonely, pitiless convents—frightened poor peasants with tales of torment—taught that the end and labour of life was silence, wretchedness, and the scourge—murdered those by faggot and prison who thought otherwise. How has the blind and furious bigotry of man perverted that which God gave us as our greatest boon, and bid us hate where God bade us love ! Thank Heaven that monk has gone out of sight ! It is pleasant to look at the smiling, cheerful old Béguine, and think no more of yonder livid face.

One of the many convents in this little religious city seems to be the specimen house which is shown to strangers,

for all the guides conduct you thither, and I saw in a book kept for the purpose the names of innumerable Smiths and Joneses registered.

A very kind, sweet-voiced, smiling nun (I wonder, do they always choose the most agreeable and best-humoured sister of the house to show it to strangers ?) came tripping down the steps and across the flags of the little garden-court, and welcomed us with much courtesy into the neat little old-fashioned, red-bricked, gable-ended, shining-windowed Convent of the Angels. First she showed us a whitewashed parlour, decorated with a grim picture or two and some crucifixes and other religious emblems, where, upon stiff old chairs, the sisters sit and work. Three or four of them were still there, pattering over their laces and bobbins ; but the chief part of the sisterhood were engaged in an apartment hard by, from which issued a certain odour which I must say resembled onions, and which was in fact the kitchen of the establishment.

Every Béguine cooks her own little dinner in her own little pipkin ; and there were half a score of them, sure enough, busy over their pots and crockery, cooking a repast which, when ready, was carried off to a neighbouring room, the refectory, where, at a ledge-table which is drawn out from under her own particular cupboard, each nun sits down and eats her meal in silence. More religious emblems ornamented the carved cupboard-doors, and within, everything was as neat as neat could be : shining pewter ewers and glasses, snug baskets of eggs and pats of butter, and little bowls with about a farthing's worth of green tea in them,—for some great day of fête, doubtless. The old ladies sat round as we examined these things, each eating soberly at her ledge and never looking round. There was a bell ringing in the chapel hard by. 'Hark !' said our guide, 'that is one of the sisters dying. Will you come up and see the cells ?'

The cells, it need not be said, are the snuggest little nests in the world, with serge-curtained beds and snowy linen, and saints and martyrs pinned against the wall. 'We may sit up till twelve o'clock if we like,' said the nun ; 'but we have no fire and candle, and so what's the use of sitting up ? When we have said our prayers we are glad enough to go to sleep.'

I forget, although the good soul told us, how many

times in the day, in public and in private, these devotions are made, but fancy that the morning service in the chapel takes place at too early an hour for most easy travellers. We did not fail to attend in the evening, when likewise is a general muster of the seven hundred, minus the absent and sick, and the sight is not a little curious and striking to a stranger.

The chapel is a very big whitewashed place of worship, supported by half a dozen columns on either side, over each of which stands the statue of an apostle, with his emblem of martyrdom. Nobody was as yet at the distant altar, which was too far off to see very distinctly ; but I could perceive two statues over it, one of which (St. Laurence, no doubt) was leaning upon a huge gilt gridiron that the sun lighted up in a blaze—a painful but not a romantic instrument of death. A couple of old ladies in white hoods were tugging and swaying about at two bell-ropes that came down into the middle of the church, and at least five hundred others in white veils were seated all round about us in mute contemplation until the service began, looking very solemn, and white, and ghastly, like an army of tombstones by moonlight.

The service commenced as the clock finished striking seven ; the organ pealed out, a very cracked and old one, and presently some weak old voice from the choir overhead quavered out a canticle ; which done, a thin old voice of a priest at the altar far off (and which had now become quite gloomy in the sunset) chanted feebly another part of the service ; then the nuns warbled once more overhead ; and it was curious to hear, in the intervals of the most lugubrious chants, how the organ went off with some extremely cheerful military or profane air. At one time was a march, at another a quick tune ; which ceasing, the old nuns began again, and so sang until the service was ended.

In the midst of it, one of the white-veiled sisters approached us with a very mysterious air, and put down her white veil close to our ears and whispered. Were we doing anything wrong, I wondered ? Were they come to that part of the service where heretics and infidels ought to quit the church ? What have you to ask ; O sacred, white-veiled maid ?

All she said was, ‘ *Deux centimes pour les suisses,*’ which

sum was paid ; and presently the old ladies, rising from their chairs one by one, came in face of the altar, where they knelt down and said a short prayer ; then, rising, unpinned their veils, and folded them up all exactly in the same folds and fashion, and laid them square like napkins on their heads, and tucked up their long black outer dresses, and trudged off to their convents.

The novices wear black veils, under one of which I saw a young, sad, handsome face ; it was the only thing in the establishment that was the least romantic or gloomy : and, for the sake of any reader of a sentimental turn, let us hope that the poor soul has been crossed in love, and that over some soul-stirring tragedy that black curtain has fallen.

Ghent has, I believe, been called a vulgar Venice. It contains dirty canals and old houses that must satisfy the most eager antiquary, though the buildings are not quite in so good preservation as others that may be seen in the Netherlands. The commercial bustle of the place seems considerable, and it contains more beer-shops than any city I ever saw.

These beer-shops seem the only amusement of the inhabitants, until, at least, the theatre shall be built, of which the elevation is now complete ; a very handsome and extensive pile. There are beer-shops in the cellars of the houses, which are frequented, it is to be presumed, by the lower sort ; there are beer-shops at the barriers, where the citizens and their families repair ; and beer-shops in the town, glaring with gas, with long gauze blinds, however, to hide what I hear is a rather questionable reputation.

Our inn, the Hôtel of the Post, a spacious and comfortable residence, is on a little place planted round with trees, and that seems to be the Palais Royal of the town. Three clubs, which look from without to be very comfortable, ornament this square with their gas-lamps. Here stands, too, the theatre that is to be ; there is a café, and on evenings a military band plays the very worst music I ever remember to have heard. I went out to-night to take a quiet walk upon this place, and the horrid brazen discord of these trumpeters sent me half mad.

I went to the café for refuge, passing on the way a subterraneous beer-shop, where men and women were

drinking to the sweet music of a cracked barrel-organ. They take in a couple of French papers at this café, and the same number of Belgian journals. You may imagine how well the latter are informed, when you hear that the battle of Boulogne, fought by the immortal Louis Napoleon, was not known here until some gentlemen out of Norfolk brought the news from London, and until it had travelled to Paris, and from Paris to Brussels. For a whole hour I could not get a newspaper at the café; the horrible brass band in the meantime had quitted the place, and now, to amuse the Ghent citizens, a couple of little boys came to the café and set up a small concert: one played ill on the guitar, but sang, very sweetly, plaintive French ballads; the other was the comic singer; he carried about with him a queer, long, damp-looking, mouldy white hat, with no brim. '*Ecoutez,*' said the waiter to me: '*il va faire l'Anglais—c'est très drôle!*' The little rogue mounted his immense brimless hat, and, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, began to *faire l'Anglais*, with a song in which swearing was the principal joke. We all laughed at this, and indeed the little rascal seemed to have a good deal of humour.

How they hate us, these foreigners, in Belgium as much as in France! What lies they tell of us, how gladly they would see us humiliated! Honest folks at home over their port wine say, 'Aye, aye (and very good reason they have, too), national vanity, sir, wounded—we have beaten them so often.' My dear sir, there is not a greater error in the world than this. They hate you because you are stupid, hard to please, and intolerably insolent and air-giving. I walked with an Englishman yesterday, who asked the way to a street of which he pronounced the name very badly to a little Flemish boy; the Flemish boy did not answer, and there was my Englishman quite in a rage, shrieking in the child's ear as if he must answer. He seemed to think that it was the duty of 'the snob,' as he called him, to obey the gentleman. This is why we are hated—for pride. In our free country a tradesman, a lackey, or a waiter will submit to almost any given insult from a gentleman: in these benighted lands one man is as good as another; and pray God it may soon be so with us! Of all European people, which is the nation that has the most haughtiness, the strongest prejudices,

the greatest reserve, the greatest dullness? I say an Englishman of the genteel classes. An honest groom jokes and hobs-and-nobs and makes his way with the kitchen-maids, for there is good social nature in the man; his master dare not unbend. Look at him, how he scowls at you on your entering an inn-room; think how you scowl yourself to meet his scowl. To-day, as we were walking and staring about the place, a worthy old gentleman in a carriage, seeing a pair of strangers, took off his hat, and bowed very gravely with his old powdered head out of the window: I am sorry to say that our first impulse was to burst out laughing—it seemed so supremely ridiculous that a stranger should notice and welcome another.

As for the notion that foreigners hate us because we have beaten them so often, my dear sir, this is the greatest error in the world: well-educated Frenchmen *do not believe that we have beaten them*. A man was once ready to call me out in Paris because I said that we had beaten the French in Spain; and here before me is a French paper, with a London correspondent discoursing about Louis Bonaparte and his jackass expedition to Boulogne. ‘He was received at Eglintoun, it is true,’ says the correspondent, ‘but what do you think was the reason? Because the English nobility were anxious *to revenge upon his person* (with some *coups de lance*) *the checks which the “grand homme” his uncle had inflicted on us in Spain.*’

This opinion is so general among the French, that they would laugh at you with scornful incredulity if you ventured to assert any other. Foy’s history of the Spanish War does not, unluckily, go far enough. I have read a French history which hardly mentions the war in Spain, and calls the battle of Salamanca a French victory. You know how the other day, and in the teeth of all evidence, the French swore to their victory of Toulouse: and so it is with the rest; and you may set it down as pretty certain, 1st, That only a few people know the real state of things in France as to the matter in dispute between us; 2nd, That those who do, keep the truth to themselves, and so it is as if it had never been.

These Belgians have caught up, and quite naturally, the French tone. We are *perfidè Albion* with them still. Here is the Ghent paper, which declares that it is beyond a doubt that Louis Napoleon was sent by the English and Lord

Palmerston ; and though it states in another part of the journal (from English authority) that the Prince had never seen Lord Palmerston, yet the lie will remain uppermost—the people and the editor will believe it to the end of time. . . . See to what a digression yonder little fellow in the tall hat has given rise ! Let us make his picture, and have done with him.

I could not understand in my walks about this place, which is certainly picturesque enough, and contains extraordinary charms in the shape of old gables, quaint spires, and broad shining canals—I could not at first comprehend why, for all this, the town was especially disagreeable to me, and have only just hit on the reason why. Sweetest Juliana, you will never guess it : it is simply this, that I have not seen a single decent-looking woman in the whole place ; they look all ugly, with coarse mouths, vulgar figures, mean mercantile faces ; and so the traveller walking among them finds the pleasure of his walk excessively damped, and the impressions made upon him disagreeable.

In the Academy there are no pictures of merit ; but sometimes a second-rate picture is as pleasing as the best, and one may pass an hour here very pleasantly. There is a room appropriated to Belgian artists, of which I never saw the like ; they are, like all the rest of the things in this country, miserable imitations of the French school—great nude Venuses, and Junos à la David, with the drawing left out.

BRUGES.

The change from vulgar Ghent, with its ugly women and coarse bustle, to this quiet, old, half-deserted, cleanly Bruges was very pleasant. I have seen old men at Versailles, with shabby coats and pigtailed, sunning themselves on the benches in the walls ; they had seen better days, to be sure, but they were gentlemen still : and so we found, this morning, old dowager Bruges basking in the pleasant August sun, and looking, if not prosperous, at least cheerful and well-bred. It is the quaintest and prettiest of all the quaint and pretty towns I have seen. A painter might spend months here, and wander from

church to church, and admire old towers and pinnacles, tall gables, bright canals, and pretty little patches of green garden and moss-grown wall, that reflect in the clear quiet water. Before the inn-window is garden, from which in the early morning issues a most wonderful odour of stocks and wallflowers ; next comes a road with trees of admirable green ; numbers of little children are playing in this road (the place is so clean that they may roll in it all day without soiling their pinafores), and on the other side of the trees are little old-fashioned, dumpy, whitewashed, red-tiled houses. A poorer landscape to draw never was known, nor a pleasanter to see—the children especially, who are inordinately fat and rosy. Let it be remembered, too, that here we are out of the country of ugly women : the expression of the face is almost uniformly gentle and pleasing, and the figures of the women, wrapped in long black monk-like cloaks and hoods, very picturesque. No wonder there are so many children : the guide-book (omniscient Mr. Murray !) says there are fifteen thousand paupers in the town, and we know how such multiply. How the deuce do their children look so fat and rosy ? By eating dirt-pies, I suppose. I saw a couple making a very nice savoury one, and another employed in gravely sticking strips of stick betwixt the pebbles at the house-door, and so making for herself a stately garden. The men and women don't seem to have much more to do. There are a couple of tall chimneys at either suburb of the town, where no doubt manufactories are at work, but within the walls everybody seems decently idle.

We have been, of course, abroad to visit the lions. The tower in the Grand Place is very fine, and the bricks of which it is built do not yield a whit in colour to the best stone. The great building round this tower is very like the pictures of the Ducal Palace at Venice ; and there is a long market area, with columns down the middle, from which hung shreds of rather lean-looking meat, that would do wonders under the hands of Cattermole or Haghe. In the tower there is a chime of bells that keep ringing perpetually. They not only play tunes of themselves, and every quarter of an hour, but an individual performs selections from popular operas on them at certain periods of the morning, afternoon, and evening. I have heard to-day ' Suoni la Tromba,' ' Son Vergin Vezzosa,' from the

Puritani, and other airs, and very badly they were played too; for such a great monster as a tower-bell cannot be expected to imitate Madame Grisi or even Signor Lablache. Other churches indulge in the same amusement, so that one may come here and live in melody all day or night, like the young woman in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

In the matter of art, the chief attractions of Bruges are the pictures of Hemling, that are to be seen in the churches, the hospital, and the picture-gallery of the place. There are no more pictures of Rubens to be seen, and, indeed, in the course of a fortnight one has had quite enough of the great man and his magnificent, swaggering canvases. What a difference is here with simple Hemling and the extraordinary creations of his pencil! The hospital is particularly rich in them; and the legend there is that the painter, who had served Charles the Bold in his war against the Swiss, and his last battle and defeat, wandered back wounded and penniless to Bruges, and here found cure and shelter.

This hospital is a noble and curious sight. The great hall is almost as it was in the twelfth century; it is spanned by Saxon arches, and lighted by a multiplicity of Gothic windows of all sizes; it is very lofty, clean, and perfectly well ventilated; a screen runs across the middle of the room, to divide the male from the female patients, and we were taken to examine each ward, where the poor people seemed happier than possibly they would have been in health and starvation without it. Great yellow blankets were on the iron beds, the linen was scrupulously clean, glittering pewter jugs and goblets stood by the side of each patient, and they were provided with godly books (to judge from the binding), in which several were reading at leisure. Honest old comfortable nuns, in queer dresses of blue, black, white, and flannel, were bustling through the room, attending to the wants of the sick. I saw about a dozen of these kind women's faces; one was young—all were healthy and cheerful. One came with bare blue arms and a great pile of linen from an outhouse—such a grange as Cedric the Saxon might have given to a guest for the night. A couple were in a laboratory, a tall, bright, clean room, five hundred years old at least. 'We saw you were not very religious,' said one of the old ladies, with a red, wrinkled, good-humoured face, 'by your behaviour yesterday

in chapel.' And yet, we did not laugh and talk as we used at college, but were profoundly affected by the scene that we saw there. It was a fête-day; a mass of Mozart was sung in the evening—not well sung, and yet so exquisitely tender and melodious that it brought tears into our eyes. There were not above twenty people in the church; all, save three or four, were women in long black cloaks. I took them for nuns at first. They were, however, the common people of the town, very poor indeed, doubtless, for the priest's box that was brought round was not added to by most of them, and their contributions were but two-cent pieces,—five of these go to a penny; but we know the value of such, and can tell the exact worth of a poor woman's mite! The box-bearer did not seem at first willing to accept our donation—we were strangers and heretics; however, I held out my hand, and he came per force, as it were. Indeed it had only a franc in it; but *que voulez-vous*? I had been drinking a bottle of Rhine wine that day, and how was I to afford more? The Rhine wine is dear in this country, and costs four francs a bottle.

Well, the service proceeded. Twenty poor women, two Englishmen, four ragged beggars cowering on the steps; and there was the priest at the altar, in a great robe of gold and damask, two little boys in white surplices serving him, holding his robe as he rose and bowed, and the money-gatherer swinging his censer, and filling the little chapel with smoke. The music pealed with wonderful sweetness: you could see the prim white heads of the nuns in their gallery. The evening light streamed down upon old statues of saints and carved brown stalls, and lighted up the head of the golden-haired Magdalen in a picture of the entombment of Christ. Over the gallery, and, as it were, a kind protectress to the poor below, stood the statue of the Virgin.

III

WATERLOO

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1845.]

It is, my dear, the happy privilege of your sex in England to quit the dinner-table after the wine-bottles have once or twice gone round it, and you are thereby saved (though, to be sure, I can't tell what the ladies do upstairs)—you are saved two or three hours' excessive dullness, which the men are obliged to go through.

I ask any gentleman who reads this—the letters to my Juliana being written with an eye to publication—to remember especially how many times, how many hundred times, how many thousand times, in his hearing, the battle of Waterloo has been discussed after dinner, and to call to mind how cruelly he has been bored by the discussion. 'Ah, it was lucky for us that the Prussians came up!' says one little gentleman, looking particularly wise and ominous. 'Hang the Prussians!' (or, perhaps, something stronger)—'the Prussians!' says a stout old major on half-pay; 'we beat the French without them, sir, as beaten them we always have! We were thundering down the hill of Belle Alliance, sir, at the backs of them, and the French were crying "*Sauve qui peut*" long before the Prussians ever touched them!' And so the battle opens, and for many mortal hours, amid rounds of claret, rages over and over again.

I thought to myself, considering the above things, what a fine thing it will be in after-days to say that I have been to Brussels and never seen the field of Waterloo; indeed, that I am such a philosopher as not to care a fig about the battle, nay, to regret, rather, that when Napoleon came back, the British Government had not spared their men and left him alone.

But this pitch of philosophy was unattainable. This morning, after having seen the park, the fashionable boulevard, the pictures, the cafés—having sipped, I say, the sweets of every flower that grows in this paradise of Brussels, quite weary of the place, we mounted on a Namur diligence and jingled off at four miles an hour for Waterloo.

The road is very neat and agreeable, the forest of Soignies here and there interposes pleasantly, to give your vehicle a shade ; the country, as usual, is vastly fertile and well cultivated. A farmer and the conducteur were my companions in the imperial, and, could I have understood their conversation, my dear, you should have had certainly a report of it. The jargon which they talked was, indeed, most queer and puzzling—French, I believe, strangely hushed up and pronounced, for here and there one could catch a few words of it. Now and anon, however, they condescended to speak in the purest French they could muster, and, indeed, nothing is more curious than to hear the French of the country. You can't understand why all the people insist upon speaking it so badly. I asked the conductor if he had been at the battle ; he burst out laughing like a philosopher, as he was, and said, '*Pas si bête.*' I asked the farmer whether his contributions were lighter now than in King William's time, and lighter than those in the time of the emperor ? He vowed that in war-time he had not more to pay than in time of peace (and this strange fact is vouched for by every person of every nation), and, being asked wherefore the King of Holland had been ousted from his throne, replied at once, '*Parce que c'était un voleur ;*' for which accusation I believe there is some show of reason, his Majesty having laid hands on much Belgian property before the lamented outbreak which cost him his crown. A vast deal of laughing and roaring passed between these two worldly people and the postilion, whom they called 'baron,' and I thought no doubt that this talk was one of the many jokes that my companions were in the habit of making. But not so ; the postilion was an actual baron, the bearer of an ancient name, the descendant of gallant gentlemen. Good Heavens ! what would Mrs. Trollope say to see his lordship here ? His father the old baron had dissipated the family fortune, and here was this young nobleman, at about five-and-forty, compelled to bestride a clattering Flemish stallion, and bump over dusty pavements at the rate of five miles an hour. But see the beauty of high blood, with what a calm grace the man of family accommodates himself to fortune. Far from being cast down, his lordship met his fate like a man ; he swore and laughed the whole of the journey, and, as we changed horses, condescended to partake of

half a pint of Louvain beer, to which the farmer treated him—indeed the worthy rustic treated me to a glass too.

Much delight and instruction have I had in the course of the journey from my guide, philosopher, and friend, the author of Murray's *Handbook*. He has gathered together, indeed, a store of information, and must, to make his single volume, have gutted many hundreds of guide-books. How the Continental ciceroni must hate him, whoever he is ! Every English party I saw had this infallible red book in their hands, and gained a vast deal of historical and general information from it. Thus I heard, in confidence, many remarkable anecdotes of Charles V, the Duke of Alva, Count Egmont, all of which I had before perceived, with much satisfaction, not only in the *Handbook*, but even in other works.

The Laureate is among the English poets evidently the great favourite of our guide ; the choice does honour to his head and heart. A man must have a very strong bent for poetry, indeed, who carries Southey's works in his portmanteau, and quotes them in proper time and occasion. Of course at Waterloo a spirit like our guide's cannot fail to be deeply moved, and to turn to his favourite poet for sympathy. Hark how the laureated bard sings about the tombstones at Waterloo :—

That temple to our hearts was hallow'd now,
 For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
 With such for help as time might then allow,
 From the fresh carnage of the field convey'd.
 And they whom human succour could not save,
 Here, in its precincts, found a hasty grave.
 And here, on marble tablets set on high,
 In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
 The names familiar to an English eye,
 Their brethren here the fit memorial placed,
 Whose unadorn'd inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.
 The stateliest monument of human pride,
 Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
 To honour chieftains who in victory died,
 Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
 Than these plain tablets by the soldier's hand
 Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

There are lines for you ! wonderful for justice, rich in thought and novel ideas. The passage concerning their

gallant comrades' rank should be specially remarked. There indeed they lie, sure enough : the Honourable Colonel This of the Guards, Captain That of the Hussars, Major So-and-so of the Dragoons, brave men and good, who did their duty by their country on that day, and died in the performance of it.

Amen : but I confess fairly that, in looking at these tablets, I felt very much disappointed at not seeing the names of the *men* as well as the officers. Are they to be counted for naught ? A few more inches of marble to each monument would have given space for all the names of the men ; and the men of that day were the winners of the battle. We have a right to be as grateful individually to any given private as to any given officer : their duties were very much the same. Why should the country reserve its gratitude for the genteel occupiers of the Army List, and forget the gallant fellows whose humble names were written in the regimental books ? In reading of the Wellington wars, and the conduct of the men engaged in them, I don't know whether to respect them or to wonder at them most. They have death, wounds, and poverty in contemplation ; in possession, poverty, hard labour, hard fare, and small thanks. If they do wrong, they are handed over to the inevitable provost-marshal ; if they are heroes, heroes they may be, but they remain privates still, handling the old Brown Bess, starving on the old twopence a day. They grow grey in battle and victory, and, after thirty years of bloody service, a young gentleman of fifteen, fresh from a preparatory school, who can scarcely read, and came but yesterday with a pinafore in to papa's dessert—such a young gentleman, I say, arrives in a spick-and-span red coat, and calmly takes the command over our veteran, who obeys him as if God and nature had ordained that so throughout time it should be.

That privates should obey, and that they should be smartly punished if they disobey, this one can understand very well. But to say obey for ever and ever—to say that Private John Styles is, by some physical disproportion, hopelessly inferior to Cornet Snooks—to say that Snooks shall have honours, epaulets, and a marble tablet if he dies, and that Styles shall fight his fight, and have his twopence a day, and when shot down shall be shovelled into a hole with other Stylesees, and so forgotten ; and to think that

we had in the course of the last war some 400,000 of these Styleses, and some 10,000, say, of the Snooks sort—Styles being by nature exactly as honest, clever, and brave as Snooks—and to think that the 400,000 should bear this, is the wonder!

• Suppose Snooks makes a speech. ‘Look at these Frenchmen, British soldiers,’ says he, ‘and remember who they are. Two-and-twenty years since they hurled their king from his throne, and murdered him.’ (Groans.) ‘They flung out of their country their ancient and famous nobility—they published the audacious doctrine of equality—they made a cadet of artillery, a beggarly lawyer’s son, into an emperor, and took ignoramuses from the ranks—drummers and privates, by Jove!—of whom they made kings, generals, and marshals! Is this to be borne?’ (Cries of ‘No! no!’) ‘Upon them, my boys! down with these godless revolutionists, and rally round the British lion.’

So saying, Ensign Snooks (whose flag, which he can’t carry, is held by a huge grizzly colour-sergeant) draws a little sword, and pipes out a feeble huzza. The men of his company, roaring curses at the Frenchmen, prepare to receive and repel a thundering charge of French cuirassiers. The men fight, and Snooks is knighted because the men fought so well.

But live or die, win or lose, what do *they* get? English glory is too genteel to meddle with those humble fellows. She does not condescend to ask the names of the poor devils whom she kills in her service. Why was not every private man’s name written upon the stones in Waterloo Church as well as every officer’s? Five hundred pounds to the stone-cutters would have served to carve the whole catalogue, and paid the poor compliment of recognition to men who died in doing their duty. If the officers deserved a stone, the men did. But come, let us away and drop a tear over the Marquis of Anglesey’s leg!

As for Waterloo, has it not been talked of enough after dinner? Here are some oats that were plucked before Hougoumont, where grow not only oats, but flourishing crops of grape-shot, bayonets, and legion-of-honour crosses, in amazing profusion.

Well, though I made a vow not to talk about Waterloo either here or after dinner, there is one little secret admission that one must make after seeing it. Let an Englishman go

and see that field, and he *never forgets it*. The sight is an event in his life ; and, though it has been seen by millions of peaceable *gents*—grocers from Bond Street, meek attorneys from Chancery Lane, and timid tailors from Piccadilly—I will wager that there is not one of them but feels a glow as he looks at the place, and remembers that he, too, is an Englishman.

It is a wrong, egotistical, savage, unchristian feeling, and that's the truth of it. A man of peace has no right to be dazzled by that red-coated glory, and to intoxicate his vanity with those remembrances of carnage and triumph. The same sentence which tells us that on earth there ought to be peace and goodwill amongst men tells us to whom GLORY belongs.

‘ CONINGSBY ; OR, THE NEW GENERATION ’¹

[*Pictorial Times*, May 25, 1844.]

IF this book do not become popular, what other novel has a chance ? *Coningsby* possesses all the happy elements of popularity. It is personal, it is witty, it is sentimental, it is outrageously fashionable, charmingly malicious, exquisitely novel, seemingly very deep, but in reality very easy of comprehension, and admirably absurd ; for you do not only laugh at the personages whom the author holds up to ridicule, but you laugh at the author too, whose coxcombries are incessantly amusing. They are quite unlike the vapid cool coxcombries of an English dandy ; they are picturesque, wild, and outrageous ; and as the bodily Disraeli used to be seen some years ago about town, arrayed in green inexpressibles with a gold stripe down the seams, an ivory cane, and, for what we know, a peacock’s feather in his hat—Disraeli the writer in like manner assumes a magnificence never thought of by our rigid northern dandies, and astonishes by a luxury of conceit which is quite oriental. He paints his own portrait in this book in the most splendid fashion : it is the queerest in the whole queer gallery of likenesses ; he appears as the greatest philosopher, the greatest poet, the greatest horseman, the greatest statesman, the greatest *roué* in the world ; with all the qualities of Pitt, and Byron, and Burke, and the great Mr. Widdicomb of Batty’s Amphitheatre. Perhaps one is reminded of the last-named famous individual more than of any other.

The book has kept the town in talk for a whole week past. The circulating libraries are dunned for copies ; the volumes are snatched off the tables at the club reading-rooms, and everybody recognizes everybody’s portrait. The chief character of the book, after the author’s own, is that of the

¹ *Coningsby ; or, The New Generation*. By B. Disraeli, Esq., M.P., author of *Contarini Fleming*. In three volumes, 8vo. London. Henry Colburn. 1844.

late Lord Hertford, here figuring under the title of the Marquis of Monmouth ; his friend Lord Eskdale is no other than Lord Lonsdale ; Lord John Manners appears as Lord Sydney ; and the house of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir is recognized by everybody in the novel by its title of Beau-manoir : above all, there is the great character of RIGBY, in which the Right Honourable John Wilson Joker is shown up in such a way as must make him happy in his retirement to find that all the world is so much amused by him.

The way in which all the newspapers have extracted the passages relative to Mr. Wilson Joker is quite curious. The *Chronicle* began on Monday ; on Wednesday the *Times* charitably followed ; on Thursday the *Post* gave the self-same extracts : so that by this time every newspaper reader in the British Empire has perused the history of Mr. Rigby, and knows how he writes slashing articles against women for preference, and how convenient a friend he is to a great man. A better portrait of a parasite has never been written since Juvenal's days, and we can fancy that even ages hence people will read this book as a singular picture of manners and society in our times. Brummell's *Life*, lately published, will help the historian to an acquaintance with the period a couple of score of years previous, and the real story and the fictitious one will be found, we think, alike profitable.

What person is there, in town or country, from the squire down to the lady's-maid, who will not be anxious to peruse a work in which the secrets of high life are so exposed ? In all the fashionable novels ever published there is nothing so piquant or so magnificently genteel. Every politician, too, will read with avidity—the details are so personal. Whigs and Conservatives are abused with such equal bitterness and truth that, in consideration of the manner in which his neighbour is attacked, a man of either party will pardon the onslaught made on his own friends. Lord John and Sir Robert are both brought forward by this unblushing critic—praised or bullied according to his notions of right and wrong.

We shall not forestall the reader's interest by extracting a single line from the volumes, which, with all their philosophy and pertness, their wisdom and absurdity, are such as cannot fail to interest him, and to make him think and laugh, not only with the author, but at him. Surely nothing more ought to be requisite to make any novel popular.

‘ DASHES AT LIFE WITH A FREE PENCIL ’¹

[*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1845.]

WHATEVER doubt or surprise the details and extracts with which we are about to amuse our readers may seem to attach to the fact, we beg to assure those of them who do not already know it, that Mr. Willis has actually written some rather clever books, occasionally marked by traits of genius. But, with respect to the present publication, we confess we have been frequently at a loss to judge whether his narratives were intended to be taken as serious, or only jocular—as what he himself believed to be truths, or intended only as amusing fancies. True, he writes, as he tells us, with ‘ a free pencil ’ ; but it also is true that he writes as if he wished his readers to think that he is perfectly in earnest ; that he speaks in his own proper person, and reveals his own adventures, or what he appears to wish to be taken as such ; and we therefore feel it to be quite fair—indeed that we are bound—to take him at his word, and to deal with him accordingly.

The history of these *Dashes at Life*, which some of our contemporaries have much extolled, is thus modestly given in the preface :—‘ Like the sculptor who made toys of the fragments of his *unsaleable Jupiter*, the author, in the following collection of brief tales, gives material that, but for a single objection, would have been moulded into works of larger design. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to our ’ (Mr. Willis is an American) ‘ defective law of copyright.’ And he proceeds to show, with pathetic accuracy, that as an American publisher can get all English books for nothing,

¹ *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil*. By N. P. F. Willis. 3 vols. 8vo. London : 1845.

he will not throw away his money on American writers : hence the only chance of a livelihood or the latter, is to contribute to periodical literature, and to transport works of bulk and merit to the English market.

So, after all, if a few authors and publishers grumble at piracy, the public gains. But for the pirates of New York and Boston, we should never have had Mr. Willis's *Dashes*. And though the genius which might have perfected the Jupiter has been thus partly balked—though Mr. Willis has been forced to fritter away his marble and intellect in a commerce of toys ; still the fragmented Jupiter has, with the frieze of the Parthenon, found an appropriate locality in the capital of the world.

But, to proceed with the history, we may state that it was Mr. Willis's intention to work up some of these sketches into substantive Novels, but for the unsatisfactory state of the market for that commodity ; and there can be no sort of doubt that the genius which conceived, might have enlarged the *Dashes* to any size. In the first half of these volumes there are some twenty tales illustrative of English and Continental life—true copies, Mr. Willis states, of what he had seen there ; and most of them of so strange and diverting a nature that a man of genius might have made many scores of volumes out of the adventures recorded in only a few hundreds of these duodecimo pages. The Americans, by their piratical system, have robbed themselves of *that* pleasure ; and the Union might have had a novelist as prolific as M. Dumas or Mr. James, had it possessed the common generosity to pay him.

The European, as contradistinguished from the American views of society, we take to be by far the most notable of the *Dashes*. The judgement of foreigners has been called, by a happy blunder of logic, that of contemporary posterity. In Mr. Willis we have ' a republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time, traversing the barrier of different ranks with a stranger's privilege, and curious to know how nature's nobility holds its own against nobility by inheritance, and how heart and judgement were modified in their action by the thin air at the summit of refinement.' That Mr. Willis, in this exalted sphere, should have got on in a manner satisfactory to himself, is no wonder. Don Christopher Sly conducted himself, we all remember, with perfect ease in the ducal chair. Another personage of somewhat

humble rank in life was, as we also know, quite at home at the court of Queen Titania, and inspired her Majesty with a remarkable passion. So also our republican stranger appears to have been equally at his ease when he appeared for the first time in European aristocratical society.

The great characteristic of high society in England, Mr. Willis assures us, is admiration of literary talent. 'At the summit of refinement,' a natural nobleman, or a popular writer for the magazines is, in all respects, the equal of a duke. As some captain of Free Lances of former days elbowed his way through royal palaces, with the eyes of all womankind after him—so in the present time a man, by being a famous *Free Pencil*, may achieve a similar distinction. Of such a champion the ladies don't say as in the times of the Free Lances, he fought at Hennebon or Pavia, but that he wrote that charming poem in *Colburn*, that famous article in *Blackwood*. Before that title to fame all aristocratic heads bow down. The ladies do not care for rank, or marry for wealth—they only worship genius!

This truly surprising truth forms the text of almost every one of Mr. Willis's *Dashes* at English and Continental life. The heroes of the tales are all more or less alike—all 'Free Pencils.' Sometimes the tales are related in the first person, as befalling our American; sometimes a flimsy third person veils the author, but you can't but see that it is Caesar who is writing his own British or Gallic victories, for the 'Free Pencil' always conquers. Duchesses pine for his love; modest virgins go into consumptions and die for him; old grandmothers of sixty forget their families and propriety, and fall on the neck of this 'Free Pencil.' If this be true, it is wonderful; if it is fiction, it is more wonderful still that all a man's delusions should take this queer turn—that Alnaschar should be *always* courting the Vizier's daughter—courting! what do we say? It is the woe-worn creature who is always at Alnaschar's feet, and he (in his vision) who is kicking her.

The first of the pictures of London life is called *Leaves from the Heart-book of Ernest Clay*. This, but for the unfavourable circumstances before alluded to, was to have been a novel of three volumes; and indeed it would have been hard to crowd such a hero's amours into a few chapters. Ernest is a great 'Free Pencil,' with whom Jules Janin

himself (that famous chieftain of the French 'Free Pencils' who translated Sterne, confessing that he did not know a word of English, and 'did' his own wedding-day in a *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*) can scarcely compare. The *Heart-book* opens in Ernest's lodgings, 'in a second floor front No. —, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, where Ernest is writing, before a three-halfpenny inkstand an article for the next *New Monthly Magazine*. It was two o'clock, and the author was at breakfast—and to show what a killing man of the world poor Ernest was, his biographer tells us that—

On the top of a small leathern portmanteau, *near by* (the three-halfpenny inkstand, the like of which you may buy 'in most small shops in Soho'), stood two pair of varnished-leather boots of a sumptuous expensiveness, slender, elegant, and without spot, except *the leaf of a crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels*. The boots and the inkstand were tolerable exponents of his (the fashionable author's) two opposite but closely woven existences.

A printer's devil comes to him for his tale, and as the man of genius has not written a word of it, he begins to indite a letter to the publisher, which we print with what took place subsequently; that the public may be made acquainted with the habits of 'Free Pencils' in composition.

He has seized his pen and commenced:—

'Dear Sir—The tale of this month will be called ——.' As it was not yet conceived he found a difficulty in baptizing it. His eyebrows descended like the bars of a knight's visor; his mouth, which had expressed only lassitude and melancholy, shut close, and curved downward, and he sat for some minutes dipping his pen in the ink, and at each dip adding a new shoal to the banks of the inky Azores.

A long sigh of relief, and an expansion of every line of his face into a look of brightening thought, gave token presently that the incubation had been successful. The gilded notepaper was pushed aside, a broad and fair sheet of 'foreign post' was hastily drawn from his blotting-book, and forgetful alike of the *unachieved cup of tea* (!) and the waiting 'devil' of Marlborough Street, the felicitous author dashed the first magic word on mid-page, and without title or motto traced rapidly line after line, his face clearing of lassitude, and his eyes of their troubled languor, as the erasures became fewer, and his punctuations further between.

'Any answer to the note, sir?' said the maid-servant, who had entered unnoticed, and stood close at his elbow, wondering at the flying velocity of his pen.

He was at the bottom of the fourth page, and in the middle of a

sentence. Handing the wet and blotted sheet to the servant, with an order for the messenger to call the following morning for the remainder, he threw down his pen and abandoned himself to the most delicious of an author's pleasures—*reverie in the mood of composition*. He forgot work. Work is to put such reveries into words. His imagination flew on like a horse without his rider—gloriously and exultingly, but to no goal. The very waste made his indolence sweeter—the very nearness of his task brightened his imaginative idleness. The ink dried upon his pen. Some capricious association soon drew back his thoughts to himself. His eye dulled. His lips resumed their mingled expression of pride and voluptuousness. He started to find himself idle, remembered that he had left off the sheet with a broken sentence, without retaining even the concluding word, and with a sigh more of relief than vexation, he drew on his boots. Presto!—the world of which his penny-halfpenny inkstand was the immortal centre—the world of heaven-born imagination—melted from about him. He stood in patent leather, human, handsome, and liable to debt!

And thus fugitive and easy of decoy; thus compulsory, irresolute, and brief, is the unchastised toil of genius—the earning of 'the fancy-bread' of poets!

It would be hard if a man who has 'made himself a name' (beside being paternally christened) should want one in a story—so, if you please, I will name my hero in the next sentence. Ernest Clay was dressed to walk to Marlborough Street to apply for his 'guinea a page' in advance, and find out the concluding word of his MS., when there was heard a footman's rap at the street door. The baker on the ground floor ran to pick up his penny loaves, jarred from the shelves by the tremendous rat-a-tat-tat, and the maid ran herself out of her shoes to inform Mr. Clay that Lady Mildred——wished to speak with him. Neither maid nor baker were displeased at being put to inconvenience, nor was the baker's hysterical mother disposed to murmur at the outrageous clatter, which shattered her nerves for a week. There is a spell to a Londoner in a coroneted carriage which changes the noise and the impudence of the unwhipped varlets who ride behind it into music and condensation.

'You were going out,' said Lady Mildred: 'can I take you anywhere?'

'You can *take* me,' said Clay, spreading out his hands in an attitude of surrender, 'when and where you please; but I was going to my publisher's.'

The chariot steps rattled down, and his foot was on the crimson carpet, when a plain family-carriage suddenly turned out of Grosvenor Square, and pulled up as near his own door as the obstruction permitted.

Both the carriages, the coroneted chariot and the plain coach 'out of Grosvenor Square,' contain ladies who are

wildly in love with the celebrated writer for the magazines. He is smitten by the chariot ; he has offered marriage to the family coach ; which of the two vehicles shall carry him off ? The rival owners appear in presence (at Mrs. Rothschild's ball !), and after a slight contest between vice and virtue, the well-principled young man of genius finishes the evening by running away with the coronet to a beautiful retreat in Devonshire, leaving his bride-elect to wear the willow. This may be considered as Volume I of the *Heart-book*. Who would not be interested in reading the secrets of such a heart—who would not pardon its poetic vagaries ?

In Volume II the 'Free Pencil,' seeing in the newspapers the marriage of an old flame, merely in joke writes the lady a letter so thrilling, tender, and impassioned that she awakens for the first time to a sense of her exquisite beauty, and becomes a coquette for ever after. The 'Free Pencil' meets with her at Naples ; is there kissed by her in public ; crowned by her hand and proclaimed by her beautiful lips the prince of poets ; and as the lady is married, he, as a matter of ordinary gallantry, of course wishes to push his advantages further. But here (and almost for the only time) he is altogether checked in his advances, and made to see that the sovereign power of beauty is even paramount to that of 'free pencilling' in the genteel world. By way of episode, a story is introduced of a young woman who dies of love for the poet (having met him at several balls in London). He consoles her by marrying her on her death-bed. In Volume III the 'Free Pencil' recovers his first love, whom he left behind in the shawl-room at Mrs. Rothschild's ball, and who has been pining and waiting for him ever since. The constancy of the beautiful young creature is rewarded, and she becomes the wife of the highly-gifted young man.

Such, briefly, is the plot of a tale purporting to be drawn from English life and manners ; and wondering readers may judge how like the portrait is to the original ; how faithfully the habits of our society are here depicted ; how magazine writers are the rulers of fashion in England ; how maids, wives, and widows are never tired of running away with them. But who can appreciate the powers of description adorning this likely story ; or the high-toned benevolence and morality with which the author invests

his hero? These points can only be judged of by a perusal of the book itself. Then, indeed, will new beauties arise to the reader's perception. As in St. Peter's, you do not at first appreciate the beautiful details, so it is with Mr. Willis's masterpiece. But let us, for present recreation, make one or two brief extracts:—

A Lady arriving at a tea-party.—Quietly, but with a step as elastic as the nod of a water-lily, Lady Mildred glided into the room, and the high tones and unharmonized voices of the different groups suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by a low and sustained murmur of admiration. A white dress of faultless freshness of fold, a snowy turban, from which hung on either temple a cluster of crimson camellias still wet with the night dew; long raven curls of undisturbed grace falling on shoulders of *that undescrivable and dewy coolness which follows a morning bath (!)*, giving the skin the texture and the opaque whiteness of the lily; lips and skin redolent of the repose and purity, and the downcast but wakeful eye so expressive of recent solitude, and so peculiar to one who has not spoken since she slept—these were attractions which, in contrast with the paled glories around, elevated Lady Mildred at once into the predominant star of the night.

What a discovery regarding the qualities of the ‘morning bath’—how naïvely does the ‘nobleman of nature’ recommend the use of that rare cosmetic! Here follows a description of the triumphs of a ‘Free Penciller’:—

We are in one of the most fashionable houses in Mayfair. . . . On the heels of Ernest, and named with the next breath of the menial's lips, came the bearer of a title laden with the emblazoned honours of descent. Had he entered a hall of statuary, he could not have been less regarded. All eyes were on the pale forehead and calm lips that had entered before him; and the blood of the warrior who made the name, and of the statesmen and nobles who had borne it, and the accumulated honour and renown of centuries of unsullied distinctions—all these concentrated glories in the midst of the most polished and discriminating circle on earth, paled before the lamp of yesterday, burning in the eye of genius. Where is distinction felt? In secret, amidst splendour? No! In the street and the vulgar gaze? No! In the bosom of love? *She* only remembers it. Where, then, is the intoxicating cup of homage—the delirious draught for which brain, soul and nerve are tasked, tortured, and spent—where is it lifted to the lips? The answer brings me back. Eyes shining from amid jewels, voices softened with gentle breeding, smiles awakening beneath costly lamps—an atmosphere of perfume, splendour, and courtesy—these form the poet's Hebe, and the hero's Ganymede. These pour for ambition the draught that slakes his fever—these hold the cup to lips, drinking

eagerly, that would turn away, in solitude, from the ambrosia of the gods.

Clay's walk through the sumptuous rooms was like a Roman triumph. He was borne on from lip to lip—those before him anticipating his greeting, and those he left still sending their bright and kind words after him.

We shall next notice a wonderful history of foreign life, containing the development of a most wonderful idiosyncrasy. It is that of an author—our 'Free Penciller'! His life is but a sleeping and forgetting—the new soul that rises in him has had elsewhere its setting, and cometh again from afar. He has not only a Pythagorean belief, but sometimes a consciousness of his previous existence, or existences—nay, he has not only a consciousness of having lived formerly, but often believes that he is living somewhere else, as well as at the place where at the present moment he may be. In a word, he is often conscious of being *two gentlemen at once*;—a miraculous *égarement* of the intellect described in the following manner:—

Walking in a crowded street, for example, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighbourhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was, at the same time, present and visible elsewhere. I know everything that passes around me, but I seem disconnected, and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets, and houses, and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then slowly and reluctantly my absent soul seems creeping back, the magnetic links of conscious neighbourhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness. It is in vain that I try to fix these shadows as they recede. I have struggled a thousand times in vain to particularize and note down what I saw in the strange city to which I was translated. The memory glides from my grasp with preternatural evasiveness.

This awakening to a sense of previous existence is thus further detailed. '*The death of a lady in a foreign land,*' says Mr. Willis, 'leaves me at liberty to narrate the circum-

stances which follow.' Death has unsealed his lips; and he may now tell that in a previous state of existence he was in love with the beautiful Margaret, Baroness R——, when he was not the present 'Free Penciller,' but Rodolph Isenberg, a young artist of Vienna. Travelling in Styria, Rodolph was taken to a soiree at Gratz, in the house of a 'certain lady of consequence there,' by 'a very courteous and well-bred person, a gentleman of Graz' with whom Mr. Willis had made acquaintance in the coupé of a diligence. No sooner was he at the soiree than he found himself on the balcony talking to a 'very quiet young lady,' with whom he 'discoursed away for half an hour very unreservedly,' before he discovered that a third person, 'a tall lady of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty,' was earnestly listening to their conversation, 'with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion.' On this, the conversation 'languished'; and the other lady, his companion, rose, and took his arm to walk through the rooms. But he had not escaped the notice of the elder lady.

Later in the evening, says he, my friend came in search of me to the supper room. 'Mon ami!' he said, 'a great honour has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau-reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R——, whose château I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you—*why*, I cannot wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the countess's boudoir. *Allons-y!*' As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history: 'At seventeen, taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her château—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!' The baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of ormolu, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fullness of the eyelids—something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl, many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat. 'You will pardon me this freedom,' said the baroness, with forced composure, 'when I tell you that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present

to me when you speak.' I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me. 'You are not like him in a single feature,' she resumed, 'yet the expression of your face, strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter.' 'Of my age?' I inquired, to break my own silence. For there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream. 'O God! that voice! that voice!' she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears. 'Rodolph,' she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort, 'Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in reverie. Not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart—I know not how—that in person, palpable and breathing, I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!' I might well pardon her; for as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory, powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, wellnigh overpowered me. She turned to me again. 'You are an artist?' she said, inquiringly. 'No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature.' 'And you were born in the year — — ?' 'I was.' With a scream she added the day of my birth, and, waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor, and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees. 'Rodolph! Rodolph!' she murmured, faintly, as her long grey tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensible upon her breast. Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.

It was an hour after midnight when I re-entered my hotel. A chasseur stood sentry at the door of my apartment with a letter in his hand. He called me by name, gave me his missive, and disappeared. It was from the baroness, and ran thus:—

'You did not retire from me to sleep. This letter will find you waking. And I must write, for my heart and brain are overflowing.

'Shall I write to you as a stranger?—you whom I have strained so often to my bosom—you whom I have loved and still love with the utmost idolatry of mortal passion—you who have once given me the soul, that, like a gem long lost, is found again, but in a newer casket! Mine still—for did we not swear to love for ever!

'But I am taking counsel of my own heart only. You may still be unconvinced. You may think that a few singular coincidences have driven me mad. You may think that though born in the same hour that my Rodolph died, possessing the same voice, the same countenance, the same gifts—though by irresistible conscious-

ness I *know* you to be *him*—my lost lover returned in another body to life—you may still think the evidence incomplete—you may, perhaps, even now, be smiling in pity at my delusion. Indulge me one moment.

'The Rodolph Isenberg, whom I lost, possessed a faculty of mind, which, if you are he, answers with the voice of an angel to my appeal. In that soul resided, and wherever it be, must *now* reside, the singular power.'

[The reader must be content with my omission of this fragment of the letter. It contained a secret never before clothed in language—a secret that will die with me, unless betrayed by what indeed it may lead to—madness! As I saw it in writing—defined accurately and inevitably in the words of another—I felt as if the innermost chamber of my soul was suddenly laid open to the day—I abandoned doubt—I answered to the name by which she called me—I believed in the previous existence of which my whole life, no less than these extraordinary circumstances, had furnished me with repeated evidence. But to resume the letter.]

'And now that we know each other again—now that I can call you by name, as in the past, and be sure that your inmost consciousness must reply—a new terror seizes me! Your soul comes back, youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning, and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me for ever!—Am I—the same Margaret, refound and recognized—grown repulsive? O God! what a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me!

'I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger, and in mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the courtyard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us is still freshly kept. The room where we sat—the bowers by the stream—the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future—they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I—O Rodolph! I shall be the same. My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—God help me to look and be—as of yore!

'Farewell now! I leave horses and servants to wait on you till I send to bring you to me. Alas, for any delay! but we will *pass* this life and all other time together. We have seen that a vow of eternal union may be kept—that death cannot divide those who *will* to love for ever! Farewell now!

MARGARET.'

Such are the pictures of European society which this 'Free Penciller' has sketched. Of the truth of his descriptions of his own country and countrymen, it is not for us to speak. We shall only mention that, in characterizing them, he remarks that they are much more French than English in many of their qualities. 'They are,' says he, 'in dressing, dancing, *congregating*, in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, *elasticity of recuperation from trouble*' (a most delicious expression!), 'in complexion and figure, very French!' Had the *Dashes* been the work of a native genius, we might have hinted, perhaps, some slight occasional objections, pointed out a very few blunders, questioned, very diffidently, the great modesty of some statements, and the truth and accuracy of others. But, as the case stands, we feel that we are bound to excuse much to a young 'republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time.'

BARMECIDE BANQUETS WITH JOSEPH
BREGION AND ANNE MILLER¹

[*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1845.]

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO THE REV. LIONEL
GASTER, FELLOW AND TUTOR OF ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE,
OXON

PALL MALL, October 25, 1845.

MY DEAR LIONEL,

There is a comfort to think that, however other works and masterpieces bearing my humble name have been received by the public, namely, with what I cannot but think (and future ages will, I have no doubt, pronounce) to be unmerited obloquy and inattention, the present article, at least, which I address to you through the public prints, will be read by every one of the numerous readers of this *Magazine*. What a quantity of writings by the same hand have you, my dear friend, pored over! How much delicate wit, profound philosophy (lurking hid under harlequin's black mask and spangled jacket, nay, under clown's white lead and grinning vermilion),—how many quiet wells of deep-gushing pathos, have you failed to remark as you hurried through those modest pages, for which the author himself here makes an apology, not that I quarrel with my lot, or rebel against that meanest of all martyrdoms, indifference, with which a callous age has visited me—not that I complain because I am not appreciated by the present century—no, no!—he who lives at this time ought to know it better than to be vexed by its treatment of him—he who pines because Smith or Snooks doesn't appreciate him has a poor, puny vein of endurance, and pays those two personages too much honour.

¹ [*The Practical Cook, English and Foreign*. By Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller. (Chapman and Hall, 1845.)]

Pardon, dear Lionel, the egotism of the above little disquisition. If (as undoubtedly is the case) Fitz-Boodle is a *grande âme inconnue*, a *génie incompris*, you cannot say that I complain—I don't push cries of distress like my friend Sir Lytton—if I am a martyr, who ever saw me out of temper? I lie smiling on my rock or gridiron, causing every now and then an emotion of pity in the bystanders at my angelic good humour. I bear the kicks of the world with smiling meekness, as Napoleon used to say Talleyrand could; no one could tell from the jolly and contented expression of my face what severe agonies were felt—what torturous indignities were inflicted elsewhere.

I think about my own exceedingly select class of readers with a rueful modesty, when I recollect how much more lucky other authors are. Here, for instance, I say to myself, looking upon the neat, trim, tight, little handsome book, signed by Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller, 'Here is a book whereof the public will infallibly purchase thousands. Maidens and matrons will read and understand it. Smith will buy it and present it to his lady; Snooks will fully enter into the merit of it, and recommend its perusal to his housekeeper. Nor will it be merely enjoyed by these worthy humdrum people, but men of learning and genius will find subject of interest and delectation in it. I dare say it will find a place in bishops' libraries, or on the bookshelves of men of science, or on the tables of poets and painters; for it is suited to the dullest and the highest intelligence.' And where is the fool or the man of genius that is insensible to the charms of a good dinner? I myself have been so much amused and instructed by the reading of the *Practical Cook* that I have purchased, out of my own pocket, several copies for distribution among my friends. Everybody can understand it and get benefit by it. You, not the least among the number, my reverend and excellent friend; for though your mornings are passed in the study of the heathen classics, or over your favourite tomes of patristic lore—though of forenoons you astonish lecture-rooms with your learning, and choose to awe delighted undergraduates—yet I know that an hour comes daily when the sage feels that he is a man. When the reverend expounder of Austin and Chrysostom forsakes his study-table for another, which is spread in the common-room, whereon, by the cheerful glimmer of wax-tapers, your eye

rests complacently upon crystal flasks mantling with the red juices of France and Portugal, and glittering silver dishes, smoking with viands prepared by your excellent college cook.

Do you remember the week I once passed at St. Boniface College, honoured to be your guest and that of the society? I have dined in many countries of Europe and Asia since then—I have feasted with aldermen, and made one at Soyer's house-dinners—I have eaten the produce of Borel's larder, and drunk Clos Vougeot at the Trois Frères—I have discussed the wine of Capri, and know the difference of the flavour of the oysters of Poldoodie and the Lucrine Lake—I have examined bouillabaisse at Marseilles and pilaff at Constantinople—I have consorted with epicures of all ages and nations,—but I never saw men who relished a dinner better than the learned fellows of St. Boniface! How Gaster will relish this book! I thought to myself a hundred times as I revelled over the pages of Anne Miller and Joseph Bregon.

I do not believe, however, that those personages, namely Bregon, 'formerly cook to Prince Rasumouski' (I knew his Highness intimately), 'to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Russian ambassador at Paris, &c., and Anne Miller, cook in several English families of distinction,' are the real authors of this excellent and truly *Practical Cook*. A distinguished amateur of cookery and almost every other science, a man whose erudition is as varied and almost as profound as your own, a practical philosopher, who has visited every capital in Europe, their victuals noted and their wines surveyed, is, I have reason to think, the real genius under whose presiding influence Anne and Joseph have laboured. For instance, of the Portuguese and Spanish dishes here described, the invaluable collection of Turkish and Indian receipts, the Sicilian and Hungarian receipts, it is not probable that Joseph or Anne should have had much personal experience; whereas it is my firm opinion that the occult editor of the *Practical Cook* has tasted and tested every one of the two hundred and twenty-three thousand edible and potable formulæ contained in the volume. A great genius, he has a great appetite and digestion. Such are part of the gifts of genius. In my own small way, and at a single dinner at Brussels, I remember counting twenty-nine dishes of which I partook. By such

a process alone, and even supposing that he did not work at breakfast or supper, a man would get through 10,480 dishes in a year, so that twenty years' perseverance (and oh, how richly would that industry be repaid!) would carry you through the whole number above specified.

Such a gormandizing encyclopaedia was indeed wanted, and is a treasure now that we have it complete. You may feast with any nation in the world as you turn over the pages of this delightful volume. In default of substantial banquets even imaginary ones are pleasant. I have always relished Alnaschar's dinner, off lamb and pistachio-nuts, with the jolly Barmecide, and could, with an easy and thankful heart, say grace over that light repast. What a fine, manly, wholesome sense of roast and boiled, so to speak, there is in the *Iliad*! In my mind I have often and often cut off great collops of the smoking beeves under Achilles' tent, and sat down to a jovial scrambling dinner along with Penelope's suitors at Ithaca. What appetites Ariosto's heroes have, and the reader with them! (Tasso's Armida dinners are rather theatrical in my mind, gilt pasteboard cups with nothing in them, wooden pullets and pineapples, and so forth.) In Sir Walter Scott, again, there reigns a genuine and noble feeling for victuals. Witness King James's cocky-lecky, those endless, admirable repasts in *Ivanhoe*, especially that venison pasty in *Quentin Durward*, of the flavour of which I have the most distinct notion, and to which I never sit down without appetite, nor quit unsatisfied. The very thought of these meals, as, recalling them one by one, I note them down, creates a delightful tickling and longing, and makes one quite hungry.

For these spiritual banquets of course all cookery-books are good; but this of the so-called Miller and Bregon is unrivalled. I have sent you a copy down to Oxford, and would beg you, my dear Lionel, to have it in your dressing-room. If you have been taking too many plovers' eggs, or *foie-gras* patty, for breakfast, if you feel yourself a trifle heavy or incommoded after a hot luncheon, you naturally mount your cob, take a gentle breathing for a couple of hours on the Blenheim or Bagley road, and return to dress for dinner at the last minute; still feeling that you have not got your appetite quite back, and, in spite of the exercise, that you are not altogether up to the good things of the fellows' table. In this case (which may often occur) take

my advice. Instead of riding for two hours, curtail your exercise, and only trot for an hour and forty minutes. Spend these twenty minutes in your easy chair over the *Practical Cook*. Begin almost at any page. After the first few paragraphs the languor and heaviness begin to disappear. The idea of dining, which was quite disagreeable to you half an hour since, begins to be no longer repulsive—a new interest springs up in your breast for things edible—fancy awakens the dormant appetite, which the coarse remedy of a jolt on horseback had failed to rouse, and, as the second bell rings, you hasten down to Hall with eagerness, for you know and feel that you are hungry. For some time I had the book by my bedside, and used to read it of nights; but this is most dangerous. Twice I was obliged to get up and dress myself at two o'clock in the morning, and go out to hunt for some supper.

As you begin at the preface of the book it charms you with its philosophical tone.

Far are we from saying that a dinner should not be a subject of morning or midday meditation or of luxurious desire; but in the present advanced state of civilization, and of medical and chemical knowledge, something more than kneading, baking, stewing, and boiling are necessary in any nation pretending to civilization. The metropolis of England exceeds Paris in extent and population: it commands a greater supply of all articles of consumption, and contains a greater number and variety of markets, which are better supplied. We greatly surpass the French in mutton, we produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game, yet we cannot compare, as a nation, with the higher, the middle, or the lower classes in France in the science of preparing our daily food. The only articles of food in the quality of which the French surpass us are veal and fowl, but such is the skill and science of their cooks that with worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, they produce better chops, cutlets, steaks, and better made-dishes of every nature and kind whatsoever. In *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, *salmis*, *quenelles*, *purées*, *filets*, and more especially in the dressing of vegetables, our neighbours surpass us, and we see no good reason why we should not imitate them in a matter in which they are so perfect, or why their more luxurious, more varied, more palatable, and more dainty cookery should not be introduced among the higher and middle classes to more general notice.

No Joseph Bregion, though Rasumouski's *chef*; no Anne Miller, though cook to ever so many English families of distinction, could write like this. No, no. This is not

merely a practical cook, but a practical philosopher, whose pen we think we recognize, and who wishes to reconcile ourselves and our Gallic neighbours by the noble means of a good dinner. There is no blinking the matter here ; no foolish vainglory and vapouring contempt of Frenchmen, such as some Britons are wont to indulge in, such as all Frenchmen endeavour to make pass for real. Scotland, they say, is the best cultivated country of Europe ; and why ?—because it is the most barren. Your Neapolitan peasant lolls in the sunshine all day, leaving his acres to produce spontaneous melons and volunteer grapes, with which the lazy farmer nourishes himself. Your canny Scot invents manures, rotatory crops, subsoil, ploughs, tile-drains, and other laborious wonders of agriculture, with which he forces reluctant Nature to be bountiful to him. And as with the fruits of the field, so it is with the beasts thereof ; because we have fine mutton to our hand, we neglect cookery. *The French, who have worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, produce better chops, cutlets, and steaks.* This sentence should be painted up as a motto in all our kitchens. Let cooks blush when they read it. Let housekeepers meditate upon it. I am not writing in a burlesque or bantering strain. Let this truth be brought home to the bosoms of English kitchens, and the greatest good may be done.

The grand and broad principles of cookery or cookicks thus settled, the authors begin to dissert upon the various branches of the noble science, regarding all of which they have to say something new, or pleasant, or noble. Just read the heads of the chapters,—what a pleasant smack and gusto they have !—

**RULES NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY COOKS IN THE
REGULATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THEIR LARDER.**

OBSERVATIONS AS TO UNDRESSED MEATS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE KITCHEN AND ITS UTENSILS.

OBSERVATIONS ON AND DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING.

**GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH SOUPS AND BROTHS,
AND DIRECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.**

OBSERVATIONS ON MEAT IN GENERAL.

The mere titles themselves are provocative of pleasant thoughts and savoury meditations. I seize on them. I sniff them spiritually. I eye them (with the eyes of the

imagination) yearningly. I have seen little penniless boys eyeing meat and puddings in cooks'-shops so—no pleasant occupation perhaps to the hungry—but good and wholesome food for such as have dined to-day and can afford to do so to-morrow. Even after dinner, I say this book is pleasant to read and think over. I hate the graceless wretch who begins to be disgusted with eating so soon as his own appetite is satisfied. Your truly hospitable man loves to see others eating happily around him, though satiety has caused him to lay down his own knife and fork ; the spectacle of a hungry fellow-creature's enjoyment gives a benevolent gormandizer pleasure. I am writing this very line after an excellent repast of three courses ; and yet this mere account of an English dinner awakens in me an active interest and a manly and generous sympathy.

On laying out a table.—The manner of laying out a table is nearly the same in all parts of the United Kingdom : yet there are trifling local peculiarities to which the mistress of a house must attend. A centre ornament, whether it be a *dormant*, a *plateau*, an *epergne*, or a candelabra, is found so convenient, and contributes so much to the good appearance of the table, that a fashionable dinner is now seldom or never set out without something of this kind.

Utility should be the true principle of beauty, at least in affairs of the table, and, above all, in the substantial first course. A very false taste is, however, often shown in centre ornaments. Strange ill-assorted nosegays, and bouquets of artificial flowers, begin to droop or look faded among hot steams. Ornamental articles of family plate, carved, chased, or merely plain, can never be out of place, however old-fashioned. In desserts, richly-cut glass is ornamental. We are far, also, from proscribing the foliage and moss in which fruits are sometimes seen bedded. The sparkling imitation of frost-work, which is given to preserved fruits and other things, is also exceedingly beautiful ; as are many of the trifles belonging to French and Italian confectionery.

Beautifully white damask, and a green cloth underneath, are indispensable.

In all ranks, and in every family, one important art in house-keeping is to make what remains from one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance or plenty of the next day's dinner. This is a principle understood by persons in the very highest ranks of society, who maintain the most splendid and expensive establishments. Vegetables, *ragoûts*, and soups may be re-warmed ; and jellies and blancmange remoulded, with no deterioration of their qualities. Savoury or sweet patties, *croquets*, *rissoles*, *vol-au-vents*, fritters, tartlets, &c., may be served with almost no cost, where cookery is going forward on a large scale. In the French kitchen,

a numerous class of culinary preparations, called *entrées de dessert*, or made-dishes of left things, are served even at grand entertainments.

At dinners of any pretension, the first course consists of soups and fish, removed by boiled poultry, ham, or tongue, roasts, stews, &c., and of vegetables, with a few made-dishes, as *ragoûts*, curries, hashes, cutlets, patties, fricandeaux, &c., in as great variety as the number of dishes permits. For the second course, roasted poultry or game at the top and bottom, with dressed vegetables, omelets, macaroni, jellies, creams, salads, preserved fruit, and all sorts of sweet things and pastry, are employed,—endeavouring to give an article of each sort, as a jelly and a cream, as will be exemplified in bills of fare which follow. This is a more common arrangement than three courses, which are attended with so much additional trouble both to the guests and servants.

Whether the dinner be of two or three courses, it is managed nearly in the same way. Two dishes of fish dressed in different ways—if suitable—should occupy the top and bottom; and two soups, a white and a brown, or a mild and a high-seasoned, are best disposed on each side of the centre-piece; the fish-sauces are placed between the centre piece and the dish of fish to which each is appropriate; and this, with the decanted wines drunk during dinner, forms the first course. When there are rare French or Rhenish wines, they are placed in the original bottles, in ornamented wine-vases, between the centre-piece and the top and bottom dishes; or if four kinds, they are ranged round the plateau. If one bottle, it is placed in a vase in the centre.

The second course at a purely English dinner, when there are three, consists of roasts and stews for the top and bottom; turkey or fowls, or fricandeau, or ham garnished, or tongue, for the sides; with small made-dishes for the corners, served in covered dishes; as *palates*, curry of any kind, *ragoût*, or *fricassée* of rabbits, stewed mushrooms, &c., &c.

The third course consists of game, confectionery, the more delicate vegetables dressed in the French way, puddings, creams, jellies, &c.

Carafes, with the tumblers belonging to and placed over them, are laid at proper intervals. Where hock, champagne, &c., &c., are served, they are handed round between the courses. When the third course is cleared away, cheese, butter, a fresh salad, or sliced cucumber are usually served; and the finger-glasses precede the dessert. At many tables, particularly in Indian houses, it is customary merely to hand quickly round a glass vessel or two filled with simple, or simply perfumed tepid water, made by the addition of a little rose or lavender water, or a home-made strained infusion of rose-leaves or lavender spikes. Into this water each guest may dip the corner of his napkin, and with this refresh his lips and the tips of his fingers.

The dessert, at an English table, may consist merely of two dishes of fine fruit for the top and bottom; common or dried fruits,

filberts, &c., for the corners or sides, and a cake for the middle, with ice-pails in hot weather. Liqueurs are at this stage handed round; and the wines usually drunk after dinner are placed decanted on the table along with the dessert. The ice-pails and plates are removed as soon as the company finish their ice. This may be better understood by following the exact arrangement of what is considered a fashionable dinner of three courses and a dessert.

Now what can be finer than this description of a feed? How it recalls old days and old dinners, and makes one long for the return of friends to London and the opening of the dining campaign! It is not far removed, praised be luck! Already the lawyers are coming back (and let me tell you, some of the judges give uncommonly good dinners), railroad speculations are bringing or keeping a good number of men of fortune about town; presently we shall have Parliament, the chief good of which institution is, as I take it, that it collects in London respectable wealthy dinner-giving families; and then the glorious operations will commence again; and I hope that you, dear Lionel (on your occasional visits to London), and your humble servant and every good epicure will, six times at least in every week, realize that delightful imaginary banquet here laid out in type.

But I wish to offer a few words of respectful remonstrance, an approving observation regarding the opinions delivered above. The description of the dinner, as it actually exists, we will pass over; but it is of dinners as they should be that I would speak. Some statements in the Bregion-Miller account I would question; of others I deplore that they should be true.

In the first place,—as to central ornaments—have them as handsome, as massive as you like—but be hanged to flowers! I say; and, above all, no candelabra on the table—no cross-lights; faces are not seen in the midst of the abominable cross-lights, and you don't know who is across the table. Have your lights rich and brilliant overhead, blazing on the sideboard, and gleaming hospitably from as many sconces as you please along the walls, but no lights on the table. 'Roses, bouquets, moss, and foliage' I have an utter contempt for, as quite foolish ornaments, that have no right to appear in atmospheres composed of the fumes of ham, gravy, soup, game, lobster-sauce, &c. Away with all poetastering at dinner-parties! Though your friends Plato and Socrates crowned themselves with

garlands at dinner, I have always fancied Socrates an ass for his pains. Fancy old Noddly, of your college, or your own venerable mug or mine, set off with a wreath of tulips or a garland of roses, as we ladled down the turtle-soup in your hall! The thought is ridiculous and odious. Flowers were not made to eat—away with them! I doubt even whether young unmarried ladies should be allowed to come down to dinner. They are a sort of flowers—pretty little sentimental gewgaws—what can *they* know about eating? They should only be brought down for balls, and should dine upon roast mutton in the nursery.

‘Beautiful white damask and a green cloth are indispensable.’ Ah, my dear Lionel, on this head I exclaim, Let me see the old mahogany back again, with the crystal, and the wine quivering and gleaming in it. I am sorry for the day when the odious fashion of leaving the cloth down was brought from across the water. They leave the cloth on a French table because it is necessary to disguise it; it is often a mere set of planks on tressels, the meanness of which they disguise, as they disguise the poverty of their meat. Let us see the naked mahogany; it means, I think, not only a good dinner, but a *good drink after dinner*. In houses where they leave the cloth down you know they are going to shirk their wine. And what is a dinner without a subsequent drink? A mockery—an incomplete enjoyment at least. Do you and I go out to dine that we may have the pleasure of drinking tea in the drawing-room, and hearing Miss Anne or Miss Jane sing? Fiddlededee! I can get the best singing in the world for half a guinea! Do we expend money in cabs, kid-gloves, and awful waistcoats in order to get muffins and tea? Bah! Nay, does any man of sense declare honestly that he likes ladies’ conversation? I have read in novels that it was pleasant, the refinement of woman’s society—the delightful influence of a female presence, and so forth, but say now, as a man of the world and an honest fellow, did you ever get any good out of women’s talk? What a bore a clever woman is!—what a frightful bore a mediocre, respectable woman is! And every woman who is worth anything will confess as much. There is no woman but *one* after all. But mum! I am getting away from the dinner-table; they it was who dragged me from it, and it was for parsimony’s sake, and to pleasure them, that the practice of leaving on the cloth for dessert was invented.

This I honestly say as a diner-out in the world. If I accept an invitation to a house where the dessert-cloth practice is maintained (it must be, I fear, in large dinners of *apparat* now, but I mean in common *réunions* of ten or fourteen)—if I accept a dessert-cloth invitation, and a mahogany invitation subsequently comes, I fling over dessert-cloth. To ask you to a dinner without a drink is to ask you to half a dinner.

This I say is the interest of every diner-out. An unguarded passage in the above description, too, might give rise to a fatal error, and be taken advantage of by stingy curmudgeons who are anxious for any opportunity of saving their money and liquor,—I mean those culpably careless words,—‘*Where hock, champagne, &c., &c., are served, they are handed round between the courses.*’ Of course they are handed round between the courses; but they are handed round during the courses too. A man who sets you down to a driblet of champagne—who gives you a couple of beggarly glasses between the courses, and winks to John who froths up the liquor in your glass, and screws up the remainder of the bottle for his master’s next day’s drinking—such a man is an impostor and despicable snob. This fellow must not be allowed an excuse for his practice—the wretch must not be permitted to point to Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller for an authority, and say they declare that champagne is to be served only between the courses. No!—no! you poor lily-livered wretch! if money is an object to you, drink water (as we have all done, perhaps, in an angust state of domestic circumstances, with a good heart); but if there is to be champagne, have no stint of it, in the name of Bacchus! Profusion is the charm of hospitality; have plenty, if it be only beer. A man who offers champagne by driblets is a fellow who would wear a pinchbeck breastpin, or screw on spurs to his boots to make believe that he kept a horse. I have no words of scorn sufficiently strong to characterize the puny coward, shivering on the brink of hospitality, without nerve to plunge into the generous stream!

Another word should be said to men of moderate means about that same champagne. It is actually one of the cheapest of wines, and there is no wine out of which, to speak commercially, you get your returns so directly. The popping, and fizzing, and agreeable nervous hurry in pouring

and drinking, give it a prestige and an extra importance—it makes twice the appearance, has twice the effect, and doesn't cost you more than a bottle of your steady, old, brown sherry, which has gathered on his head the interest of accumulated years in your cellar. When people have had plenty of champagne, they fancy they have been treated liberally. If you wish to save, save upon your hocks, sauternes, and moselles, which count for nothing, but disappear down careless throats like so much toast and water.

I have made this remark about champagne. All men of the world say they don't care for it ; all gourmands swear and vow that they prefer sillery a thousand times to sparkling, but look round the table and behold ! We all somehow drink it. All who say they like the sillery will be found drinking the sparkling. Yes, beloved sparkler, you are an artificial, barley-sugared, brandied beverage, according to the dicta of connoisseurs. You are universally sneered at, and said to have no good in you. But console yourself, you are universally drunken—you are the wine of the world—you are the liquor in whose bubbles lies the greatest amount of the sparkle of good spirits. May I die but I will not be ashamed to proclaim my love for you ! You have given me much pleasure, and never any pain—you have stood by me in many hard moments, and cheered me in many dull ones—you have whipped up many flagging thoughts, and dissipated many that were gloomy—you have made me hope, aye, and forget. Ought a man to disown such a friend ?

Incomparably the best champagne I know is to be found in England. It is the most doctored, the most brandied, the most barley-sugared, the most *winy* wine in the world. As such, let us hail, and honour, and love it.

Those precious words about *réchauffés*, and the art of making the remains of one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance and plenty of the next day's dinner, cannot be too fondly pondered over by housekeepers, or too often brought into practice. What is it, ladies, that so often drives out men to clubs, and leaves the domestic hearth desolate—what but bad dinners ? And whose fault is the bad dinners but yours—yours, forsooth, who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen, and too delicate to think about your husband's victuals ? I know a case in which the misery

of a whole life, nay, of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of life, where ennui, estrangement, and subsequent ruin and suicide arose out of an obstinate practice of serving a leg of mutton three days running in a small, respectable family.

My friend, whom I shall call Mortimer Delamere (for why not give the unfortunate fellow as neat and as elegant a name as possible, as I am obliged to keep his own back out of regard to his family ?)—Mortimer Delamere was an ornament of the Stock Exchange, and married at the age of twenty-five.

Before marriage he had a comfortable cottage at Sutton, whither he used to drive after business hours, and where you had roast ducks, toasted cheese, steaks and onions, wonderful bottled stout and old port, and other of those savoury but somewhat coarse luxuries with which home-keeping bachelors sometimes recreate their palates. He married and quitted his friends and his little hospitalities, his punch and his cigars, for a genteel wife and house in the Regent's Park, where I once had the misfortune to take pot-luck with him.

That dinner, which I never repeated, showed me at once that Delamere's happiness was a wreck. He had cold mutton and mouldy potatoes. His genteel wife, when he humbly said that he should have preferred the mutton hashed, answered superciliously that the kitchen was not her province, that as long as there was food sufficient she did not heed its quality. She talked about poetry and the Rev. Robert Montgomery all the evening, and about a quarter of an hour after she had left us to ourselves and the dessert, summoned us to exceedingly weak and muddy coffee in the drawing-room, where she subsequently entertained us with bad music, sung with her own cracked, false, genteel voice. My usual politeness and powers of conversation did not of course desert me even under this affliction ; and she was pleased to say at the close of the entertainment that she had enjoyed a highly intellectual evening, and hoped Mr. Fitz-Boodle would repeat his visit. Mr. Fitz-Boodle would have seen her at Jericho first !

But what was the consequence of a life of this sort ? Where the mutton is habitually cold in a house, depend on it the affection grows cold too. Delamere could not bear that comfortless, flavourless, frigid existence, He took

refuge in the warmth of a club. He frequented not only the library and coffee-room, but, alas! the smoking-room and card-room. He became a *viveur* and jolly dog about town, neglecting the wife who had neglected him, and who is now separated from him, and proclaimed to be a martyr by her genteel family, whereas, in fact, her own selfishness was the cause of his falling away. Had she but condescended to hash his mutton and give him a decent dinner, the poor fellow would have been at home to this day; would never have gone to the club or played with Mr. Denman, who won his money; would never have been fascinated by Senhora Dolora, who caused his duel with Captain Tuffo; would never have been obliged to fly to America after issuing bills which he could not take up—bills, alas! with somebody else's name written on them.

I venture to say that if the *Practical Cook* had been published and Mrs. Delamere had condescended to peruse it; if she had read pages 30–32, for instance, with such simple receipts as these—

BILLS OF FARE FOR PLAIN FAMILY DINNERS.

DINNERS OF FIVE DISHES.

	Peas or Mulligatawny Soup.	
Potatoes browned below the Roast.	Apple Dumpling, or plain Fritters.	Mashed Turnip or Pickles.
	Roast Shoulder of Mutton.	
	Haddocks boiled, with Parsley, and Butter Sauce.	
Potatoes.	Newmarket Pudding.	Rice or Pickles.
	Haricot, Curry Hash, or Grill, <i>Of the Mutton of the former day.</i>	
	Knuckle of Veal <i>Ragoût</i> , or with Rice.	
Stewed Endive.	A Charlotte.	Potatoes.
	Roast of Pork, or Pork Chops— <i>Sage Sauce</i> , or <i>Sauce Piquante</i> .	
	Boiled Cod, with Oyster, Egg, or Dutch Sauce.	
Potatoes.	Mutton Broth.	Carrots or Turnips.
	Scrag of Mutton, with Caper Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.	
	Cod Curry, or a <i>Béchamel</i> , of the Fish of former day.	
Scalloped Oysters.	Rice Pudding.	Mashed Potatoes.
	Roast Ribs of Beef.	

Marrow Bones.	Bouilli, <i>garnished with Onions</i>	Beef Cecils, of the Roast Ribs of the former day.
	Soup of the <i>Bouilli</i> .	
	Lamb Chops, with Potatoes.	
	<i>Vegetables on the Side-Table—</i>	

she would have had her husband at home every day. As I read them over myself, dwelling upon each, I say inwardly, 'Could I find a wife who did not sing, and who would daily turn me out such dinners as these, Fitz-Boodle himself would be a family man.' See there how the dishes are made to play into one another's hands; how the roast shoulder of mutton of Monday (though there is no mention made of the onion sauce) becomes the curry or grill of Tuesday; how the boiled cod of Thursday becomes the *béchamel* of Friday, a still better thing than boiled cod! Feed a man according to those receipts, and I engage to say he *never* would dine out, especially on Saturdays, with that delicious bouilli garnished with onions,—though, to be sure, there is a trifle too much beef in the *carte* of the day; and I for my part should prefer a dish of broiled fish in the place of the lamb chops with potatoes, the dinner as it stands here being a trifle too *brown*.

One day in the week a man might have a few friends and give them any one of these:—

GOOD FAMILY DINNERS OF SEVEN DISHES.

	Crimped Salmon.	
	<i>Lobster Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.</i>	
Mashed Potatoes, <i>in small shapes.</i>		Mince Pies, <i>or Rissoles.</i>
	Irish Stew.	
	(<i>Remove—Apple Pic.</i>)	
Oxford Dumplings.		Mince Veal.
	Pickles.	
	Roast of Beef.	
	Irish Stew, or Haricot of Mutton.	
Chickens.		Mashed Potatoes.
	Fritters.	
Apple Sauce.		Tongue on Spinach, or a Piece of Ham.
	Stubble Goose.	

	Fried Soles.	
Savoury Patties.	Onion Soup.	Salad.
	(Remove—A Charlotte.)	
Macaroni.	Sliced Cucumber.	Veal Sweetbreads.
	Saddle of Mutton roasted.	

Very moderate means might enable a man to give such a dinner as this ; and how good they all are ! I should like to see eight good fellows over No. 3, for instance,—six men, say, and two ladies. They would not take any onion soup, of course, though all the men would ; but the veal sweetbreads and the remove, a *charlotte*, are manifestly meant for them. There would be no champagne : the dinner is too jolly and *bourgeois* for that ; but after they had partaken of a glass of wine and had retired, just three bottles of excellent claret would be discussed by us six, and every man who went upstairs to coffee would make himself agreeable. In such a house the coffee would be good. The way to make good coffee is a secret known only to very few housekeepers,—it is to have plenty of coffee.

Thus do Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller care for high and low. They provide the domestic dinner to be calm in the bosoms of private families ; they invent bills of fare for the jolly family party, that pleasantest of all meetings ; and they expand upon occasion and give us the magnificent parade banquet of three courses, at which kings or fellows of colleges may dine. If you will ask your cook at St. Boniface to try either of the dinners marked for January and February, and will send your obedient servant a line, he for one will be happy to come down and partake of it at Oxford.

I could go on prattling in this easy innocent way for hours, my dear Lionel, but the Editor of this Magazine (about whose capabilities I have my own opinion) has limited me to space, and that space is now pretty nearly occupied. I should like to have had a chat with you about the Indian dishes, the chapter on which is very scientific and savoury. The soup and broth chapter is rich, learned, and philosophical. French cookery is not, of course, *approfondi* or elaborately described, but nobly *raisonné*, like one of your lectures on a Greek play, where you point out in eloquent terms the salient beauties, sketch with masterly rapidity the principal characters, and gracefully unweave the complications of the metre. But I have done.

The *Practical Cook* will triumph of his own force without my puny aid to drag the wheels of his car. Let me fling a few unpretending flowers over it, and sing, *Io* to the victor! Happy is the writer, happy the possessor, happy above all the publishers of such a book!

Farewell, dear Lionel; present my respectful remembrances to the master of your college and our particular chums in the common-room. I am come to town for Christmas, so you may send the brawn to my lodgings as soon as you like.

Your faithful

G. S. F.-B.

ABOUT A CHRISTMAS BOOK¹

IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH TO
OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1845.]

THE DEANERY, November 25.

AT this season of approaching Christmas, when tender mothers are furbishing up the children's bedrooms, and airing the mattresses which those little darlings (now counting the days at Dr. Swishtail's Academy, or the Misses Backboard's Finishing Establishment) are to occupy for six happy weeks, we have often, dear MR. YORKE, examined the beautiful store of gilt books with pretty pictures which begin to glitter on Mr. Nickisson's library-table, and selected therefrom a store of presents for our numerous young friends. It is a pleasant labour. I like the kindly produce which Paternoster Row sends forth at this season. I like Christmas books, Christmas pantomimes, mince-pies, snapdragon, and all Christmas fruit; for though you and I can have no personal gratification in the two last-named deleterious enjoyments—to eat that abominable compound of currants, preserves, and puff-paste which infallibly results in a blue pill, or to dip in a dish of inflamed brandy for the purpose of fishing out scalding raisins which we don't like,—yet it gives us pleasure to see the young people so occupied—a melancholy and tender pleasure. We indulge in pleasant egotisms of youthful reminiscence. The days of our boyhood come back again. The holy holidays! How much better you remember those days than any other. How sacred their happiness is; how keen even at this minute their misery. I forget whether I have told elsewhere

¹ *Poems and Pictures; a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems, Ancient and Modern, including both Originals and Selections. With Designs on Wood by the Principal Artists. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1845. James Burns, Portman Street.*

the story of my friend, Sir John C——. He came down to breakfast with rather a disturbed and pallid countenance. His lady affectionately asked the cause of his disquiet. 'I have had an unpleasant dream. I dreamed I was at Charterhouse, and that Raine flogged me!' He is sixty-five years old. A thousand great events may have happened to him since that period of youthful fustigation. Empires have waxed and waned since then. He has come into 20,000*l.* a year; Napoleon is dead since that period, and also the late Mr. Pitt. How many manly friends, hopes, cares, pleasures, have risen and died, and been forgotten! But not so the joys and pains of boyhood, the delights of the holidays are still as brilliant as ever to him, the buds of the school birch-rod still tickle bitterly the shrinking *os coccygis* of memory!

Do you not remember, my dear fellow, our own joy when the 12th came and we plunged out of school, not to see the face of Muzzle for six weeks? A good and illustrious boy were you, dear OLIVER, and did your exercises, and mine too, with credit and satisfaction; but still it was a pleasure to turn your back upon Muzzle. Can you ever forget the glories of the beefsteak at the Bull and Mouth previous to going home; and the majestic way in which we ordered the port and pronounced it to be 'ropy' or 'fruity'; and criticized the steak, as if we had been Joseph Bregon, cook to Prince Rasumousky? At twenty-five minutes past four precisely, the greys were in the coach; and the guard comes in and says, 'Now, gentlemen!' We lighted cigars magnanimously (since marriage—long, long before His Grace the Duke of Wellington's pathetic orders against smoking, we gave up the vile habit). We take up the insides at the office in the Quadrant; and go bowling down Piccadilly on the road to Hounslow, Snow the guard playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' on the bugle. How clear it twangs on the ear even now! Can you ever forget the cold veal pies at Bagshot, and the stout waiter with black tights, on the look-out for the coach as it came in to a minute? Jim Ward used to drive. I wonder where Jim is now. Is he gone? Yes, probably. Why, the whole road is a ghost since then. The coaches and horses have been whisked up, and are passed away into Hades. The gaunt inns are tenantless; the notes of the horn that we used to hear tootling over Salisbury Plain as the dawn rose and the wind was nipping

cold, are reverberating in endless space. Where are the jolly turnpike-men who used to come out as the lamps lighted up the white bars of the gates, and the horses were in a halo of smoke? How they used to go over the six miles between Honiton and Escot Lodge! and there—there on Fair Mile Hill is the little carriage waiting, and HOME in it, looking out with sweet eyes—eyes, oh, how steadfast, and loving, and tender.

This sentimentalism may surprise my revered friend and annoy the public, who are not called upon to be interested in their humble servant's juvenile biography; but it all comes very naturally out of the opening discussion about Christmas and Christmas books in general, and of this book in particular, just published by Mr. Burns, the very best of all Christmas books. Let us say this, dear YORKE, who, in other days, have pitilessly trampled on *Forget-me-nots*, and massacred whole galleries of *Books of Beauty*. By the way, what has happened to the beauties? Is Mayfair used up? One does not wish to say anything rude, but I would wager that any tea-party in Red Lion Square will turn out a dozen ladies to the full as handsome as the charmers with whose portraits we are favoured this year. There are two in particular whom I really never—but let us not be too personal, and return to Mr. Burns's *Poems and Pictures*.

The charming *Lieder und Bilder* of the Düsseldorf painters has, no doubt, given the idea of the work. The German manner has found favour among some of our artists—the Puseyites of art, they may be called, in this country, such as Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Townsend, Horsley, &c., who go back to the masters before Raphael, or to his own best time (that of his youth), for their models of grace and beauty. Their designs have a religious and ascetic, not a heathen and voluptuous tendency. There is with them no revelling in boisterous nudities, like Rubens, no glowing contemplation of lovely forms, as in Titian or Etty, but a meek, modest, and downcast demeanour. They appeal to tender sympathies, and deal with subjects of conjugal or maternal love, or charity, or devotion. In poetry, Goethe can't find favour in their eyes, but Uhland does. Milton is too vast for them, Shakespeare too earthy, but mystic Collins is a favourite; and gentle Cowper; and Alford

sings pious hymns for them to the mild strains of his little organ.

The united work of these poets and artists is very well suited to the kind and gentle Christmas season. All the verses are not good, and some of the pictures are but feeble ; yet the whole impression of the volume is an exceedingly pleasant one. The solemn and beautiful forms of the figures ; the sweet, soothing cadences and themes of the verse, affect one like music. Pictures and songs are surrounded by beautiful mystical arabesques, waving and twining round each page. Every now and then you light upon one which is so pretty, it looks as if you had put a flower between the leaves. You wander about and lose yourself amongst these pleasant labyrinths, and sit down to repose on the garden-bench of the fancy (this is a fine image), smelling the springing blossoms, and listening to the chirping birds that shoot about amidst the flickering sunshine and the bending twigs and leaves. All this a man with the least imagination can do in the heart of winter, seated in the arm-chair by the fire, with the *Poems and Pictures* in his hand. What were life good for, dear YORKE, without that blessed gift of fancy ? Let us be thankful to those kind spirits who minister to it by painting, or poetry, or music ! When Mrs. Y. has sung a song of Haydn's to you, I have seen the tears of happiness twinkle in your eyes ; and at certain airs of Mozart, have known the intrepid, the resolute, the stern OLIVER to be as much affected as that soft-hearted Molly of a milkmaid mentioned by Mr. Wordsworth, who, moved by the singing of a blackbird, beheld a vision of trees in Lothbury, and a beautiful, clear Cumberland stream dashing down in the neighbourhood of St. Mary Axe.

And this is the queer power of Art : that when you wish to describe its effect upon you, you always fall to describing something else. I cannot answer for it that a picture is not a beautiful melody ; that a grand sonnet by Tennyson is not in reality a landscape by Titian ; that the last *pas* by Taglioni is not a bunch of roses or an ode of Horace ; but I am sure that the enjoyment of the one has straightway brought the other to my mind, and vice versa. Who knows that the blind man, who said that the sound of a trumpet was his idea of scarlet, was not perfectly right ? Very likely the sound of a trumpet is scarlet. In the matter of

this book of *Poems and Pictures*, I have never read prettier pictures than many of these verses are, or seen handsomer poems hung up in any picture-gallery. Mrs. Cope's poem of 'The Village Stile' is the first piece as you enter the gallery :—

Age sat upon 't when tired of straying,
 And children that had been a-Maying
 There twined their garlands gay ;
 What tender partings, blissful meetings,
 What faint denials, fond entreatings,
 It witness'd in its day !

The milkmaid on its friendly rail
 Would oft-times rest her brimful pail,
 And lingering there awhile,
 Some lucky chance (that tell-tale cheek
 Doth something more than chance bespeak !) [The sly rogue !]
 Brings Lubin to the stile.

But what he said or she replied,
 Whether he asked her for his bride,
 And she so sought was won,
 There is no chronicle to tell ;
 For silent is the oracle,
 The village stile is gone.

In the very midst of these verses, and from a hedge full of birds, and flowers, and creeping plants tangling round them, the village stile breaks out upon you. There is Age sitting upon it, returning home from market ; on t'other side the children, who have been Maying, are twining their garlands. The cottage-chimney is smoking comfortably ; the birds in the arabesque are making a great chirping and twittering ; the young folks go in, the old farmer hobbles over the stile and has gone to supper ; the evening has come : it is page 3. The birds in the arabesque have gone to roost ; the sun is going down ; the milkmaid is sitting on the stile now—beautiful, sweet, down-eyed, tender milkmaid !—and has her hand in Lubin's, somehow. Lubin is a capital name for him ; a very meek, soft, handsome young fellow ; just such a sentimental-looking spoony as a perverse lass would choose ; and at page 4, the village stile is gone. And what is it we have in its stead, alackaday ? What means that broken lily ? How comes that young lady in the flowing bedgown to be lying on the floor, her head upon the cushion of her praying-stool ? Alas, the

lily is the emblem of the young lady ! *Jeune fille et jeune fleur*, they are both done for. Woe is me, that two so young and beautiful should be nipped off thus suddenly, the Lady Lys and Fleur de Marie ! *Sic jacent*, and Mr. Alford comes like a robin and pipes a dirge over the pair :—

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
 As the lily in the sun ;
 And fairer yet thou mightest be,
 Thy youth was but begun.
 Thine eye was soft and glancing,
 Of the deep bright blue,
 And on the heart thy gentle words
 Fell lighter than the dew.
 They found thee, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Even as thou hadst been praying
 At thy hour of rest.
 The cold pale moon was shining
 On thy cold pale cheek,
 And the Morn of thy Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

A sad Christmas this, indeed ! but the friends of Lady Mary must be consoled by the delightful picture which Mr. Dyce has left of her. How tenderly she lies there with folded palms, the typical lily bending sadly over her ! Pretty, prim, and beatified, it would almost be disrespectful to mourn over such an angel.

But when we get to a real character—a real woman (though no great beauty, if Mr. Horsley's portrait of her be a true one)—where we have a poet speaking a genuine feeling—Cowper writing on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk—a man's heart is very differently moved :—

Oh, that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 ' Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Bless'd be the art that can immortalize—
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long ;
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

How tender and true the verses are ! How naturally the thoughts rise as the poet looks at the calm portrait ; and the sacred days of childhood come rising back again to his memory. The very trivialities in subsequent parts of the poem betoken its authenticity, and bear witness to the naturalness of the emotion .—

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gard'ner Robm, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap :
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
 Short-hved possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd ;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes ;—
 All this, still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may !
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Even that twaddling about biscuit and confectionary plum has a charm in it. You see the gentle lady busied in her offices of kindness for the timid, soft-hearted boy.

'Wretch even then, life's journey just begun,' conscience comes even there to disturb that delicate spirit, and embitter the best and earliest memorials of life. Mr. Horsley follows the painter down the text with delightful commentaries; he has illustrated the lines which a certain chair-maker has rendered abominably common, and shows us the gardener Robin leading the boy to school in scarlet mantle and warm velvet cap. The kind mother is peering from the garden-gate before the parsonage and the old church in the quiet village.

A great charm in the verses has always been to me that he does not grieve too much for her. The kind, humble heart follows her up to heaven, and there meekly acknowledges her. 'The son of parents passed into the skies,' says the filial spirit, so humble that he doubted of himself only. The little churchyard sketch with which Mr. Horsley closes this sweet elegy is a delightful comment on it,—the poem in the shape of a picture as it seems to me. One may muse over both for hours; and get nothing but the sweetest and kindest thoughts from either.

Whether it is that where the verses fail, the artists are feeble, or that a poor poem makes a discord, as it were, and destroys the harmony which the concert of poet and painter ought to produce, I don't know: but if the verses are feeble, the pictures look somehow unsatisfactory by their side; and one *believes* in neither. Thus the next illustrated poem, *The Tale of the Coast Guard*, is too fine and pompous, and the accompanying picture by Redgrave equally unreal. *Sir Roland Graeme*, with illustrations by Selous, very clever and spirited, affects me no way. I do not care if I see those theatrical fellows plunging and fighting with harmless broadswords again. Whereas, at the next page, you come to some verses about a snowdrop, and a picture overhead of that small bulbous beauty—to look at both, which causes the greatest pleasure? All the pages adorned with *natural* illustrations are pleasant; such as the holly which figures by the famous old song of *When this old cap was new*; some buttercups which illustrate a subject as innocent, &c. Where there is violent action requisite the artists seem to fail, except in one, or couple of instances. Mr. Tenniel has given a gallant illustration of the ballad of *War comes with manhood, as light comes with day*, in which drawing there is great fire and energy; and Mr. Corbould's *Wild Huntsman*

has no little vigour and merit. His illustrations to the legend of Gilbert & Beckett are quite tame and conventional. Mr. Tenniel's *Prince and Outlaw* represent a prince and outlaw of Astley's—the valorous Widdicomb and the intrepid Gomersal. The truth is that the ballads to which the pictures are appended are of the theatrical sort, and quite devoid of genuineness and simplicity.

But set them to deal with a real sentiment and the artists appreciate it excellently. Witness Cope's delightful drawings to *The Mourner*, his sweet figures to the sweet and plaintive old ballad of *Cumnor Hall*; Townsend's excellent compositions to *The Miner*; Dyce's charming illustration of the *Christ-Cross Rhyme*—in which page both poet and painter have perfectly reproduced the Catholic spirit :—

Christ His cross shall be my speed !
Teach me, Father John, to read,
That in church on holy-day
I may chant the psalm, and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show,
With that bright Child in her hands,
Where the lovely Lady stands.

Teach me letters, one, two, three,
Till that I shall able be
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet JESU'S name.

Then, dear master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and matin-lay;
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ His Cross will be my speed.

A pretty imitation indeed. Copes and censers, stained glass and choristers—all the middle-age paraphernalia, produced with an accuracy that is curiously perfect and picturesque. But, O my dearly beloved OLIVER! what are these meek canticles and gentle nasal concerts compared to the full sound which issues from the generous lungs when A POET begins to sing :—

And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean ;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,
Hae pass'd atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa !

Heaven bless the music ! It is a warm, manly, kindly heart that speaks there,—a grateful, generous soul that looks at God's world with honest eyes, and trusts to them rather than to the blinking peepers of his neighbour. Such a man walking the fields and singing out of his full heart is pleasanter to hear, to my mind, than a whole organ-loft full of Puseyites, or an endless procession of quavering shavelings from Littlemore.

But every bird has its note, from the blackbird on the thorn to the demure pie that haunts cathedral yards, and, when caught, can be taught to imitate anything. Here you have a whole aviary of them. Cowper, that coos like a dove ; Collins, that complains like a nightingale ; with others who might be compared to the brisk bullfinch, the polite canary, or the benevolent cock-robin ;—each sings, chirps, twitters, cock-a-doodledoos in his fashion—a pleasant chorus ! And I recommend you, dear **YORKE**, and the candid reader, to purchase the cage.

A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY
OF A LITERARY MAN, LAMAN BLANCHARD,
AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY
PROFESSION¹

IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT
ROME, FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1846.]

LONDON, February 20, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,

Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world. As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession : they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy everything in the world ; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have ! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men ; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both ; and a career not undis-

¹ [*Sketches from Life*. By Laman Blanchard . . . With a Memoir of the Author by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. In three volumes, 8vo. London, Colburn. 1846.]

tinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable: another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen bloodshot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness: or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy anything at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkeys, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and that there is not the least call at present to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, &c., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labour which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and, enclosing a cheque for 20,000*l.*, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write 'great' works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance:—

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among

other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers—the *Times* printing-office; of which the doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with 'disgust,' he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, where they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the big-wig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the *Pickwick Papers* had created among the boys of his school; and it is a fact that *Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great—against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men, that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, 'Why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away abashed from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature that he was not a

fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower : it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence ; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly ; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoeblacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling ; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren, to the best of their judgement ; polish their upper-leathers as well as they can ; satisfy their patrons ; and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoeblack comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature ; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are labouring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labour, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honour and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us ! how many books would there be ? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius ? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much ? As much as that of millions of people in this honest, stupid empire ; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police report ; that, an article containing some downright information ; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or vice versa ; writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or

admit, writes quite honestly ; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it ? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize ? Is it fair even to ask that many should ? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be ; may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our status as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honourable part. Nobody says that Dr. Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius because he will take anybody's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession ; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on—causes come on for hearing and ladies lie in, and some one must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public and liberally paid for ; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done ; the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble ; his social rank rise ; he will be getting what they call 'honours,' and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In

Heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made 300,000*l.* What has George IV done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-coloured horses, and delicious maraschino,—all these good things he expressed and represented: and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to 'the first gentleman in Europe.' Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honour too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D—.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the court of her Majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around to our own day among the holders of the pen; begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear —, and dear * *, and dear † †, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus aequor*; there's no use denying it, or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And, after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, 'He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;' this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical

notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know anything more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men, viz. admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done, and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard, viz. that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favourable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick, easy manner, his sparkling, hidden fun, constant tenderness and brilliant good humour were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works,—to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale: his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasize with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favourite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas Book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He *enjoyed* thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good humour

that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful : there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh ! As I write this, what a number of pleasant, hearty scenes come back ! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter ; and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face,—a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savours a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen ; and yet after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated : it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography :—

To most of those who have mixed generally with the men who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of a peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice—they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy ; a partisan, without gall ; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions ; but gentle as the gentlest in the judgement he passed on others.

Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that child-like readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyricize every merit, and to be lenient to every fault ? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way ? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals ? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them

than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmaturing resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination; is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits.

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad, misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be 'disappointed' with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had

to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had everything to satisfy his affection : abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown ! A man who writes (Tennyson's) *Ulysses*, or *Comus*, may put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it : but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book :— To write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education, and practice of the pen, could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load, and fire cheerfully. An every-day writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakespeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire ; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun ? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one :—

Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at St. John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796 ; he died in the following year. In 1799, she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.

In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father ; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning, which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of St. Olave's School, then under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Blenkorn. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to college, one boy being annually selected from the pupils, to be maintained

at the university, for the freshman's year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after-life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of a university career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship is in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers are the greatest where least obvious: they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a college education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical and public life, the honours gained at the University never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path.¹ With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise and schoolboy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors' Commons. The result was inevitable; his mind, by a natural reaction, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses: he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

Barry Cornwall's *Dramatic Scenes* were published about this time,—they exercised considerable influence over the taste and aspirations of young Blanchard—and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B., appeared in a periodical work existing at that period, called *The Drama*. In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative—

¹ 'The elder Blanchard is not to be blamed for voluntarily depriving his son of the advantages proffered by the liberal trustees of St. Olave's; it appears from a communication by Mr. Keymer (brother-in-law to Laman Blanchard) that the circumstances of the family at that time were not such as to meet the necessary expenses of a student—even for the *last* year of his residence at the university.'

first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which colour our own existence ; and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these *Dramatic Sketches* was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence, viz. a practical acquaintance with the stage itself : he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's *Leonidas*. He read admirably—his elocution was faultless—his feeling exquisite ; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success—the obstacles to a position—the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sank within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate Theatre ; this gentleman proposed to enroll him in his own troupe, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A week,' says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life' ; and as there were no *Harlequins* steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling—the poet's veritable last shilling—in his pocket.

At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement ; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors ; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavours to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn ; and after making up a bed on

a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance, also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties, by every means of persuasion I could think of, by threats to call for help, I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued, when, their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, 'Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?' So they walked home and were heroically wet through.

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to envelop the chief personage in fine words, as statuaries do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting *Leonidas* before a manager, driven away starving from home, and, penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife.

'Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?' How the native humour breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek

fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read *Werther*, and can understand suicide. 'None,' he says, in a sonnet,—

None, not the hoariest sage, may tell of all
The strong heart struggles with before it fall.

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labours away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily round him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on, for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him) and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart

forgave others ; and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him. 'I bless and thank you always,' writes the kindly and affectionate soul to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labour, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman and Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided [for] in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his Essays, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

The following is Sir Edward Bulwer's just estimate of the writer :—

It remains now to speak (and I will endeavour to do so not too partially) of the talents which Laman Blanchard displayed, and of the writings he has left behind.

His habits, as we have seen, necessarily forbade the cultivation of deep scholarship, and the careful development of serious thought. But his information upon all that interested the day was, for the same reason, various and extending over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humours of men with a light and pleasant gaiety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigour which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion ; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humour

or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the graceful instincts of the poet. He certainly never fulfilled the great promise which his *Lyric Offerings* held forth. He never wrote up to the full mark of his powers; the fountain never rose to the level of its source. But in our day the professional man of letters is compelled to draw too frequently, and by too small disbursements, upon his capital, to allow large and profitable investments of the stock of mind and idea with which he commences his career. The number and variety of our periodicals have tended to results which benefit the pecuniary interests of the author, to the prejudice of his substantial fame. A writer like Otway could not nowadays starve; a writer like Goldsmith might live in Mayfair and lounge in his carriage; but it may be doubted whether the one would nowadays have composed a *Venice Preserved*, or the other have given us a *Deserted Village* and a *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is a fatal facility in supplying the wants of the week by the rapid striking off a pleasant article, which interferes with the steady progress, even with the mature conception, of an elaborate work.

Born at an earlier day, Laman Blanchard would probably have known sharper trials of pecuniary circumstance; and instead of the sufficient, though precarious income, which his reputation as a periodical writer afforded him, he might have often slept in the garret, and been fortunate if he had dined often in the cellar. But then he would have been compelled to put forth all that was in him of mind and genius; to have written books, not papers; and books not intended for the week or the month, but for permanent effect upon the public.

In such circumstances, I firmly believe that his powers would have sufficed to enrich our poetry and our stage with no inconsiderable acquisitions. All that he wanted for the soil of his mind was time to wait the seasons, and to sow upon the more patient system. But too much activity and too little preparation were his natural doom. To borrow a homely illustration from the farm, he exhausted the land by a succession of white crops.

On the other hand, had he been born a German, and exhibited, at Jena or Bonn, the same abilities and zeal for knowledge which distinguished him in the school of Southwark, he would, doubtless, have early attained to some moderate competence, which would have allowed fair play and full leisure for a character of genius which, naturally rather elegant than strong, required every advantage of forethought and preparation.

But when all is said—when all the drawbacks upon what he actually was are made and allowed—enough remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honourable place among the writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high amongst a class of writers, in which for the last century we have not been

rich—the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight memoir deserve a place in every collection of *belles-lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing pleasurable impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasms. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective.

Such an authority will serve to recommend these *Sketches from Life*, we hope, to many a library. Of the essays themselves it is hardly necessary to select specimens. There is not one that can't be read with pleasure; they are often wise, and always witty and kindly. Let us dip into the volume, and select one at random. Here is one which relates to that class, which is ranked somehow as last in the literary profession, and is known under the famous name of—

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

The penny-a-liner, like Pope, is 'known by his style.' His fine Roman hand, once seen, may be sworn to by the most cursory observer. But though in this one respect of identity resembling Pope, he bears not in any other the least likeness to author dead or living. He has no brother, and is like no brother, in literature. Such as he was, he is. He disdains to accommodate his manner to the ever-altering taste of the times. He refuses to bow down to the popular idol, innovation. He has a style, and he sticks to it. He scorns to depart from it, to gratify the thirst for novelty. He even thinks that it improves with use, and that his pet phrases acquire a finer point and additional emphasis upon every fresh application. Thus, in relating the last fashionable occurrence, how a noble family has been plunged into consternation and sorrow by the elopement of Lady Prudentia a month after marriage, he informs you, as though the phrase itself carried conviction to the heart, that the 'feelings of the injured husband may be more easily conceived than described.' If he requires that phrase twice in the same narrative, he consents to vary it by saying, 'that they may be imagined, but cannot be depicted.' In reporting an incident

illustrative of the fatal effects of taking prussic acid, he states that the 'vital spark is extinct,' and that not the smallest hopes are entertained of the unfortunate gentleman's recovery. A lady's bag is barbarously stolen from her arm by 'a monster in the human form.' A thunder-storm is described as having 'visited' the metropolis, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant furnishes no parallel to the ravages of the 'electric fluid.' A new actress 'surpasses the most sanguine expectations' of the public, and exhibits talents 'that have seldom been equalled, never excelled.' A new book is not simply published, it 'emanates from the press.' On the demise of a person of eminence, it is confidently averred that he had a hand 'open as day to melting charity,' and that, 'take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' Two objects not immediately connected are sure to be 'far as the poles asunder'; although they are very easily brought together and reconciled in the reader's mind by the convenience of the phrase 'as it were,' which is an especial favourite, and constantly in request. He is a great admirer of amplitude of title, for palpable reasons; as when he reports, that 'Yesterday the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P., his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, dined with,' &c. He is wonderfully expert in the measurement of hailstones, and in the calculation of the number of panes of glass which they demolish in their descent. He is acquainted with the exact circumference of every gooseberry that emulates the plenitude of a pumpkin; and can at all times detect a phenomenon in every private family, by simply reckoning up the united ages of its various members. But in the discharge of these useful duties, for the edification and amusement of the public, he employs, in the general course of things, but one set of phrases. If a fire can be rendered more picturesque by designating it the 'devouring element,' the devouring element rages in the description to the end of the chapter. Once a hit, always a hit; a good thing remains good for ever; a happy epithet is felicitous to the last. The only variation of style that he can be prevailed upon to attempt he introduces in his quotations. To these he often gives an entirely new aspect, and occasionally, by accident, he improves upon the originals. Of this, the following may stand as a specimen:—

'Tis not in mortals to *deserve* success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *command* it.

The good-natured satirist seldom hits harder than this, and makes fun so generously that it is a pleasure to be laughed at by him. How amusingly the secret of the penny-a-liner's craft is unveiled here! Well, he, too, is a member of the great rising fraternity of the press, which, weak and despised yesterday, is powerful and in repute to-day, and grows daily in strength and good opinion.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end,

which is quite apart from it) there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of Government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire Shakespeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakespeare ; and indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky, easy Government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom Government, having a want of, employs and pays—barristers, diplomatists, soldiers, and the like ; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market, and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now : men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it ; and, in spite of Doctor Carus's disgust, I believe there was never a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued, with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news : have you not to-day's *Times*' battle of Ferozeshah ? Farewell.

M. A. T.

ON SOME ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS¹

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

[*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1846.]

THE character of Gruff-and-Tackleton, in Mr. Dickens's last Christmas story, has always appeared to me a great and painful blot upon that otherwise charming performance. Surely it is impossible that a man whose life is passed in the making of toys, hoops, whirligigs, theatres, dolls, jack-in-boxes, and ingenious knick-knacks for little children, should be a savage at heart, a child-hater by nature, and an ogre by disposition? How could such a fellow succeed in his trade? The practice of it would be enough to break that black heart of his outright. Invention to such a person would be impossible; and the continual exercise of his profession, the making of toys which he despised for little beings whom he hated, would, I should think, become so intolerable to a Gruff-and-Tackleton, that he would be sure to fly for resource to the first skipping-rope at hand, or to run himself through his *dura ilia* with a tin sabre. The ruffian! the child-hating Herod! a squadron of rocking-horses ought to trample and crush such a fellow into smaller particles of flint. I declare for my part I hate Gruff-and-Tackleton worse than any ogre in *Mother Bunch*. Ogres have been a good deal maligned. They eat children, it is true, but only occasionally,—children of a race which is hostile to their Titanic progeny; they are good enough to their own young. Witness the ogre in *Hopomythumb*, who gave his daughters seven crowns, the which Hopomythumb

¹ *Felix Summerly's Home Treasury. Gammer Gurton's Story-books.* Revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent. *Stories for the Seasons. The Good-natured Bear.* London, 1846. Joseph Cundall, Old Bond Street.

stole for his brothers, and a thousand other instances in fairy history. This is parenthetic, however. The proposition is, that makers of children's toys may have their errors, it is true, but must be, in the main, honest and kindly-hearted persons.

I wish Mrs. Marcet, the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, or any other person possessing universal knowledge, would take a toy and child's emporium in hand, and explain to us all the geographical and historical wonders it contains. That Noah's Ark, with its varied contents,—its leopards and lions, with glued pump-handled tails; its light-blue elephants and \perp footed ducks; that ark containing the cylindrical family of the patriarch was fashioned in Holland, most likely, by some kind pipe-smoking friends of youth by the side of a slimy canal. A peasant in a Danubian pine-wood carved that extraordinary nutcracker, who was painted up at Nuremberg afterwards in the costume of a hideous hussar. That little fur lion, more like his roaring original than the lion at Barnet, or the lion of Northumberland House, was cut by a Swiss shepherd boy tending his goats on a mountain-side, where the chamois were jumping about in their untanned leather. I have seen a little Mahometan on the Etmeidan at Constantinople, twiddling about just such a whirligig as you may behold any day in the hands of a small Parisian in the Tuileries Gardens. And as with the toys so with the toy-books. They exist everywhere; there is no calculating the distance through which the stories come to us, the number of languages through which they have been filtered, or the centuries during which they have been told. Many of them have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to the little copper-coloured Sanscrit children, listening to their mother under the palm-trees by the banks of the yellow Jumna—their Brahmin mother, who softly narrated them through the ring in her nose. The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings as they lay in their shields on deck; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars on the Syrian plains when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketed by the tents. With regard to the story of *Cinderella*, I have heard the late Thomas Hill say that he remembered to have heard, two years before Richard Cœur de Lion came back from Palestine, a Norman jongleur—but, in a word, there is no end to the antiquity of

these tales, a dissertation on which would be quite needless and impossible here.

One cannot help looking with a secret envy on the children of the present day, for whose use and entertainment a thousand ingenious and beautiful things are provided which were quite unknown some few scores of years since, when the present writer and reader were very possibly in the nursery state. Abominable attempts were made in those days to make useful books for children, and cram science down their throats as calomel used to be administered under the pretence of a spoonful of currant-jelly. Such picture-books as we had were illustrated with the most shameful, hideous old woodcuts which had lasted through a century, and some of which may be actually seen lingering about still as head-pieces to the Catnach ballads, in those rare corners of the town where the Catnach ballads continue to be visible. Some painted pictures there were in our time likewise, but almost all of the very worst kind; the hideous distortions of Rowlandson, who peopled the picture-books with bloated parsons in periwigs, tipsy aldermen, and leering, salacious nymphs, horrid to look at. *Tom and Jerry* followed, with choice scenes from the Cockpit, the Round House, and Drury Lane. Atkins's slang sporting subjects then ensued, of which the upsetting of Charleys' watch-boxes, leaping five-barred gates, fighting duels with amazing long pistols, and kissing short-waisted damsels in pink spencers, formed the chief fun. The first real, kindly agreeable, and infinitely amusing and charming illustrations for a child's book in England which I know were those of the patriarch George Cruikshank, devised for the famous German popular stories. These were translated by a certain magistrate of Bow Street, whom the *Examiner* is continually abusing, but whose name ought always to be treated tenderly on account of that great service which he did to the nation. Beauty, fun, and fancy were united in these admirable designs. They have been copied all over Europe. From the day of their appearance, the happiness of children may be said to have increased immeasurably. After Cruikshank, the German artists, a kindly and good-natured race, with the organ of philo-progenitiveness strongly developed, began to exert their wits for children. Otto Speckter, Neureuther, the Düsseldorf school, the book-designers at Leipzig and Berlin,

the mystical and tender-hearted Overbeck, and numberless others, have contributed to the pleasure and instruction of their little countrymen. In France the movement has not been so remarkable. The designers in the last twenty years have multiplied a hundred-fold: their talent is undeniable: but they have commonly such an unfortunate *penchant* for what is *wrong*, that the poor little children can hardly be admitted into their company. They cannot be benefited by voluptuous pictures illustrative of Balzac, Béranger, Manon-Lescaut, and the like. The admirable Charlet confined himself to war and battle and *les gloires de la France* chiefly: the brilliant designs of Vernet and Raffet are likewise almost all military. Gavarni, the wittiest and cleverest designer that ever lived probably, depicts *grisettes*, Sainte-Pélagie, *bals masqués*, and other subjects of town life and intrigue, quite unfit for children's edification. The caustic Granville, that Swift of the pencil, dealt in subjects scarcely more suited to children than the foul satires of the wicked old Cynic of St. Patrick's, whose jokes to my mind are like the fun of a demon, and whose best excuse is Swift's Hospital.

In England the race of designers is flourishing and increasing; and the art as applied to the nursery (and where, if you please, you who sneer, has our affectionate Mother Art a better place?) has plenty of practitioners and patronage. Perhaps there may be one or two of our readers who have heard of an obscure publication called *Punch*, a hebdomadal miscellany, filled with drawings and jokes, good or bad. Of the artists engaged upon this unfortunate periodical, the chief are Messrs. Leech and Doyle, both persons, I would wager, remarkable for love of children, and daily giving proofs of this gentle disposition. Whenever Mr. Leech, 'in the course of his professional career,' has occasion to depict a child by the side of a bottle-nosed alderman, a bow-waistcoated John Bull, a policeman, a Brook-Green Volunteer, or the like, his rough, grotesque, rollicking pencil becomes gentle all of a sudden, he at once falls into the softest and tenderest of moods, and dandles and caresses the infant under his hands, as I have seen a huge whiskered grenadier do in St. James's Park, when, mayhap (but this observation goes for nothing), the nursemaid chances to be pretty. Look at the picture of the Eton boy dining with his father, and saying,

'Governor, one toast before we go—the ladies!' This picture is so pretty, and so like, that it is a positive fact that every father of an Eton boy declares it to be the portrait of his own particular offspring. In the great poem of 'The Brook-Green Volunteer,' cantos of which are issuing weekly from the *Punch* press, all the infantine episodes, without exception, are charming; and the volunteer's wife such a delightful hint of black-eyed smiling innocence and prettiness, as shows that beauty is always lying in the heart of this humourist,—this *good* humourist, as he assuredly must be. As for Mr. Doyle, his praises have been sung in this Magazine already: and his pencil every day gives far better proofs of his genuine relish for the grotesque and beautiful than any that can be produced by the pen of the present writer.

The real heroes of this article, however, who are at length introduced after the foregoing preliminary flourish, are:—Mr. Joseph Cundall, of 12 Old Bond Street, in the city of Westminster, publisher; Mr. Felix Summerly, of the *Home Treasury* office; Mrs. Harriet Myrtle; Ambrose Merton, Gent., the editor of *Gammer Gurton's Story-books*; the writer (or writers) of the *Good-natured Bear*, *The Story-book of Holiday Hours*, &c., and the band of artists who have illustrated for the benefit of youth these delightful works of fiction. Their names are Webster, Townsend, Absolon, Cope, Horsley, Redgrave, H. Corbould, Franklin, and Frederick Tayler,—names all famous in art; nor surely could artists ever be more amiably employed than in exercising their genius in behalf of young people. Fielding, I think, mentions with praise the name of Mr. Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, as the provider of story-books and pictures for children in his day. As there is no person of the late Mr. Fielding's powers writing in this Magazine, let me be permitted, humbly, to move a vote of thanks to the meritorious Mr. Joseph Cundall.

The mere sight of the little books published by Mr. Cundall—of which some thirty now lie upon my table—is as good as a nosegay. Their actual colours are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald, and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson. I envy the feelings of the young person for whom (after having undergone a previous critical examination) this collection of treasures is destined. Here are fairy tales at last, with real pictures to them.

What a library!—what a picture-gallery! Which to take up first is the puzzle. I can fancy that perplexity and terror seizing upon the small individual to whom all these books will go in a parcel, when the string is cut, and the brown paper is unfolded, and all these delights appear. Let us take out one at hazard: it is the

‘HISTORY OF TOM HICKATHRIFT THE CONQUEROR.’

He is bound in blue and gold: in the picture Mr. Frederick Tayler has represented Tom and a friend slaughtering wild beasts with prodigious ferocity. Who was Tom Hickathrift the Conqueror? Did you ever hear of him? Fielding mentions him somewhere too; but his history has passed away out of the nursery annals, and this is the first time his deeds have ever come under my cognizance. Did Fielding himself write the book? The style is very like that of the author of *Joseph Andrews*. Tom lived in the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire, the story says, in the reign of William the Conqueror; his father, who was a labourer, being dead, ‘and his mother being tender of their son, maintained him by her own labour as well as she could; but all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much at once as would serve six ordinary men. At ten years old he was six feet high and three feet thick; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and every other part proportionate; but his great strength was as yet unknown.’

The idea of latent strength here is prodigious. How strong the words are, and vigorous the similes! *His hand was like a shoulder of mutton*. He was six feet high, and three feet thick: all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much as six men. A man six feet high is nothing, but a fellow three feet *thick* is tremendous. All the images heap up and complete the idea of Thomas’s strength. His gormandizing indicates, his indolence exaggerates, the Herculean form. Tom first showed his strength by innocently taking away from a farmer, who told him he might have as much straw as he could carry, a thousand-weight of straw. Another offering him, and telling him to choose a stick for his mother’s fire, Thomas selected a large tree, and went off with it over his shoulder, while a cart and six horses were tugging at a smaller piece of timber behind. The great charm of his adventures is that they are told

with that gravity and simplicity which only belongs to real truth :—

Tom's fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbech, hearing of him, came to hire him ; but he would not be hired, till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last Tom consented to be his man, and the master showed him which way he was to go ; for there was a monstrous giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them, he would either kill or make them his servants.

But to come to Tom and his master. Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in three ; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and trusted him to carry beer by himself, for he needed none to help him. Thus he went each day to Wisbech, a journey of near twenty miles.

But going this way so often, and finding the other road that the giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom, having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbech, without saying anything to his master or to his fellow-servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life ; to win the horse or lose the saddle ; to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant.

Thus resolved, he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through ; but the giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer : but Tom cared not a fig for him ; and the giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

'Sirrah,' said he, 'who gave you authority to come this way ? Do you not know that I make all stand in fear of me ? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling open my gate at pleasure ! Are you so careless of your life that you do not care what you do ? I will make you an example to all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not see how many heads of those that have offended my laws hang upon yonder tree ? Thine shall hang above them all !'

'None of your prating !' said Tom ; 'you shall not find me like them.'

'No !' said the giant.

'Why, you are but a fool if you come to fight me and bring no weapon to defend thyself !' cries Tom. 'I have got a weapon here shall make you know I am your master.'

'Say you so, sirrah ?' said the giant ; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

While the giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axle-tree and wheel for his sword and buckler ; and excellent weapons they were, on such an emergency.

The giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands, and the axle-tree in the other.

'Oh, oh!' said the giant, 'you are like to do great things with those instruments; I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axle-tree, and wheel to the ground!'

Now, that which the giant called a twig was as thick as a mill-post; and with this the giant made a blow at him with such force, as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again.

'What,' said Tom, 'have you got drunk with my small-beer already?'

But the giant, recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel, so that he received but very little hurt.

In the meantime, Tom plied the giant so well with blows that the sweat and blood ran together down his face, who, being almost spent with fighting so long, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.

'No, no,' said he, 'my mother did not teach me such wit'; and, finding the giant grow weak, he redoubled his blows, till he brought him to the ground.

The giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom to spare his life, and he would perform anything he should desire,—even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.

But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head; after which he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy.

This must surely be Fielding: the battle is quite like the Fielding-Homer. Tom, 'having increased his strength by good living, and *improved his courage by drinking strong ale,*' is a phrase only to be written by a great man. It indicates a lazy strength, like that of Tom himself in the corner. 'The giant roared hideously, but Tom had no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog.' If anybody but Harry Fielding can write of a battle in this way, it is a pity we had not more of the works of the author. He says that, for this action, Tom, who took possession of the giant's cave and all his gold and silver, 'was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift.'

With the aid of a valorous opponent, who was a tinker, and who, being conquered by Tom in battle, became his fast friend ever after, Tom overcame 10,000 disaffected, who had gathered in the Isle of Ely (they must have been 10,000 of the refugee Saxons, under Hereward the Saxon, who fled from the tyranny of the Conqueror, and are

mentioned by Mr. Wright in his lately published, learned, and ingenious essays,—and, indeed, it was a shame that one of the German name of *Hickathrift* should attack those of his own flesh and blood); but for this anti-national feat Tom was knighted, and henceforth appeared only as Sir Thomas Hickathrift.

News was brought to the king, by the commons of Kent, that a very dreadful giant was landed on one of the islands, and had brought with him a great number of bears, and also young lions, with a dreadful dragon, upon which he always rode; which said monster and other ravenous beasts had much frightened all the inhabitants of the island. And, moreover, they said, if speedy course was not taken to suppress them, they would destroy the country.

The king, hearing of this relation, was a little startled; yet he persuaded them to return home, and make the best defence they could for the present, assuring them that he would not forget them, and so they departed.

The king, hearing these dreadful tidings, immediately sat in council, to consider what was best to be done.

At length, Tom Hickathrift was pitched upon, as being a bold, stout subject; for which reason it was judged necessary to make him governor of that island, which place of trust he readily accepted, and accordingly went down with his wife and family to take possession of the same, attended by an hundred and odd knights and gentlemen at least.

Sir Thomas had not been there many days when, looking out of his own window, he espied this giant mounted on a dreadful dragon, and on his shoulder he bore a club of iron; he had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead, and was as large as a barber's basin, and seemed like flaming fire; the hair of his head hung down like snakes, and his beard like rusty wire.

Lifting up his eye, he saw Sir Thomas, who was viewing him from one of the windows of the castle. The giant then began to knit his brow, and to breathe out some threatening word to the governor,—who, indeed, was a little surprised at the approach of such a monstrous and ill-favoured brute.

The giant finding that Tom did not make much haste to get down to him, he alighted from his dragon, and chained him to an oak-tree; then marched to the castle, setting his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall, as if he intended to overthrow the whole bulk of the building at once. Tom, perceiving it, said,—

‘Is this the game you would be at? Faith, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate tool to pick your tooth with.’ Then taking the two-handed sword which the king gave him, and flinging open the gate, he there found the giant, who, by an unfortunate slip in his thrusting, was fallen all along, and lay not able to help himself.

'How now,' said Tom, 'do you come here to take up your lodging?' and with that, he ran his long sword between the giant's shoulders, which made the brute groan as loud as thunder.

Then Sir Thomas pulled out his sword again, and at six or seven blows smote off his head; and then turning to the dragon, which was all this while chained to the tree, without any further words, but with four or five blows, cut off the head of that also.

Once and again this must be Harry Fielding. The words of the narrative are of immense strength and simplicity. When Tom runs his long sword through the giant, it only 'makes the brute groan as loud as thunder.' An inferior hand would have spoiled all by trying a dying speech. One recognizes Fielding's cudgel-style by the force and simplicity of the blow; and the greatness of Hickathrift is only increased by the conclusion of his history. He is left singing a song at a very noble and splendid feast, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances, when he made them the following promise:—

My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers too.

And that is all. How fine the conclusion is! The enormous champion does not die, but lapses into silence. He may be alive yet somewhere in the Fens, drinking mutely. A health to him! The day was a good day which brought the acquaintance of Tom Hickathrift.

Patient Grisell and the babes in the wood are dressed by Mr. Cundall in scarlet and gold—attired in glorious raiment after their death and sufferings as a reward for their martyrdom in life. As for Grisell, I have always had my opinion about her. She is so intolerably patient as to provoke any husband, and owed a great deal of her ill-treatment to the shameful meekness with which she bore it. But the babes in the wood must awaken the sympathy of any but an ogre, and every man, woman, or child who has a heart for poetry must feel himself stirred by the lines which tell their sad story:—

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him;
And look they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain.
 'Stay here,' quoth he, 'I'll bring you bread
 When I come back again.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down,
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they saw the darksome night
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these poor innocents
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As wanting due relief.
 No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin Redbreast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

Sweet little martyrs! Poetry contains nothing more touching than their legend. They have lain for hundreds of years embalmed in it. Time has not spoiled the smile of their sweet faces, nestling cheek by cheek under the yellow leaves. Robins have become sacred birds for the good deed they did. They will be allowed to sing in Paradise for that.

'Bevis of Hampton,' that famous knight, is not a warrior much to the taste of the present times. He kills a great deal too much, and without any sense of humour and without inspiring any awe; but 'Guy of Warwick' is a true knight. After the steward's son has done great deeds, and by his valour and virtue has won the hand of fair Felice, and with it her father's title of Earl of Warwick, the famous warrior is smitten with a sense of the vanity of all earthly things, even of married love and of fair Felice, who consents, like a pious soul as she is, that he should take the cross and go to Palestine.

While Guy was in this repenting solitude (the legend says), fair Felice, like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord Guy. And, to show her humility, she sold all her jewels and costly robes, and gave the money to the poor.

Years and years after her lord was gone there used to come for alms to her castle-gate an old pilgrim, whom the fair Felice relieved with hundreds of other poor. At last, this old hermit, feeling his death drawing nigh, took a ring from his hand and sent it to fair Felice, and she knew by that token it was her lord and husband, and hastened to him. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice, who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave. So ends the story of Guy, the bold baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice. A worthy legend. His bones are dust, and his sword is rust, and his soul is with the saints, I trust. Mr. Tayler supplies two noble illustrations to Sir Bevis and Sir Guy.

We must pass over the rest of the Gammer Gurton library with a brief commendation. The ballads and stories are good, the pictures are good, the type is good, the covers are fine, and the price is small. The same may be said of the *Home Treasury*, edited by the benevolent Felix Summerly. This *Home Treasury* contains a deal of pleasant reading and delightful pictures. The fairy tales are skilfully recast, and charmingly illustrated with coloured prints (perhaps all prints for children ought to have pretty colours, by the way) by some of the good-natured artists before mentioned. The delightful drawings for *Little Red Riding-hood* are supplied by Mr. Webster. Mr. Townsend nobly illustrates *Jack and the Bean-stalk*; while the pretty love-tale of *Beast and the Beauty* is delineated by Mr. Redgrave. In the book of *Fairy Tales and Ballads*, Cope, Redgrave, and Tayler vie with each other which shall most show skill and recreate youth. For the Story-books of the Seasons and the Mrs. Harriet-Myrtle Series Mr. Absolon has supplied a profusion of designs, which are all, without exception, charming. The organ of love of children as developed in that gentleman's cranium must be something prodigious, and the bump of benevolence quite a mountain. Blessed is he whose hat is enlarged by them!

Let a word be said, in conclusion, regarding the admirable story of *The Good-natured Bear*, one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books that I have read for many a long day. Witness this extract, which contains the commencement of the bear's autobiography:—

'I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and

most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but by every other animal, as persons of some consequence. I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

'My father was a man of a proud and resentful—my father, I meant to say, was a *person* of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honour; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least the softer, sex were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have mentioned it before all the rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it.'

'Oh, do, Mr. Bear!' cried Gretchen; and no sooner had she uttered the words, than all the children called out at the same time, 'Oh, please do, sir!' The bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued—

'My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came; and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of, I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. "Now," said my mother, "you are what is called standing alone!" But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden tressel, with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze and the many scents of the woods, my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence—at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my four paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes, and certainly the odour of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss,

it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

'The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right forepaw, and I wondered how I should feel, or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horn fancy otherwise?—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to a tuft of moss on my right near a hollow tree-trunk. Out of this green tuft looked a pair of very bright, round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

'If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts or motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. "What you have just seen," said my mother, "we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog." The names, however, did not help me at all to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made these observations and reflections, when a beam of bright light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great hop right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!'

Those who wish to know more about him, and to see Mr. Tayler's admirable likenesses of him, must buy the book for themselves. For it must be kept away from its right owners no longer, and must be consigned to brown paper and bound up with twine along with its beautiful comrades, never to see the light again until the packet opens under the astonished eyes of A. H. T.

M. A. TITMARSH.

A GRUMBLE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1847.]

MY DEAR MR. YORKE,

When, in an unguarded moment, I complied with your request to look through the Christmas books of the season and report progress upon that new branch of English literature, we had both the idea that the occupation would be exceedingly easy, jovial, and pleasant; that we should be able to make an agreeable lecture upon an amusing subject; that critics, authors, and readers would be brought together in the most enticing and amiable manner possible; and that we should finish off an article with kind hearts, friendly greetings, merry Christmas, and that sort of thing, —a perfect prize-paper, streaky with benevolence, and larded with the most unctuous human kindness, with an appropriate bit of holly placed in its hinder quarter.

Sir, we have both of us made a most dismal mistake. Had it been strong meat which you set before me for a Christmas feast, the above metaphor (which I took from Mr. Slater's shop at Kensington) might have applied. Beef might have invigorated the critic; but, ah, sir! what is that wretch to do who finds himself surfeited with mince-pies? I have read Christmas books until I have reached a state of mind the most deplorable. 'Curses on all fairies!' I gasp out; 'I will never swallow another one as long as I live. Perdition seize all Benevolence! Be hanged to the Good and the True! Fling me every drop of the milk of human kindness out of the window!—horrible, curdling slops, away with them! Kick old Father Christmas out of doors, the abominable old impostor! Next year I'll go to the Turks, the Scotch, or other heathens

who don't keep Christmas. Is all the street to come for a Christmas-box? Are the waits to be invading us by millions, and yelling all night? By my soul, if anybody offers me plum-pudding again this season, I'll fling it in his face!

The fair writer of one of these volumes, *A Christmas in the Seventeenth Century*¹ (I may have read something very like this tale in Vandevelde's novels, but it is a pretty story, and just as good for little dears as if it were quite new), mentions in the preface the rueful appearance of a Parisian friend of hers at Christmas, who was buying *bombons* as if he was doing penance, and cursed the odious custom of the *jour de l'an* which compelled him to spend a great part of his quarter's allowance in sugar-plums, to be presented to his acquaintance. The French gentleman was right; the sugar-plum system in France has become a nuisance, and in Protestant England the Christmas-book system is bidding fair to be another. Sir, it was wisely regulated that Christmas should come only once a year, but that does not mean that it is to stay all the year round. Do you suppose that any man could read through all these books and retain his senses? I have swallowed eight or nine out of the twenty-five or thirty volumes. I am in a pitiable condition. I speak with difficulty out of my fullness.

'Miss Smith, my love, what is our first Christmas-pie? That in the green-and-gold dish, if you please.'

Miss Smith.—'The dish is Mrs. Gore's, the *plates* are Mr. Cruikshank's, and very pretty plates they are. He, he, he!'

M. A. T.—'No trifling, madam, if you please. Read on.'
Miss Smith reads as follows:—

'Can you read, my boy? and are you sharp enough to undertake an errand?' said a young officer of the Guards, on whose well-fitting uniform little George had fixed a wistful eye, one summer morning at the corner of St. James's Street, as he was lounging near Sams's shop, on pretence of looking at the engravings of a fashionable annual.

'I can read, sir,' replied the boy, longing to add, 'and if you will employ me for a message, I will do my best to give you satisfaction,' for the handsome countenance of the young officer captivated his

¹ *A Christmas in the Seventeenth Century.* By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. London, Chapman and Hall.

fancy. But the often-repeated injunction of his grandmother that, betide what might, he was never to derogate from the habits of life of a gentleman's son, forbade his endeavouring to earn a shilling, a coin that rarely found its way into the palm of his hand.

'You have an honest face of your own,' added the officer, after casting a hasty glance around, to ascertain that no one was at hand to overhear or notice their colloquy. 'Do you think you could make out Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square?'

'To be sure I could, sir.'

'In that case, my lad, here's half a crown for you, to make the best of your way to number seven, where you will leave this letter,' continued he, placing one in his hand; 'and remember, should any questions be asked by the servants, you are to say it was given you by a lady you never saw before, and of whom you do not know the name.'

'If I'm to say *that*, sir, I'm afraid I can't oblige you,' replied the child, returning the money and the letter; 'and at all events, I should not have accepted the half-crown. I'm not an errand-boy, sir: I am a gentleman's son!'

'You are a confounded little ass, I suspect!' returned the officer, nettled and surprised. 'What on earth can it signify whether you receive the letter from a gentleman or lady?'

'Not the least, sir. It signifies only that I should not say the one when the other is the case. But I will undertake to carry your letter safe and speedily, and give no explanation at all, however much questioned, if that would suit you.'

'I fancy I can trust you, my lad,' replied the officer, more and more surprised by the tone and bearing of the child. 'But I should be glad to learn, on your return, how you have prospered in your errand.'

'You are on guard, I think, sir!' said George, glancing at his gay accoutrements. 'I shall be in Belgrave Street and back, in less than twenty minutes. You can manage, perhaps, to remain hereabouts till then?'

And the appointment once made, George did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. Fresh from a first perusal of *Paul and Virginia*, he seemed to understand (on perceiving that the letter about which the young captain appeared so anxious was addressed to a 'Miss Hallet') *why* he was so anxious concerning the delivery.

'I left it safe, sir, at number seven. No questions were asked,' said he, a little out of breath, as soon as he came within hail of the scarlet coat.

'So far, so good,' observed the young man, turning towards a friend on whose arm he was leaning. 'I think I may be sure, *this* time, that it will reach her hand.'

And as George had now fully discharged his commission, he was making off towards home, when the officer suddenly called him back.

'Hillo, my lad! we mustn't part in this way,' said he. 'You've

done me better service than you think for ; and though you don't choose to be paid for it, you must have something, to keep in remembrance of my gratitude.'

The whole party were now opposite the shop of Palmer the cutler, into which the apparently overjoyed letter-sender ordered his prompt messenger to follow him ; and in a moment a tray of many-bladed knives—knives after a boy's own heart—glittered before the eyes of George.

'Make your choice, youngster,' said the officer, who, by the obsequiousness of the shopman, was apparently well known and highly considered. 'You seem steady enough to be trusted with sharp implements.'

'Recollect, my dear Wroxton,' interrupted his companion, 'that a knife is the most unlucky keepsake in the world !'

'Aye, between lovers !' retorted the young guardsman, pointing out to his protégé a handsome four-bladed knife with a mother-of-pearl handle, which he seemed to recommend. 'But in this case all I want is to remind this trusty Pacolet of mine that I am in existence ; and that he will often find me on the same spot, waiting to engage him for the same service he executed so well just now.'

Scarcely knowing in what words to express his gratitude for the generous manner in which his trifling assistance was required, poor George thankfully acquiesced in the shopman's suggestion that his initials should be engraved on the silver escutcheon ornamenting the handle of the knife. It could be finished in a few hours. On the morrow, George was to call for it at Palmer's.

'And mind you don't disappoint the little fellow !' said his new friend, preparing to leave the shop. 'It is impossible for me to send my own servants to Sir Jasper's,' he continued, addressing his companion, as they proceeded down the steps to resume their lounge in St. James's Street ; 'and this boy is precisely the sort of messenger not to excite suspicion.'

What an agreeable vivacity there is about this description ! Sparkling, easy, stylish, and so like nature. I think that incident of the knife—a four-bladed knife with a mother-of-pearl handle—from Palmer's, in St. James's Street, is *impayable*. You fancy the scene : the young bucks in scarlet—Palmer himself—the Conservative Club opposite, with the splendid dandies in the bow window—the red jackets who hold the hosses—the cab-stand—St. James's gate and clock. *Que sçais-je ?* How deftly in a few strokes a real artist can bring out a picture !

The picture is taken from *New Year's Day*, by Mrs. Gore.¹ This book has nothing earthly in it about New Year's Day. The plot and mystery are as follows :—

¹ *New Year's Day ; a Winter's Tale*. By Mrs. Gore. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, Fisher and Co.

There was once a hectoring young Turk of a captain of foot, who married a young woman of inferior rank, and, singular to state, ill-used her. By this lady, Captain Hallet had a little son : he bullied and ill-used this little son too in such a manner that the lad threatened to drown himself ; and his coat and cap were all that were found of the young fellow by the side of the poluphloisboio thalasses, into the deep bosom of which he had committed himself.

The mother's heart broke in twain at the calamity ; so did John Talbot's, the captain's man (as far as male heart can be said to break, but this sort mends again almost as good as new commonly) : the captain became an altered man too, and no wonder. A couple of murders on his conscience could not make a captain of foot very cheerful.

The Peninsular war breaking out at this juncture, Captain Jasper Hallet joined the heroic Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, at present F.M. the Duke of Wellington, K.G., &c. Assaults, scaladoes, ambuscadoes, hurrah, cut-and-thrust, fire away, run-you-through-the-body, Give it 'em, boys ! became the captain's chief delight ; and forlorn hopes were his principal diversions. Wounded he was a great deal, as men will be in this sort of sport ; and we picture him to ourselves as devilled and scarred like the leg of that turkey which has stood the assault of Christmas Day. But no friendly ball laid low the capturing—as how should it ? otherwise Mrs. Gore's story never could have been written—on the contrary, he rose to be a major—a colonel—to clasps and ribbons innumerable—to command a brigade in the unlucky campaigns of New Orleans, and a division at the attack of Bhurtpore. And I leave you to imagine that his portion of the swag (as the Hindostan phrase is for plunder) must have been considerable, when I state that it amounted to 400,000*l.* Mrs. Gore is a noble creature, and makes the money fly about, that is the truth.

And don't you see, when a man has 400,000*l.*, how we get to like him, in spite of a murder or two ? Our author yields with charming *naïveté* to the general impression. He is a good fellow, after all ; but he has four hundred thousand ; he has repented of his early brutalities ; his claret is famous, &c., &c. Lieutenant-General Sir Jasper Hallet, K.C.B., lived last year in Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, with his niece, the lovely Mira, to whom it was known he had given 20,000*l.*, and on whom many of the

old fogies at the United Service Club were looking as an eligible partner for their own sons. The United Service—*que dis-je?*—the Guards' Club had an eye on her, too; and no less a young fellow than my Lord Wroxton (the rogue!) was smitten by her.

One day, as Miss Hallet was driving in her uncle's elegant chariot with the greys, the Johns behind, and Robert the coachman in the silver wig on the dicky:—as Robert was cutting in and out among the carriages like—blazes, I was going to say, but why use an expression so familiar?—it chanced that he cut over a child—a poor boy—a fair-haired, delicate boy—a bright-eyed thing—cut him over, and very nearly sent the wheels over him. The little cherub was rescued from the chariot-wheel, but, before the lovely but naturally flustered Mira had found out his name, he was gone.

Now, my dears, do you begin to be on the scent? Who can that fair-haired, blue-eyed, bright-eyed thing be? Is it a baker's boy, is it a charity boy, a doctor's boy, or any other ditto? My heart tells me that that child is not *what he seems*. But of that anon.

In a court off St. James's Street—for if we can't be always genteel, we'll be always near it—in a dreary room, having spent her money, pawned her spoons, exhausted the little store which misfortune had left her, lives a grumbling old woman, by the name of Mrs. Lawrie. She is an American, and as such the grandmother of the bright-eyed child whose acquaintance we have just had the honour to make.

Yes, but who was his *father*? His father was Colonel Jasper Foreman (mark the Jasper, *s.v.p.*!). Coming to this country, his own native place, with ingots of gold packed in chests, on board the *Antelope* packet, at only three days from shore, and just when the captain, after some conversations with him, had begun to treat Colonel Jasper Foreman with much more respect than a mere Yankee colonel could expect—at three days off port, the ship went down, with the captain, with Colonel Foreman, all his money, all his papers—everything except the boy and his grandmother, and her dozen silver spoons and forks. It's a mercy the old lady was in the habit of carrying them about with her, or what would the pair have done on reaching Albion's shore?

They went to live in the court off St. James's Street,

melting away the spoons one by one, and such other valuables as had escaped the shipwreck. The old lady's health was impaired, and her temper abominable. How like a little angel did young George tend that crabbed old grandmother! George had a little bird—a poor little bird, and loved the little warbler as boyhood will love. The old hunx grumbled at the little bird, and said it ate them out of house and home. He took it into St. James's Park (the keepers let him pass, for George, though poor, mended his clothes most elegantly, and always managed to look genteel, bless him!), and he let loose the little bird in the Park: there's a picture of it, with the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the bird, and a lady and gent walking in the distance. He parted from his darling bird, and went home to his grandmamma. He went home and made her gruel. '*Bitterly did the old lady complain of the over-sugaring of the gruel.*' There is a picture of that, too. George is bringing her the gruel in a basin; there's a cow on the chimney-piece, a saucepan in the fender, a cup and a parcel (of Embden groats, probably) on the table. Tears—sweet, gushing tears, sobs of heart-breaking yet heart-soothing affection, break from one over this ravishing scene. I am crying so, I can hardly write. The printers will never sure decipher this blotted page. So she complained of the over-sugaring of the gruel, did she? Dear child! The scene, I feel, is growing too tender.¹

As I describe this harrowing tale of innocence and woe, I protest I get so bewildered with grief as to lose the power of coherently continuing the narrative. This little George—this little diddle-iddle-darling, walking in St. James's Street, was accosted by Lord Wroxton, who gave him a letter to carry—a letter to Belgrave Street, to no other than to Miss Mira Hallet. The name of the owner of the house, Sir Jasper Hallet, excited in the boy a thousand tumultuously mysterious emotions. Jasper! his papa's name was Jasper! Were the two Jaspers related anyhow? The scoffing menials thrust away the child who asked the question; but still he was hovering about the place—still watching Miss Hallet and following her carriage, and one

¹ Our contributor's MS. is here almost washed out with tears; and two printers have been carried off in hysterics, who were merely setting up the types!—O. Y.

day, in a chase after it, he received the upset which opens the story.

Well, well, a little boy knocked down in the very first page of a story of course gets up again—of course he finds his parents—of course his grandfather makes him a present of at least half the four hundred thousand? No such thing: the little boy sickens all through the volume. Grandpapa goes abroad. Comic business takes place—such dreary comic business!—about the lovers of Miss Mira. In the midst of the comic business at Ems, grandpapa receives a letter—his boy is found. It is Jasper's son, who instead of drowning himself *then* (the cheerful catastrophe arriving later), only went to sea. Old John Talbot, the faithful servant, has found him starving in a garret. Away, away! post-haste! Treble Trinkgeld! *Vite, postillon!* Sir Jasper arrives, and Mira, *essoufflée*, to find the little boy—just dead. There's a picture of him. A white sheet covers him over—old John Talbot is sobbing at the bedside—enter the general, as from his post-chaise. Horror, horror! Send for the undertaker! It is all up with poor little Georgy!

And I declare I have not the slightest compunction for his demise. The book ought to be bound in crape, and printed on black-edged paper. *This* a Christmas book! Where's merry Christmas going? Of all, all deadly liveliness—of all maudlin ululations—of all such grandmothers, grandsons, and water-gruel, let us be delivered!—My love, hand me, if you please, the sky-blue-covered book, *January Eve*, by George Soane, B.A.¹

I have my doubts whether anybody has a right to compose a story, certainly no one is authorized to write a Christmas story, whereof the end is not perfectly comfortable to all parties—to the readers first, to the heroes and heroines subsequently, and all the minor characters according to their deserts or beyond them. Why, poor rogues in her Majesty's very jails are served with beef and pudding, and mercifulness and hospitality, at this season of the year; and wherefore are you and I, my dear Miss Smith—not ill-natured persons in the main; good-natured, at any rate, when we are pleased—to be made miserable at the conclusion of a history, by being called upon to sympathize with the sickness, the premature demise, or otherwise un-

¹ *January Eve; a Tale of the Times.* By G. Soane, Esq., B.A. London, Churton.

deserved misfortune, of certain honest personages with whose adventures we are made acquainted? That is why, madam, I was so wroth anon with Mrs. Gore. I won't show mercy unto her. Why should I to a lady who has been so unmerciful to poor little What-d'ye-call-em—the General Thingum-gig's grandson, I mean—who died most miserably just as he was coming into his estate? Mrs. Gore had the fate of the little fellow perfectly in her hands: there is no earthly reason why he should not have got well of the carriage running over him. Why should not Mr. M'Cann, of Parliament Street, for instance, have been passing by, as he always is in the newspapers, and set the little chap's shoulder in a twinkling? or why was not my friend Dr. Quintin, of Arlington Street, driving down St. James's Street at the period of the accident? He would have stepped out of his carriage, popped in the little lad, carried him to his grandmother, cured that abominable old woman of her lumbago and her ill humour, without ever so much as thinking of a fee, and made all straight and pleasant by the time Sir Gasper Whatisit had arrived from Wiesbaden. It was just as easy for Mrs. Gore to save that child and make it perfectly well and hearty, as to throttle it, and go off to the undertaker's with a religious reflection. None of your Herodian stories for me. No, no! I'm not jolly at a funeral. I confess it does not amuse me. I have no taste for murders, or measles, or poison, or black jobs of any sort. We will have a word or two with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Bart., presently, by the way, who for his infamous and murderous propensities, as lately shown in his most appalling and arsenical novel of *Lucretia*, deserves to be brought up with a tight hand. But of this anon.

We spake but now of Mrs. Gore going to the undertaker's. When the excellent Mrs. Hubbard went to the undertaker's and got a coffin, what was the upshot of that funereal transaction? Why, as we all know, when she came back her favourite was laughing. As, of course, he should be.

That's your proper sort of pantomime business—that's the right way in Christmas books. Haven't you seen Clown in the play; his head cut off by the butcher and left on the block before all beholders; his limbs severally mangled and made into polonies, and yet in two minutes he says, 'How are you?' (the droll dog!) as lively as ever? Haven't we seen Pantaloon killed before our very eyes, put

pitilessly into his mother's mangle, brought from that instrument utterly dead, and stretched eighteen feet in length?—and are we hurt, are our feelings outraged? No, we know Harlequin will have him alive again in two minutes by a quiver of his stick, and the old rascal will be tickling Columbine under the chin, while that spangled maniac, her lover, is wagging his head in his frill (as if it were a pudding on a dish), and dancing the most absurd, clumsy hornpipe in the back scene.

And as in pantomimes, so I say in Christmas stories, those fireside Christmas pantomimes, which are no more natural than *Mother Goose* or *Harlequin Gulliver*. Kill your people off as much as you like, but always bring 'em to life again. Belabour your villains as you please. As they are more hideous than mortals, punish them more severely than mortals can bear. But they must always amend, and you must always be reconciled to them in the last scene, when the spangled fairy comes out of the revolving star, and uttering the magic octosyllabic incantations of reconciliation, vanishes into an elysium of blue fire. Sweet, kindly eight-syllabled incantations, pleasant fantastic fairy follies, charming mystery, wherein the soul is plunged, as the gentle curtain descends, and covers those scenes of beloved and absurd glory! Do you suppose the people who invented such were fools, and wanted to imitate great blundering realities to inculcate great, stupid, moral apophthegms? Anybody can do that—anybody can say that 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' or that 'Procrastination is the thief of time,' or what not: but a poet does not take his inspirations from the copybook or his pictures from the police-office. Is there any moralizing in *Titania*, *Ariosto*, or *Undine*?

All this is à propos of the sky-blue story-book by George Soane, B.A. Now, this sky-blue story-book (whereof the flavour somewhat perhaps resembles the beverage of academic youth) has great merits. First, it is improbable; secondly, it is pretty and graceful; thirdly, it has many pleasant pastoral descriptions and kindly ballet groups and dances; fourthly, the criminals are reformed, the dead come to life again, and the devil is not the devil—to which, by the way, I take objection.

The rich uncle from India is the key to the story (*mon Dieu*, how I wish I had one coming from that quarter!)

the conduct of a beggar on horseback the theme of satire. Tom Starlight, the poacher, drinking with his club at the Black Lion, and inveighing against the tyranny of a scoundrelly aristocracy, finds himself all of a sudden converted into Squire Starlight, of Taunton Hall. The Squire gives up the doctrines of the poacher : he is the strictest of game preservers in all the county, the most severe of landlords, and the most arrogant of men. Honest Jack Lint, the surgeon, was going to marry Tom's sister when he was in low life ; but, become a nobleman, Tom says she shall marry old Lord Rheumatiz ; and so the poor girl all but breaks her heart. Stella breaks hers outright. She is the blind old schoolmaster's daughter, old Elias Birch—a dear, impossible old gentleman, with pink cheeks, red stockings, and cotton hair, such as you see come out of the canvas cottage in the ballet and bless the lasses and lads (with their shirt-sleeves tied up with ribbon) before the ballet begins.

At this critical moment, when the question was on his lips, which, if spoken, might perhaps have averted no common calamity, he was interrupted by a chorus of boyish voices, so close and so unexpected as almost to startle him :

Te, magister, salutamus ;
Te, magister, nunc laudamus ;
Semper, semper sis beatus,
Felix dies quo tu natus.

Hurrah !

' Why, it's the boys from the free school ! ' exclaimed the old man ; ' I did not know it was a holiday.'

No, dear Elias,—it was not a holiday, according to the school rubric ; but it is good sometimes to be merry though it is not so set down in the calendar ; and this was your birthday—the first since blindness had compelled you to give up the ferula, which you had wielded so gently over the urchins, and in many instances over their fathers and even grandfathers before them. Here they were, grateful little fellows, with full hands, and fuller hearts, come to say, ' We do love you so, kind old master ! ' And, to use a common phrase, though not in a common sense, there was no love lost between them, for Elias could scarcely have taken a livelier interest in their welfare had they really been his own children.

In they tumbled, thronging, talking, laughing, till as many had crowded into the cottage-parlour as it would well hold, when the younger and weaker fry, who were thus ousted by their seniors, clambered up to the window-sill, where they clustered like a swarm of bees. The new schoolmaster, quite astounded at such a jubilee, would fain have re-established order among them.—Order ! Silly

fellow; what are you thinking of? Is order better than those merry faces, all hope and sunshine? Is order better than all that mass of happiness, which laughs, and shouts, and climbs, and hustles, and is not to be purchased at any price? Leave them alone, for goodness' sake. And he did leave them alone, for he was not a bad fellow, that new master, though he was far from being an Elias Fairfield. Somehow, too, he was beginning to laugh, and be exceedingly merry himself, without exactly knowing why—perhaps it was for company's sake.

But the head boy had a grand Latin speech to deliver, a thing of his own concoction, and made expressly for the occasion. Of course he was in a hurry to begin—most orators are—and his influence, assisted by a hint from Stella that the noise was almost too much for her grandfather, effected a temporary lull. A proud moment was it for the young Cicero, and with infinite complacency did the sightless old man listen to his harangue, only throwing in an occasional correction—he could not entirely forget former habits—when the orator blundered in his grammar, as would now and then happen.

Then came the presentations of gifts, in which each young holiday-maker acted for himself, and in a few minutes the cottage table was covered with nosegays, for as early as the season was—primroses, crocuses, yellow and purple, polyanthus, pansies, and I know not what beside. One little fellow, having nothing better within his means, had tied together a bunch of daisies, which he presented amidst the jeers of his schoolmates—'A pretty gift for any one! on a birthday, too!' and again the laugh went round. But the old man caught the child to his bosom, and, kissing him tenderly, while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, bade Stella take especial care of the daisies.

'Put them in water directly, love, and don't fling them away either when they die—mind *that*. You can lay them between the leaves of my great Bible, and then I shall always have them near me.'

What next? The orator again steps forward. No more Latin speeches, I hope,—oh, no! not the least fear of that. He is supported, as they say of other deputations, by a dozen of the eldest boys, who for the last two months have clubbed together their weekly allowance to buy a silver goblet for their dear old master. It was second-hand, but just as good as new; the dents and bruises had been carefully hammered out, and it had been polished up both inside and outside, as only a silversmith can do these things. Indeed, their own funds had not sufficed for so magnificent an undertaking, and so they had been helped out by fathers, or brothers, or uncles, who in their day had been scholars of Elias, and now were grown up into substantial yeomen or thriving shopkeepers.

What next?—a deputation of young girls from the neighbouring villages, with fowls, and eggs, and bacon. Why, surely, they must fancy the cottage in a state of siege, and badly off for provisions!

What next?—Sir Edward's gamekeeper with a hare, and his kind remembrances to his old master—will call himself before the day's over.

This is as it should be: your proper, pleasant, rouged, grinning, junketing, pantomimic business. It is not intended to be natural—only pretty and kind-hearted—pleasing to the eye—cheerfully ticklesome to the senses—mildly festive, benevolent, and brisk. I doubt, after all, if there is any need for an artist to make his portraits like. What you want is not to be struck by the resemblance, but impregnated with the idea. For instance, when the thunderstorm comes, as in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, you don't think of putting up your umbrella: when you read young Mr. S. Rogers's pretty verses—

Mine be a cot beside a hill,
A beehive's hum salute my, &c.

you are not led to suppose that they contain a real picture of rural life and felicity; but they fill the mind with sweet, pleasant, countrified, hay-smelling, hawthorn-flowering, tree-whispering, river-babbling, breeze-blowing rural perceptions, wherein lie the reader's delight and the poet's charm and mystery. As the mesmerists' giving a glass of cold water to their lucky patients can make the liquor assume any taste, from Johannisberg to ginger-beer—it is water still, but it has the effect of wine: so a poet mesmerizes you with his magical tap, and—but for the tenth time we are straying from the point in hand, which is, Why Stella Birch broke her heart?

She broke her heart, then, because Tom Starlight broke it—that is, he ill-used her—that is, he promised her. Well, well, she jumped into the mill-stream with a shriek and a plunge; and that brute Tom, not content with the ruin of one poor girl, must endeavour to perpetrate the destruction of another, his sister, by marrying her to the before-mentioned Lord Lumbago. Fancy the fury of poor Jack Pills—Fanny perishing away—the bells actually ringing for her marriage with Lord Sciatica—the trembling victim led to the altar, and Bob Sawyer about to poison himself with the most excruciating black doses in his establishment. When, *presto!* the fairy in the revolving car appears. The old gentleman is not the devil who gave Tom the estate, but Tom's uncle from India, who

wishes to try him. Tom is not Squire Starlight, of Taunton Hall, but a dumb, penniless, detected young scapegrace, to be handed over to the castigators. Viscount Chalkstones shall not marry poor dear little Fanny, who, on the contrary, shall bless Tom Tourniquet with her hand and twenty thousand pounds administered by the uncle in India. Stella is not dead any more than you are. She jumped into the water, I own ; but the miller heard the plop and fished her out, and now she comes back, and of course Tom Starlight makes an honest woman of her. The only person who dies is old Elias Rodwell, the schoolmaster ; but then he is so old, so very old, and his hair so very cottony, that his death is rather a pleasure than otherwise ; and you fancy his life was only a sort of make-believe. And so everybody is happy, and the light-blue entertainment of Mr. Soane closes. It is a good, cheap, easy, and profitable Christmas pastime.

I take the Brothers Mayhew to be a couple of good-natured hermits, living out of the world in practices of asceticism, and yet having a kindly recollection of that scene of strife and struggle which they have left behind them.

They write, from their monastery, a work of prodigious benevolence, stupendous moralization, frequent wisdom, and rather a clumsy and doubtful fancy and humour.¹ To say of a 'good genius' that he 'turns everything into gold' is, perhaps, an undeserved, though not an unprecedented compliment to bullion. It is an homage to specie. The proposition stands thus : a good genius turns everything into gold ; therefore gold is a good genius. And the fable is wrought in the following manner :—

Silvio, a forester in a goatskin jacket, having lost his paternal hut by an inundation, finds himself in his native wood with no resource but his hatchet and a piece of bread, his last refreshment. In the wood, Silvio finds a hive of honey. The houseless and penniless youth is about to give a relish to his last piece of bread with the honey so discovered, when a sentimental objection suddenly makes him pause. 'No,' says he (but in the finest language),

¹ *The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold ; or, the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress. A Christmas Fairy Tale.* By the Brothers Mayhew. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, Bogue.

‘I will not deprive these innocent bees of the produce of their labour; that which they have gathered, as they roamed from flower to flower, let them enjoy in dignified otiosity; I will dip my crust into the stream, content myself with that wholesome repast, and not rob them of the results of their industry.’

This unexampled benevolence touches the Queen Bee, who is a fairy in disguise. She suddenly appears before Silvio in her character of Fairy Bee-Queen—bids him to state in what manner she can be serviceable to him—and, in fact, fulfils every possible wish that the young Silvio can form. ‘Only come out in that goatskin jacket,’ says she, ‘so that I may know you, and anything you like shall be yours.’

First he wishes to have his cottage restored to him; the Good Genius instantly reinstates him in that tenement. The Princess of the country calls upon him, and is dissatisfied with the accommodation. Silvio, of course, finds out that it is no longer convenient. He demands a neat little villa, whither the Princess too follows him. Encouraged by her visit, the audacious young man proposes marriage to her. ‘What! *you*,’ says she, ‘a mere country householder, wish to marry the likes of *me*?’ And she leaves him in a huff. ‘Make me a Prince,’ says Silvio to his fairy patroness, ‘so that I may be her equal;’ and immediately the Queen Bee erects a principality and city for him. Silvio marries the Princess, and—they live happy ever after, you would imagine?

Not so. Prince Silvio plunges into idleness and debaucheries: he is driven out of his capital by his indignant subjects. He loses his goatskin jacket, the great talisman of his fortune. He is plunged into misfortunes, which he bears with great philosophy and most eloquent benevolence; but finally finding his goatskin again, his kingdom is restored, his prosperity returns, and he and his Princess and daughter are doubtless happy to this very day.

The history is interspersed with some comic business. Silvio’s barber, in fact, gets hold of the goatskin jacket when the Prince makes his precipitate flight from his dominions—enjoys unintelligible property whilst wearing this article; and goes mad upon losing it when Silvio comes back to his own again. I protest against the whole

affair—against the fable—against the jacket—against the bee—against Silvio—against his bad fortune and his good—against the fairy turning everything into money, &c., &c.,

If a man wants to make a mere fantastic tale, nobody calls upon him to be tight and close in his logic. If he wants to moralize, his proposition should be neat and clear, as his argument is correct. I am reconciled now to the Wolf eating up Red Riding-hood (though I was sceptical in my childhood on this point), because I have given up believing that this is a moral tale altogether, and am content to receive it as a wild, odd, surprising and not unkindly fairy story. But if gentlemen set out professing a laborious moral, inculcating the beauties of industry, and how it turns everything into gold or pinchbeck, as the matter may be, I and other little children have a right to demand a pure fable along with all this didactic solemnity. 'Brothers Mayhew,' I exclaim, 'if you are going to amuse me, do so. Awaken my wonder—my laughter—my sense of pleasure; excite me by sweet rural pictures, or fancy fairy colours, or jovial grotesque perplexities: but if you would instruct, in the name of Justice let us have the real sort of morals. Sermons and snapdragon do not go well together. Plum-pudding is good in its way; but a dose of brandy is better with it than a brimming ladleful of virtue. If there were really your sort of good geniuses in the world, Socrates ought to have driven off from his trial in a coach-and-six to Xantippe, the loveliest and best-natured of women; yet we know to the contrary. She was a shrew, and her husband was hanged. A banker's account is a fine thing when properly organized, and the balance agreeably preponderating upon your side; but there are other accounts we have to settle, and if they look at this sublunary sphere, *mes frères*, and the misfortunes of the good and the prosperity of their opposites,—at Genius and Virtue in neglect and penury, and Dullness blundering into success, and Knavery filching Reputation, how can sublime moralists talk of goodness and gold together? Whatever we may do privately as individuals, let us sublime moralists never publicly worship twopence-halfpenny. I, for my part, as one of the aforesaid, will always make an uproar when I meet with any apologue conveying such a foolish signification; and I wish that some Christmas storytellers would make us a few tales in which all the

rogues should prosper, and all the honest men go to jail, just to correct the present odious tendency of the guides of public taste.

The truth is, that the book of the Brothers Mayhew has so much merit, and is written often with so much brilliancy, and frequently with such dullness,—is so wise at times, and so unsatisfactory in the main, that it seems to me to be the critical office to abuse and deny it altogether,—the which I cordially do ; and I warn the public, firstly, that under pretence of giving him a fairy story, the authors of the *Good Genius that turned Everything into, &c.*, inveigle the reader into a sermon,—that the sermon is quite unsatisfactory, but that the preachers have a plenty of brains to supply their abundance of doctrine.

A very able and complimentary review of this book appeared under the title of *Fairy Politics* ; for be it known that Silvio and the fairy discuss a prodigious deal of political ethics together. If any fairy presumes to talk any such nonsense to me, I will do my best from my place in the pit to hiss him off the stage. Had it been any the best known and dearest author—had it been Dickens himself, we would assume the privilege of replying to him with the cat-call, or other Protestant instrument, until the policeman ordered us off the premises.

‘To see the faults of a great master, look at his imitators,’ Reynolds says in his *Discourses* ; and the sins of Mr. Dickens’s followers must frighten that gentleman not a little. Almost every one of the Christmas carollers are exaggerating the master’s own exaggerations, and caricaturing the face of nature most shamelessly. Every object in the world is brought to life, and invested with a vulgar knowingness and outrageous jocularity. Winds used to whistle in former days, and oaks to toss their arms in the storm. Winds are now made to laugh, to howl, to scream, to triumph, to sing choruses ; trees to squint, to shiver, to leer, to grin, to smoke pipes, dance hornpipes, and smoke those of tobacco. When the Brothers Mayhew wish to be funny and in the fashion, they say :—

‘The bright eye of day was now fast getting bloodshot with the coming cold of night.’ ‘A bee goes singing past him, merry as though he had taken a flower-cup too much.’ ‘Aurora had just begun to light her fire in the grate of the East, and the old Sun was still snug under the blankets of the horizon.’ ‘The king

thanked his stars that he was not always called upon to leave his bed until the sun had passed his bright copper warming-pan over the damp clouds, and properly aired the atmosphere for his reception.'

What clumsy joking this is ! what dreary buffooning ! by men who can write, too, as well as this ! It must be premised that the Princess Amaranth, Silvio's wife, is longing to see her father, the old king, and she breaks her wish to her husband in the Eastern manner by an allegory :

It is related that the Sea-shell was the favourite daughter of the Wave ; and that he watched over her with love, shielding her from injury ; and folded her in his bosom, and cherished her as his best beloved, ever whispering the music of affection in her ear. Now the Sea-shell loved the noble Rock upon the shore ; but the Wave and the Rock were enemies, battling with each other ; so that when the haughty Wave found out the love of his rosy-lipped child, he spoke in a voice of rage to her thus, ' If thou sighest to wed with yonder Rock, I will cast thee from my bosom, and turn from thee. Go where thou wilt, my anger shall haunt thee, and ever ring in thine ear ! ' But the Shell loved on, and the swelling Wave dashed her from him. And though the steadfast Rock cherished his ocean bride with every kindness, and kept her always by his side, still the Shell pined in sorrow ; for, as her white-haired sire had said, the anger of the Wave kept ever haunting her, and ringing in her ear.

A fairy lecturer :—

And so saying, the fairy hummed the following charm :—

' Quick ! let him read the Rocks ! and see
 In them the Earth's Biography !
 Discover Stars beyond the sight !
 Weigh them, and time the speed of Light !
 Within the dewdrop's tiny sphere
 Let Animalcule Worlds appear !
 Each puny Monster let him scan,
 Then mark the Animalcule Man !
 And tracing use in great and small,
 See Good in each, and God in all ! '

Then Silvio was lifted up in the air, and carried by winged spirits far into the realms of space, until the world beneath him dwindled into a star, and the stars above him swelled into worlds. And as he flew past them, and they past him, he saw systems rise after systems, and suns upon suns, whose light had never yet reached the eyes of man. And still, as he looked before him, the stars lay thick as sands in the blue sea of the heavens ; while as he travelled on, that which in the distance appeared only one brilliant mass of confusion, separated as he advanced into new worlds, threading

with wondrous order the glittering maze, and spinning in their lightning course, until the air vibrated again, and the universe was melodious with the hum of their motion.

Suddenly Silvio was on the earth again, with the fairy bee at his side. Then, waving her wand, she showed him a little universe in every atom—a busy world in every drop; and how each grain of the earth was itself a globe teeming with life, and peopled with a minnikin race, whose structure was as wonderful and as perfect as his own. Then she took him down with her deep into the earth, and turning over with her wand the layers of rocks, as though they were leaves of a mighty volume, Silvio read within them the Wondrous Tale of Creation. And instantly he lived in the time when man was yet unborn, and monster beasts roamed through the giant forests, the undisputed monarchs of a desert world.

And again ascending to the surface, the fairy opened to him the affinities of things, showing him how the air he breathed made metals moulder and fire burn; and how the black charcoal was the parent of the glittering diamond; and how the water he drank sprang from the burning of gases that he could neither feel, taste, smell, nor see; and how the atmosphere around him consisted of the same ingredients as the acid, which scarcely any metal could withstand.

Then she disclosed to him all the mysteries of herbs and minerals, showing him their good and evil powers, and how a little flower or a few small crystals might save or take a life.

And, lastly, laying bare to him the mechanism of his own mysterious frame, she showed Silvio how the bread he ate became the blood of his arteries and veins; and how the sanguine stream meandered through his body like a ruby river, giving life and vigour to all within its course; and how thin nerves, like threads, worked his puppet limbs, and running to his brain, became the conduits of his will and feelings, and the cords which linked his immortal spirit to the world without.

Bewildered with wonder, and with his brain aching with the knowledge he had learnt, Silvio returned home.

Honest and fine as this writing is, surely it is out of place, and little to be understood by children. I protest neither against pantomimes, nor against Walker's Orrery, but I protest against Walker's Orrery in a pantomime. And this is my ground for grumbling against this wise, this ingenious, this clever, but this clumsy and ponderous allegory of the Brothers Mayhew.

But the personification mania of the Mayhew Brothers is as nothing compared to the same malady in the author of the *Yule Log*,¹ Mr. A. Chamerovzow, who has summoned

¹ *The Yule Log, for Everybody's Christmas Hearth; showing where it Grew; how it was Cut and brought Home; and how it was Burnt.*

the admirable George Cruikshank to his aid, and produced *his* Christmas legend with gilt leaves and cover ; in which there is the usual commodity of fairies, and a prize rustic, who, impelled by the demon of avarice, neglects his friends, knocks down his blessed angel of a wife, turns his seduced daughter out of doors, and is on the point of being murdered by his eldest son ; but just at the critical moment of throttling he wakes up and finds it all a dream ! Isn't this a novelty ? Isn't this a piece of ingenuity ? Take your rustic, your fairies, your nightmare, finish off with a plum-pudding and a dance under the holly-bush, and a benign invocation to Christmas, kind hearts, and what not. Are we to have this sort of business for ever ? *Mon Dieu !* will people never get tired of reading what they know, and authors weary of inventing what everybody has been going on inventing for ages past ?

Read the following specimen of the style of Mr. Chamevovzow, and say, Is not the animated landscape nuisance becoming most intolerable, and no longer to be endured ?—

Still the years rolled on, and still the sturdy Beech mocked and braved the Tempest as boldly as ever ! In the dingle it stood, unmolested and respected ; almost venerated : for now it was known to be haunted, nobody durst expose himself to the fury of the Spirits by attempting to fell it. Nevertheless, some half-dozen times it was tried ; but, invariably, the Woodman renounced the task in despair, after he had blunted his best axes, without cutting even through the bark.

At length, Time beat the tree hollow : it was a long race, notwithstanding, and the gallant old Beech stood it out bravely, and proved itself game to the last ; for though its inside was growing weaker and weaker, it still kept up a good appearance ; so that one might have taken odds it would never give in, for all that its leaves showed later than they used, and fell earlier. Then its giant foot, which covered no end of ground, grew gouty ; and large wooden corns and bunions spread all over it ; its trunk, lately so solid and hale, began to crack, and peel, and to come out in broad unhealthy-looking blotches ; let alone that it wheezed asthmatically when the Wind blew ; its massive limbs, too, betrayed rheumatic symptoms, and creaked and groaned at every puff.

And now it was the Wind's turn to laugh at and buffet the Beech, that had for so many years mocked its power, and set its rage at defiance : every time it got a chance, away it swept with a branch, amputating it at one blow, and flinging the disabled member back

By the Author of *The Chronicles of the Bastille*. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London, Newby.

into its teeth with savage malignity; then it would catch hold of its noble head, and tear, and tug, and pull, and twist it, until obliged to give over from sheer exhaustion; and all to loosen its roots, that it might enjoy the satisfaction of knocking the tree down and trampling upon it; still the old fellow fought hard, and did his best to roar and laugh at his ancient enemy as he used of yore; though anybody might have perceived the difference with only half an eye.

See in the second paragraph what happens to the beech:—

1. He is running a race with Time, who beats him.
2. He is brave and game.
3. His inside is getting weak.
4. His feet are gouty.
5. He has corns and bunions.
6. His body comes out in blotches.
7. He wheezes asthmatically.
8. He has the rheumatism.

There's a collection of cheerful ideas for you! There's a jolly, rollicking, buniony, wheezy, gouty, rheumatic, blotchy Christmas metaphor! Is this the way a gentleman takes to make himself pleasant? Is it ingenious? Is it poetical, or merely foolish, in a word? I believe it to be the easiest and silliest kind of composition in which any poetaster can indulge. I will engage to vivify my tailor's bill; to make a romance of the heart out of my boot-jack; to get up a tender interest for mashed turnips and boiled mutton; to invest my breeches with pathos; to communicate an air of mystery to my coat (dash its buttons!); to make my waistcoat split its sides with jocularly; or so to treat and degrade, with clumsy joking, anything natural or supernatural; to make a farce of a thunderstorm, or a tragedy of a teapot; but shall we do so? No! in the name of honest humour, no! Suppose Leslie (I take him as the finest humorous artist in England) were to make the chairs and tables in his pictures squint at you, and set the tongs and pokers grinning, would Sancho and Don Quixote be rendered more funny by these foolish tricks? Suppose when Mr. and Mrs. Keeley went to make you laugh in a comedy, they were to order all the supernumeraries to rush on to the stage and squint and grin; to have all the scenes painted with goggle-eyed caricatures; and all the fiddlers imitating the squeaking of pigs, the braying

of donkeys, and what not, on their instruments, would the story and the fun of the play be more comprehensible for the insane interruption? A comic artist, as I take it, has almost the entire range of thought to play upon; the maddest foolery at times becomes him perfectly as the deepest pathos; but this systematic fooling, this dreary cut-and-dry fancy, this grinning without fun, makes my gorge rise, my dear Mr. YORKE; and I protest, for the honour of the trade. Mr. Merryman in the ring is not a humourist, but a poor half-witted impostor: I have my own opinion of a fellow who deliberately cuts sham jokes. They should come from a humourist's heart, or they are but acts of dishonesty on his part and forgeries on the public.

In respect of the *Drawing-room Scrap-book*.¹ As the seaman in real life and Cooper's novels knows, by the peculiar gaff in her binnacle, the luff in her topsail-halyards, or what not, his old ship, the *Lively Sally*, though the *Mary Anne* is now painted on her stern, so old critical hands, in taking up Mr. Fisher's book, recognize old friends with new titles among the prints—old pictures with wonderful subjects marvellously gathered together from all quarters. Pictorially, the *Drawing-room Scrap-book* is a sea-pie, made up of scraps that have been served at many tables before. Her Majesty, in company with Richard Cobden and Charles Villiers; the Chinese necromancers; Lord Hardinge welcoming in the spring; Sir Robert Sale at a Spanish bullfight in the Mocenigo Palace. A rich and wonderful hash indeed!

The fair editor, Mrs. Norton, has been painted by two artists in the present volume; by Mr. Carrick on ivory, and by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton in a kind of verses, against which we put a strenuous protest. Sir Bulwer calls her a radiant Stranger—a spirit of the Star, and a daughter of the Beam, with a large B, meaning that there is something quite unearthly in the appearance of the fair editor of the *Drawing-room Scrap-book*; that it is clear to Sir Lytton's perception that she belongs to another orb, in which he, Sir Edward (being possibly likewise of an angelical supernaturality himself) has made her acquaintance.

¹ Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-book*. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London, Fisher, Son, and Co.

He states that, while mere mortals have changes of comfort and care in life, to supernatural beings, like the Honourable Mrs. Norton, our very air is silent pain—a heavy pain; in fact, that they are doomed to a perpetual sadness, under the never-ending domination of the Old Blue Devil.

Let us hope that the statement is erroneous, and the pedigree not also correct. Over the very verses in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton makes the above extraordinary assertions, some downright prose writer says the Hon. Mrs. Norton is 'second daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. (son of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan and his first wife, the celebrated Miss Lindley), and Caroline Henrietta Callander, daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craigforth, and Lady Elizabeth MacDonnell.' How can a man, in the face of such a genealogy, declare that Mrs. Norton's parent was a Beam, with a large B? Isn't the prose-tree a sufficient pedigree? Had Genius ever a directer descent? 'No human beauty,' says the baronet,—

No human beauty ever bore
 An aspect thus divine:
 The crown the brows of seraphs wear
 Hath left its mark on thine;—
 The unconscious glories round thee bear
 The Stamp divine,
 Of One divine,
 Who trod the spheres of yore.

Come, come, Sir Bulwer, how can you talk to a lady so to her face? Whereabouts have you seen seraphs and their crowns? When made acquaintance with ones divine? What are all these attitudes, platitudes, beatitudes? Isn't a woman good enough for you that inherits Sheridan's genius and sweet Cecilia's eyes and voice, but you must assume an inspired air, and declare she is a stray angel? In the picture of the lady, she has a black velvet band round her forehead, and buttons on her dress. Fancy an angel in buttons! No! No! There's some error in the Bard's (or, to speak more correctly, the Bart's) description. This sort of writing, this flimsy, mystical nambypamby, we hold to be dangerous to men and reprehensible in Barts. When Irreverence puts on a sanctified look, when Mayfair begins to have revelations, when—but let us restrain our beautiful and outraged feelings, and return to the matter in hand.

The fact is, then (while strenuously denying the Beam in Mrs. Norton's family-tree—indeed it is the big B buzzing about it that roused the critical peevishness), that though we fearlessly assert Mrs. Norton to be only a woman, and always a woman, Mr. Carrick's picture no more represents her magnificent beauty than Mr. Joseph Hume resembles Apollo. To have seen it is to have seen something in history. Would you not like to have seen Helen or Cleopatra, Marie Antoinette (about whose beauty we doubt whether the late Mr. Burke did not make exaggerated statements), Fair Rosamond, or the Queen of Prussia, or Fox's Duchess of Devonshire, or that sweet ancestor of Mrs. Norton's own, who smiles on Reynolds's canvas with such ravishing delicious purity—the charming, charming Lindley? As good as this a man may haply see, this very season, at the French play. There these eyes beheld it; not a daughter of a Beam—not a spirit of a Star, but a woman in black, with buttons—those very buttons probably—only a woman. Is it not enough, Sir Lytton? Stars and Beams!—buttons and button-hooks! *Quando invenies parem?* In our presence no man shall call such a woman a Spirit without a word in his ear.

And now to speak of the moral part, the soul *above* those buttons. Of all the genuine poets I ever—but perhaps we had best not. When he has a mind to pick a hole in a man's coat, who so active and mischievous as your humble servant? When he wishes to address a person in terms of unbounded laudation and respect, this present critic stutters and bungles most awkwardly—makes a dash for his hat, and a rush out of the room, perfectly overpowered by modesty. What a charming characteristic and confession! But did we prate and criticize, dear Miss S., in early days, when we went to hear Pasta sing? Harken to this sad tale of false love and broken vows:—

He remembers the light of her smile,—of that smile, in itself a caress,
 So warmly and softly it fell, on the heart it was willing to bless;
 He remembers the touch of her hand, as it lay gently clasped in his
 own,
 And he crushes the flowers which she gave, and bows down his head
 with a groan.
 How oft in the twilight of eve,—how oft in the glory of day,—
 Hath she leaned on his bosom and vowed—the vows she has lived
 to betray.

Oh ! lovely as angels above,—oh ! false as the devils below,
 Oh ! hope that seemed more than divine,—oh ! fountain of fathom-
 less woe !
 How *couldst* thou forsake me !—Return,—return, still beloved as
 thou art :
 Wide open yet standeth the door of thy home in this desolate heart :
 Return ! We will bury the past,—and light on my eyelids shall
 beam
 With the rapture of one who at dawn breaks the spell of a *terrible*
 dream !
 In vain : even now, while I reel,—blind, helpless, and faint with
 despair—
 Thou bendest with triumph to hear, the *new* voice that whispers
 thee fair.
 Oh ! fickle, and shallow, and cold—in all but thy fever of blood—
 Unfit, from thy nature, to cling to aught that was earnest and good.
 Thy love was an instinct of sex ; it palled when thy passion was o'er,
 Like a wild bird that answers in spring the mate it remembers no
 more.
 I shame that a creature so light should bid me thus quiver and
 bleed,—
 I shame to have leaned and been pierced by my trust in so brittle
 a reed,—
 I scorn thee ! Go forth to the world, a parade of thy beauty to
 make ;
 Thrill, fever, and madden more hearts ;—let them pine,—let them
 die,—for thy sake !
 Let them yield up their manhood of soul, and adore their ideal in
 thee ;
 I laugh as thou breathest false vows,—to break them again, as with
 me ;
 I laugh as they anchor their hopes, where the quicksand forbids
 them to live ;
 Will they drain from the dregs of thy heart what the fresh faith of
 youth could not give ?
 Let them sink, let them perish,—like me,—of thy smiles and thy
 glances bereft,—
 Yet, if *thou* wert in sorrow and pain,—would I leave thee,—as I
 have been left ?

Did we prate and criticize when we heard Pasta sing ?
 Didn't you, on the contrary, come closer and closer, and sit
 quite silent, and listen with all your soul ? And I'm not
 sure that we applauded much when the song was over.
 A great clapping of hands is but a coarse sort of sympathy.
 We applaud in that way when a musical mountebank spins
 down the scale, or leaps astonishingly over a bravura. But
 before a great artist we are silent. And is not this a true

poet? What a mournful, artless beauty is here! What a brooding, tender woman's heart!

What has struck myself and Miss Smith with especial admiration in these songs of Mrs. Norton and her accomplished sister, Lady Dufferin, is the spontaneity of them. They sing without labour, like birds; as if it were their nature—

Pouring their full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

There is something surprising in the faculty; and one listens with charmed astonishment to the song, sometimes gay, often sad, always tender and musical.

I have, I trust, been tolerably ill-humoured hitherto; but what man can go on grumbling in the presence of such an angelical spirit as Hans Christian Andersen? Seeing him praised in the *Athenæum* journal, I was straight put away from reading a word of Hans's other works: and it was only last night, when going to bed, perfectly bored with the beef-fed English fairies, their hob-nailed gambols, and elephantine friskiness, his *Shoes of Fortune* and his *Wonderful Stories*¹ came under the eyes of your humble servant. Heaven bless Hans Christian! Here *are* fairies! Here *is* fancy, and graceful wit, and delicate humour, and sweet, naïve kindness, flowing from the heart! Here is frolic without any labour! Here is admirable fooling without any consciousness or degradation! Though we have no sort of respect for a great, hulking, whiskered, red-faced, middle-aged man, who dresses himself in a pinafore and affects to frolic like a baby, may we not be charmed by the play and prattle of a child? And Hans Christian Andersen so affects me.

Every page of the volumes sparkles with delightful grace and genial fancy. Hans and you are friends for life after an hour's talk with him. I shake thy hands, Hans Christian, thou kindly prattler and warbler! A happy Christmas to thee, thou happy-minded Christian! You smile, dear Miss Smith! When we become acquainted with so delicate and charming a genius, have we no right to be thankful? Yes: let us respect every one of those friends whom Heaven has

¹ *Wonderful Stories for Children*. By Hans Christian Andersen, Author of *The Improvisatore*, &c. Translated from the Danish by Mary Howitt. London, Chapman & Hall.

sent us—those sweet Christian messengers of peace and goodwill.

Do you remember the dainty description of the Prioress in Chaucer? It has lately been quoted in Leigh Hunt's charming volume of *Wit and Humour*, and concludes with an account of a certain talisman this delicate creature wore.—

About hire arm a broche of golde ful shene,
On which was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia*.

The works of the real humorist always have this sacred press mark, I think. Try Shakespeare, first of all: Cervantes, Addison, poor Dick Steele, and dear Harry Fielding: the tender and delightful Jean Paul, Sterne, and Scott,—and Love is the humourist's best characteristic, and gives that charming ring to their laughter in which all the good-natured world joins in chorus. Foremost of all, at present, I think Mr. Dickens may assume the Amor and Crown for his badge and cognizance. His humanity has mastered the sympathy of almost all: of wise men, of dullards, of all sorts of honest people. He makes good jokes, bad jokes, the best and the worst jokes indeed possible. The critics fasten on the latter and sneer: the public sympathy kicks the flimsy barriers away, and pours on. The kindly spirit melts all critical doubts. Can he be worthless, or a sceptic, in whom all the world is putting faith—who has the ear of all England—who has done as much to make the poor known to the rich, and reconcile each to the other, as Hansard, aye, or Exeter Hall? Is this a man to be railed at by his literary brethren? In the American War (this is an historical allegory) the man who sneered at Washington most was that brave officer and spotless patriot, General Arnold.

If I judge Mr. Dickens's present volume¹ rightly, it has been the author's aim, not to produce a prose tale of mingled fun and sadness, and a close imitation of life, but a prose poem, designed to awaken emotions tender, mirthful, pastoral, wonderful. As in some of Maclise's charming designs to the book, the costume of the figures is rather a hint of the costume of the last century than a portrait

¹ *The Battle of Life; a Love Story*. By Charles Dickens. London, Bradbury and Evans.

of it, so the writer's characters seem to me modified—prettified, so to speak. The action of the piece you see clearly enough, but the actors speak and move to measure and music. The drolls are more violently funny; the serious heroes and heroines more gracefully and faultlessly beautiful. Such figures are never seen among real country people. No more are Tityrus and Meliboeus like, or Hermann and Dorothea like, or Taglioni, bounding through air in gauze, like a Scotch peasant girl. *Tityre tu patule*, is a ballet in hexameters; the *Sylphide*, a poem performed on the toes; these charming little books of Mr. Dickens's are chorals for Christmas executed in prose.

Last year the critics were specially outraged by the famous clock-and-kettle overture of the Christmas piece. 'Is this truth, is this nature?' cries the Cynic, growling from his tub. You might say, Is it the multiplication table, or is it the *pons asinorum*? It is not intended to be true or natural, as I hold; it is intended to be a brisk, dashing, startling caricature. The poet does not want you to believe him, he wants to provoke your mirth and wonder. He is appealing, not to your reason and feelings as in a prose narrative, but to your fancy and feelings. He peoples the familiar hearth with sprites, and the church-tower with goblins: all the commonest objects swarm with preternatural life. The haymaker has convulsions, the warming-pan is vivified, the chairs are ambulatory, and the poker writhes with life. In the midst of these wonders goes on a little, common, kind-hearted, tender, everyday story of poverty averted, true hearts rewarded, the poor loving one another, a tyrant grotesquely punished. It is not much. But in these performances the music is everything. The *Zauberflöte* or the *Barbiere* are not like life; *mais*——!

That is why we lose patience or affect to have no respect for minor performers. Numbers of unknown fiddlers, hearing of the success of Mr. Dickens's opera, rush forward, fiddle in hand, of the very same shape by the very same maker. 'Come and hear *our* partition,' they say; 'see how we have set the Barber to music, and what tunes *we* make Papageno sing!' Away with your miserable fiddlesticks, misguided people! *You* play after such a master! You take a bad moment. We may have heard some indifferent music from this composer, and some very weak and bad music from him too; but we have had, likewise,

strains so delightful and noble, specimens of skill so unapproachable by others, that we protest against all followers. This grumbling fit seizes on me again as I think of them, and I long for some one to devour.

Ha ! what have we here ?—*M. A. Titmarsh's Christmas Book*—MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.¹ Dedicated to the Mulligan of Ballymulligan. Ballymulligan ! Ballyfiddlestick ! What, you, too, Mr. Titmarsh ? You, you sneering wretch, setting up a Christmas-book of your own ? This, then, is the meaning of your savage feeling towards 'the minor fiddlers' ! Is your kit, sirrah, any bigger than theirs ? You, who in the columns of this very Magazine have sneered at the works of so many painters, look at your own performances ! Some of your folks have scarcely more legs than Miss Biffin ; they have fins instead of hands—they squint almost every one of them !

All this is quite true. But see where we have come to !—to the very last page of the very last sheet ; and the writer is called upon to stop just at the very moment he was going to cut his own head off.

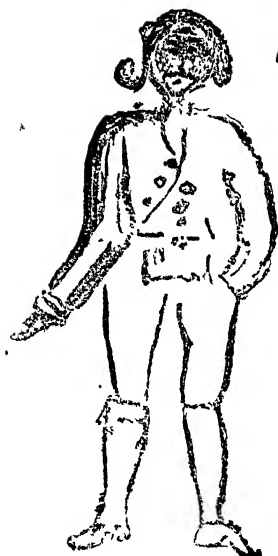
So have I seen Mr. Clown (in that Christmas drama which has been foremost in my thoughts during all the above meditations) set up the gallows, adjust the rope, try the noose curiously, and—tumble head over heels.

¹ *Mrs. Perkins's Ball ; depicted in Twenty-three Plates ; containing Portraits of the Principal Personages present, with their Characters.* By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. London, Chapman and Hall. [Included in Vol. X, *Christmas Books, etc.*, of this edition.]

MISCELLANEOUS DRAWINGS

The original sketches of the pictures here given are for the most part preserved in the Museum at Charterhouse, and they are reproduced by the kind permission of the Head-master. Pages 612-623 contain sketches made while Thackeray was at Charterhouse, while those on pages 624-628 are of later date.

Thackeray entered Charterhouse in January, 1822, and was placed in Penny's House, 30-28 Wilderness Row. He was a day-boy (in Mrs. Boyes' house, Charterhouse Square) from May, 1824, to May, 1825, and was a day-boy monitor in 1828. He left Charterhouse in July, 1828.



*Russell is a fool at figures
so says Jones Back and I*



TWO PENCIL SKETCHES
FROM THACKERAY'S EUCLID.

(1) Dr. Russell was head-master at the Charterhouse from 1811-1832. 'Was it, we wonder, in this same room that Russell took his little army in Euclid while Thackeray sat by, side by side with two other malefactors, Jones and Back, and solemnly wrote in his Euclid the following profane verdict on his head-master, "Russell is a fool at figures, so says Jones and Back and I"!' Rev. G. S. Davies in *The Greyfriar*, Vol. II.

(2) 'The little figure in the fool's cap in which we always fancy we see something of the likeness of Thackeray himself.' Rev. G. S. Davies in *The Greyfriar*, Vol. II.



PENCIL DRAWING, FROM THE FLY-LEAF OF AINSWORTH'S
DICTIONARY

A sketch of Burgess, the drawing-master when Thackeray was
at Charterhouse.



Canorus Ales.



Getting Fat .



Strike Strike, M. Light





Brutus



The Musical Bog — The Death

Death of Marmion

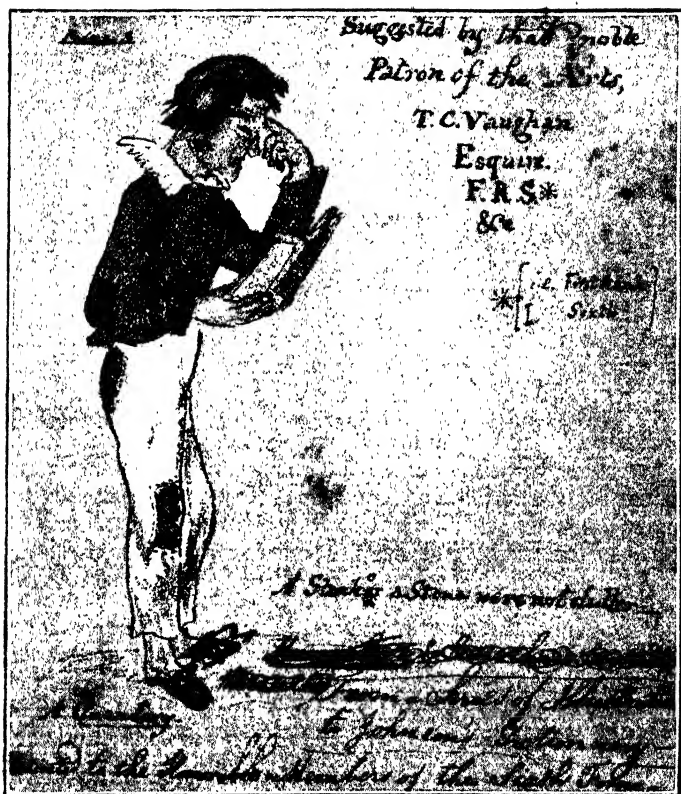


Hector & Andromache





Old King Cole.



From a coloured drawing of a schoolfellow done by W. M. T. at Charterhouse while in the house of Mrs. Boyes, Charterhouse Square (1824-5).



Humorous drawing (size of original 9 × 7 inches).

John Mackenzie

Grande per calor velut Apollo
 Trovit, elusit remus atque stratum
 atque humum, stratus placida quiete
 Corpore prepsi
 Illa qua chara est, reges atque corda
 Illa qua mentem Dominatur omnem
 Per reges curam, mea, qua facebam
 Clara tetendit - -
 Scisne? ait pastor levis atque inerti
 Mentis; Pan (salus tuis alti!) donet;
 Cui tyroa carmen recinet canora
 Munera multa?
 Surge pro cara, cytharamque dulcem
 Sume, cum cantu, ^{atque tua duxim} ~~atque tua duxim~~
 Pastora cunctis parat, atque grata
 Carmina cantat.

SAPPHICS WRITTEN AT CHARTERHOUSE

As these verses are addressed to a certain 'Clara,' believed to be the sister of his schoolfellow Joseph Carne, the 'Star of Harrow' of the 'Holiday Song' (see p. 623), they were probably not to be shown up to Dr. Russell, but were a private effort of inspiration.

Holiday Song Aug 1st 1826.

Now let us dance and sing
 White Carthusian bells so ring
 Joy twangs the fiddle string

And Freedom thro' the flute

Fiddle drum and tiddle di
 What a poke for you and I
 Duke daniel's debus cry

Cherter horse adieu

Thene ten horse has gone away

Whicker an'or went to day

The lover kened his farewell lay

And went in the Coote north ward

Shining once and sad at night
 how so brilliant low so bright

See the lactamorphosed weight

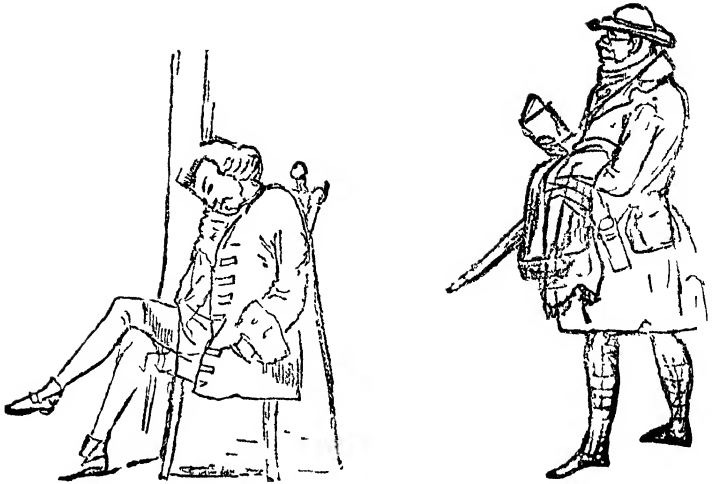
Edu and Lay dark smudg

Shewborge and feast the eyes

Off the maids on Chappardian

Great in wisdom, small in size.

Stony one Adieu!



FROM GUIDE-BOOKS AND BOOKS OF TRAVEL



Dieppe July 12 *Saw many about the streets of Dieppe I suppose because I have*
crossed the water nothing seemed to strike me much except perhaps some
groups like these.
And these pictures thank God are very common, and children play and love each
other all over the world.



(The originals of the above and the drawings on pages 626, 627,
 were presented to Charterhouse by Lady Ritchie.)

There was a pretty little girl in the Railroad but what folly it is to attempt to dress pretty little girls. This was as beautiful as an angel, and see what has been made of her!

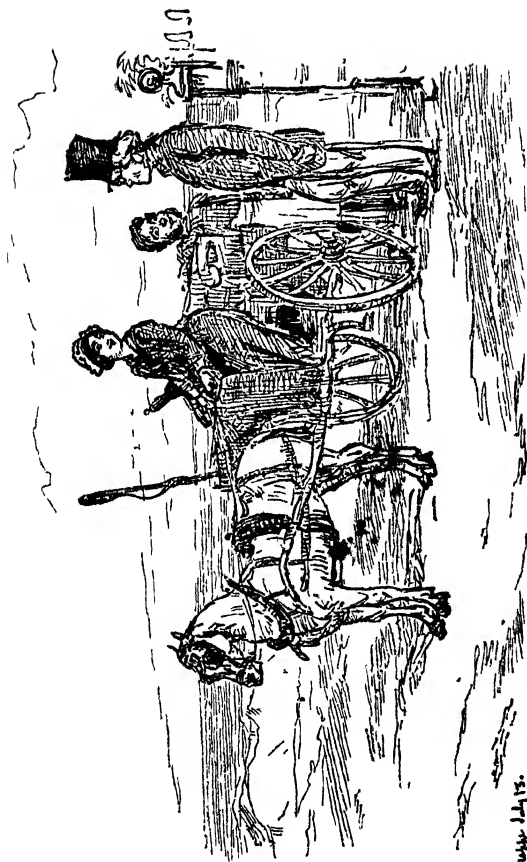
She was not crooked
like this young lady
and her hat really

stood on her head
into w. her 2
charming grey eyes
were set straight.

Which would you
rather be, a two penny
-half penny foot or design
her with a conscious
ness of your foolish
incapacity, or a
two penny half penny
foot or design
who fancied
what you did
was perfection?

Heaven has given
a deal of happiness to fools
Oh w. we're not aware of and for w. we ought all to be thankful
July 11





Dupuy 2 July 18.

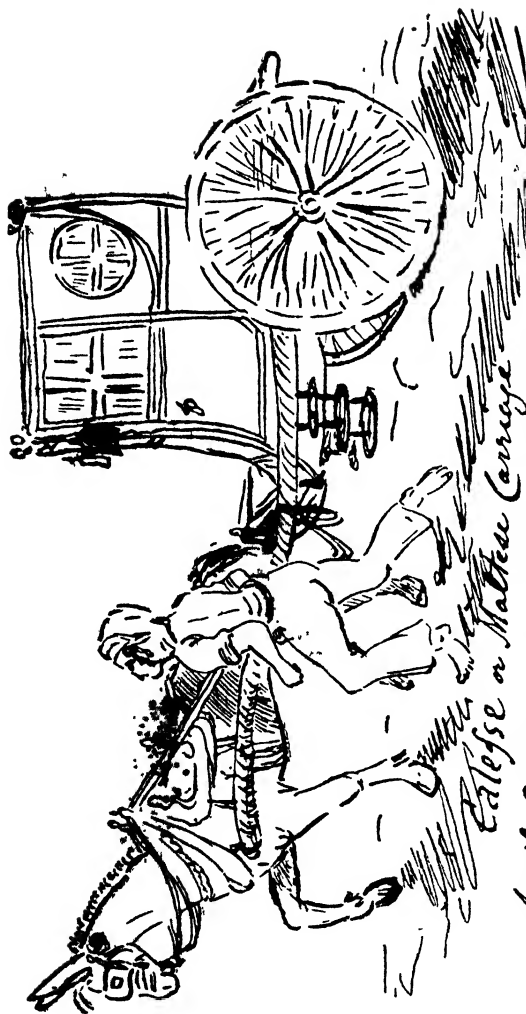
Le Commissaire m'a dit que le petit voitureur s'en va à chaque instant. — de la petite voiture

Le monsieur chez il se fait un char

char à cheval qui sera conduit par
le monsieur m'a dit de la petite voiture.

Le 0 de l'Commissaire de M. J. (à la fin)

[Signature]



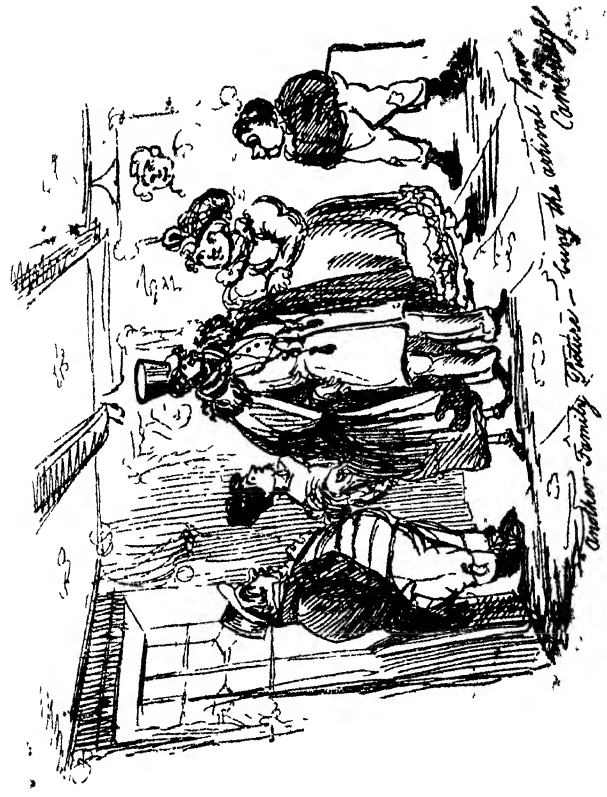
*Mostly drawn among the English by horses, but
 properly this is the case with the hired ones by Mules.
 N.B. The Caleses are generally larger than the above in
 proportion to the figure of the men.*

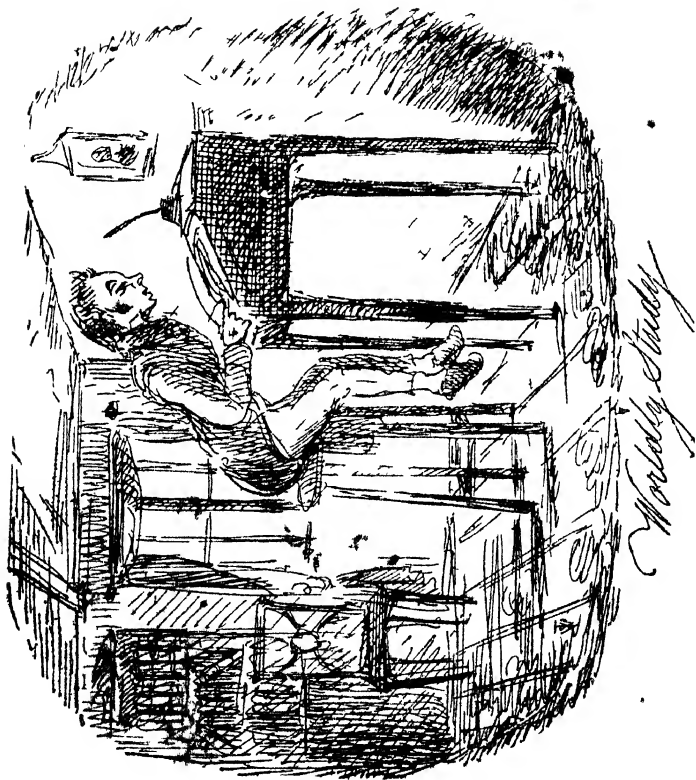
ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE, ETC.

(Taken by permission of Messrs. Sothman & Co., from 'Etchings by the late William Makepeace Thackeray, while at Cambridge. Illustrations of University Life, &c.' London 1878.)



A Family Picture - the Courtyard for Cambridge





Worldly Study



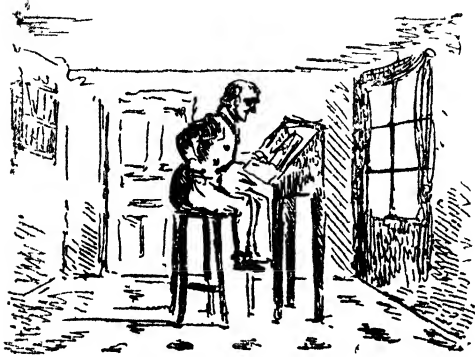
Spencer



The First Year



Second Term



WORK WITHIN



PLEASURE WITHOUT





*Alas! Mr. Goldfinch - he was an indulgent -
creature - He left me - all - Mr. Goldfinch.*

THE BANDIT'S REVENGE

(From a Sketch-book in the British Museum)

THE BANDIT'S REVENGE

EXTRACT from the *Crumpton Weekly Journal* :—Yesterday a Melodrama from the pen of the worthy Manager was produced at the Theatre. We went at five to secure a good place, but were sorry to find (although the house was a respectable one), that we had no need of coming so early. The plot of the piece is as follows. Vivaldi (charmingly played by the Manager Mr. Blatheringington) is taken prisoner by Ferocia, Mr. Fogle Biggs, and in a ferocious manner did he perform his part. Vivaldi escapes, is again taken and confined in the Wizard's Tower (this is a charming scene painted by Mr. F. Biggs and assistants), he mollifies the Gaoler, escapes a second time, and after destroying in a novel manner the whole of the banditti, is united to the bride Bertha, charmingly personified by Mrs. Dilke Flinders. We are glad to see her husband, an old favourite of ours by the way, again on our boards. We trust that the peccadilloes reported of Mrs. D. F. are not so serious as to cause any final separation between 2 of the most delightful performers on our Stage. Mr. Blatheringington introduced 'On to the battlefield' in the prison scene aptly enough; but we must confess our old friend Swag's song in D flat was d— flat! By the bye we have heard it reported that Blatheringington has lost twelve shillings by the season. We hope not.

From the *Crumpton Independent Miscellany* :—Our very absurd contemporary has been exhausting the epithets of charming and delightful upon an unfortunate Melodrama brought out at our Theatre, and never repeated. There was we confess some good scenery and acting in it. Biggs was clever—very—as he always is. But really Mr. Blatheringington should give up lover's parts—he is too old and too fat, and when he acts with Mrs. Dilke Flinders is 'like a pearl in an Ethiop's ear' to use the words of the eternal bard; but how can we sufficiently praise her—the lovely,

the gentle, and the impassioned Flinders ? Why, in poetry to be sure, so here goes.

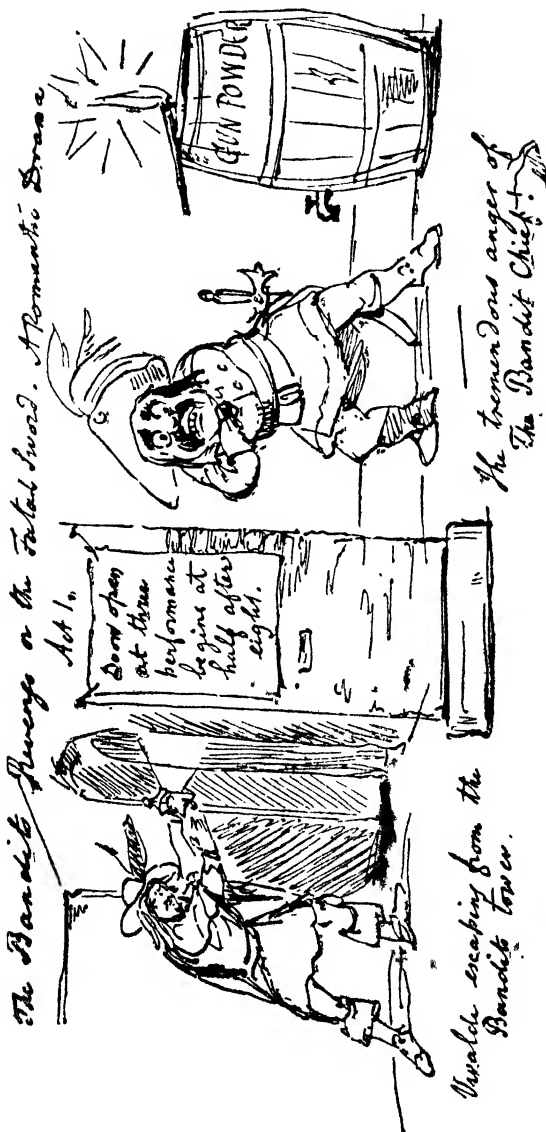
I saw thee, and my feelings gushed
In one tumultuous tide,
My eye was dim, my ear was hushed
To everything beside.

I thought my heart was withered
But from out its mouldering cinders
A mighty flame there gathered
For thee, my love, my Flinders.

I gaze on thee, I gaze on thee
At morn and eventide,
I mark thee as with twinkling feet
Along the stage you stride.

At night I pace before thy gate
And linger at thy windows
For I am very desolate
For want of thee my Flinders.

A 2nd Extract from the *Weekly Journal* :—‘ Off with his head—So much for Buckingham.’ Hamlet. A very few of our readers may be aware that there exists in this town a very small weekly publication whose only attributes are vulgar profligacy and insignificant impertinence. The witty *Journal* alluded to contained last week a critique on the new melodrama, and some impudent observations on ourselves. These we pass by in contempt but of the former we would make mention. Mr. Blatheringington’s acting they say is so bad when it is put in comparison with the brighter talents of Mrs. Flinders that it is like—what ?—why, Gentle Reader, a pearl in an Ethiop’s ear ! Now which is the pearl and which is the ear ? Mr. B. seems to be the pearl and Mrs. F. the ear : poor ear, thou art cruelly boxed indeed ! There are some verses in which the author’s ear (ears again !) is hushed. Mrs. F. strides across the stage, and her name is made to rhyme with winders !!! A winder used at school to be a violent blow on the ribs which suspended the breath. We heartily wish it inflicted on the *Independent*.



The Bandit's Revenge on the Fatal Sword. A Romantic Drama

Act 1,

Doors open at three performance begins at half after eight.

Uvalde escaping from the Bandit tower.

The tremendous anger of The Bandit Chief!



*Wounded & overpowered by numbers.
Rivaldi is again dragged to the cavern.*



*In a loathsome dungeon, with his wretched
pittance of bread & water the emaciated Rivaldi awaits
his end*

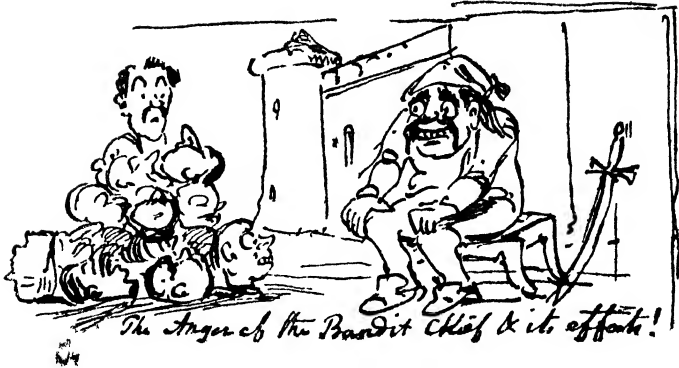


Even the hard hearted jailer on bringing him his jug of water & bread is softened by his condition & promises to effect his escape.

Act 2

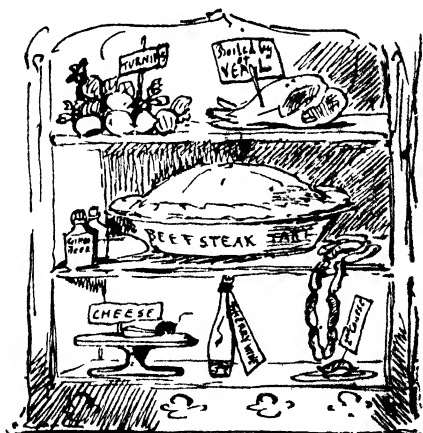


The jailer lends him a mule, & being a light weight he readily escapes. The benighted ignorant country people mistake him for Death on the pale horse





*Vivaldi grows more fat & beautiful
than ever in conversation with his
beloved Bertha.*

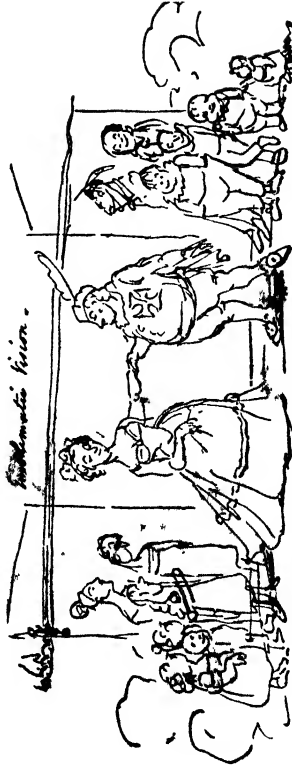


GOthic CUPBOARD
*containing preparations for the marriage
Bertha & Vivaldi —*





The Destruction of the Bandits by Kivabli -



Stambulovitch's Opera -

The Comical Snapping of Bostan & Kivabli -



Managers Address.

Ladies & Gentlemen -

The fullest house ever known in this theatre has been pleased to distinguish with particular applause the little Melodrama of 25¢ I am proud to acknowledge myself the Author.

It will be repeated ~~there~~ every night until the production of other novelties to ~~replace~~ must of necessity

five place Ladies & Gentlemen I wish you a good night -

God Save the King & no money returned.

THREE PAGES OF DRAWINGS

(From the Sketch book in the British Museum containing the
Bandit's Revenge')







OXFORD. HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

