

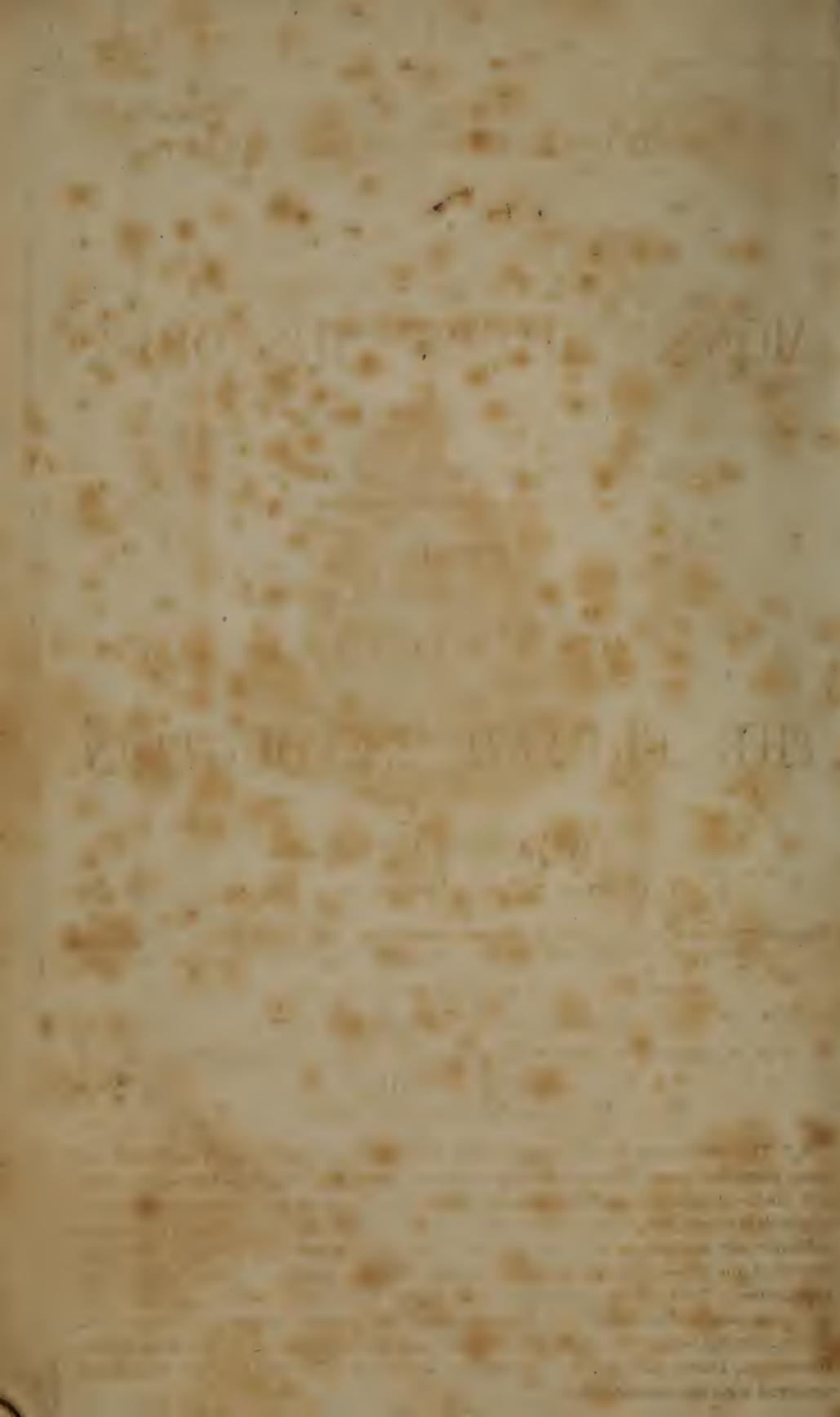
LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
N811a
v. 1



J. A. Clarke?

21 | 2003



Nov. 1844.

WHITTAKER'S POPULAR LIBRARY.

COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.—LARGE OCTAVO.

PREPARING FOR IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION,

MONS. THIERS' HISTORIES.

ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER (1844), WILL BE ISSUED,
To be continued Monthly until completed,

PART I.

OF

THE HISTORY

OF

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY

MONS. THIERS,

LATE CHIEF MINISTER OF FRANCE, &c. &c.

Translated from the last Paris edition (the Twelfth in 10 vols. 8vo), containing the Author's latest
 Emendations and Corrections, and the entire Appendixes, "*Pièces Justificatives*," &c.

To which will be added, by the English Translator, for the first time,

A COPIOUS INDEX OF PERSONS AND EVENTS.

It is expected the entire Translation will not exceed Eight Parts, at

2s. 6d. EACH ;

Or Twenty Shillings, bound in cloth.

* * This celebrated Work was originally published in Paris in 1824 and 1825, and since then has passed through TWELVE EDITIONS, being considered as the best written, and the most authentic and statesmanlike History of the great and extraordinary events of which it treats, and is supposed to have been one of the causes of Mons. Thiers being subsequently exalted to the high political honour of Minister of France. The publishers of the present edition issued a translation of the first three volumes on its first appearance. This will be carefully corrected and re-translated where necessary, and the subsequent volumes faithfully translated from the last edition ; and as it is a work of considerable bulk, every facility will be afforded for reference by means of an Index, Head-lines, Dates, and Notes. The entire work will be given, and the translation rendered with the utmost fidelity.

WHITTAKER'S POPULAR LIBRARY.

COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

In order to perfect the foregoing, the continuation and completion of the Work under the following Title, will be issued immediately it is published in Paris, uniform in Parts, at 2s. 6d. each.

THE HISTORY

OF

THE CONSULATE AND EMPIRE

OF

NAPOLEON.

BY

MONS. THIERS,

LATE CHIEF MINISTER OF FRANCE, &c. &c.

* * This work has created the greatest sensation in France and on the Continent, from the high position and extraordinary facilities possessed by the Author, and also from the unprecedented price given by the French publishers for the copyright, stated variously at 25,000*l.* and 35,000*l.* It will undoubtedly contain statements and documents hitherto only known to a few of the great political characters engaged in the grand and interesting events it records, which, with the charm of style, and the philosophical acumen manifested by the illustrious Author in all his writings, will render it a work of universal interest and popularity.

It is expected that the publication in Paris will commence in January (1845), and that it will occupy eight or ten volumes in the French edition. Arrangements will be made to proceed immediately with the translation, and issue it in Parts. It is calculated the entire work, with its Appendixes, &c., will be comprised within six or eight Parts, at 2s. 6*l.* each.

WHITTAKER'S POPULAR LIBRARY

OF

MODERN AND STANDARD AUTHORS,

COMPRISING

NUMEROUS VALUABLE COPYRIGHT WORKS, HISTORICAL,
BIOGRAPHICAL, &c.

Large Octavo. Uniform with SCOTT'S and BYRON'S Works.—People's Editions.

Handsomely printed at unprecedented low prices. Varying from One Shilling upwards.

WORKS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

ARAGO'S POPULAR LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY, delivered at the Royal Observatory of Paris. Translated, with Notes, by WALTER K. KELLY, Esq. B.A. Trinity College, Dublin. Illustrated with numerous Wood cuts	s. d. 2 0
BELL'S LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, Esq. New Edition	3 6
BROWNING'S HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS; being a complete Account of the Sufferings and Progress of Protestantism in France from the Reformation to the present time. A New Edition, with numerous Additions and Corrections	6 0
CARRICK'S LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE OF ELDERSLIE; with the History of his Struggle for the Independence of Scotland. By JOHN D. CARRICK, Esq. New Edition	3 0
D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Translated from the last Paris Edition, by WALTER K. KELLY, Esq. B.A. Trinity College, Dublin. Containing the whole of the original Text and Notes, with such additional elucidations by the Translator as may be necessary for the English Reader. Parts I. II. and III. (corresponding with Vols. I. II. and III.) Each	3 6
INGLIS'S JOURNEY THROUGH SWITZERLAND, THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, AND THE PYRENEES. Fourth Edition	3 0
INGLIS'S SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS	2 6
INGLIS'S TALES OF ARDENNES. Second Edition	1 0
KOCH'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. From the Subversion of the Roman Empire in the West to the Abdication of Napoleon. Translated by ANDREW CRICHTON, LL.D. Second Edition	6 0
LEIGH HUNT'S ONE HUNDRED ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE. Comprising Remarkable Historical and Domestic Facts illustrative of Human Nature. Selected and Annotated by LEIGH HUNT	3 6
MICHELET'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. Translated by G. H. SMITH, Esq. F.G.S. Part I. The Races and the Provinces of France	3 6
. Part II. is printing, and will be issued shortly.	
MONASTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, Monk of St. Edmondsbury, from A.D. 1173 to 1202. Translated, with Notes, Introduction, &c., by T. E. TOMLINS, Esq., Editor of "Lyttleton's Tenures," &c., from the original Latin, as printed by the Camden Society	2 0
PROCTER'S HISTORY OF ITALY, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Wars of the French Revolution. By the late Colonel PROCTER, formerly of Sandhurst College	6 0
RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated from the last Edition of the German. By WALTER K. KELLY, Esq. B.A. Trinity College, Dublin. In THREE PARTS. Each	4 0
RANKE'S OTTOMAN AND SPANISH EMPIRES, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated by WALTER K. KELLY, Esq. B.A.	3 0
. The foregoing two bound together, in cloth, as	
RANKE'S SOVEREIGNS AND NATIONS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE	16 0
SMYTH'S BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. With the Inscriptions, and Translations of those in Latin, a History of the Cathedral, and an Appendix, containing an Account of the Dignitaries of the Cathedral to the present time. By G. L. SMYTH, Esq.	3 6

WHITTAKER'S POPULAR LIBRARY.

WORKS ALREADY PUBLISHED—(continued; see previous page.)

SMYTH'S BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. With the Inscriptions, and Translations of those in Latin, a History of the Abbey, and an Account of the Dignitaries of the Abbey to the present time. By G. L. SMYTH, Esq. Complete in Two Parts. Each	s. d. 3 6
STOW'S SURVEY OF LONDON. A SURVEY of LONDON, containing the Original, Antiquity, Increase, Modern Estate, and Description of that City, written in the years 1598 and 1603. By JOHN STOW, Citizen of London. Reprinted from the two editions published by Stow, with Notes, a Memoir, and Index. By WILLIAM J. THOMS, Esq. F.S.A. Secretary of the Camden Society, &c.	5 6
THE FAVOURITE OF NATURE. Fourth Edition	3 6
THIERRY'S HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND BY THE NORMANS. With its Causes, from the earliest Period, and its Consequences to the present time. Translated from the last Paris Edition, containing important Additions.	7 0
THIERRY'S NARRATIVES OF THE MEROVINGIAN ERA. Ten Years' Historical Studies. An Autobiographical Preface, &c.	4 6
The two bound together, as	
AUGUSTIN THIERRY'S HISTORICAL WORKS. Cloth	12 6
TYTLER'S ELEMENTS OF HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN, WITH A CONTINUATION TO THE PRESENT TIME, and Notes corrective and illustrative.	4 6

*. Any of the above can be had, handsomely bound in cloth and lettered at 1s. extra.

IN THE PRESS (in addition to those mentioned on the first and second pages).

CONDE'S HISTORY OF THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

Translated from the Spanish.

HISTORY OF THE SWEDES.

By ERIC GUSTAVE GEIJER, Historiographer Royal of Sweden, and Professor of History in the University of Upsala, &c

Translated from the Swedish, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. H. TURNER, M.A.

"Long application to the study of Scandinavian History, an elevated position, and unlimited access to the public records, pointed out Geijer as the man who possessed most qualifications for a task to which preceding historians had failed to do justice."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

THE HISTORY OF THE GAULS.

Translated from the French of M. AMADEE THIERRY.

"A work of rare merit—a work which must ever be in the hand of every one who would understand the history of Antiquity. It is little to the credit of the literature of this country that his work has not yet appeared in an English translation. * * * His style is always animated and graphic, while his subject is one of deep and varied interest."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1844.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGERS AND TRAVELLERS,

Principally from HAKLUYT, with Introductions, Notes, &c. By W. D. COOLEY, Esq., Author of *Maritime and Inland Discovery*, &c. &c.

The following, adapted to the English reader by Notes, &c., are intended to form a part of the Series.

SEGUR'S HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

GUIZOT'S ESSAY ON HISTORY. THE COMPLETE WORK.

BARANTE'S HISTORY OF THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY.

To be followed by other interesting Works, English and Foreign.

"The object of this 'Library' is to present to the public, in a cheap form, not such books merely as have been long and generally known, but the works also of esteemed modern authors, to which valuable copyrights are still attached, and which have hitherto, from their high price, been beyond the reach of a large class of readers. Such an undertaking is deserving of extensive support; and, as the series embraces the works of some of the most approved writers of history, biography, and fiction, amusement and instruction are so blended as to render this 'Popular Library' interesting to all."—*Times*.

"The lovers of literature, with limited means at their disposal for the gratification of their taste, have good reason to be thankful to Messrs. Whittaker for the example which they have set in the present work. It is one thing to multiply cheap editions of standard authors, in which no outlay is incurred beyond paper and print, and another to produce a popular library of modern authors, composed of works to which expensive copyrights are attached."—*United Service Gazette*.

ANTI-CONINGSBY;

OR,

THE NEW GENERATION GROWN OLD.

BY AN EMBRYO, M.P.

“ Who'll exchange old lamps for new.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER ST., CAVENDISH Sq.

1844.

T. C. NEWBY, Printer, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

cumstances would admit of. The walls were all hung with black crape, and the blue flame of a spirit lamp shed an unearthly light on the form of the sorcerer, whose long, white beard and scarlet dressing-gown gave him a vastly imposing look. It was night, and the potent Zarasmin was at supper — even the wisest of wizards are partial to good living—when a thundering rap at the door, followed by a ring at the bell of more than Waterfordian violence, startled Zarasmin from his repast. With lightning like rapidity, he concealed the tray of beefsteaks and porter beneath the long, black cloth by which the table was covered, its folds reaching to the ground; and having scattered some powerful perfume through the room, assumed a dignified posture in his arm-chair, and awaited the result.

A light step ascended the stairs, and some one knocked pretty loudly at the door of the wizard.

“Come in !” said Zarasmin in a voice deep and sonorous.

The door opened and a young man entered, but started back with an exclamation of horror at the sight of a tall skeleton standing like a footman behind the chair of the sorcerer.

“How infernally dark !” said the stranger, recovering his composure.

“Fear not !” said Zarasmin, “it is only my amanuensis.”

The skeleton bowed politely as if to corroborate his master’s statement.

“Does he write a good hand ?” enquired the stranger.

“Thou shalt see.”

Zarasmin waved his hand, his spectral attendant wrote with his finger on the wall, and in letters of fire the young stranger read—*his name*—that name which is, and ever shall be a secret to thousands, who peruse with eagerness these costly volumes.

“Thou mayst depart,” said the wizard. The

skeleton vanished through the wall which closed upon him like a dream.

“ And now,” said Zarasmin, “ what wouldst thou of the descendant of the Magi, the reader of the starry mysteries, the man of mighty spells? Wouldst thou roll back the hands of that vast dial on which Time, the earth-king, in indestructible characters perpetuates the past—or doth thy desire extend to the rending of the misty veil by which the future is concealed?”

“ Neither,” said the stranger, “ most ingenious Zarasmin, I care not for the past, nor would I know my future fate, for all the beauties in Sultan Selim’s harem. I ask a mightier proof of your craft — to behold that which never *has* happened and most assuredly never *will* !”

“ Beware !” said the wizard, “ beware O hapless youth—recal thy daring wish !”

“ No,” said the stranger proudly, “ if

your art is not all humbug vile—at once proceed !”

“ We don’t do things in such a hurry in our profession,” said the enchanter offended, “ do you take me for a common conjuror ? why the next thing you ask me I expect, will be to place a plum-pudding in your hat !”

“ No such impious thought I assure you, could ever enter my mind, in connection with so respectable a magician as yourself !” said the stranger.

Zarasmin was soon pacified, and having come to terms—I mean in a pecuniary point of view—he commenced the customary ‘ hocus pocus ;’ cutting it however rather short, for to say the truth, he longed to be at his beef-steaks and porter again. Not that he laboured under any apprehension as to the caloric contained in the the former being diminished. A man wise in all the wisdom of the east, was not likely to neglect so trifling a precaution, as a chafing dish for contingencies like the present, but to

be compelled to leave off in the middle of a tender steak done to a nicety, *is* tantalizing, though of course business must be attended to by a man whatever his *metier*.

Having concluded his incantation which, as they say in the east, was all *bosh*, he begged the stranger to seat himself in front of a large mirror, and stare at it with all his might; which simple injunction the neophyte strove to fulfil to the utmost of his power.

The mirror was not a common looking-glass, but rather resembled those dim reflectors used by artists in the study of perspective. After gazing for some time, faint outlines began to form themselves in the glass, which gradually became more and more distinct, until the strangest phantasms exhibited themselves to the eye of the stranger.

“What seest thou?” said the wizard Zarasmin, “I will interpret.”

“I see,” answered the stranger, “a number of men with iron javelins in their hands,

striving to harass by every means in their power, a tall figure in the midst, who smiles good-humouredly at their vindictive attempts.”

“That,” said the wizard “is ‘Anti-Coningsby,’ the son of your adoption, and those little gentlemen with spears are the critics.”

“And who is that man armed with a scythe, followed by others with similar weapons, and looking so desperately vindictive at my merry offspring.”

“That is Delta of the ‘*Times*,’ with his myrmidons—their object is to annihilate ‘Anti-Coningsby’ for laughing so ‘consumedly’ at the self-reviewing ‘Arabian.’

“And will success attend their efforts?”

The sorcerer laughed so heartily in reply to this question, that he was obliged to tumble over head and heels several times before he could recover his composure. A great number of phantasms then passed in rapid succession before the eyes of the stranger,

which he ingeniously *daguerotyped* as they appeared, by means of a small apparatus he had brought with him for the purpose. At length no more visions were to be seen, and the mirror reflected the features and form of the stranger himself alone, who not being of a vain disposition, arose from his chair—took his box under his arm—gave his purse to the wizard, wished him good evening—was bowed out by the skeleton secretary, and departed, to construct a two volume novel from the faithful phototypes he carried beneath his arm.

As for the magician—no sooner was the young stranger gone, than he bolted the door of his apartment—lighted a couple of wax candles, and recommenced his attack upon the beef-steaks and porter with truly magical voracity, whilst his skeleton attendant, who was in reality no other than Mrs. Zarasmin, his faithful help-mate, having put away his beard in a band box, and exchanged her

skeleton suit for a more appropriate costume, rang the bell for another beef-steak with a supplementary pot of porter, and joined the modern Cagliostro at the supper-table.

What a thing it is to be behind the scenes.

November 20th, 1844.

ANTI-CONINGSBY ;

OR,

THE NEW GENERATION GROWN OLD.

CHAPTER I.

OUT AND IN.

WHAT rushing at the newspaper offices ! What crowding, jostling, pushing and treading upon toes ! What wondering, questioning, swearing and pocket-picking, on the morning of that eventful Friday, from the date of which this veritable history commences !

Never was the modern Babylon in such a fearful state of excitement. Merchants forgot to eat their breakfasts; bankers' clerks cashed checks for men who had long since overdrawn their accounts; cabs and omnibuses dashed along the slippery wood pavement with reckless velocity, counter-jumpers, in the total absence of customers, really performed those gymnastic feats from which their *sobriquet* is derived; dandies and exclusives at the west end rang their bells every five minutes to institute inquiries as to the arrival of the papers; place-hunting M. P's. called upon one-another with countenances of almost supernatural elongation; several foreign plenipotentiaries all but dislocated their necks by dint of repeatedly shrugging their shoulders; political *intriguantes* actually neglected to apply the rouge and pearl powder to their time-worn physiognomies—The confusion of tongues at Babel, the news of the victory at Waterloo, the passing of the reform bill, and the O. P. row at

Covent Garden, produced indeed considerable noise and excitement at their respective eras ; but they shrink into insignificance compared to the glorious occasion I allude to ; when—to use the energetic and poetical trope of a contemporary Hibernian rhetorician ; “ London resembled an ocean of gingerbeer, foaming beneath the united influence of three simoons, seven whirlwinds and a tornado !

Great causes produce great effects. Sir Robert Peel had resigned.

Need I explain to the enlightened students of the last new edition of Goldsmith's History of England, ‘ continued by an eminent hand to within five minutes of its publication,’ the reasons for this resignation ?—No. In the first place, because they must be already acquainted with them ; secondly, consisting as they do of the more juvenile portion of the community, it is highly improbable that these precious volumes will ever fall into their hands.

To you therefore, my dear reader, and as Lord Byron says, 'still dearer purchaser,' I address myself, without, for an instant, imputing to you any such vulgar peculiarities as historical erudition; though I cannot help accusing you—Heaven forgive me if I do you an injustice!—of the more venial *mauvais ton* displayed in the perusal of the daily journals. That you *believe* a word of their contents I will not presume to suppose: everybody knows, or ought to know, how little reliance is to be placed on their ephemeral veracity; and should there exist any deluded individual yet unconvinced of a fact so notorious, I humbly (humility is my forte) conceive that a serious consideration of the following pages, will lead his erring understanding, with the rapidity of light, to a more consistent and rational opinion.

The cause of the minister's resignation was this. Certain of his gang—thus the would-be-

factionous West India planters, scurrilously denominated his trusty adherents.—Certain of his gang then, had the ineffable audacity one evening to vote against their *master* ! Could anything be more atrocious, more unparliamentary, more infamously conscientious than the conduct of these daring and unprincipled renegades ?

The minister got upon his legs, he drew himself up to his full height, and glanced with proud ferocity around. On open foes, and treacherous friends alike, he bent his furious gaze. A reporter even fancied that he remarked in the right-honourable baronet, a disposition to mount one of the Treasury benches, and thus more practically display his immeasurable superiority over his brother members ; neutrals and opposition included. The minister's speech was as usual, emphatically idiosyncratic. I forget what was the real question ---*he* said that it was one of confidence in the

government ; and the burden of his speech ran to the following effect ;

“ If they did not rescind their votes, the audacious varlets, he would resign ; their conduct was most absurd, he was a much cleverer fellow than any one of them individually, or than all of them collectively ; *he* knew what was best for the country ; *he* would not be bullied by his own party ; and unless they were wise enough to rescind their votes, he positively would resign, forthwith ; and he was immensely sorry to say so---the country would inevitably go to the devil !”

At this awful climax, a voice from the back benches was heard to murmur more than once, with gloomy distinctness, the mystic words “ *curvatus ambulator !*”

No attention however was paid to this interruption by the members, who naturally concluded that it was some pedantic *confrère* quoting Juvenal or Horace. Suspecting nevertheless that a deeper meaning lay concealed beneath this

strange expression, I pondered it well upon my way homewards, and as I turned the key in the door of my chambers, the problem was solved.

“Eureka!” I exclaimed, taking off my hat, and according to custom, transferring it to an old bust of my grandfather, thus giving the marble features a remarkable astute expression. “*Curvatus*,” I proceeded, signifies bent, curved, hookey; *ambulator* can only be construed—*walker*. Hookey Walker!” Q. E. D.

With that feeling of satisfaction, ever the result of a conquered difficulty, I tossed my gloves into an Etruscan vase on the mantel-piece, and threw my mortal body, much exhausted by a fatiguing day’s work, into that perfection of comfort, an American rocking chair.

Companions in misery, fellow bachelors! permit me to use an author’s privilege and give you a word of advice.

Firstly, always put those items of your pro-

perty in daily use, in the same places, that you may be able to find them, when required, at a moment's notice. *Exempli gratia*, hats on busts, and gloves in Etruscan vases. Secondly, forbid your laundresses under pain of instant dismissal, ever to attempt "putting your things to rights," that is, as Mr. Albert Smith very quaintly observes, "hiding everything they can lay hold of, with the keenest ingenuity"! Thirdly, if you do not already possess one, lose no time in calling at the upholsterer's and ordering an American rocking-chair!

But a word to the wise.

To return to the point we digressed from. The enigma was indeed solved; though, what "Walker" had to do with the Premier's speech it is hard to conjecture. The remark certainly seemed to imply that the right-honourable baronet was giving utterance to humbug.

But the sagacious reader will at once laugh to scorn the mere probability of so unprecedented an occurrence. I have never suc-

ceeded in ascertaining the name of the coarse-minded individual who dared, in the British senate—in that national council that gives laws to half the world---in that august assembly not inferior in venerable dignity to the conscript fathers of ancient Rome!—to make use of vulgar slang; still heightening his crimes by the Latinised Prevarication of which he availed himself. His being a solitary example of this misdemeanour renders it likely that in imitation of the man who set fire to the temple of the Ephesian Diana, he hoped thereby to gain an unenviable immortality, or rather notoriety. If so, I rejoice that he has most egregiously failed in his attempt, and that the dark, mantle of oblivion will for ever envelop his disgraced cognomen!

To return to the House: scarcely had the First Lord of the Treasury given vent to the speech above alluded to, when “*Young Coningsby*,” who had not yet delivered himself of his maiden speech, sprang up, and electrified the

House by an oration, more remarkable for its energetic boldness and audacious originality, than for soundness of judgment, or lucid arrangement of ideas.

“ Are we,” he exclaimed, *inter alia*, “ are we to become mere echoes of the mind and opinions of a single man—mere legislative tools, to be employed at the will of an ambitious and egotistical individual? Is it not infinitely contemptible, that base and cowardly party-spirit should usurp, in this enlightened senate, the place of reason freely exercised, and disinterested patriotism !

“ We are sent here by our constituents to concert measures for the general welfare of the state, and we waste the precious hours in paltry and frivolous discussions. The honorable Premier cannot carry an obnoxious measure, and for the *second* time, this session, disgraces our assembly by *threatening resignation*.

“ Are we men ? are we gentlemen ? are we

representatives of thousands, and elected by them to defend their interests and express their opinions!—Yes—we are all these! we are neither slaves, nor fools, nor toadies! But the right-honourable baronet *threatens* resignation—one course alone remains by which this terrific calamity may be averted, *we may rescind our votes*, and sacrifice our honor, our consistency and our independence, to the shrine of the modest Premier's superior judgment! And shall we own such judgment? No!—as soon—

“ Seek roses in December, ice in June.”

Let the right-honourable baronet resign. England is not so poor in Genius but that she can find another Premier—ay, fifty others if it be necessary; and were men competent to fill that office less plentiful; rather than submit to such degrading tyranny, I would exclaim in the words of King Richard to the rebels after the murder of Tyler—“ *I will be your leader!*”

This bombastic speech produced an immense sensation, and the consummate audacity of the youthful orator was highly extolled by the opponents of the then existing ministry, who soon began to fear the most disastrous consequences.

The party of *Young England* increased in numbers daily, whilst the popularity of the *soi-disant* conservative cabinet diminished in like ratio. The opening of the letters at the Post-office had an almost fatal effect. Contempt was mingled with the hatred already entertained by the nation. The Premier's obstinate neglect of the universal execration of the barbarous and degrading poor-law, did incalculable injury to his party; and in fact it was but too evident nothing but their dog-in-the-manger-like determination to keep the Liberals out of office, induced his once servile adherents to support Sir Robert's administration. Threats of resignation were treated with scorn, ministers were beaten

on a question of paramount importance, and finding that as the Duke (*the duke*) observed, "The Queen's government could not be carried on," they made, as is usual in such cases, a merit of necessity—and resigned.

And was all the excitement portrayed at the opening of this chapter, caused by Sir Robert's resignation? you will possibly enquire.

By no means. Mr. Coningsby, the ideal leader of *Young England*, the enthusiastic hero of a three volume novel, the man who was destined to be the saviour of his country—had been sent for by the Queen.

CHAPTER II.

OMNIBUS WIGGLETON.

“OH! I’m quite a *new-Englandite*,” said the thrice widowed Lady Maddens.

“At any rate,” thought Guilford, “nobody can accuse you of being *second hand*.” But he repressed the invidious pun, and simply uttered an encouraging “indeed!”

“Yes,” continued her Ladyship, “I consider Mr. Coningsby’s party coming into power as absolutely providential—quite the salvation of the country!”

“Have you any idea who is to be Home Secretary?”

“ Lord Gymnastic Customs, I suppose ; but the Queen will decide all that. We must get rid of every vestige of the Venetian constitution.”

“ Venetian fiddlestick !” said Mr. Omnibus Wiggleton, her Ladyship’s nephew, as he entered the room.

“ You have no enthusiasm, Omnibus ; no more enthusiasm than a lap-dog,” said Lady Maddens.”

“ No enthusiasm ! Why, did I not buy a season ticket at Drury Lane, and go every night, without exception, to see Carlotta Grisi take the leap in the Peri ?”

“ I mean political enthusiasm ; you have plenty, and to spare, for vulgarity and frivolity,” retorted his aunt, who was of a somewhat irritable temper. Lady Maddens fancied herself a genius ; and although she was five and forty, at the least, wore her hair in ringlets all round her head, which gave her an uncommonly juvenile appearance.

“ There is nothing vulgar, my dear aunt, in

going to an English theatre. The German nobs are not such fools in this respect as the English. At Berlin, the German opera is quite the thing, and the Italian, the essence of vulgarity. As for frivolity, Socrates himself was fond of dancing, particularly Aspasia's; and the late King of Prussia, who was universally beloved by his people, used always to get into the prompter's box, when there was a new ballet brought out."

"I shall not attempt to argue with you," said Lady Maddens, "you are so obstinate, you never will hear reason."

"Hearing reason, means, nine times out of ten, giving up one's own opinion to somebody else's," said Omnibus.

"I wish, too," continued his aunt, without condescending to notice this interruption, "that you would break yourself of the habit of using such odd words as nob, and—"

"Brevity is the soul of wit, wit is wisdom, and we of the new generation are sapient be-

yond all human sapiency," said Wiggleton, "nob is short for nobility, just as Vic is an abbreviation of Victoria; Ben Siddy, of Benjamin Sidonia; Wiggy, of Wiggleton, and—

"Pat, of potato-eater, I suppose," said Miss Atalanta Mæddens, who had not yet spoken.

"Her cousin, whose family was Irish, made no reply to this sally, but went, as he gravely observed, to 'bully' a couple of unfortunate parrots in the adjoining room, whither Atalanta followed him, to prevent mischief.

"I say, Atty, don't they look like a couple of M.P.'s on committee? Why this black and white fellow is the very counterpart of Joe Hume; see how economical he is with his lump of sugar, and the other little politician, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, looks as impudent as the Right Honorable Sir Post-office Brownham and the late 'archmediocrity' rolled into one!"

Thereupon, the vivacious Mr. Wiggleton entered into a lively discussion of affairs in

general, with the two M.P.'s, taking care to rap their beaks with his aunt's fan every now and then, to illustrate his positions. As for his opponents, they did not say much, but grew exceedingly nervous, as was evident, from their moving to and fro on their perches, flapping their wings, and other unmistakeable symptoms.

The ex-premier, however, muttered rather frequently, "pretty Poll, pretty Poll," which isolated observation might either refer to an impending election, or, as appears more probable, was simply a modest assertion of his own merit, and quite in character with the part assigned to him.

Omnibus Wiggleton was a universal genius; there was nothing that he could not do—nothing that he did not know—according to his own account. Not that he ever learnt anything; he was too indolent for that; all his acquirements were *a priori*, like Cagliostro's magic, or Plato's reminiscences, spontaneously awakened. His were

the principles of that famous Irishman (and he, too, was a Milesian, be it remembered, by descent) who knew not whether he could play upon the violin, because he had never before attempted to do so. Wiggleton tried a great many things, and often succeeded to a certain extent in his undertakings. People were amazed at his varied talents; in reality he possessed but one—confidence in his own ability.

He was good-looking, kind-hearted, and entertaining, but he had many faults, (who has not?) the greatest amongst which was that he was poor. His father had been an eminent architect, but a recklessly extravagant man. Luckily Mr. Wiggleton, senior, had insured his life for £5,000, or his son would have been left wholly destitute. He died—"broke himself of the agreeable habit of existing," as Goethe hath it—whilst Omnibus was yet a mere child; and by his last will and testament, directed that £3,500 of the insurance money above mentioned should be laid out by his executors, in the pur-

chase of an annuity for his widow, and the remainder be invested in the funds to accumulate for the benefit of young Omnibus, the expenses of whose education were, moreover, to be defrayed by his mother, whose whole ambition was centred in his happiness. All the rest of Mr. Wiggleton's property, which after payment of his debts, amounted to less than a thousand pounds was left to *Abd el Kader* as residuary legatee, to assist him in carrying on the war against "those blackguard Frenchmen." These were the precise words used in the will, with a profane addition, which I refrain from inserting—that it was no *blessing* is certain. The cause of his intense hatred of *la grande nation*, may be ascribed to an adventure of his early youth, when a young, French Count having "cleaned him out" at *écarté*, and eloped with his mistress, finally shot Mr. Wiggleton in the arm—vulgo, *winged him*—at a martial rencontre to which that gentleman invited him. From that time he hated

the French, as well nationally and individually, with an "honesty," which Dr. Johnson, and he only could have appreciated.

Omnibus was sent by his mother to a first-rate private school, near Richmond, kept by one of the most finished gentlemen and profoundest scholars of his day. At Templegrove he remained several years, associating with the sons of the *noblesse*, acquiring liberal notions with regard to expense, and learning as little as he could possibly help, with a very gentlemanlike horror of exertion. Nevertheless he was great at private theatricals, and bolstering matches, a good boxer, a better cricketer, and remarkably dexterous in learning "Virgil's devilish verses," as Byron called them, by rote. Little did the sagacious T—— imagine that this skilful adept in mnemonics invariably made a practice of writing the said verses on the back of his hand, previous to reciting them.

T—— was a wit, and often said good things, which were *caviare* to most of his

pupils. I remember once little Lord S—— coming to him to be caned with very dirty hands.

“ My lord !” said T——, gravely, almost solemnly, “ do you think I am going to soil my cane on those paws ?”

I thought I should have died with laughter, but the little lord went away rejoicing at his escape from being “ pancaked.”

“ Pearls before swine !” said Wiggleton, “ and—what’s the meaning of ‘ glaucopis ?’ I never looked at this infernal Homer before we came up.”

Omnibus subsequently studied—or rather played the *bon vivant*, at the University of Heidelberg, for a couple of years. Thence he removed to Paris. A few days after he became of age, he received a letter, announcing the demise of his sole remaining parent. He hastened home, and after attending the funeral was surprised to discover that his mother, with generous self-denial, had managed to save out

of her slender annuity nearly fifteen hundred pounds, which, with his own accumulated legacy, put him in possession of about £4000. As soon as his grief, for the loss of his mother, had in some measure subsided, Omnibus entered into all the pleasures of a town life ; gave *recherche* dinners, professed himself a disciple of Epicurus, went behind the scenes of the opera, betted *against* the favorite at Epsom, (and of course won,) rode capital horses, dressed to the extreme, and called his cousin Guilford a "plodder," because he never spent more than his income, hated ballet girls, and wrote "infernal books," for which it is true the publishers remunerated him handsomely, but then the labour !

Wiggleton would most assuredly have sympathised deeply with that unfortunate beggar, who was *almost* reduced, by stern necessity, to do "what he had never done before"—to work. I am convinced Wiggleton would have given

him, without an instant's hesitation, at least half-a-crown to avert so dismal a catastrophe.

When the season was over, and London grew "flat, stale, and unprofitable," our friend Omnibus set out on a rapid continental tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, which he enjoyed amazingly, as everybody called him "Milord," and he had some very agreeable little loveadventures. With regard to the picture galleries and churches, he voted them a bore, and walked through them as if performing a sacred duty, or a penance, disagreeable, but not to be avoided.

Not that he lacked a perception of the beauties of art. I have seen him stand before a small engraving in my study for half an hour together, and then, suddenly turning round, exclaim—"Do you know—I could stand all day and study that exquisitely, lovely countenance!" But in Italy the number of galleries, and the mass of objects bewildered and fatigued him.

He felt it quite a relief to find some new H. B. caricatures at a friend's house in Rome.

At the end of a year he found himself again in Paris, having already spent a third part of his fortune. His cousin Guilford, who was a solicitor, and, although but two years older than Omnibus, managed all his affairs, now wrote to him, and seriously remonstrated with him on his folly in wasting his property, without possessing any resources to fly to, when it was gone.

“ You have no profession,” said Guilford, “ and I fear you are unsuited for any which requires study and application; but, as a real friend, I should advise you instantly to purchase a commission in the army, and buy an annuity with the remainder of your money. Think how terrible would be your position—how humiliating! if, after frittering away your property, you should be left destitute, dependent on your relations, perhaps compelled to

follow some laborious and uncongenial occupation merely to procure a subsistence."

Omnibus received this letter just as he was sallying forth with a friend, to visit one of the most *rècherché* Parisian *Infernos*. The Epicureans saw with dismay the abyss towards which he was staggering. The bare idea of *work* was too dire for contemplation. Omnibus took his hat off.

"I shall not go to ——'s," said he deliberately.

"Why not?" said his friend.

"I mean to give up play—and all that sort of thing."

"Are you *very* hard up then?"

"No—but I have a notion that I should like to turn philosopher."

"I thought you were an Epicurean?"

"I professed—I mean now to practise."

"You rave! Well, if you will not go to ——'s, will you come and sup with me in the Palais Royal?"

“The ancient Persians lived on bread and cresses.”

“By Jove! a regular case of straight-jacketism,” muttered his friend, and left the room abruptly.

An hour afterwards Wiggleton was on his way to Boulogne, where he embarked in the first steamer for England, and on his arrival at London, hastened, per patent safety (?) cab to the chambers of his legal cousin.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAWYER.

THE votaries of Themis are gregarious animals. Clarence Guilford lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields; he had not many clients, but those he had were of the highest respectability, several of them people of title. Though not yet five and twenty he derived from his profession an income of above eight hundred a year, and enjoyed besides considerable literary popularity, which tended materially to increase the balance at his banker's. He had been fortunate, very fortu-

nate, but he also possessed great, perhaps extraordinary talents.

Guilford had taken his degree at Oxford, and was deeply versed in the literary lore of ancient and modern Europe. He had distinguished himself both at Eton and Oxford by his superiority in every athletic exercise, for which his powerful, well-knit frame peculiarly fitted him. He rode, fenced, and swam superbly; could split a bullet on a penknife at the distance of twenty paces; played billiards with surpassing skill; danced with grace, conversed with ease, and fascinated the women by the magnificent beauty of his lofty form, and intellectual features. To those unphilosophic readers, who think a pedigree worth recording, it may be a point in his favour that he really *had* an undisputed right to a coat-of-arms; a right, which according to "Vathek," and other students of heraldry, many of our proudest peers cannot lay claim to. He could trace his lineage from a *British* king—a real, *ancient* Briton, and a Norman

count, who came over with the conqueror which is, in all conscience, sufficiently noble, even for the most fastidious taste. And remember, that if such a bagatelle is to have any weight at all, a pure descent, clearly traced through many generations of gentle blood, is far more valuable than a patent of nobility—even a dukedom. Much may be said on both sides, but for my part, I regard the aristocracy of genius as infinitely superior to the noblest rank or even the purest blood. Yet, I feel that it behoves us all, to whom birth, station, or genius has been given, to resist to the utmost the encroachments of a class daily gaining ground—the aristocracy of wealth. “Should they once obtain the ascendancy, adieu refinement, taste, and art!” For my part, I shall betake myself to Circassia, and fight the Russians. “Those carnivorous Muscovites,” as Wiggleton called them.

To return to Clarence Guilford. Versed in every science, skilled in every art, he had

actually attained, in a great measure, to that universality* to which his cousin Omnibus aspired, and which he would fain have persuaded himself and others, was really his portion.

“ Good morning, Clarence!” said Wiggleton, ensconcing himself in one of those solid, comfortable arm-chairs, rarely to be found but in the office of a first rate lawyer.

“ I received your letter,” he continued, “ and being astonished at the *declaration* therein contained, I hastened to put in an *appearance* without delay. You see I am up to a legal dodge or two as well as you, old fellow,” and Omnibus gave his cousin a glance of triumphant sagacity.

“ Equity is my forte,” replied Clarence, smiling at his cousin’s blunders, “ but I have

* See a capital essay in Bulwer’s ‘ Student,’ on Universality. I forget the title ; it is long since I read it, but it made a great impression upon me at the time.

yet to learn that a declaration at law is *followed* by an appearance."

"At any rate," said Wiggleton, "a declaration of *war* is always followed by an appearance of hostilities. It comes to the same thing in the end, you know; one forgets these little niceties, and legal quibbles, travelling; at one time I could have brought an action for murder—"

"To recover damages in a case of burking, I presume," said Guilford.

"I say I could have carried on an action, from beginning to end, without the shadow of a flaw in the proceedings."

"But suppose the criminal had filed a bill in Chancery, what would you have done?" enquired Guilford gravely.

"Hem!—that would have depended upon circumstances—hem!—to return to your letter. You seem to think I am spending my money rather recklessly, eh?"

"Rather!—you are living at the rate of

fifteen hundred a year, and you ought not to spend more than a hundred and twenty. Such a course can only end in ruin. Why not adopt some profession? If you like to attack jurisprudence, I will afford you every assistance in my power, I will take you into my office without a premium."

"Thank you," interrupted Wiggleton, "I hate exertion, and detest business, as you know very well. Besides, by accepting your offer I should only deprive you of the opportunity of getting five hundred guineas, with a useful clerk perhaps, besides, and that would put me under an obligation. As for your suggestion about the army, it won't do at all, I should be committing some breach of discipline, challenging a superior officer, or something of the kind, before I had been a fortnight in the service. But I have more firmness of character than you imagine. It is true I have spent a third of my fortune in a year—not to mention a cool three hundred I won at Epsom, and a run of luck at *Rouge et*

Noir and *Roulette*, which if I had staked guineas, instead of francs would have set me up for life; I did it just to know the pleasure of spending money without counting it, and I had a very delightful year of devilishly expensive fun. Now I mean to turn over a new leaf—not as Birne, the dancing master used to say, ‘to do it over again, for the sake of variety,’ but to have fun upon economical principles, and live upon the interest of what remains of my money till I catch hold of an heiress. By the way what fine opportunities you lawyers have in that line, you must know to a fraction what all your women clients and their daughters have got—whether in possession or expectancy. I wish you would give me a hint where something in the twenty thousand line, fair, and juvenile is to be found?”

“There is Miss Crosscat, only seven and thirty, thin, genteel figure.”

“A female, living skeleton!”

“Life interest in—”

“Pshaw! why you might have mentioned Atalanta before *her*, though she certainly has not half so much tin.”

Guilford blushed for a moment, and his eye flashed angrily on Wiggleton, as he uttered the sacrilegious words. That gentleman, however, had apparently started a new train of thought, for he said abruptly, after a moment's reflection—

“How much can I get a year for it—mind, safe investment?”

“If you mean what remains of your money. I could lend it for you on good landed security, at four per cent. I happen just now to have an opportunity. That will be a hundred and ten pounds a year, and there can be no selling out, which in your case, independently of the higher rate of interest, renders a mortgage far preferable to the funds.”

“So be it then,” said Wiggleton, “it is close shaving, by Jove! but anything is better than the remotest contingency of working.”

“ The absence of restraint in one’s occupations is doubtless very desirable,” rejoined Guilford, “ yet, perhaps the day will come when you will wish that you had a career of some kind before you.”

“ Never,” said Omnibus firmly, and for once, he showed himself wiser than his accomplished cousin.

It may be thought that in this as well as in the preceding chapter, I have dealt too largely in figures, and been more particular than was necessary, with regard to the financial position of the two cousins. But however unromantic and *Rigbyish* it may appear, none can deny, that in this world, what a man *has* is frequently looked upon as a far more important consideration than what he *is*. As says or sings Hoffman, the German political—though impolitic bard, (for his verses lost him his professorship),

“ Doch ohne Geld, so bist Du kaum ein Thier.”

“ Deprived of cash, you equal scarce the brutes.”

Before concluding this chapter I must entreat

the gentle reader not to be amazed if some evening paper, catching at the remarks on aristocracy thrown out above should take occasion to prove that the author of this work was born in St. Giles's, and educated at a charity school, or something more or less scurrilous. I bear in mind the disgusting attack made, some time ago, on a gentleman whose genius I cannot but appreciate, however widely we may differ in our political opinions. Evening papers may say what they please, I shall *keep my secret*, nor will the intelligent reader dream of judging me—however numberless my faults as a novelist—BY SO VILE A STANDARD, as that I allude to.

CHAPTER IV.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

DIGRESSIONS in a novel are like stations on a railroad, at which we get out to procure refreshments, leaving umbrellas, walking sticks, reticules, and other trifles behind us, in our hurry, to re-enter the carriages at the sound of that ominous and unearthly whistle, which has tended so materially to enrich the manufacturers of ear-trumpets in this country—the *el Dorado* of patent inventions. Luckily an author is not yet a steam-engine, and however often he may digress, can always stop the train, and

return with the rapidity of light to the station, at which he left his walking stick—or his heroine.

It is possible—though barely probable—that Lady Maddens was about to say something particularly luminous concerning the “ Venetian Constitution,” of which, according to Delta, we have been so lucky as to get rid, lately. Alas! there is no knowing what she might have said had not Mr. Omnibus Wiggleton interrupted her so rudely.

“ Venetian fiddlestick,” indeed! what next? After all, Wiggleton, or Wiggy, as his friends familiarly termed him, was not so much to blame. The chapter was his own property, it bore his name as a heading; and a man (especially an Englishman) has a right to “ do as he likes with his own.”

With regard to the “ Venetian Constitution,” which Coningsby’s historian states to have existed in England, intentionally imitated too by our Government, I regard it as, at the best, a highly poetic fancy, emanating from a

decidedly "creative" brain. To tell the reader that during the latter ages of the republic— unquestionably the era referred to— Venice was governed by an oligarchy, consisting of an elective Doge and an hereditary council, would be impertinent. To remind him of sundry most violent exercises of prerogative, by the immediate predecessors of the present Queen, who also, in the early part of her reign, gave symptoms of a *will*, would be superfluous. But *extremes meet*, it is said; and paradoxes are not devoid of piquancy at times. A noble friend of mine used to draw a lively parallel between a Turkish Harem and a Roman Convent, illustrating his comparison by ancient saws, modern instances, and personal experiences (of his own invention,) which, if time and space admitted, would doubtless prove highly entertaining to the public.

Lady Maddens had been married for the third time to Sir Arthur Maddens, a man of considerable property. Though still young, the

only result of their union was Atalanta, who had just completed her nineteenth year, and was endowed with an almost magical beauty. Darkly brunette, grace and delicacy seemed to struggle with voluptuousness in the development of her exquisite form. Her eyes, so brilliant that it was impossible to criticise their hue, beamed with pride, intelligence and archness. Her dark brown, silk-like hair, unconscious of oil or bears' grease, was simply parted on her smooth, expressive brow. Neck and bosom, in softness and purity of tint, surpassed the most beautiful enamel. She dressed with perfect taste. Her morning *negligè* was *ravisant*, (pardon the French expletive,) her evening toilette, "perfect, past all parallel." Simple in adornment, yet splendid in materials, and rather disclosing too little than too much of her milk white shoulders, to gaze on whose enchanting *contour*, but for a moment, self-mortifying monks would have willingly endured whole ages of purgatory! But I must stay

my pen—nor mar the picture which I cannot draw. Alas! perfect beauty may be *felt*, but never can it be described, never can be conveyed to the mind of a stranger, the impression made upon the enraptured beholder.

Monarch of sorcerers! all powerful founder of magic! Imagination! aid me! Thou, and thou only here canst stand my friend.

Next to imagination, Clarence Guilford would be perhaps the best person to apply to; for most assuredly none appreciated the celestial charms of Atalanta better than he.

What a fearful power there is in beauty! Foolish, even impious as the thought may appear, I have often felt, whilst gazing on some form, replete with grace and loveliness, that crime—even disbelief itself could never doom a thing so fair—to everlasting torture!

Having “bullied the parrots,” as long as Atalanta would let him, Omnibus Wiggleton, (or Wiggy, as you please,) re-entered the apartment in which Lady Maddens and Guilford

were seated. The latter was listening, with heroic resignation, to a long description of a new Turkish dagger, which her ladyship had just been lucky enough to add to her collection of these interesting weapons. The grave matter-of-fact way in which she assured her listener that *it was poisoned* was highly diverting.

“The least scratch I assure you would be fatal; nothing could save you—look, this is the way they use them!” and her ladyship, in her enthusiasm, made a stab at Guilford, who involuntarily started back from this practical demonstration of the virtuosa.

“Well, Mr. Guilford, and how does your new work get on?” enquired Atalanta.

“Which do you mean, fair cousin, my chancery practice, or my poem?”

“Your poem, of course.”

“Oh, pretty well, I believe nearly two hundred copies have been sold.”

“ But I thought it had already gone through three editions ?”

“ So it has — of fifty copies apiece.”

“ Indeed ! but everybody talks about it, and I should have thought that your friends—”

“ All expect presentation copies.”

“ Does it pay well ?”

“ Pay ! of course not ; poetry never pays now.”

“ Yet Byron must have made an immense deal by his poems ?”

“ No—Murray did. But poets ought not to be mercenary.”

“ Have you composed anything new lately ? for though the public is so terribly unpoetically inclined *I* am still a patron of the bards.”

“ They could not have a lovelier one. Yes, I have a short MS. translation of a rhapsody by that eccentric German Jew, Heine.”

“ Mosaic Arab you mean—how old fashioned you are !”

“ Well then, Mosaic Arab, fair Atalanta. Here is the rhapsody.”

It was written on perfumed note paper, and as Guilford handed it to Miss Maddens, their hands touched for a moment, and a sympathetic thrill pervaded each, bringing a “ sultry blush” to Atalanta’s cheek. See Mr. Coventry Patmore’s rhyme book, wherein common sense, and Edinburgh reviewers have been recently set at defiance.

Now, reader, I will bet you twenty to one that Mr. Patmore does *not* send me a dozen of champagne in gratitude for the puff?—We live in a thankless world!

“ Will you not read your translation to us ?” said Atalanta.

“ No,” replied Guilford, “ I never yet knew a poem—unless it were a burlesque—that did not address itself more forcibly to the eye than to the ear. There is but one step, you know, as Burke hath it, between the sublime and the ridiculous ; and Heine it is thought often over-

steps it. He is little known in England, yet in humour, and wild, though profound, pathos he often surpasses both Goethe and Schiller.”

“Indeed! I wish I knew German well enough to read without eternally referring to that stupid dictionary. What do you think of Sir Edward Lytton’s translation of Schiller’s poems?”

“On the whole, good, but I am surprised that a man, who must possess so thorough a command of the English language* should have

* His knowledge of the German language is somewhat less unquestionable. I subjoin two specimens of translation the first by Sir Edward Lytton, the second by one of my friends, in the original metre, and almost verbally translated. Which most resembles an epigram I leave the reader to decide.

TO ASTRONOMERS.

Of the nebulae and planets do not babble so to me,
 What! is nature only mighty inasmuch as you can see,
 Inasmuch as you can measure her immeasurable ways,
 As she renders world and world, sun and system to your gaze,
 Though through space your object be the sublimest to embrace
 Never the sublime abideth—where you vainly search in space.

neglected, in so many instances, to preserve the metre of the originals."

"But, perhaps, it is impossible, or at any rate exceedingly difficult to do so without crippling the sense?"

"Not at all—to a poet; a title, perhaps, to which Bulwer's prose gives him a better right than his rhymes. But to exchange trochees for iambics is perfect sacrilege, it mars the spirit of the verse."

"Ah! your spirit of the verse reminds me of a new work called the 'Spirit of the age,' have you read it?"

"I tried—but, as conceited folly and puerile presumption must ever disgust, I soon laid it down again. If you want a good laugh—read

TO THE ASTRONOMERS.

Speak not to me so much of your suns and your nebulous
clusters,

Is then nature but great, that ye may number her works?
Certainly yours is of all, in space, the sublimest of objects,
But my friends, the sublime never inhabited space.

it. The savage critique on poor Thomas Ingoldsby is unique, and a lady of the name of Mrs. Gore, who it seems perpetrates fashionable novels, is puffed to the extreme."

"I thought Mrs. Gore was very popular," said Lady Maddens.

"She may be so with a certain class of very young ladies, and very silly young men, and is I believe much patronised by milliners, and linendrapers' shopmen, curious as to the wonders of 'high life,' but for my part, I regard a romance writer without feeling or passion, as 'one resolved in spite—' you know the rest."

"Do you consider Mrs. Gore's writings as devoid of feeling then?"

"Not exactly *devoid*, but very deficient in that of a nobler species. Her subjects are in themselves essentially trivial."

"Yes," quoth Omnibus, "she dispenses the passions in her novels quite on the homœopathic principle—small, confounded small!"

"I think," said Atalanta, "that sublimity is

getting very scarce in modern romantic literature. We have no 'Vatheks,' no 'Frankensteins,' not even any 'Melmoths' or 'Vampires' now-a-days."

"We are all for fun, fashion, and politics," said Omnibus.

"You forget 'Zanoni,'" said Lady Maddens.

"True, that was a fine conception," replied Guilford, "the 'guardian of the threshold' is awfully grand! Bulwer is scarcely sufficiently appreciated in England: we are too *practical* in our views, and an idealist who maltreats his wife, meets with but little sympathy. A hero even becomes less heroic in our eyes, if we know the author to be a coxcomb. And although affectation and coxcombry *may* be assumed, yet when a man clings to them for a series of years, we begin to regard these vices as part and parcel of his character, and behold with wonder, so strange a mixture of the great and mean, comprised within the compass of one soul. Alas! history affords a thousand

instances of men ‘for *others* wise, *themselves* unskilled to teach!’

“Well,” said Wiggleton, “give *me* Dickens!”

“Nothing,” rejoined Guilford, “can be more graphic than his descriptions, nothing more accurate than the delineation of his characters—such as they are.”

“And what fault do you find with them—Oh! most fastidious of lawyers?” said Omnibus.

“That which has formed the basis of their popularity—that they are, without exception, commonplace.”

“What! do you not think it delightful to meet in a novel, with the very characters we constantly see in real life?”

“Certainly not, I wish to be instructed as well as amused. Without novelty I am never amused, and novelty is always instructive.”

“What instruction,” said Lady Maddens, “can you, for instance, derive from Lord Byron’s ‘Lara,’ or ‘Manfred,’ of which I

have frequently heard you express great admiration?"

"I become acquainted with the phases of a mind differing from my own, and from the generality of mankind's. In Dickens I merely find that which I already know. Byron was an originator, so was Mr. Beckford, so is Bulwer.* But Dickens *et hoc genus omne* are merely skilful copyists from every day nature. Nothing appears to me more absurd, than to abuse a book because it is *unnatural*, (I do not mean inconsistent) as if an author could ever conceive anything that was *not* natural, as if the creations of the *internal*, were to be regulated by the same laws as those which govern the *external* world."

"There," exclaimed Omnibus who was standing at the window, "is a very remarkable microcosm coming this way. If I am not mistaken that is Mr. Sidonia's Cabriolet."

* Notwithstanding his innumerable plagiarisms.

Well, I shall evaporate, and leave poor Guilford to be badgered by the Mosaic Arabian. He will 'take the shine out of you,' as the watering-cart said to the boots—good bye, aunt—good bye, Atty !”

“Remember, six precisely is our dinner hour,” said Guilford.

“If Ben leaves anything of you alive to do the honors,” replied Wiggy, and effected a hasty exit.

Two minutes afterwards Sidonia entered the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOSAIC ARAB.

TRANSCENDENTAL philosophers care very little about time or place. Nevertheless it would not be amiss to inform you that the game has been kept up, in the last three chapters, at a well-furnished house in Baker-Street, during the hours usually devoted to morning visitors.

Mr. Ben Sidonia was a man of a peculiarly solemn aspect, with rather a good-looking countenance, corkscrew curls, and a sarcastic curl of lip. Fame whispered that he used the curl-

ing tongs to his hair, and knowing that the softer sex, whose favour I have ever more especially wished to court, are fond of those 'little particulars.' I despatched a keen-witted emissary—one Nadgett, formerly in the service of the notorious Mr. Tigg Montague—to bribe the Arabian's valet, with the view of ascertaining satisfactorily, whether the report, that Ben stuck pins in his cravat to prick him, whenever he so far forgot his dignity, as to smile, had any foundation in fact. The valet, also pertaining to that race, whence, if there is any truth in modern history, all great statesmen, *savans*, conquerors, and artists of times past and present have sprung, the valet, I say, took the bribe—and kept his information. Thanks to which fraudulent proceeding the question at issue still remains enveloped in the same mysterious doubtfulness as at the commencement of the investigation.

“ Morning !” said Sidonia, with his accustomed terseness.

“ Good morning, Mr. Sidonia—how do you do—pray be seated,” said Lady Maddens, “ what charming weather we have had lately—but I fear a change is impending—have you any idea how the wind is ?”

“ Blowing,” responded the Arab.

“ But from what quarter ?”

“ There is a weathercock on the house opposite,” said Guilford, “ but I am so short-sighted.”

“ The age of weathercocks is past,” said Sidonia.

Did he look wise ? did his countenance assume a fifty Solomon power of sapience ?—not in the least !

“ Of political weathercocks,” continued the Mosaic.

“ Well,” said Guilford, “ we shall see, for my part, I doubt not but that Grahams and

Stanleys will be found in the young England cabinet, if not parallels to the sugar-question-rescindors."

"*Thickandthinities*, as my cousin Omnibus calls them," said Atalanta smiling.

"I must go," said Sidonia, "I have an appointment at the Antipodes."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Maddens, "I should have thought that at such a crisis—your friend—I might almost say your pupil taking office."

"Time was, time is, time will be!" said the wealthy Arab portentously.

"At least you must come and see my daggers—I have a new one just arrived from Stamboul!"

"Excuse me, not this morning," said Sidonia, who like most of Lady Madden's acquaintance had a great horror of her lectures on *points*, illustrated as they generally were by gestures, anything but safe to the lookers on.

In fact he had narrowly escaped getting his chest cut open one day, by an ataghan which her ladyship had recently acquired: and as Theodore Hook (*not* Lucian *Dull*) would have said, "there is nothing Mosaic Arabs so intensely dread as an attack upon their *chests*."

This pun by the way is rather an ancient one, and it may be interesting to antiquarians to know that according to the *Talmud* it was first discovered by Noah, as he quitted the ark upon Mount Ararat, (or the altar of rats) a shrine to which many a pious pilgrimage is undertaken by the elect votaries of St. Stephen's. The passage will be found in that part of the *Talmud* immediately following the expositions of the various reasons which led to pigs becoming contraband amongst the Hebrews, viz, the wickedness of *Ham*, who is thus held up to the obloquy of posterity, and the naturally prudent character of the Lord's

people, which rendered them extremely averse to 'going the whole hog,' as well as their economy, which disposed them to 'save their bacon' under all circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT MEASURE.

Half London was as merry as Grigs.

“What *are* Grigs?” inquires an intelligent reader.

What are they?—how should I know—Grigs are grigs, of course; but I will ask Mr Grant—he wrote *The Great Metropolis*, and what is more surprising *I read it*.

“You jest surely?”

Fact, by the prophet!—I did it to spite ‘Punch,’ who adopted one of my jokes and refused a contribution I condescended to remit to him by the twopenny. ‘Punch’ abused

Grant, you know—called him *Grunt* and all manner of scurrilities.

“Well, I rather like ‘Punch.’”

“It grieves me to hear you say so, but stop a moment, I will tell you a short and melancholy tale—“a tail unfold,” as the boa-constrictor said.

“Once upon a time there was a wit, a professed punster, an after-dinner hero, a lion at small evening *re-unions*. But that was not all; the jokes, whose virgin bloom was devoted to his admiring intimates, he subsequently disposed of, at a trifle per dozen, to the publisher of a weekly periodical. He was a young medical man in want of a practice, which he did not possess the means of purchasing, and the trifle he received for his jocosities, constituted at least one half of a particularly slender income. ‘Punch’ became popular, and my friend became seedy. I was young and verdant then, nor blushed to own a poor—even a seedy friend. ‘*Labuntur anni,*’ I have

gained experience, seen the sublime rascality of the world, studied moral philosophy, and cut all needy connections whose talents were not immediately conducive to my private interest. One day I met the *ci devant* punster, but what a change came o'er the spirit of my dream !

“ Why old fellow,” said I, “ you look as lively as if you were being led to the scaffold !”

“ It is all up with me,” replied he with a ghastly smile.

“ What is the matter ?” I enquired laughing at this instance of the force of habit.

“ Punch !” said he gloomily.

“ You talk like a sphinx.”

“ The publisher of the—————refuses to buy my jokes any longer, he swears that he saw more than half of them in the back numbers of the London Charivari.”

“ Well, the truth can be easily proved by reference.”

“ He will not listen to reason.”

“ Then try *rhyme*—or another publisher.”

“ They all tell the same story. In fact they find it much easier to take the squibs from ‘Punch’ and insert them themselves in their papers without giving a ‘rap’ for them, than to pay for original witticisms.”

“ Dolts !” said I emphatically. There is nothing so consoling to one who fancies himself an injured individual, as to abuse those by whom he conceives himself ill-used.

“ And would you believe it,” said the expunster spitefully, “ There is that Victoria Jones, the hero of the ‘heavy miscellany’ who wrote in ‘Punch,’ and still writes in it I believe, has cribbed every idea worth anything, in his last three novels from Paul de Kock’s “*Jolie fille du Faubourg.*” The piracies are most barefaced, ‘Joe Jollit—is ‘*le petit trison*’ all over ; the *crab pie* is a paraphrase of the *mouse pie*, the—”

“Spare yourself the trouble of recapitulation, I have read both the French and the English tales, and of course made the same discovery ; it is too contemptible for notice. Yet I have known still meaner trickeries perpetrated. About two years ago (in the September number I think) Captain Medwin translated the introduction to Hauff’s ‘Memoiren des Satans,’ merely altering the names, and published it in the ‘New Monthly Magazine,’ as ‘Desaga, a tale in the manner of Hoffman!’ I wrote a few lines on the subject to Mr. Hood, the then editor, but forgot to send them to the post, and found the note a day or two ago at the bottom of my writing desk, which accounted for its not having been noticed.”

“True meris never gets a chanct !” grumbled the discarded joker—the *ancien militaire* of the *corps d’esprit*—with a sigh, “I must call upon my patient—my only *paying* patient. Good heavens ! if by some miraculous accident

he were all at once to get well again---what would become of me ?”

“ A ‘ late physician ’ perhaps,” said I with a half smile : a moment afterwards I repented the unkind pun. Not so my friend ; he laughed most vociferously.

“ Very good !” he exclaimed “ ha ha ha ! a little hydrocyanic* acid---a few drops would do it—or *one* drop—from a hat peg with a noose round one’s neck. By the bye *could* you lend me five pounds for a day or two ?”

“ Who *could* refuse a man who had laughed so heartily at one’s bad jest ?—Not I by Lucifer !—any more than I could refuse my mite after hearing one of the Bishop of London’s charity sermons ; they carry one back so delectably to one’s joyous school days, reminding miscalculating, spendthrifts, with dulcet sweetness of

* Vulgar PRUSSIC—but what author in his senses would ever use a two syllabled in preference to a five syllabled word ?

Cocker's arithmetic and the mysteries of algebraic equations !*

Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.

Here comes my 'Bailey'—well, sir? what

* Though far from being a bigot in religious matters, I decidedly think that the people have a right to as many churches as they require. But I have been all over London and its suburbs, and do not hesitate to assert, that there are not a half a dozen churches in the metropolis, which are not amply large enough for the congregations attending them. More than half the churches are most barely attended, and yet, the bishop in his wisdom astounds admiring crowds from the pulpit by population statistics, omitting such trifling facts as the numerous dissenters, the section of little children, the three services a day performed at the houses of worship, &c. And the great-souled bishop talks as coolly of building churches by the hundred, as if they were really wanted. O Paul! apostle of the Gentiles! immeasurably inferior as thou wert to thy Great Master in the sublime simplicity of doctrine, how little didst thou dream that the day would come, when Christian fathers would gravely hold discussions, as to the propriety of exchanging a black pin before for a white one, or vice versa.

How long will men continue to prefer the worthless shell to the invaluable kernel! Squabbling Churchmen! howling Methodists! pompous Catholics!—turn back to the master-mind from whence your vitiated creeds have sprung—and study wisdom.

tidings from *Gruntimagne*, what news from 'The Great Metropolis?'

"Hif you pliz sur, Mr. Grunt ses has Grigs his a corrupshun hof Greeks—and didn't 'e just look flattered vhen hi haxed im?—reether!"

To resume. Half London, as we observed at the commencement of the chapter, was as merry as Grigs (*Gruntice Greeks*) the other half wallowing in the slough of despond, tormented by legions of blue devils, or as Lady Maddens poetically termed them, "fiends of azure hue."

Young England formed the theme of every tongue. 'Young England taverns,' and 'New generation hotels' (which latter nomenclature gave rise to puns most vile) were to be seen all over the country. Moses, the Hebrew Arabian vendor of economical apparel, had a steam-engine constructed for the manufacture of white waistcoats and chokers, (ingeniously

and savingly combined in one) which had a prodigious sale at fourpence-halfpenny a piece, or three and sixpence a dozen to the trade ; and he *talked* of erecting a plaster-of-Paris statue to the gentleman Jew, who had taken out a patent for weaving white calico from hay and soapsuds, for the construction of the afore-said miraculous garments. But that came to nothing, for a second noble Israelite found out a method of producing the stuff mentioned from *soapsuds alone*, which completely did up the other gentleman's invention. To quote the renowned Bombastes—

- K. “ Thus have I heard on Afric's burning shore,
 A grievous lion give a grievous roar ;
 The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
- B. Thus have *I* heard on Afric's burning shore,
Another lion give *another* roar,
 And the last lion thought the first a *bore !*”

The Coningsby cabinet was soon formed ; with few exceptions it consisted of *new* men

little known to the *oi polloi*. What their opinions and intentions were, the world was at a loss to conjecture. That they meant to do something very grand, to astonish the nation, to go the total pig, as the Italians say, '*il porcello tutto*' in some direction or other was universally believed. Still people were puzzled. The 'Times,' which had become the ministerial organ, was amusing, vague and indefinite, in its leaders. Now and then to be sure, an article in the terse and well-known style of the new lion, full of his own praises, appeared; occasionally too he reviewed his own works in that journal with inflexible impartiality, and it was generally considered, that no man praised himself with so much elegance as Mr. Coningsby. He was particularly careful in drawing attention to his *youth* which he apparently regarded as a remarkably meritorious peculiarity.

To find a solution of their doubts, men

turned to the Sidonian manifesto of 1844 ; and half studied their heads off, over the contradictory and mysterious principles it contained, whilst they shuddered at the desperate alternatives proposed in sundry passages of the ' New Generation.'

A volume of ' Historic Fancies ' in prose and verse, by another New Englandite, threw no light upon the subject (which indeed still remains to some extent involved in its primeval obscurity) though it gave rise to some amusing discussions, as to the author's political opinions. Some regarding him as a staunch Russian ; others as a ferocious Jacobin. In reality he was neither one nor the other, but a New Englandite, i. e. a sort of cross between the two.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.

Conservation—formerly termed whigism—began to be looked upon as vastly *slow*, by the *fast men* at the clubs. Peel got pelted with

decayed vegetables, and the Duke of Wellington was hissed and hooted by the populace whenever he appeared in public.

Time rolled on, parliament was re-opened and the Queen's speech was read—it was written by Ben Sidonia, and was replete with fine sayings, darkly magnificent in their obscurity and epigrammatic nothings. Nobody understood it, though everybody professed to admire it; (it was quite *selon le regle*,) and the session began in earnest.

If the *soi-disant* conservative government erred in adopting expediency as their principle; certes, the New Generation cabinet ran most unequivocally into the opposite extreme, inasmuch as several of their measures were so remarkable for their *inexpediency*, that in more cases than one, *practicability* asserted its superiority over *theory* by a reference in *Italics*, (*that resource of weak minds* as saith the *Book of Ben*) to *possibilities*, which puzzled the *heroic* school not a little.

I am not about to enter into a minute detail of all the acts that were passed, and the speeches that were made during that ever memorable session. And wherefore should I waste my time, my ink, and the reader's patience in so doing? are they not written in the voluminous reports of that mighty journal of which a constant subscriber sagaciously remarks—

“ *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur ab illis.*”

“ The *Times* has turned its coat and so have we.”

I translate the above elegant quotation for the benefit of those young ladies (if such there yet exist) who have not studied the defunct languages, from the Eton Grammar, a work that in wise sayings and exquisite *bon mots*, out Miller's Miller, and out Rochefoucault's Rochefoucault; it is indeed a book to quote its own words, ‘ *primus inter omnes.*’

One of the most important acts passed by the way, was Lord Chancellor Brougham's, ‘ to

do away with imprisonment for theft,' sold under the title of 'Swindling Made Easy,' by the perambulating Law-booksellers, for the trifling consideration of one penny of lawful British money. Who would have dreamed of Lord Brougham again becoming chancellor? and yet appointing him to that office, was perhaps the *least* extraordinary proceeding of the Coningsby administration. For the rest, suffice it to say that the new Cabinet went on fast and furiously, making alterations without improvements, promises without redeeming them, and orations without meaning or consistency, until towards the end of the season Mr. Coningsby, to the dismay of Europe, brought forward the great measure—the question by which he was resolved to stand or fall—the (*for God's sake printer print it in large letters!*) THE JEWISH EMAN-CIPATION BILL!

At first the bill was most vehemently opposed; but Ben Sidonia having taken an opportunity of visiting several of the most refractory members, they suddenly became very ill, and ceased to make their appearance at St. Stephen's. Some libellous people said that Sidonia bribed their servants to give them emetics every morning in their coffee; others that he bribed the honourable members themselves, in their own proper persons, which after all was a much more straightforward and sensible plan.

The bill was passed, in fine, giving the children of Israel equality of rights, political and municipal, in every respect with the Saxon English. Great were the rejoicings in Houndsditch, uproarious the posterity in Holywell street. Even the thrice renowned Moses of the Minorities gave his long-nosed shopmen a holiday—yes, a whole holiday, save to the stokers and others employed in working the white waistcoat and choker steam engine, the demand for whose

produce had increased to a surprising extent. Sidonia the magnificent caused an obelisk to be erected in Trafalgar Square, upon which Mr. Coningsby's great speech was inscribed in electroplated golden characters for the benefit of posterity. Unhappily, like Rousseau's ode to the same personage—it never reached its address, being pulled down by the mob in the year 1850, just about the time the fountains, in the same square, commenced playing, to the great astonishment of London, whose inhabitants had long despaired of any such event ever coming to pass.

At the conclusion of the session, the Queen, by the advice of her ministry, dissolved the Parliament. "Tadpole and Taper" declared that the premier had "settled his own hash," and talked about re-action; although several of the more influential members of the old Conservative party had dispersed themselves over the Continent, some locating at Paris, others at Baden Baden, others again at *Room*, firmly

persuaded that the country was going to the devil; which simply signified that they saw no chance of regaining office. Perhaps they were right. As saith Bombastes—

“ Thus when some school-boy on a rainy day,
Finds that his comrades will no longer play,
He takes the hint himself--and walks away.”

CHAPTER VII.

ISRAEL.

THE talented champion of the Hebrew Arabian race urges two things chiefly in their favor; the one is that they are a strictly monarchical people; the other that they are such excellent citizens. These propositions he defends in his own peculiar style—that is by bold and unqualified assertion; a mode of “arguing the point,” as Midshipman Easy termed it, almost as effective with regard to the general mass of readers as the most refined arguments, and the most laboriously collected proofs.

But the Jewish history, as we have it written by their own historians, is one chain of wars, conspiracies, murders, seditions and rascalities.

The catalogue of crimes in the history of other nations, giants in population and extent as they are, compared to the Jews, is insignificant if contrasted with the interminable list of atrocities committed by that erewhile chosen, but now rejected as incorrigible people. Nor are the pages of their chronology, like those of Greece and Rome, illuminated by countless instances of devoted and patriotic heroism, which might be thrown into the scales to counterbalance their evil deeds. Such cases, with the Mosaic Arabs are few, and far between.

I am not prejudiced against the Jews; I have known amongst them men of lofty genius, and the most liberal notions; but alas! these too are but the exceptions that prove the rule. To punish the Jews of the present age for the crimes of their fore-fathers, would be as absurd as it would be unjust. But it is not their

ancestral iniquities alone that condemn the modern Israelites to be as it were the outcasts and pariahs of society. It is their religion, with its ridiculous outward forms and symbols,* and their own peculiar moral and intellectual natures.

Immense numbers of them are virtually Atheists, and Atheism is an evil, whose influence upon low and ill-regulated minds is incalculably injurious. The grand characteristic of the Jewish race is, and I think I may venture to add always has been—their unscrupulousness. It is a common saying which you may hear every day, “ Oh! he is a Jew, *he sticks at nothing!*”

It is this “ sticking at nothing,” that like a subtle spirit seems to pervade their history, it is this that makes them what they are, wan-

* What can be more absurd than for a modern English or German Jew to conceive himself bound by laws evidently constructed with reference to a land and climate differing in every respect from that which he now inhabits.

derers in every land, despised of every nation ; Ahasuerus is but the type of his race. They may acquire wealth, they may obtain rank, title, and nobility (!) but whilst they think and act like Jews, they will remain in their present humiliating and degraded position—perhaps for ever !

END OF BOOK I.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

A DINNER AT GUILFORD'S.

CLARENCE GUILFORD, although an active and ambitious man, was extremely fond of pleasure (scarcely a peculiarity, I opine) and rarely neglected anything that could tend to his comfort or enjoyment. His knowledge of the world was profound; his judgment calm and free from *prejudice*, that most hideous of monsters, so prolifically abundant in these happy climes; but the philosophy he had adopted was of a somewhat gloomy and scornful character.

Like *Volney*, he recognised in self-interest the primary motive of all human actions. “What is love?” he would say, “but the desire of selfish enjoyment? How often is a man generous merely to save himself trouble and annoyance, or with the view of securing a four-fold repayment of his bounty! How many men cloak their insatiable avarice under the pretence that they labour for their children, and not for themselves; but do we find them enriching their offspring whilst they live? No! it is only when the icy arm of death deprives them of their stake* in this world, when their title of possession virtually expires, like themselves, that they reluctantly yield their hoarded gains to an unweeping heir.

“How many acts of devoted patriotism owe their origin to filthy lucre, vile ambition, or the grovelling hope of fame? How frequently

* Suicides are an exception to this rule, who used anciently to be buried where four roads met, with stakes driven through their bodies.

is gratitude merely evinced to get rid of a painful burden? What is honesty but worldly prudence? What is religion to the world, but a wearisome task, which nothing but the dread of eternal damnation, and the hope of future bliss induces people to perform; and this is evident, from the strange attempts they make to lighten the unloved labour. Some would be saved by belief alone; others, with less culpable fanaticism, by the sole merit of their works; others, having reached the acme of moral laziness and spiritual *far niente*, rely upon the doctrine of election and special grace—a sort of celestial ballot with which it would be both useless and impious were they to presume to interfere!"

To enjoy life was Guilford's motto; but he had sufficient wisdom at times to sacrifice a trifling present pleasure to a great future object. Perceiving, however, that excitement was the essence of enjoyment, and that few pleasures were to be obtained without wealth,

he selected a profession which combined both necessities, and in an incredible short period of time, became a solicitor, with an excellent practice.

Although he had employed his three years of probation (his degree shortened the usual period by two years) to great advantage, and had thoroughly mastered the difficulties of his *metier*, he devoted but little of his time or attention to the rigmarole of legal difficulties. A clever, managing clerk, by name Melville, perfectly competent to conduct all the business of the office, for a salary of a couple of hundred pounds a year, took most of the trouble off his hands. To this gentleman, for such he was by birth and education, all the practical superintendence was left, Guilford himself merely attending consultations. In these it was his wont, as soon as his client had fully stated his case, to point out without circumlocution, or raising difficulties which never existed, the most advisable course to pursue under the circum-

stances; and it is worthy of remark, that in common with most first rate solicitors, he never recommended litigation where it could possibly be avoided, although by so doing he might have easily doubled his income.

It is, or rather was some time ago, the fashion to abuse the profession to which Guilford belonged, and "low, shabby, dirty attorneys, miserable attorneys' clerks," &c., &c., were much in vogue in *soi-disant*, fashionable novels; a class of writing in which but too often the innate vulgarity of the scribe, male or female, as the case may be, shines out the more palpably from the halo of false refinement attempted to be assumed. Yet there *are* two writers who have described, naturally and unaffectedly, the *modus vivendi* of an aristocracy—the departed Goethe and Mrs. Shelley. *They* did not fill their works with the vapid small talk of empty headed coxcombs, and young ladies, supernaturally silly; *they* did not shudder with affected horror at some insignificant *bourgeois*

trait; *they* did not make their heros and heroines converse in a compound mixture of every language under the sun, and act in a way no creature in its senses either would, could, or ought to act. No! their fictitious characters are individuals distinguished either by outward circumstances or internal peculiarities of mental construction from the herd of monarchs, members of the aristocracy, members of the snobocracy, &c.

But I am digressing again as usual, and must return to the last station for my umbrella. Let me see, where was I? Oh! defending the attorneys against the (un) fashionables.

Well—to quote Warren’s “Ten Thousand a Year,” in sentiment, if not in words, “although doubtless there are many men who disgrace this profession, (as every other,) yet, were not the general body of solicitors men of the most honorable principles, the evil they would do is incalculably great.” But for my part, I am convinced that the study of the law,

by shewing the danger thereby incurred, has a powerful tendency to restrain the slightest deviation from the beaten path of honor. There is however one little practice to which this otherwise immaculate tribe is occasionally addicted. I allude to their not always paying their cousins german of the bar their fees *along with their briefs*, which system of "tick," however well adapted to the bar of a public-house, appears to your humble servant (as a Lord Chancellor *in petto*) exceedingly reprehensible.

Guilford's chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields were on the first floor. His private apartments were almost luxuriously furnished. Every thing was rich and massive. The walls were dexterously papered to represent marble, the chairs and sofas were covered with crimson damask. In the centre of the front room, which was of great size, stood a large, round, rosewood table, inlaid with mother of pearl, the walls were decorated with a few proof-en-

gravings, in carved mahogany frames. There were two pier-glasses between the three windows, reaching from the ceiling to the ground, the curtains were of crimson damask, like the chairs, and the Turkey carpet was soft as the fur of an Angora cat. One end of the room was entirely occupied by a bookcase, the lowest shelves, alone, of which were devoted to legal lore. There was a superb miniature cast of Eve; at the fountain, in one corner of the room. Bronzed busts of Milton, Shakspeare, and Sir Walter Scott, stood on the top of the bookcase, and a marble one of Lord Byron, "alone in his glory," frowned upon you from an *escrutoire*.

Clarence himself reclined upon a couple of chairs—your geniuses like to apply things to purposes, for which they were never intended and ran his eye over an article in the "Foreign Quarterly," wherein the reviewer took great pains to prove that Madame Dudevant, alias

George Sand, was an exceedingly moral *writer*, whatever she might be as a *woman*.*

“ Good !” muttered Guilford, “ the scribe is on the wrong side of the hedge of course, but then how can a man display his cleverness by defending a true proposition ?”

Guilford was eminently handsome, and as he lay, a crimson tint suffused over his form by the reflection of one of the curtains, his long, light, curling hair falling back from his magnificent forehead, his dark eyebrows, and deep blue eyes, his proud curling lip, and clear, pale complexion contrasted with the unvarying black of his costume, his fine shape, † set off

* In Lady Bulwer's lively and satirical novel, “ The Memoirs of a Muscovite,” this article is alluded to ; especially the paradoxical comparison between George Sand and Eugene Sue, in which the morality (?) of the former is preferred to the truly noble principles and enlighthened philanthropy of the latter. I must confess that the article in question excited my infinite disgust.

† It will be perceived, perhaps carped at, that I have chosen a hero or heroine of faultless beauty, and not like the mob of my confreres, “ countenances although not strictly handsome,

by a closely buttoned surtout, the delicacy of his feet and hands, and the *laissez aller* of a frame, remarkable for symmetry and strength, would have indeed formed a worthy study for the pencil of an artist. Who says that the present race of men has degenerated from that of bygone days? pshaw! it is the silliest of delusions—though even Homer talked, nearly three thousand years ago, of “such men as live in these degenerated days.” Does anybody suppose that the *trees*, or the *ducks* and *turkeys* have degenerated? Does my ancestral sword, rusted by the lapse of centuries, weigh heavier in my hand than in that of its first possessor? Inspect the armour at the Tower, regard the marble relics of ancient Greece, compare the mummies in the catacombs of Egypt—remains of monarchs, whose very names have been forgotten! Once more pshaw!

“features not perfectly regular,” &c.; my motive in so doing, and in many other instances, will be understood by those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear—a peculiarity by no means so common as is imagined.

The clock struck six, and at the same moment Guilford's bell was rung pretty loudly. Ere its vibrations had ceased the earliest of the young lawyer's guests made his appearance, the punctual Lord Harrowdrake.

"How do you do, my lord?" said Clarence rising, and throwing aside his book.

"As well as can be expected;" replied his lordship, "by the way, Guilford, did you hear of that terrible accident the other day?"

"Not a word, but I shall be happy to be enlightened," said Guilford with a smile.

"Well, you see, there was a cart full of bone dust going along Holborn, when a little boy, suffering unfortunately from a cataract in both eyes, fell down under the wheels, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' or even 'Jack' without the 'Robinson,' the right wheel went over his head, he uttered a piercing shriek, and all his brains were scattered over the stockings of a young woman just crossing the road."

"He was killed of course?"

“Dead as mutton,” said Lord Harrowdrake gravely, taking snuff from a curious box, formed of an infant’s skull, set in silver.

Lord Harrowdrake had become celebrated in society through his *penchant*, for horrible stories, and newspaper accidents, which he retailed to his acquaintance with infinite gusto, adding horror to horror with a refinement of invention perfectly appalling.

“Good heavens how horrible!” exclaimed Clarence, when his noble friend had recited the above, entertaining anecdote.

“Ah!” said Harrowdrake, “that was nothing to the case of—”

Just then there was another ring at the bell, and the vivacious Mr. Omnibus Wiggleton, accompanied by Mr. Melville, entered the room.

“I’ll tell you the other case at dinner,” said his lordship looking rather vexed at the interruption.

“Spare us good Lord! spare our appetites,

and at least wait till the dessert," exclaimed Omnibus, shaking hands with the peer.

"What, *you* back again?" said Lord Harrowdrake, "I thought you told me at Paris that you never meant to return to London. By the way, what devilish luck you used to have at *Roulette*; and by the way, how is the little fiery-whiskered marquis?"

"He is alive and well himself, but as for his whiskers—*quod rerum omnium est primum*—they are like Ainsworth's masquerading antiquities, no longer *red*, but dyed a beautiful, purple brown, quite refreshing to behold."

"And how is H——, the man who shaved his own nose off in a fit of abstraction?"

"Gone to another—query, *better* world. He shuffled off this mortal coil about six weeks ago, and the last time I had an interview with him was at the *Morgue*!"

"And how did he look?" enquired the lover of horrors, eagerly.

“ He did not look at all,” replied the provoking Wiggleton, “ he was dead, and had his eyes shut.”

Here the dinner made its appearance. The little party were soon seated. A great beauty in a round table is, that there is neither top nor bottom, which saves me the bore of describing the position of Guilford’s guests. They had all met one another frequently before, so there was no ceremony ; which, as my friend P—— says, is the white-choker of society.

“ Why did you not put some more anchovy sauce into the bottle ?” said Guilford, frowning at his diminutive tiger, who instantly disappeared with the empty cruet.

“ Like your lordship’s tenant the other day,” said Melville, “ Guilford declines the lees, (lease).” Melville was occasionally given to professional puns. He was of the middle height, with dark, intelligent features, and about the same age as his employer.

“ Talking of *lees*,” said Lord Harrowdrake,

“ I remember once a case of a surgeon having some very concentrated prussic acid in a bottle, the contents of which he had used up, as he thought, when one day his assistant, mistaking the bottle for a clean one, sent a black draught or some such horrid, vulgar medicine, to a poor man with a family of eleven small children, who were all left fatherless the next morning.”

“ Why that was not half so bad,” said Wiggleton, bent upon out Harrow-draking Harrow-drake, “ as the man who threw some infernal barrels of—what’s the name of the stuff?—into a stream running through a village in Yorkshire, and poisoned all the inhabitants excepting one, who was a teetotaller, and always drank his *cordials neat!*”

“ Ha! ha! ha!” laughed his lordship “ that was good!—you are a trump, Wiggleton, my boy—wine with you !”

“ What do you suppose will be the fate of the present ministry ?” said Guilford on politics intent.

“ Coningsby will cut his own throat like Castlereagh,” replied Harrowdrake, “ I’ll trouble you for a little more of that goose.”

“ I wish this *goose* I am cutting up were the Young England party,” said Guilford laughing.

“ A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and yet I fear there is as little chance of Coningsby cutting his jugular, as of his cutting his chum, Ben Sidy. Everything is going to rack and ruin, the infernal Jews are canvassing all the votes, and outbidding the Christians everywhere.”

“ I should like to see that Sidonia impaled, (though indeed he is pale enough already),” said Harrowdrake, good-humouredly smiling at the humane idea.

“ In that case,” said Guilford, “ he would resemble a city man after lunching at Joe’s—having a *steak* in his body.”

“ He might have had *chops* though—fancy being chopped to pieces with a wooden hatchet,

(notched) in the American Indian style," suggested Harrowdrake, riding his friend's pun to death without a shadow of remorse, as cockney equestrians do hired hacks when they are *out for a gallop*," and quietly helping himself to some asparagus.

"Talking of such *really* painful operations, some Sillery would not be amiss," said Clarence, and the champagne corks flew to the ceiling; which gave his lordship an opportunity of narrating how a friend of his had lost an eye under similar circumstances.

"Just as my father lost his *site* once, through a coal mine being discovered on the very spot he was about to build a house upon," said the ever facetious Wiggleton.

"Let the table be cleared!"

The cloth disappeared—like Giaffir's train in the *Bride of Abydos*, and was replaced by an excellent dessert, consisting of two dishes of filberts, one of cinnamon biscuits, and the usual

quantity of those deleterious compounds termed port and sherry.

“ De bess ting you can do wit dis dam—vot you call—heavy vet?” said Count B——, “the——an *chargé d'affaires* is, send him vere dis come frome—*á la porte!*”

“ And as for Xeres you cannot be too *chary* of it!” say I—thank God! my dear reader, that you are a Spanish scholar. Who would not be so, when Spanish, ‘without a master,’ is to be had so cheaply.*

However, there was a jug of claret, (*chateau Lafitte*) ample in its crystal dimensions, which Lord Harrowdrake contemplated admiringly for a moment or two, then exclaimed with the utmost *sang froid*—

* There is no mode so agreeable, so easy, and above all, so expeditious for acquiring a language, as reading a work in the said language with a translation thereof—the more literal the better—in your own. I speak from personal experience, and were I about to commence studying Chinese to-morrow, should pursue this never failing plan, which is the fundamental principle of the pamphlets alluded to.

“What a beautiful color—absolutely *gory*!”

“So was the mad bull in Smithfield the other day,” said Wiggleton.

“I hear Sidonia means to put up for the City,” said Guilford.

“Then the City will be put up for auction,” said Omnibus interjectionally.

“So does Moses of the Minorities,” said Melville, “I had it yesterday, at Guildhall, from an authentic source.”

“Who is to oppose the circumcised dogs?” enquired Lord Harrowdrake.

“Baring, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell, they say.”

“I should say, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and Baring,” said Guilford.

“*Apropos de bottes*, have you read Lady Bulwer Lytton’s *Muscovite*?” said Wiggleton.

“No,” replied Clarence, “I never even heard of it, and recently I have been too busy writing novels to trouble myself much about the productions of others, but I am a

great admirer of Lady Lytton, I think her one of the wittiest writers of modern fiction."

"I never read funny things," said his lordship, "I like something exciting, a little sanguinary! Anastasius is the only comic tale I ever liked, and then there is a murder or two in every other chapter."

"I belong to a book-society," said Melville, "and as my name is last on the list, I get the *new* works a year or two after they come out; I shall get the Muscovite next autumn I expect."

"Ha! ha! that is what you lawyers would call a *contingent remainder*, I suppose? but my reason for asking whether you had read the book, was, because I purposed quoting from it a good thing, which would otherwise have been an old story. Ben Sidonia it appears went to a *soirée* somewhere, in a pair of tight, velvet pantaloons, and having seated himself on a *roué* seat, it made so perceptible an impression upon his nether man, that he rose with the

brand of *cane* upon his velvet incomprehensibles.”†

“ Bravo !” said Guilford.

“ Good !” said Melville.

“ Not half so good,” muttered Lord Harrow-

† In justice to Lady B----’s facetiousness, I subjoin this exquisitely humorous anecdote in her own words.

“ ——— But show me the amiable Mr. Solomons.”

“ There—that man attitudinising on that ottoman with the long black, greasy ringlets, who looks like the black princely devil in the book of Chinese Superstitions.”

“ What an odd looking animal !”

“ Oh ! he is quite christianlike and commonplace to what he used to be,” said Germain, “ I never shall forget his début some time ago at old Lady C—’s, when he burst upon the astonished world in ruffles ! and black velvet incomprehensibles ; he then knew nobody, and was sitting alone in his glory, balancing himself in a fine you—be—d—d sort of attitude on a cane-bottomed chair without alas ! considering that cane and velvet were born foes ; for when he rose, it was with a fine fac-simile of the chair over that portion of his black velvets which was for ever out of his sight, and Lady ----- stifling a laugh, asked me who on earth he was ? ‘ Solomons the Jew,’ said I. ‘ The wandering Jew apparently,’ added she, ‘ for he has evidently the brand of CAIN upon him.’”

MEMOIRS OF A MUSCOVITE. vol. 2. p. 154.

Neither the first nor the last time that Mr. ——— has made himself a marked man very superfluously, I conceive.

drake, "as Captain Marryat's story of the man who sat down in the hot frying pan at the pic-nic party, and afterwards eat castor oil with his salad."

"How is it," said Guilford "that one hears, comparatively speaking so little of Lady Bulwer Lytton's works?"

"Firstly, they are not puffed," said Omnibus, "secondly, they are run down by a vile clique, headed by a superlative scamp, and a notorious old woman."

"Do you think," said Harrowdrake, "that what she says *can* be true of the treatment she has received?"

"I believe her for one," said Wiggleton, "she is so perfectly consistent in her story."

"Well," said Guilford, "if only a tenth part of what I have heard is fact, she has been the victim of the most unmanly brutality it is possible to conceive. But it appears to me, that to secure her, at least, the triumph over public opinion, one thing alone is necessary—that her

works should be extensively read. Their undeniable talent—their brilliant wit and piercing satire *must* make its way; and to effect this object no pains will be spared. There *are* men whom a *clique* cannot crush, who, when they have once commenced a good work rest not until it is finished. Trust me before long the sentimental old gentleman—ere-while

“ The gifted boy with sandy hair,
And eyes of devilish blue.”

will find himself in a minority. As for his stupid little brother—”

“ Good God!” cried Harrowdrake, “ pray don’t mention him. Read his ‘ Gallia,’ it is too horrible *even for me!* Why, sir, I nearly died of a lock jaw I contracted through yawning over its platitude!”

“ Let us change the subject,” said Guilford, putting some *eau de Cologne* on his handkerchief from a flacon on the mantelpiece.

Another jug of claret here made its appearance, and the conviviality of the little party

rose with a *crescendo* movement. Suddenly an awful groan was heard, then a terrific shriek, followed by a noise as of some one violently kicking against a door.

“What can it be?” said Guilford.

“It comes from the office, I think,” said Melville.

They rose simultaneously, and Omnibus Wiggleton and Lord Harrowdrake, curious to see “what was the row!” followed them from the room. On their entering the office the noise ceased, and a voice from a cupboard in the corner of the room exclaimed piteously—

“Do let me out, Bob, that’s a good fellow, I’ll never tell Melville again, when you charge omnibus fare for pretended errands of Mr. Guilford’s—d———n your eyes, you young villain, unlock the door directly!”

“What is the meaning of this?” said Guilford, laughing as Melville threw the door of the closet open, and a man in a seedy brown coat, and a great perspiration rushed out.

“ If you please, sir, Bob locked me in,” stammered the poor clerk, who was quite exhausted by the violence of his efforts.

The fact was that Melville having left the office at his usual hour to join Guilford's party, Bob Smith, the office boy, and Wiggins, the copying clerk, had remained to copy and examine a deed which was to be signed on the following morning. In a closet, in a corner of the room, was a washing basin, to which, after finishing his work, Wiggins had applied himself, and Bob, facetiously availing himself of the opportunity offered, had closed the door of the closet on his hapless comrade, after which, as it was a rainy evening, he deliberately enveloped himself in Mr. Melville's zephyr, and departed from the office, leaving Wiggins to his fate, which, had not Guilford dined at home, would probably have been to pass the night in a not very enviable position, with a strong chance of death by suffocation into the bargain.

“ You seem faint,” said Guilford, “ take a glass of wine, it will do you good.”

“ Drink !” cried Omnibus, who was beginning to get rather bacchanalian ; and he held the claret jug to the mouth of his victim. The unsteadiness of his hand thwarted his philanthropic intentions ; more than half the genial fluid finding its way up the nose and on to the clothes of poor Wiggins, who moreover not being accustomed to claret, thought it a very sour, uncomfortable potation, and was extremely glad to make his escape home, when a scolding from his wife on the score of his spoilt cravat awaited him. But Wiggins heeded it not ; sweet were his thoughts of revenge upon Bob Smith, the perfidious, and he at length fell asleep, cogitating as to how he could enlighten Mr. Melville with regard to the fraudulent omnibus fares, and of the oft appropriated wrapper, without drawing a share of the blame upon his own particular shoulders. Unfortunately both Guilford and Melville thought it a capital joke,

and as the zephyr was no longer of the fashionable cut, the latter bestowed it shortly afterwards upon the wicked and designing Bob. Alas! it is but rarely in this world that the goddess Astrea takes apartments in a legal neighbourhood!

“ I say, Harrowdrake,” cried Wiggleton as they left Lincoln’s Inn Fields on their homeward way, “ it strikes me that when you go to Hades your advice will be devilishly useful in the way of inventing new torments and all that sort of thing.”

“ Consultation -- thirteen and fourpence,” murmured Melville.

“ Suppose the Nelson column were to fall on us and crush us to mummies!” hiccupped Lord Harrowdrake.

“ We should be what Mr. Mantalini would term, ‘ demd moist unpleasant bodies,’ ” quoted Omnibus.

“ Cab, sir, cab?”

“ Yes,” said Harrowdrake, “ ho—hollo!”

“ Where shall I drive you to ? ”

“ Where to ? The shortest cut to Jericho, and mind you drive fast ! ”

“ The Fleet prison,” whispered Omnibus to the cabman, slipping a shilling into his hand.

“ Well, good night,” growled the peer, “ hope you will not get run over—or fall down an area—on some spikes, going home—you—ap—pear—ra—rather unsteady—on your—le—le—legs—I shall—look—‘ Morning Post ’—to-morrow—purpose ! ”

“ Good night ! ”

“ Goo—” the rest was lost in the interior of the cab as it rattled away towards the *prison*.

“ I locate in Baker Street, at my aunt Lady Madden’s *pro tempore*,” said Wiggleton.

“ And I in the New Road close bye,” said Melville, so they reeled on together.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS.

A *conversazione* differs from a ball in one most material point ; viz., that whereas at a ball it is usual to leave a small, open space in the centre of the rooms, for the purpose of walking about in queer figures, a proceeding ludicrously denominated dancing, (waltz and *polka* excepted), at a *conversazione* every available inch of room may be crowded with perspiring and ice-devouring humanity.

Lady Madden's *conversazione* was really devoted to the purpose implied by the word—

conversation. To facilitate which, she had engaged a few demi-professional singers. Everybody knows how much more delightful it is to converse with a singing accompaniment. As Guilford entered the saloon, four vocalists of the male genus, were singing that fine German quartett, "*Es war ein Ratt, im Keller Nest,*" composed by Liszt,‡ during a lucid inter-

‡ It was once my fate to pass a night at the cidevant convent of Nonnenwerth, whilst Liszt was staying there with his lady love. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, my friend Baron von R----- was for paying a visit to the musician. I remonstrated in vain; he persisted that virtuosi were not regulated by the same code as ordinary mortals, and accordingly at ten o'clock at night, we sent up our cards to the great pianist. Liszt however was suffering from a violent attack of the face-ache; so we supped and went to bed without seeing him.

"Never mind," said R——, "to-morrow will do, it was certainly rather late for a visit."

"He must have thought us very eccentric people," said I looking out of the window on the Moonlit Rhine with the "casted crag" close by. At this moment, it was midnight, the virtuoso began to fantasieren in the wildest and most heart-stirring manner, far superior to anything I ever heard him do in a concert room. How long he continued his melodious tones, I know not, for both R—— and myself were soon

val. I need scarcely remark that the words are to be found in Goethe's Faust.

“Did you ever hear Liszt?” said B——, the theatrical manager, to our friend Wiggleton, the bow of whose neckcloth, (vulgo, white choker) bore considerable resemblance to the sails of a windmill, and would have frightened Mr. George Brummel into fits, had he been alive and present to have seen it!

“Yes, several times,” replied Omnibus, “he was quite the rage whilst I was at Berlin, nothing else was talked of by the women. They put his coffee-grounds into their smelling bottles, and stole his kid gloves as relics wherever he went. Von Hagn, the celebrated actress, tried to fascinate him, and got nicknamed (very unjustly) the female Werther. Tickets for his concerts were at a premium.

lulled into a delicious repose, abundant in the happiest dreams I dare say, although I really cannot now remember what mine were about. Liszt is a man of remarkably gentlemanly address and not yet quite spoilt by adulation.

There was a vulgar report that he always drank the *first glasses* of half a dozen of Sillery before entering the concert-rooms, to make his fingers *slippery*, and that he occasionally struck a note with his *nose* in moments of enthusiasm, and very difficult passages. As for Thalberg his fame at Berlin was completely demolished. I met Liszt once at an evening party, and found him a very agreeable personage, but, like most great musicians a little one-sided."

"Did you see 'Antigone' performed at Berlin?"

"What the Greek tragedy?—yes, it was well got up, everything in perfect keeping, altar of Bacchus and all, and yet it did not give you exactly the idea of the antique. The king had a snub nose, and all the actors seemed to want refinement, besides the twelve syllabled, Iambic verses, (*not* Alexandrines) sounded strangely to our modern ears. However, it 'took' amazingly, and the entrance prices were raised. I wonder you have never tried any-

thing of the kind in England, people would go to see a Greek tragedy, though they won't to see Shakespeare perhaps."

"They might, anything foreign is attractive."

"Do you think it will ever be practicable to maintain an English theatre for the legitimate drama?"

"Ah!" sighed B——, "I've asked that dreadful question of the *stars!*"

"And what was their reply?"

"They told me to raise their salaries. But joking apart, I have no doubt that at small theatres the *soi disant* legitimate drama may succeed,* perhaps at Drury Lane and Covent Garden provided new tragedies were brought out instead of that eternal *Shakkespearey*, as the Frenchman called him; above all if the

* "Sadlers Wells," I hear, is an instance in point which proves that the vulgar are the true patrons of the legitimate drama.

stage were disincumbered of such humbugging mannerists as Mr. Macready."

"I say, Guilford," said Wiggleton, "who is that tall, sharp-featured man that just past us?"

"The author of Ion. I saw him a week or two ago at a scientific and literary institution in the city, which curiosity had induced me to visit, for although I do not think such institutions so important as Lord Gymnastic Manners, there can be no doubt of their moral and beneficial tendency. The learned serjeant is a vice-president of the institution, and took the chair on this occasion. He had to address the assembly, which was very numerous, and apparently very respectable—'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he began, 'I have been requested to take the chair at a meeting of the Lon—don Sci—en—ti—fic and Lit—e—rary In—sti—tu—tion,' and actually pretended to spell through his eye-glass, the name of a society to

which he *condescended* to be vice-president. Is it possible, thought I, that a man capable of such arrogant and foppish vulgarity, could have written anything so gentlemanly, classical, and dull as the tragedy of Ion?"

"You had better make enquiries of the *flowing* streams that lucid *flow* for ever," said the manager smiling.

"And would they answer me as tautologically?"

"I think not. By the way Shortford is one of the most hard-mouthed counsel at the bar; he is quite as rough, and often much coarser than many of his brethren more renowned for their skill in vituperation. I never shall forget how he blackguarded me when I brought my action against one of my actors for an assault."

Guilford, who hated a crowd, had but one object in coming to Lady Madden's party—to see Atalanta. Whilst he was looking about him with this object, his eyes suddenly en-

countered those of his friend and client, Lord Harrowdrake, who instantly made up to him.

“ Ah, Guilford, how are you?—tremendously hot! not quite so hot as the copper at the distillery a poor devil fell into yesterday, but still infernally warm. I suppose you heard of poor Lady Berville falling down and breaking her nose against a scraper, in getting out of her pony-phæton the other day. Shocking disfigurement! By the way, were you at the sale of Cutandrun’s pictures a few days since?”

“ No—I did not hear of it until it was all over. Did you buy anything?”

“ Oh, yes, I got a fine composition by one of Domenichino’s pupils; it went off so low I was almost ashamed to bid for it.”

“ What is the subject?”

“ Oh a magnificent conception! an *auto da fe*! one can almost fancy one sees the victims writhe!”

“ What a triumph of art!”

“ You may well say so, it is indeed superb :

but come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and judge for yourself, I would not part with it for a thousand pounds."

"Did you make any other acquisition?"

"No, but there was a painting by an unknown hand, of a Jew being grilled by Richard Cœur de Lion, on his parlor fire. I bid very high for it, but Mr. ———, the banker, seemed disposed to go any lengths, so being as you know, rather hard up, I was obliged, to give in. It was bitterly disappointing! If you had but seen the agony depicted on the Jew's features—so natural, so exquisitely painful."

"Ah!" said Guilford laughing, "I am afraid we must not hope for a repetition of such luxuries as *auto da fes*, or grilled Israelites now-a-days."‡

"The good old times are past!" rejoined his lordship, "there *was* a time, when, if a vulgar,

‡ For the benefit of the 'new spirit of the age' who cut up Tom Ingoldsby, I beg leave to state that Guilford is here speaking ironically. There is nothing like precaution.

purse-proud, citizen, had presumed to outbid a Baron at a picture sale, he might have expiated his audacity in a nice damp subterranean dungeon, chained hand and foot, and kept upon short commons,‡ perhaps ultimately starved to death to save the trouble of knocking his plebeian brains out."

"Those were the much lauded feudal times," said Guilford, "and they might well be termed *few'd all*, for by Allah! the few had so much that there was nothing left for the many."

"Punning again!" said Harrowdrake, "but I do believe there are some men who you may even see *die* jesting."

"You may see me *digesting* every day—after dinner," retorted Clarence.

"Well!" said his lordship, "to return to our muttuns, I wish that Mr. ——, had lived

‡ Had he been a chartist this would scarcely have been a very happy punishment as "Annual Parliaments," may certainly be regarded as "short commons."

in the feudal, or few'd all times. I would have taught him the respect due to his superiors!" and the admirer of the "good old times," took a pine-apple ice to cool the ferment of his spirits produced by the recollection of his disappointment.

At length Guilford caught a glimpse of Miss Maddens. She was dancing with a young man of about twenty, who seemed to pay her the most marked attentions, which she certainly, to judge by her smiles and blushes, by no means disapproved of. A dark frown gathered upon Clarence's brow; he expected to have found her *distrain*, annoyed at his absence, and longing for his arrival. Indeed I query whether at the moment Lord Harrowdrake himself was more disappointed at the loss of the grilled Jew, than Guilford at Atalanta's gaiety.

"Who is that talking to Miss Maddens?" said he to Ensign Springdale of the Guards, who stood beside him.

"The Marquis of Wilton," replied the

Guardsman, apparently very much shocked at our hero's ignorance.

“And who is he?” said Guilford carelessly.

“Who is he?” repeated Springdale, who, happening to enjoy the honor of the young Marquiss's acquaintance, regarded him as such an extraordinary personage that “not to know him argued yourself unknown.” “Who is he?—why he is devilish rich, and one of the nicest fellows I know.”

“Oh! you know him,” rejoined Guilford, treating that important fact as quite a matter of course, which vastly surprised Mr. Springdale, to whom, (he was of plebeian origin) it appeared a circumstance, ‘rather out of the common.’ “What sort of a person is he,” continued Guilford, “witty—accomplished—clever?”

“A perfect trump,” replied Springdale, “and quite a devil amongst the women!”

“You will be a trump, and a devil too—

when you are a Marquis," said Clarence moving away.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Springdale without knowing why.

Guilford seated himself in a recess and deliberately weighed his own advantages against those of the Marquis of Wilton. In point of rank and fortune, there could of course be no comparison. To be sure his uncle was a baronet, and one of the largest landholders in his country. His revenues were nearly double those of the Marquis of Wilton, but then he had two sons, both grown up, and capital lives, so that there was no chance there. On the other hand, Guilford possessed talents and acquirements, such as few men are endowed with, and had besides priority of claim upon the heart of Atalanta in his favor. He was moreover a popular author, and a man of considerable celebrity in the world of science and literature, which species of distinction weighs

much with a proud woman. Finally, he possessed indomitable courage and perseverance, a most powerful adjunct to success.

It may be objected that all this was mere castle building. That possibly the Marquis of Wilton did not care a farthing for Miss Atalanta Maddens, nor she for the Marquis, and that above all it was quite out of character with so strong-minded and masculine a disposition as that of Clarence Guilford to permit jealousy, the green-eyed monster to make such rapid strides upon premises to unimportant. But I have already told you that Guilford possessed profound knowledge of mankind; a single glance at that index of the soul, the countenance of Lord Wilton, was sufficient to convince him that his lovely partner was no longer an object of indifference. A few minutes more, and he doubted not but that the young peer had fallen desperately in love with her—at first sight too, the most common, and

at the same time, the most lasting of passions. An hour ago if any one had told him of Lord Wilton becoming his rival, he would have scoffed at the idea of danger to his own suit, but now, whilst gazing on Atalanta's countenance, radiant with pleasure, he felt that it would be requisite to make some exertion, lest the prize he had deemed already won should be worn by another.

Clarence approached the group comprising his cousin and the Marquis. The latter was rattling away with considerable brilliancy. His rank and the respect it everywhere insured, gave him confidence beyond his years. His conversation was certainly trivial, but he uttered his nonsense so imposingly, that his auditors, especially the female portion of them, looked upon him as little short of an oracle. Then he flattered—not with that polished refinement which alone should be permitted in civilised society—but like a *roturier*, thickly

and plumply, carrying it off however with an air of great frankness as if he really meant it, and could not for the life of him help speaking his mind. Had he been a nobody it would have been termed 'insolent coarseness,' but being a Marquis, it came under the head of 'charming *'naivété.'* By the great Hermes, God of thieves and liars! 'tis a discriminating world!

Guilford wished his cousin good evening. She blushed deeply, for although not actually engaged, a sort of tacit understanding had for some time past existed between them. Atalanta felt sure from the expression of his features that Guilford had not remarked her flirtation with the Marquis. Poor girl! she might as well have striven, like the astrologers of old, to read her fortunes in the stars, as to form the slightest conception of the thought within, from the inscrutable dial of Clarence's countenance.

"It is an animated scene," said Guilford

looking round, "and you might well say in the words of Manfred with a slight alteration.

"I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the dandies bow,
 And darken each mustachoe'd face--
 Say, what with me would'st thou?"

concluded Atalanta laughing. Atalanta really laughed, she neither giggled nor simpered. Bosworth's hero liked an honest hater, but give *me* an honest *laugher*! quite a rarity in this age of solemn hypocrisy. To be honest in any way, as Hamlet tells us, 'is to be one man picked out of ten thousand,' but an honest laugher is indeed *nigro similima cygno!*"

"I say, Sidonia," said Mr. Botherwhack to his political pastor and master, "that is Edwin Landseer, the great animal painter—there—standing by Lady Maddens."

"Indeed," said the Mosaic Arabian, "then, by Jove! I shall lose no time in effecting my escape."

“Why,” said Botherwhack, “you are not afraid of his making a study of *you*?”

“I don’t know,” said Sidonia, “I hear that he is painting a group of puppies for the next exhibition!” and Coningsby’s wise historian hastily departed.

“Springdale!” said Wiggleton, who had overheard the above colloquy. “Why is Edwin Landseer, entering his *atelier*, like a ruined rake?”

“I do not know, and I am sure I cannot guess,” replied the veracious ensign.

“Because he is *going to the dogs* of course,” replied Omnibus triumphantly.

“Allow me to introduce you to the Marquis of Wilton,” said Atalanta to Guilford.

“Delighted to make the acquaintance of so famous a man,” said the young Marquis. “Your uncle, Sir Reginald, is a neighbour of mine, but he is getting very feeble, poor old gentleman. I saw him only a fortnight ago, he spoke of you in the highest terms.”

“ I am glad to hear it, though I scarcely ventured to hope that it was the case.”

“ Why it is rather surprising,” said Lord Wilton, “ for, *entre nous*, your two cousins did not say anything very amiable of you—puppy and bookworm were the most complimentary of their epithets.”

“ Luckily I am equally independent of my uncle’s generosity, and their malice,” said Clarence, still there was surely nothing very mercenary in the recollection, that when a few months ago he had himself drawn up Sir Reginald’s will, a *blank* had been left after the name of Clarence Guilford to be filled up at leisure. Whether his uncle would ever do so, and to what extent, was still a matter of speculation.

“ Dear me, is that Mr. Guilford, author of ‘ The Last of the Aborigines ? ’ ” said a lady, still a *pretension* and a blue stocking, “ pray introduce him to me, Mr. Wiggleton—I know

you are quite a lion-tamer—a perfect literary Van Amburg.”

Omnibus hastened to execute his commission, and poor Guilford, held in bondage by the remorseless Mrs. Lovescribe perceived, to his ineffable mortification, that the young lord supplied his place by Atalanta's side so much to her satisfaction that she never even turned her eyes in the direction of her victimised lover.

At length he made his escape, devoutly cursing the unputying blue stocking, (*azure hose*, in American,) and trying to persuade himself, with regard to his cousin, that a woman who allowed herself to be dazzled by the rank and superficial accomplishments of a mere boy was scarcely worth loving. There was something too in her manner towards himself so different from the embarrassed familiarity to which he had been accustomed, and yet how beautiful she looked! what a pity that eyes so soft and brilliant should flash to the

twaddle of a silly lord! pity that so exquisitely shaped a bosom should contain so undiscerning a heart.

“ Good God !” thought Clarence, “ if she could but imagine how passionately, how intensely I love her—but I fear that she is like the rest of her sex—vain, frivolous, and interested !”

“ I say, Wiggleton,” said Springdale, “ Miss Maddens has made a conquest of the young Marquis, and no mistake.”

“ So I perceive,” said Omnibus, “ but she might have spared herself the trouble, for she is all but positively engaged to my cousin, Clarence Guilford.”

“ Hum !” said the guardsman, “ she treated him rather coolly at any rate this evening.”

“ And so even that padded monkey can remark her neglect,” muttered Guilford, and directed his steps towards the door. As he was leaving the room he met Lord Harrow-

drake, and was about to pass him, when that entertaining nobleman seized him by the button and exclaimed—

“ Guilford, my dear fellow ! have you heard the news ? Shocking affair to be sure—but don’t be agitated. I heard it just now from a gentleman, who came up by the next train. There has been a terrible accident on the —ern railway.”

Clarence struggled to get loose, *he* cared not about railway accidents, as indeed men in general care very little about misfortunes that do not immediately affect their own interests.

“ Stay !” exclaimed Harrowdrake, “ you have not heard all ; several people were killed, and amongst others, the two sons of your uncle, Sir Reginald Guilford—ah ! you are not in such a hurry now.”

“ My cousins ! is it possible ?” said Guilford, “ do not trifle with my feelings ? are you certain—*quite* certain ?”

“ There can scarcely be any mistake, I am happy to say, for the person who gave me the intelligence—there he is, near the piano—himself saw the dead bodies—they were terribly mutilated, I understand.”

Guilford did not wait to hear more; he went up to the gentleman pointed out, and although unacquainted with him, at once addressed him, by mentioning his name and relationship to the deceased. Lord Harrowdrake's statements were completely confirmed, and our hero quitted Lady Maddens's saloons, his heart throbbing with contending emotions.

He had met with a *deus exmachina* in his own history, far more extraordinary than he ever should have ventured to introduce into his romances. But thus it is; we daily meet with realities, which if described in a novel, would be termed “outrageously improbable,” whilst we read in history absurd and impossible fictions with the most undoubting and implicit confidence.

How difficult it is in this world to distinguish the true from the false, may be exemplified by the proverbial though contradictory saying that even—"truth *lies* at the bottom of a well."

CHAPTER III.

THE INHERITANCE.

GUILFORD rose early the next morning after a particularly restless night. Not that he did not sleep; but there is a species of slumber which anything but resembles repose, which not only does not refresh, but absolutely fatigues the wearied body. All night long Guilford was harassed by the most terrible dreams, struggling with foes of the most hideous aspect, who seemed to overcome him more through the failure of his own strength, than through their physical superiority, rambling through

interminable vaults, and falling from immense heights into a raging torrent of melted sealing-wax; then he was chained down to the trams of a railroad, and all but cut in pieces by a locomotive, after which he broke his nose against a scraper—died of the cholera morbus, and finally imagined himself at a fashionable *soiree* without any boots on! Everybody seemed to be laughing at, and quizzing him, in vain he took refuge behind ottomans, in the recesses of the windows, and beneath the tables; Lord Harrowdrake, in the garb of a grand Inquisitor, pursued him with a red hot toasting-fork in his hand, with which he constantly endeavoured to rap the dreamer's unprotected toes, thus causing him to take the most surprising leaps, whilst Omnibus Wiggleton and Ensign Springdale were dancing the polka round the room with almost incredible velocity, and the Marquis of Wilton was kissing Miss Atalanta Maddens in the background.

At length Guilford, in the desperate hope of

escaping his lordly persecutor, made a spring of superhuman agility and jumped clean through the ceiling of the room, smashing a couple of chandeliers in his passage, but alas! true to the laws of gravitation, he again descended. Lord Harrowdrake held up his toasting-fork to catch him, and—he awoke in a cold perspiration, as much exhausted as if he had been up all night at billiards.

“ His sword the brave man draws,
And owns no omen but his country’s cause.”

Guilford was not a man to be frightened by a nightmare—even by one of that most unpleasant species, a conventional nightmare, without any boots on—nevertheless, he rang the bell as soon as he was dressed, and said to his servant—

“ James! put another pair of Wellingtons into my portmanteau, and run for a postchaise directly, I shall start for —shire directly after breakfast.”

The tiger vanished.

Clarence might have reached his destination somewhat quicker by railway, but in his then state of mind, solitude became almost a necessity. How changed were all his prospects within the last four and twenty hours! what a difference between the young, rising professional man and the heir expectant to a baronetcy, with fifteen thousand a year! His uncle too was very old and infirm, so that these *agremens* were seen in a not very distant perspective.

However he had not much time for reflection; the post-chaise was at the door, and in a few minutes was whirling him rapidly through the suburbs in the direction of his uncle's abode. On his arrival at "Buverly," he found Sir Reginald in a very dangerous state; the shock caused by the news of the terrible death of his sons, had been too much for his already shattered constitution. Ten days afterwards he expired.

"Clarence," said he, as he was dying, "you

have great talents—by my death you will inherit great wealth ; but remember that the rich should be but the stewards of the poor. Stand up for the people and their *rights*. Be a man of *action*, not a mere utterer of well-sounding phrases and polished periods. Be guided by your own approving conscience, and not by the opinions of a clique, be it a new or an old one. Above all learn from the inmost depths of your soul to loathe and despise that most hateful of vices—a selfish ambition !”

These were the last words of Sir Reginald Guilford.

With the exception of a legacy of twelve thousand pounds to his sister’s son, Omnibus Wiggleton, the bulk of his personal property was left to Sir Clarence, to whom the estates descended as heir in tail. Wealth and title were now his, youth and beauty, genius and health, and yet Sir Clarence Guilford was sad and melancholy.

It was not his uncle’s death that alone

caused his sadness, Love, the all-ruling God, asserted his empire over the young baronet's mind, and the vision of Atalanta Maddens filled his waking dreams, but it was not love of that happy, confiding character that brings ecstatic bliss to the mind; he loved a coquette, and knew that, at the best, success was extremely doubtful.

He sat at breakfast one morning, when a servant entered with the 'Morning Post.' He opened it listlessly; an *on dit* caught his eye. "We understand that Miss Maddens, only daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Maddens is about to be united to the young Marquis of Wilton, who has just attained to his majority."

"A thousand devils sieze the man who penned those lines!" exclaimed Guilford, overturning the coffee-pot in his excitement, which discharged a portion of its contents over his legs. This practical proof that misfortunes never come single, so exasperated our hero that he kicked over the table, and involved the

whole breakfast apparatus in one general smash.

Indeed it is universally acknowledged that those minor evils which more immediately affect our personal comfort, are often felt, for the moment, far more keenly than ills of infinitely greater magnitude which touch us more indirectly. Sir Clarence Guilford never would have kicked over the table merely on account of the paragraph in the newspaper; a curse sufficed to relieve his choler on that score, but scalded legs demanded a hecatomb of crockery.

Still as I said before, Guilford was a philosopher, nor would he in all probability have indulged in such a luxury at his snug chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. There he would have left his passion to the more tedious process of gradual evaporation, but he could now afford to vent his rage occasionally, or, in engineering phrase, to let the steam escape all at once, through the safety valve of demonstration.

The equilibrium of his mind restored, he

ordered another breakfast in another room, and scribbled a note to his cousin Wiggleton, to enquire as to the truth of the report concerning Atalanta.

“Wiggleton’s answer was as concise as it was explicit—

“MY DEAR CLARENCE,

“It is all, (d——n the pen how it splutters!) a mere fabrication.

“Yours ever,

“OMNIBUS.”

P S.

* * * * *

And here followed three closely written pages of news of various kinds, written in a highly entertaining and vivacious manner.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

WE live in an immodest age, an age of advertisements, an age in which every body is puffing his own merits, and trumpeting his own praise. "Take care of number one," is the motto of our modern memoir writers, who by scribbling in the first person singular, take good care not to imitate the old fashioned modesty of the illustrious and hook-nosed Roman. Physicians, tradesmen, servants, masters, companies and individuals of every rank and degree all advertise. "Stick no bills," (as the sparrow

said to the birdlime,) becomes a necessary injunction upon every house with a dead wall or a garden. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

“ To persons about to marry, a ten-roomed house, luxuriously furnished, for—next to nothing—including a wife, and—if required—two or three very amiable children, and every possible comfort, &c.”—Times.

To be sure it is all pure philanthropy. Rowland fills the off pages of the magazines and the advertising columns of the newspapers with large lettered notices of the immortal Macassar, simply for fear the public should be deprived of the inestimable benefits derivable from the use of that talismanic liquid, a single glass of which I have heard it asserted, “ East of Temple Bar,” if swallowed by a born idiot—or even a *Young England* recruit—almost instantaneously renders the former as *downy* an individual as the far-famed ‘ Dobler,’ or the ‘ Wizard of the Arctic regions,’ lately exhibiting his delusions at the Adelphi; whilst on the

latter, its effects are still more extraordinary for the misguided creature forthwith gives up all his *hare-brained* schemes, laughs at the old *whigs*; in short, effects a *radical* change in all his views and opinions, moral as well as political. In the words of a man nobody ever heard of, "Were not Rowland's Macassar made of *castor oil*, it would be the *elixir vitæ*!"

Talking of the *elixir vitæ*, I have just read Ainsworth's "Elixir of Life," in the October number of his magazine. The idea, in his version, would be a good one—had Mrs. Shelley never written "The Immortal," in which *the very scene*—not merely a similar one—is described. How odd that two people should hit upon *precisely* the same idea!

To return to the advertisements. But Mr. Billingsgate Hurry is the man to write you a whole chapter on the subject. He *Londonizes* in the "heavy miscellany" to the great horror of the subscribers, and I have heard from a

source on which not the slightest reliance is to be placed, that there is a negotiation on the *tapis* between him and the illustrious Mr. Grunt, (author of "The Great Metropolis," a work of mundane celebrity,) by which the English Capital is to be divided unequally—Grunt, the great, to have the biggest half of course—between these two *capital* writers. Mr. Billingsgate Hurry is to have the city and borough; Gruntimagne, the residue of the town, including the newspaper offices, and the suburbs to exercise his pen (query, goosequill?) upon. Heavy penalties are agreed upon in case of infringement of the treaty by either party. It is said that Wilde rubbed his hands, and Thesiger smiled sardonically on hearing of this arrangement.

Huge placards were posted on every available wall and palings, whole regiments of billstickers rushed, frantically, along the streets, and a small army of standard bearers (boarded and

lettered) were drawn up in military array opposite the new Exchange. It was the polling day for the city election, and it was Mr. Sidonia's most valiant mob, who, at an early hour of the morning, had taken up the position described. Their standards bore various devices but everything was carefully excluded that might tend to identify the great Mosaic Arab with any definite principles, or class of political opinions.

Two of them ran as follows ;—

“ Rush ye Britons if you're men,
Rush to the poll and vote for Ben !
Vote for the novel generation,
Saviours of the English nation.”

Soon afterwards the adherents of the other candidates began to make their appearance. The placards of Moses, the tailor, were the composition of his own poet laureate—one of the most striking perhaps was—

Never mind what Peel's levée brews,
Vote for Moses and the Hebrews,
 In your breeches,
 By his stitches,
He will sew your treasures;
 To all the town
 It is well known,
He never takes bad measures.

“Sidonia for ever, and down with bribery!” shouted one of that gentleman’s agents, who had just been *lending* trifling sums on no security to some dozens of the electors.

“Young England for ever!” gasped a beardless youth, whose white choker nearly throttled him.

“Everybody for ever!” roared an elector, who having taken bribes on both sides, did not know what to make of his position.

“Two of the agents for the Anti-Hebrew Faction met on Cornhill, looking, as the phrase goes, very much ‘down in the mouth.’”

“Any chance?” said the Russellite,

“None whatever!” replied the Grahamite dismally.

“Stumped?” said the Russellite.

“All up,” replied the Grahamite.

“They must have spent a little.”

“A little!—a plum at the very least!”

There were committees held at all the public-houses. Omnibus Wiggleton having omnibused it down to the Bank to see the fun—was passing along M—— Street, when a notice in the window of a Baring committee-room caught his eye.

“WANTED A POET !”

The ink was yet wet upon the paper—he rushed in, and volunteered his services gratis. They requested a specimen of his talents.

If you would escape perdition,
Vote for Sid and circumcision.

cried Omnibus off-handedly.

“ Bravo !” shouted a committee man.

“ That will be a hit,” said another.

“ Vote for—how does it go on,” said a third, who was writing it down, in order to dispatch it to the printer’s.

“ Sid and circumcision !” said Omnibus.

“ Ha, ha, ha !”

Ten minutes afterwards the bills were to be seen opposite Guildhall, borne triumphantly aloft by two of Baring’s trustiest mobbists.

There was a great deal of eating and drinking going on of course ; also some kidnapping half-tipsy electors, in patent, safety cabs—and driving them to Turnham Green, and Brixton—a little locking up in cellars too, with the usual number of black eyes and fractured craniums.

The Mosaic Arabs gained ground rapidly.

O for a voice loud as the roar
That lashes Brighton’s sounding shore.

to warn the misguided voters of the evils yet unborn.

Alas ! they hear nothing but *Moses and the profits*. All is—almost—lost.

* * * * *

Omnibus Wiggleton made a desperate effort to turn the fortunes of the day. Having climbed upon the shoulders of the Wellington statue, he harangued the people below in a style of the most enthusiastic eloquence ; he reminded them that almost every great villain and notable scoundrel since the deluge, had sprung from the Hebrew race. He asked them whether they were aware that Greenacre had been a Jew, also Jack Sheppard, who was descended, by his mother's side, from the Queen of Sheba, and Captain Kyd the celebrated pirate. The sanginary Robespierre, he solemnly assured them was of Mosaic Arabian extraction. He alluded to the notorious Fagin

and his friend, Bill Sikes ; and called *historic* evidence to prove, that from all ages the child of Israel had been a thievish and barbarous nation. Did not Jacob himself, their progenitor, contrive to cheat his own brother Esau out of his birth-right ? Did not the Israelites, when they were permitted to leave Egypt, shabbily pilfer the jewels of the confiding natives ? Finally, Omnibus expressed his conviction, that the devil himself was originally a Jewish fishmonger, and dealer in *soles* at Jerusalem. It was scarcely necessary to observe, that as they grew older they did not improve. The number of rascal Jews about town was perfectly incredible. No spark of generous or chivalric feeling ever entered their calculating and extortionate bosoms. Wherever they went they grew rich upon the spoil of the native inhabitants ; they were the meanest, the sliest, and the most designing set in existence.

He said that the idea of the proud and an-

cient City of London, being represented by men who refused to eat pig, was an enormity too shocking for reflection. It made his hair stand upon end 'like quills upon the fretful *porkupine*,' as the bard expressed it. What would become of the vendors of mock-turkle soup?—echo answered "What!" He bid them beware, lest Judaism should become the established religion of the country; and hinted broadly at a certain 'respectable and ancient rite,' which under those circumstances would probably be established by act of parliament, with a commission to see it put into general execution!

Vain was his eloquence, vain his ingenious plausibility, his appeals to men's better natures, vain even the goodness of the causes he advocated—the *auri sacra fames* carried the day.

* * * * *

He (Sir Postoffice Brownham*) would re-

* So called from the locality in which his ravages were committed, just as Scipio received the name of Africanus &c.

mind them of the universally contented and peaceful state of the country, during the administration to which, he had had the honour to belong. In those days the poor labourers and workmen would have smiled with astonishment, at so common a dish as salmon with lobster sauce; even paupers in the workhouse were never fed upon *mock-turtle* soup! To be sure the *frick-burners* did do some damage, but it was all the result of exuberant, animal spirits, produced by overfeeding, and immoderate indulgence in bottled stout and punch *a la Romaine*, he felt convinced! How *could* they suffer want upon such splendid and sumptuous incomes as seven, eight, and nine shillings a week? why, he himself rarely spent more—in kid gloves!

The people to be sure did grumble at their letters being opened at the post-office. But suppose they had never found it out—"what the eye sees not, the heart grieves not,"—he

had opened hundreds of letters without anybody, excepting himself, being the wiser for it. What harm had it done, he should like to know. But alas! few, very few, were aware of the dangers to which a truly honourable and patriotic ministry was exposed! He had excluded from the committee of enquiry, Mr. Redgo, the only man, it was true, who understood how to sift the matter to the bottom. But then, how dangerous a precedent would it prove, to permit a member of the opposition to call over the coals and bully a secretary of state. But all that was a mere trifle, compared to the great and inestimable blessings he had showered upon the country, by means of his '*Medical Reform*,' which had already effected so much towards clearing off the redundant population throughout the country, that stumbling-block of all modern political economists! Could they select a better man to represent their interests in the British senate?

Futile, the eloquence of the tail-less rat—
Sidonia triumphs, Moses gains the day!

Charge, Russell, charge—on, Baring on—or
all is lost!

The clock struck four. Sidonia, Moses, Lord
John Russell and Mr. Patterson were declared
duly elected. Splendid was the dinner at
which the first named presided. Wondrous and
polysyllabled the words he made use of in his
speech. Fine, independent, generous lan-
guage flowed from his lips, but in his heart
crouched,

Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself
And fall i' th' other.

* * * *

“We are dead beat,” said one electioneering
attorney to another.

“Can we do anything with a bribery peti-
tion?”

“ I fear not, they are so d——d sly. I had spies everywhere—a hundred cases have been reported to me, but not one backed by sufficient evidence.”

“ There is a vulgar opinion afloat that one Englishman is, under any circumstances, a match for twice that number of our Gallic neighbours. However that may be, I feel morally certain, that a single Mosaic Arab, is always fully able to cope with *three* sharp Christian attorneys (not *novos*, Christianos of course,) cunning, though they be in all the cunning of the tribe. But when a man is both a Jew *and* an attorney, in the words of the facetious tourist of the Rhine—

Take care of your pockets—take care of your pockets!

or, to parody a popular ballad—

From the glance of his writ,
Shun ‘ Whitecross’ and flit,
There’s no trifling with Hebrew attorneys.

And now let us take a peep or two at the county elections.

* * * *

Shouts of various kinds, and also a few eggshells and rotten cabbages rent the air ; Lord Gymnastic Customs (son of Duke of Furrowland) came forward on the hustings.

He said he did hope to see the day when "all work and no play" would cease to be the motto of the peasantry (slight hissing) of his native county—it made Jack a dull boy.

A voice from the crowd hinted, that it would be somewhat difficult to make 'Jack' any duller than he was ; and two or three very demure, unresisting persons were kicked and cuffed by some of his lordship's adherents, and further ill-used, when the same mysterious voice termed Lord Gymnastic a stupid *man-*

nerist, who had no more idea of speechifying than a cart-horse.

His lordship continued—"it made Jack a dull boy—for his part, all play and no work had always been his plan, as his speeches in the House of Commons, would amply testify. He hoped to see the day, when grandfathers would play at leap-frog with their children and grandchildren, to the third and fourth generation—when the universal introduction of velocipedes and hobbyhorses, would serve to enliven the Christmas festivities, and the boar's head would again be carried round the castle hall. He did not allude to his own, though perhaps his enemies might regard it as a bore's head; (cries of yes, yes!—no, no! &c.)—he was for restoring the palmy days of old feudal splendor and glory, with all the ancient seignorial rights of the lords of the *manors*, including at weddings—"

Here there was a great uproar, and it was

some time before Lord Customs could again make himself heard. He assured them they had entirely misapprehended his meaning ; he was about to say, including the right at weddings, of presenting the bride with a dowry ; and he trusted there was nothing very objectionable in a chaste salute !

Great applause—"cut away"—"regular brick!" &c. &c.

He reminded them of the times when food and clothing were distributed to the poor, at the gates of each baronial keep ; and did *not* hint that there was in fact nothing on earth to prevent the landed proprietors of the present day, from universally adopting the practice referred to, but the inclination. He was very willing to patronize the New Mechanic's institution, and all that sort of thing ; indeed he had recently seen a complete bound copy of the Penny Magazine, at a book-stall in the Strand, which if it were to be had reasonable, he

would at once purchase, and make them a present of. (great cheering.)

He thought great advantages would accrue to the people, from being called *peasants* instead of labourers, and was eager to impress upon their minds the conviction, that it was much better for the poor to obtain relief as a charitable favour than as a legitimate right.

* * * *

Colonel Slipslop was no humbug, of that he was sure ; but to the best of his belief, everybody else was. He did not wish to intimidate his tenants, but as none of them had, or ever should have, a lease, he would eject, and turn out all who voted against him, as a matter of course. He was not a ' Young Englandite,' though they had tried, and still were trying very hard to get him to join them. He hated the Poor-law—it a was villanous infringement of natural justice, &c. (Great cheers.)

* * * *

Sir Clarence Guilford was a candidate for the representation of the county in which his estates were situated. He alluded with delicacy, in his speech on the hustings, to the mournful circumstances under which he had risen to the station he then occupied. His opinions were—ever had been, and he felt confident would ever remain, *liberal*—— liberal in fact as well as in name. There was nothing he more sincerely detested than faction, and the impudence which under the guise of extended views and enthusiastic independence concealed the narrowest exclusiveness, and the most selfish ambition. He pointed out the monstrous inconsistencies of the Young England creed, their pretended support, and real contempt of the church; their despicable slavishness, which led them to prefer the bondage of despotism, to the safety and freedom of a republican monarchy. He expressed the utmost abhorrence of the feudal system, and

everything that pertained to it, and felt convinced that free-born Englishmen, would never again consent to become mere serfs. In religious matters, he advocated universal tolerance, excepting as regarded the Jews, who he looked upon as a dangerous set of men, possessing a peculiar talent for amassing wealth at the expense of every country they lived in. He regretted that the Emancipation Bill had been passed ; and bid constituents beware of returning members to Parliament of different persuasion from themselves, and, from the obstinacy of their prejudices, and naturally mercenary natures, unworthy of political trust or confidence. He would defend the rights of the poor to the utmost in his power ; he had already lowered his rents, and would endeavour to persuade others to follow his example. He would advocate a minimum of wages to the agricultural labourers, to be regulated by the price of corn. He did not hesitate for a moment to assert, that the

national debt was the grand cause of most of the evils which the country laboured under. Such as excessive taxation, duties on corn, and other necessaries. He proposed to strike at once at the root of the evil, by reducing the interest of the funds five shillings, or one quarter per cent every ten years,* until they were lowered to consolidated two and a half per cents, which would be of immense benefit to the country at large, and seriously injure few people, excepting speculators on the stock exchange, who were mere gamblers and deserved their fate. Moreover, as living would become cheaper, through the medium of free-trade, (he wished the duties to be lowered in proportion to the interest of the national debt), the stock-holders would not be so materially affected as might at first sight appear. He also proposed to levy an additional property tax upon all landed property, which

* See Mr. Buckingham's plan for reducing the national debt, which is, I believe, more complicated and less feasible than that proposed in the text.

being in its nature, less liable to change and vicissitude, than any other species of possession—ought certainly to contribute most towards the public finances, and an additional income-tax upon all commercial and professional men, whose clear, average income exceeded one thousand pounds. Very few people understood the tendency and the exigences of the present times. The day was at hand, he feared, when the rich would regret that they had not exercised a nobler and more generous spirit ; and by the sacrifice of a little, escaped the inevitable loss of all. The few ought to suffer for the good of the many. It was to be apprehended, a recurrence to first principles, would be the result of the grasping oppression of the present generation, if persevered in. He shuddered at the idea of a revolution, but felt that there was a point where human patience failed, where forbearance ceased to be a virtue—that point was starvation !

Many other opinions he expressed upon

various topics—doubtless often erroneously—for what human being is free from error—but always with unmistakable clearness and consistency.

With regard to the corn-laws, he certainly did not look upon the *Bright* side of the question. The jargon of that gentleman and Mr. Cobden, about exchanging foreign corn for home manufactures, was a mere farce. He had travelled on the continent, and seen with his own eyes, the rapid progress their manufacturers were making. In a few years they would be our equals in almost every respect; by levying duties on our exports, they would protect, and very justly, their own productions, and thus virtually exclude us from their markets. In agricultural improvement and extensive emigration, undertaken *with energy and spirit by men of every class*,* he saw the only remedy for the present evils.

But I am writing a novel and not a grave

* See 'Times,' and Reports on the state of New Zealand.

work on political economy, so with the fact that Sir Clarence Guilford, was declared duly elected by his constituents, I will at once close this demi-serious chapter, and proceed to other and more diverting subjects.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

ANOTHER DINNER.

IF there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, certes the distance between the grave and the comic is infinitely shorter. Shakspeare felt this, and was therefore admirably consistent in his mixture of the gay and serious not only in the different scenes of his plays, but even in his individual characters. To be sure, his sublimest passages are often strangely perverted in quotation. Thus the

two magnificent lines in Macbeth—always supposing that they are *not* spoken by Mr. Macready—

Hear it not Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

are partially quoted by a courtier of Charles the Second, in reference to a notorious female.

It is a NELL
That summons thee to heaven!

And an eminent footpad is said to have remarked, after despoiling a well-dressed traveller, who made a desperate resistance, of a remarkably scanty purse—

So much for burking him!

the traveller who was a Cockney, said that the robber “beat Charles Kean all to nothing,” and as he beat the traveller himself to a mummy, the confession at least exhibited generosity.

The table I am now writing at, once belonged to the author of 'Vathek,' whose humourous sublimity has certainly never been surpassed. Would that some particle of his divine spirit could be transferred to these fugitive pages! Turning over the metallic leaves of my mysterious Daguerotypes, I become giddy when I contemplate the extraordinary facts it is my destiny to narrate, the surprising scenes I am fated to describe. I pause for a moment on the edge of the ravine and pick a few wild flowers, ere the rough mountain torrent carries me away upon its foaming surface!

In the luxuriously furnished chambers, formerly the habitation Sir Clarence Guilford, but now tenanted by Mr. Melville, were seated two young men, engaged in very dissimilar occupations.

The younger of the two was employed (or rather *not* employed) in his favourite pursuit—

doing nothing ; unless humming “ The Canadian boat song,” and admiring his graceful figure in one of the pier-glasses, is worthy of notice. His companion, on the other hand, was turning over the leaves of a volume of the ‘ Statutes at Large.’—*Large* enough, heaven knows ! for those who have to read them.

“ I say Mell,” cried Wiggleton, “ who would have thought of my jumping into twelve thousand pounds, a month or two ago ? —By Jove ! that old Sir Reginald was a regular brick !”

“ Still less would any one have conceived the possibility of my obtaining, without trouble or purchase, a practice like your cousin’s ; no common law, all chancery and conveyancing, and a thousand a year at least, clear of all expenses.”

“ Well ! let us enjoy the goods the gods have sent us—to dine, is human—to dine *well*, is divine !” said Wiggleton.

“ Then we will ajourn to Verrey’s and *manger a la Francaise*,” replied Melville.

“ With pleasure; but I thought Verrey’s was only an Egyptian Temple, a rendezvous for the votaries of Isis (ices), I have not been there since I first went abroad.”

“ Then you are an ignoramus—but come along.”

“ Alions,” said Omnibus, “ come on great Mell, and d——d be he that first cries ring the bell !”

“ It is lucky your aunt is not near, or she would give you a lecture on vulgarity, that would reach from here to Jericho.”

“ Ah !” said Wiggleton, “ *apropos de bottes* my cousin Atalanta is engaged to be married to the Marquis of Wilton—I don’t much like him, he is such an infernal New Generationite, and uses such supernaturally long words; besides, I thought Sir Clarence was to have been the man, and he is worth fifty Marquis de Wiltons at least.”

“At least!” said Melville as they entered Verrey’s

“This Æthiopian soup is not so bad,” said Melville, as soon as the work of demolition had commenced.

“Not half so good,” said Omnibus, “as those two nondescript individuals opposite; they scrutinize the dishes, as if they did not know what they were made of.”

“Nor do they; nor do you or I.”

“Very true; but we have *faith*, and that is the principal thing at a French *restaurant’s*. They are snobs, I apprehend.”

“Rowland Hill was of opinion, that a snob had a soul to be saved as well as a gentleman,” said Melville.

“I should call those two well-dressed specimens of the class mentioned, a pair of *high-lows*, if I were in a punning humour,” said Wiggleton.

“Garsong!” bawled one of the snobs, “Garsong! vot’s to pay?”

“ Seven and sixpence, sir.”

“ Vell hi'm demd !” muttered the other highlow.

“ Yes, these French beggars touch you up rather spicy,” replied his comrade as they quitted the room.

“ I went to Drury Lane the other evening,” said Omnibus, “ and had a private box.”

“ Well, I prefer a stall,” said Melville; “ you see and hear better, and pay less.”

“ I *had* a stall,” replied Wiggleton, “ but you misunderstand me—the private box I had was *outside* the theatre. A man ran against me; I pushed him aside, and the ruffian struck me, so we had a fight. I knocked down my foe by a scientific backhander, and that was—*my private box.*”

“ How do you like this claret ?”

“ Not at all, I shall have some hot punch by and bye. Hang care ! it caused the decease of an animal of the feline race. I am very glad I did not follow my cousin's advice, and

put up for the borough of —— . I have a notion that I should not make bad speeches, but then, listening to the others must be so ferociously fatiguing.”

“No doubt. To say the truth, I do not think you are cut out for a politician—you are too lazy.”

“Pooh! the greatest *pillars* of the state are the Hygeists, and *their* studies do not fatigue them, I should imagine.”

CHAPTER II.

FEELINGS AND ARGUMENTS.

WHEN Guilford returned to London he took up his abode at "Mivart's," and at the earliest opportunity made a point of calling upon Lady Maddens, firmly resolved to propose to her daughter with as little delay as possible.

Clarence Guilford felt that an M.P. for a county, and a baronet, with fifteen thousand a year, was a very different personage from a young lawyer without property, landed or funded, of any description whatsoever, save

what he acquired by his own head and hands. "And yet," thought he, "as far as my personal comforts and enjoyments are concerned, the contrast is by no means so perceptible; my dinners are no better, nor is my bed softer, my clothes better made, or my cab, horse, and tiger a whit less exceptionable. To be sure, at Lincoln's Inn, I had but a couple of rooms to live in, but even there I could not occupy more than one at a time by any conceivable possibility. I was a successful writer, my works were read, and to judge by their popularity, admired—will they be more so now? I fancy not, unless indeed I were to spend my money in puffs, which I never will descend to. My income is multiplied by fifteen, my bodily stature, and my mental capacity remain *in statu quo*. But then my time was not my own, my mornings were often devoted to intricate cases and tedious consultations, whereas now I may spend my hours as I please, and follow no pursuits, but such as are congenial to my dis-

position: a vast power of doing good to others is thrown open to me, my opinions, backed by two magic ciphers, an hereditary title and a long rentroll, acquire a weight they did not formerly possess, and above all—alas! such is the selfishness of man—far above all! I can marry Atalanta Maddens, the goddess of my youth! the ruling star of my maturer manhood!”

Just at this moment Clarence’s highflown soliloquy was interrupted by his nearly driving over an old woman, who, instead of hastening to get out of the way, as would have been most natural and prudent in her position, turned round and began to abuse Guilford with a heartiness and versatility of talent in invectives, truly astonishing.

“I am sorry, my good woman,” said Clarence, “that I have no time to spare this morning to enjoy the *agrémens* of your highly intellectual conversation, but I am in a hurry

--so say as much as you can by the time I have counted three, and get out of the way, unless you wish to be run over. One—two—*three!*”

The old woman sprang aside, and the young baronet dashed off, leaving her in the middle of a compound piece of vituperation of a highly elaborate nature.

We have had a great variety of “physiologies, but to the best of my knowledge a physiology of abuse” has never yet been given to the world. The want of a work of this kind must be heavily felt by the lower orders, the “gentlemen” who kick up “rows” in the streets at night, ladies given to blowing up their servants, junior barristers, men who cut up live authors in the papers, ushers at schools, Billingsgate fishwomen, and above all Members of Parliament—especially those upon the opposition benches. This want I have generously determined to supply, and shall accordingly devote an entire chapter to the subject, which I shall regard in

a purely scientific point of view, as a dictionary of all the abusive epithets, used from the creation of the world up to five and twenty minutes past ten this evening, (the present time by the horseguards'), would evidently occupy some millions of quarto volumes, printed in the most microscopic characters, from which fact the profane deduce the inference that the MS. library of the recording angel must be some thousands of times more voluminous than that of the British Museum, or the still larger one at Oxford College, or even that of Paris, which is, I believe, the most extensive in the world. Be that as it may, I consider that I am acting with considerable generosity in giving you a profoundly philosophical treatise "into the bargain," instead of publishing it separately and making a fortune by it, as I undoubtedly should do, but by Apollo! I am above your mercenary motives.

On entering the drawing-room at Baker

Street, Sir Clarence found to his annoyance the young Marquis of Wilton established on an ottoman, endeavouring to make himself as amiable as possible, whilst Atalanta was listening to him with the greatest attention.

Lady Maddens welcomed the young M.P. with the greatest cordiality, and congratulated him on the change in his prospects with evident pleasure.

Atalanta received him with great amiability, but there was an uneasiness about her manner, an evident wish that the past should be forgotten, and that a more unfamiliar politeness should be established between them.

“Be it so then,” thought Guilford his pride rising to his aid, “but at least you shall not triumph in your perfidy—you shall not boast that you have jilted me; no, no! we have not come to that *yet*.”

“You dine with us to-day?” said Lady Maddens to Sir Clarence.

“At what hour?” replied he bowing.

“ Half-past six—we shall be quite alone, nobody but Lord Wilton and yourself.”

“ *Au revoir* then,” said Guilford as he rose to depart, smiling slyly at his cousin as much as to say—“ I see what is on the tapis and highly approve of it—*au revoir* !”

Atalanta felt surprised and vexed at his indifference which was precisely what Guilford intended. Already his love began to rise in her estimation of its value ; already her intentions with regard to Lord Wilton began to waver. Women certainly are amazingly fickle animals !

Talk about chamelions ! pooh ! what are their changes to the changes in a woman’s heart ? what were the transmigrations of Indur in comparison with the transmigrations female opinions pass through. If you were to read through all your “ evenings at home ” for the next century, the field would yet furnish unlimited variety.

“ He jests at scars who never felt a word,”

How innumerable the suffering caused by feminine treachery! and yet the dear seductive creatures, we cannot exist without them, so must even bear our woes with patience, as they *don't* theirs.—Thanks to the Gods! they do not *all* wear trousers yet, some of us are still—

“ Monarchs of all we survey”

In our own houses though, *en passant*, it is odd that in Turkey, where the ladies are kept under the most complete subjection to their lords and masters, they invariably don those masculine garments to which English husbands express so unqualified an aversion.

Nothing occurred during dinner worthy of special commemoration. The Marquis of Wilton regarded that important hour as sacred to the infernal Gods; viz., the cook and the scullions, and was far too busy with boiled and roast to be in a very conversible mood. Atalanta was absorbed in her own thoughts—Lady

Maddens discussed things in general with Sir Clarence, and Guilford, himself, listened with apparent attention to her ladyship, revolving meanwhile in his mind the scheme he had subsequently determined to execute.

The ladies retired, and the Marquis with all the eagerness of an unfledged politician launched out upon the ocean of Young Englandism.

“After all,” said he, “*inter alia*, an enlightened despotism forming the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local authority, is the best mode of government. What do we want with representatives?”

“It is not what *we* want, but what the people want; that is the question,” said Guilford.

“Well! is not the press, in point of fact, the only real representative of the people?”

“True,” replied our hero, “to a certain extent the House of Commons is but the deputy of the privileged classes, and doubtless the

freedom of the press is a far more powerful and uncompromising protector of the popular liberties. But do you conceive that if despotism* were once established in this country, this boasted freedom of the press could continue to exist? Would not the indignant autocrat immediately exercise his prerogative by suppressing any journals that might give utterance to opinions hostile to his views? Besides the

* The following remarks of Godwin are not I think malapropos—

“ It is the peculiar prerogative of despotism to produce many symptoms of the same general appearance as those which are derived from liberty and justice. There are no remonstrances, there is no impatience or violence; there is a calm, a fatal, and accursed tranquility that pervades the whole. The spectator enters, and for a time misinterprets every object he sees; he perceives human bodies standing or moving around him, and it is with the utmost surprise if he has leisure and opportunity to observe a little further that he finds at last the things he sees to be the mere shadows of men, cold, inert glaring bodies, which the heaven-born soul has long since deserted.”

TRAVELS OF ST. LEON. vol. 3.

editors would be either bribed, intimidated, or imprisoned, and in a short time, as is the case in Austria, Russia, and Prussia, every public paper would be under the thumb of the government, who would not hesitate to crush their existence on the slightest exhibition of a refractory feeling, well remembering the old saying with regard to the danger of 'playing with edged tools.'"

"But public opinion—"

"*Power* firmly established, cares not for public praise or obloquy,* of this we have a thousand precedents. If by public opinion you mean dread of a revolution, that is another affair, but *weakness* can scarcely, I opine, be looked upon as a merit in a government."

"You look upon the darkest side of the

* For instance the Poor Law Commissioners, who listen with such truly philosophical contempt to the reiterated complaints, and innumerable cases of the most revolting character, and the grossest injustice daily brought under their notice through the medium of the public journals.

question, I was merely supposing an enlightened and patriotic autocrat."

"I doubt the possibility of such an anomaly, but to secure a *succession* of such monarchs it would be necessary to make them elective, and I am afraid an elective despotism would scarcely answer; for to suppose a long race of virtuous despots, requires an imagination even more vivid than that of the gentleman who being told to 'consider himself kicked,' actually fell down stairs and broke his arm in consequence. We really see so many instances of silly sons* succeeding sapient fathers, and *vice versa*, that it quite transcends our powers of supposing. Compare the late King of Prussia with the false hearted bigot now occupying the throne; Peter the Great, with the present hypocritical tyrant of Muscovy, whom the infatuated populace hurrah and applaud for

* Lady Bulwer Lytton not inappropriately terms Ben Sidonia the "foolish son of a wise father" in her "Muscovite!"

spending a few roubles of the treasure, extorted from his miserable serfs. Oh Poland! Poland! was there not one of thy ill-fated sons to seize the opportunity, and rid the earth of your unpitying foe!

“By Jove!” exclaimed the Marquis, “you are quite a radical. At any rate you must approve of our Jewish emancipation bill.”

“No,” said Guilford, “I think it the worst measure ever past since the ‘Union.’”

“But surely it is very illiberal to exclude so numerous a class as the Jews, from all share in the administration.”

“But, my dear Marquis, you were advocating an absolute monarchy just this moment, which would deprive everybody of a share in the administration.”

“*N'importe!*” said Wilton finding that he was decidedly getting the worst of the argument, “let us join the ladies!”

The young Marquis had not yet dived sufficiently deep into the well of sublime Young

England casuistry, to emulate his astute leader, who dresses up his elegant plausibilities in so fascinating a garb. But Rome was not built in a day—Lord Wilton had yet his maiden speech before him, had yet to learn the mystic and tortuous art of political and parliamentary sophistry.

CHAPTER III.

PARLOUR MAGIC.

IT was the general opinion of Lord Wilton's acquaintances that he was "no conjuror;" in this, however, they were egregiously mistaken, for he was not only a conjuror, but a very dexterous one, and never failed to exhibit his feats of *leger-de-main* whenever he could secure an attentive and favourable audience. Accordingly as soon as he had dispatched his coffee, he commenced his amateur exhibition by tying his leg to that of a chair, with his cambric

handkerchief, in a very scientific manner, much to the astonishment of Lady Maddens and her daughter, whose curiosity was greatly excited by this proceeding.

“ Now,” said the Marquis, “ you think I cannot get loose without either cutting the handkerchief, or untying the knot?”

“ Certainly not,” said Atalanta.

“ Look !” said the amateur, and taking hold of the handkerchief he gave it a slight jerk, when it immediately came off, the knot remaining tied.

“ Really, my Lord, you are quite a genius,” said Lady Maddens.

“ Oh! that is nothing to what I do sometimes,” said his lordship with deprecating modesty.

“ I cannot make it out,” said Wiggleton, who had just dropped in, with great apparent interest, “ will you let *me* tie the knot?”

This proposition was of course not acceded to by the conjuror.

“ Well then,” said Omnibus, “ you may tie the knot for me, and I will get loose without either untying it, cutting it, or jerking it as you did !”

The Marquis consented to do so, and knowing that the whole trick consisted in the mode of tying the knot, anticipated the speedy defeat of his daring rival. However, Omnibus very quietly lifted up the chair, slipped its leg out of the handkerchief, and stood at liberty.

“ You must confess yourself outdone,” said Atalanta laughing.

The lordly amateur would confess no such thing, but having taken a scent-bottle from a side-table, proceeded to place a card upon its mouth, upon the card a sixpence, and by a dexterous fillip sent the card to the other end of the room, whilst the sixpence fell into the bottle, where for anything I know to the contrary it may still remain.

“ Bravo !” cried Omnibus, “ but can you do the same with an album and a poker balanced

on the tip of your nose?" and Wiggleton affecting to be about to try this hazardous experiment, had already taken up an album from the table, and was advancing towards the fireplace, when his aunt terrified lest any damage might accrue to her costly furniture, at once put a positive veto upon his proceedings.

Miss Maddens, however, seemed to take great interest in his lordship's puerilities, and led him on to perform a variety of tricks and mummeries, which at a Christmas party of small children would have proved infinitely diverting.

Wiggleton and Guilford laughed *at* him, if not *with* him, and the former amused himself by offering to perform the most extraordinary feats which he well knew neither time nor place would admit of—such as walking on his hands—lifting a thousand-pound-weight by his little finger—throwing a ball up into the air to such a height that it should not come down again until the next morning, &c.

“ If you will lend me three or four of your daggers, aunt,” said he, “ I will shew you the way the Turkish Dervishes play with them.”

“ No, no,” said her ladyship horror-struck at the bare notion of sacrilegious hands being laid upon her darling ataghans.

There was a pause in the conversation—the Marquis was meditating a new conjuring trick,—Omnibus Wiggleton was meditating how he could most effectually quiz the Marquis—Lady Maddens was meditating on a new arrangement of her daggers and stilettos—Atalanta was balancing in her mind the merits of her two admirers, when suddenly Guilford startled them all in their meditations by saying to Lady Maddens—

“ I believe I have not yet told you of my intended marriage ?”

“ Marriage !” exclaimed her Ladyship, “ dear me ! I had not the slightest idea, and who is the happy fair one ?”

“ A young French Countess by name Sans-
esperance—I appeal to Omnibus whether she is
not every way deserving of my choice.”

“ I can assure you, aunt,” replied Wiggle-
ton with admirable self-possession, although as
little prepared for the news as the rest, “ that
her beauty is only equalled by her amiability,
her amiability by her fortune, and her fortune
by the antiquity of her family. She was one
of the lights of Paris when I was staying there,
and—”

“ But how did it begin—where did you see
her?” interrupted Lady Maddens, addressing
herself to Sir Clarence.

“ I will tell you all about it, my dear cousin,
another time, but I have promised to join a few
literary friends at J——’s this evening—early
supper—so I must wish you good bye. Come,
Omnibus!”

“ Well, good bye,” said her ladyship, “ but
do not keep me long in suspense, I am dying

to hear all the particulars. You will come again soon?"

"Perhaps to-morrow," said Guilford.

He turned to bid his cousin good night, and to observe the effect of his communication upon her, but she had quitted the room: so bowing to the Marquis, he no longer delayed his departure.

"Cousin," said Guilford, "you do not know what it cost me to utter those words. Several times I was about to speak, but involuntarily checked myself. It is a dangerous, perhaps a foolish test—but if you knew how passionately—how devotedly I have loved her—how long I have accustomed myself to regard the possession of Atalanta as the loftiest hope of my ambition, the only adequate reward of my exertions. Oh! I have endeavoured to trace in my works the course of the mightiest passions, and, if the world may be believed, with a not unskilful pencil; but how immeasurably does all description fall short of the resistless torrent

of feelings and sensations with which my heart has latterly been whirled onwards ! How does the noblest, the most generous patriotism, the most enlightened ambition fade before the concentrated might of the love that possesses me !”

Wiggleton was surprised at these passionate expressions of his cousin. In the artificial state of society termed civilization in which we live, it is customary to throw a veil of impenetrable secrecy over our best and most potent feelings ; or, if we give vent to them in words, to do so in a cool, even a light and jesting manner, which gives as faint a semblance of the reality, as the appearance of the sun, when seen through a piece of burnt glass during an eclipse, does of the glorious orb, whose dazzling splendor the human eye in vain attempts to endure.

Men at last become so accustomed to this unnatural reserve that they begin to doubt the existence of the feelings themselves. Often

have I heard a frank and passionate character stigmatised as "theatrical," often have I listened whilst some enthusiastic proposal for the benefit of a class—a city—a country—has been broached with all the ardency of disinterested philanthropy. People opened their eyes with astonishment; by two thirds at least of the worldlings present, the speaker's words were not understood, by the other third they were voted a bore, perhaps unheard.

If there is any character for which I feel a most unqualified contempt, it is that of the dull, plodding man of the world, to whom individual interest (i. e. getting rich, and the world's good opinion,) is the *summum bonum* of all earthly aspirations.

To a man of this kind comes a young clergyman full of zeal and fervour for the propagation of his religion. He is about to visit the Antropophagi, as a missionary; he comes to ask advice and assistance of his wealthy rela-

tive, and to bid him farewell before he sets out on his journey.

“ You had better stop at home and attend to your duties in a regular way,” says the worldling, “ you will only spend your money and gain nothing by it.” *He* does not comprehend the generous virtues of the young fanatic. *He* has not a word of encouragement or kindly praise for the man who is about to sacrifice his time, his energies, his fortune, perhaps even his life for the benefit of strangers and savages. Not he! missionaries are not the men who become bishops.

Again a cheesemonger has a son gifted with a talent for painting, he wishes to “ sink the shop,” and try his luck as an artist.

“ Pooh!” says his father, “ artists are always poor, miserable devils—stick to business like a man, and there is as fine a prospect of your getting on in the world as—”

“ But,” says the son, “ I do not want to get

on in the world—I had rather be the poorest of artists than the richest of cheesemongers.”

“ You will change your mind when you get a little older,” replies the wise parent.

The son gets older, he does *not* change his mind, but he is resigned to his fate—he gradually becomes stultified down to counter level, and—if he does not become a bankrupt—gets rich, married, and an alderman—then dies, “ a useful member of society.”

Omnibus Wiggleton was, as we have seen, a highly immoral character; he did not care for wealth; he neither coveted it for himself nor respected it in others; he lived as well as he could, was fond of pleasure of every kind, and had a mortal aversion to slaving for the sake of the ‘*irritamenta molorum*’ so highly prized by all generations past and present. In short he was no worldling. Accordingly, though surprised at his cousin’s words, which came strangely from the lips of a being so reserved as our hero, who was moreover a lawyer and

an M.P. ; he neither laughed at him, nor gave utterance to consolatory commonplaces, but quietly squeezed his hand as a sign that he understood and appreciated his feelings.

“ She *must* be mine !” said Guilford.

“ Curse the Marquis and his conjuring tricks !” said Wiggleton.

“ Amen, say I.”

CHAPTER IV.

ATALANTA.

ALONE in her dressing-room, pale and agitated, her long, dark, silken hair unbound, and flowing negligently over her rounded shoulders, her little white hands clasped convulsively, sat the proud and beautiful Atalanta.

The question was decided!

“Oh, the folly—the madness,” she exclaimed, “that led me for a moment to compare the noble, and high-souled Clarence to that lordly puppy—miserable vanity that lured

me but for an instant to weigh in the balance a marquissate against a generous heart. But can it be—is it possible that Clarence—my own Clarence—is about to be married to another? Alas! there is no doubt, no hope—his own lips avowed the fact—those lips incapable of uttering a falsehood! And yet there was a time when every word, when every look he addressed to me seemed replete with love—yes, love! A thousand times have I imagined that he was on the point of confessing his passion—a single word, an encouraging smile would have decided him, but I refused them—a vain and frivolous pride restrained me from evincing my real sentiments, and yet I have loved him so long, so fervently. Loved!—I have adored him—I have appreciated his genius, his noble spirit, his lofty virtues—and all this I have lost, lost through my own vanity and folly.”

Overcome by the intensity of her emotions, she covered her face with her hands, and yielded to a passionate flood of tears. Her

scarf had slipped from her ivory shoulders, and the uppermost hooks of her black satin dress had given way, nothing could be more beautiful than the contrast between her long, dark brown hair, and the snowy whiteness of her skin, nothing more exquisite than the voluptuous roundness of her delicate arms. But even the matchless loveliness of this weeping girl could not influence those inexorable arbiters of human destinies—the hard-hearted fates. No *deus ex machina* came to alleviate her despair. By degrees, however, her sobs became less violent, and having bolted and locked her door, to prevent intrusion—she had already dismissed her maid—she opened the drawer of her dressing-table, and drew forth a beautifully tinted sketch, upon which she gazed with a wild and hopeless admiration.

There was no mistaking that lofty and intellectual forehead, those large, and deeply expressive eyes, those light, gracefully curling locks, that seemed to wave in a summer's breeze

—the turn of the whiskers and moustache, the very tie of the neck-kerchief, at once negligent and tasteful—all could belong but to one man—and that man was Clarence Guilford.

Atalanta seated herself by the side of the dressing-table, and resting her head upon her hand, fixed her dark eyes, which seemed “to swim in liquid light,” upon the portrait of her lover. She had drawn it from memory, it was a peculiarly striking likeness, and as she gazed upon the pencilled features, a deep, heart-rending sigh burst from her throbbing bosom, which rose and fell like the tumultuous waves of the ocean. Again she opened the drawer of the dressing-table, and drew forth the poem which Guilford had last given her, and perused it with feverish excitement. It ran thus—

AN EXPLANATION.

(From the German of H Heine.*)

* Heine is a converted Jew, or the son of one, I am not sure which; he is a clever man, a celebrated political writer and poet in Germany. But then he is a liberal Jew and does not affect the exclusive and the aristocrat. He lives in a species of exile at Paris.

The evening shades were slowly falling,
 Wilder dashed the flood,
 And I sat on the shore and gazed upon
 The waves in white foam dancing,
 And my bosom swelled like the foaming sea
 And a fiery longing seized my soul
 For thee, thou lovely shape.
 That everywhere around me flitted,
 And everywhere upon me callest ;
 Everywhere ! everywhere !
 In the roar of the wind, in the foam of the sea,
 And the sighs of my own lone breast.

I took a reed and wrote upon the sand
 ' Agnes, I love thee !'
 But the wicked waves came rolling
 Over the sweet confession,
 And blotted it out.

Fragile reed, changeable sand,
 Rolling waves, I trust you no more ;
 The heavens grow darker, my heart grows wilder
 And with mighty hand from Norway's forests,
 I tear the loftiest pine,
 And dip it
 In Etna's boiling crater, and with this
 Flame dripping, giant pen
 I write on the dark blue vault of heaven
 ' Agnes I love thee.'
 And every night it glows
 Above---the eternal letters of fire,
 And all succeeding generations
 Shout as they read the heavenly words,
 ' Agnes, I love thee !'

C. G.

When Atalanta had read, for the hundredth time, this wild rhapsody, she pressed the beloved signature to her lips, and placed the poem, together with the portrait, having first carefully enveloped them in silver paper, in one of the recesses of a small rosewood cabinet, at the other extremity of the room. Upon the top of this cabinet, which was of remarkably elegant workmanship, stood a row of handsomely bound volumes. They were the complete works of Sir Clarence Guilford—and henceforth the greatest treasures she possessed.

“Yes!” she murmured, “it will be some—not consolation, that is impossible—but some alleviation of my misery to read again and again those dear, dear volumes, and to forget for a moment, under the magic influence of their varied pages, the grief that sooner or later must bring me to an untimely grave!”

After regarding them for some time with a profoundly mournful expression she opened one of the volumes with a trembling and unsteady

hand. The first words that caught her eye were the following—it was the heading of a chapter.

“The past is irrevocable, but the future is our own.”

“True!” she exclaimed, “*the future is our own*—all hope is not yet lost, and yet, why delude myself with false and unfounded hopes? he is engaged—to be married—no, no, there is no hope for me—on this side of the grave. She kissed passionately, the volume she had opened, and began to undress with agitated haste. Need I add that unaccustomed to perform that office without assistance, she tore her gown in taking it off, had to cut her stay-lace with the scissors, and pricked her rosy fingers, with the innumerable pins with which waiting-women delight in surrounding their mistresses—perhaps as a protection against the insidious designs of the other sex.

At length Atalanta succeeded in divesting herself of all garments save those in which the

ancient goddesses rejoiced, and reclining upon her couch of down, after tossing restlessly for some hours, fairly wept herself to sleep.

Having arrived at which very desirable consummation, I must entreat, my dear reader, that you will accompany me to other scenes, and other characters; for although I entertain not the slightest doubt but that you are a highly moral and exemplary personage, it would scarcely be consistent with propriety for us to remain any longer in the sleeping apartment of a young lady—especially of a most fascinating heroine, nineteen years of age, and of inexpressible loveliness.

CHAPTER V.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEARDS AND
THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

WHEN parliament again assembled, the Israelite members were among the earliest to appear at St. Stephen's, to perform those arduous duties generally comprised under the head of legislation; which term, in its most extensive signification, may, I apprehend, be considered to include snuff-taking, snoring, telling scandalous anecdotes, chattering on various subjects, groaning, cheering, and giving utterance to a variety of sounds and noises, either approbatory or the

reverse, coughing, stamping, swearing, crowing, grunting, interrupting, speechifying, and voting; not to mention eating chops and steaks at Bellamy's, presenting petitions, proposing amendments, and other trifles, of a similar nature.

The honorable member for Birmingham felt his personal importance considerably diminished by the introduction of Mosaic Arabs into the House. Formerly he had stood alone in his bearded glory—and what was one amongst so many?—now he was not only rivalled, but even surpassed in that particular by the hirsute sons of Jewry; whose flowing beards seemed inclined like Shortfourd's "lucid streams," to "flow for ever," they indeed "looked eternal," in the words of the same poetic lawyer, and absolutely "rustled" as they passed along like that of Count Eberhard, the growler, celebrated in a ballad, by Schiller, recently done into English by "the gifted boy," in a manner anything but gifted.

“ To shave, or not to shave,” will always be an open question amongst men. As is the case with all open questions, much may be said on both sides, and a good deal in the middle, that is neither on one side nor the other ; a mode of dividing an argument which I fear me, few of your straight-laced logicians would approve of.

In the first place we have the example of the great father of mankind, in favor of wearing beards ; for, although history is silent on the subject, we may conclude, without any danger of our deduction giving offence, that at a time when there were no razors, there could not very well be any shaving. Whether Tubal Cain, the first worker in iron, attained to such proficiency in his art as to produce those miracles of cutlery is very doubtful. We have been told in our hobbledehoyhood to get our beards licked off by the cat, but this proceeding has been proved by men of science, (see the reports of the last meeting of the Royal Society,) to be absolutely impracticable like many other highly

ingenious theories. Indeed philosophers class it under the head of "*seria mixta jocis*," jocose theories upon grave subjects; and that shaving is a grave subject need scarcely be demonstrated; you have only to laugh whilst performing that operation, and cut your throat or your nose off, to be perfectly satisfied of its seriousness. Again we have all the patriarchs, and most ancient nations in favor of beards, which indeed have only been discarded in this country within the last century or two, and are still in great esteem upon the continent. Finally it will always be a momentous query for a man to put to his own conscience, "Why do beards exist if they are not to be worn?"

On the other hand, their inconvenience at dinner weighs heavily against these hairy appendages. Unless people are very careful they are apt to get into the soup, and to spoil their waistcoats. Then if you quarrel with a man they are most enticingly convenient for him to catch hold of, indeed much more so than the

nose, which is at present the *pulling* organ of the human countenance; and to have your beard pulled out by the roots must, as comparative anatomy* teaches us, be an exceedingly painful operation.

The arguments, which as I stated in my premises, lie as it were in the middle, neither wholly for, nor yet entirely against the propagation of beardism, are those which advocate the *mustache a la militaire* alone; and without entering into their various advantages, such as their fascinating effects upon the gentler moiety of the human race, their convenience for hanging your pipe or umbrella from—provided they are long enough to tuck behind your ears *a la Chinoise*—the facilities they afford for concealing an ugly mouth, &c. I must confess that I have a weakness in their favor—in *medio tutissimus ibis*, as saith the proverb.

* I allude to pulling the hair of boys at school, and plucking geese for their quills.

Fashion, however, is after all, our only guide upon this point, and the fashion of the days I write of was decidedly in favor of the animal-lovegitable excrescences above discussed. Everybody went about, "bearded like a pard," and very young men spent prodigious sums in 'Circassian cream,' 'genuine bears' grease,' Macassar oil, and other useful ointments; whilst a few, wiser in their generation—the *new* generation, shaved with highly exemplary pertinacity, in the hopes of reaping a richer harvest at some not very remote period.

A gentleman Hebrew, of the name of Abim-elech, in particular shone conspicuous amongst his brother members, by the more than patriarchal length of his beard, which was plaited in two tails, reaching nearly to his knees. These, when he walked along the streets, were supported on either hand by a tall footman, and created a vast sensation amongst the little boys, who would have given worlds to have had a good tug at them if they

had dared,† but alas! the footmen carried canes and “discretion is the better part of valour.”

One afternoon as Sir Clarence Guilford entered the house he found a group of his acquaintance abusing Malthus. They asked his opinion of that extraordinary, political economist.

“I have *read* his essays,” replied our hero with an almost imperceptible tinge of sarcasm; “but I would rather not venture a hasty opinion on his principles.”

“How strange it is,” said one of the leading members of the opposition, by whose side Guilford had seated himself, “that men should

† I remember reading, a great many years ago, when I was quite a child, an anecdote in some work on zoology which struck me at the time as being exquisitely ludicrous.

It appeared that a certain family had a tame panther which ran loose about the house, and was so completely domesticated, that one day, having stationed itself on its hind legs at a window, (for the purpose of enjoying the prospect I presume,) the children, who were playing in the same room, and found the panther in their way, exerted their united efforts to pull him down by the tail!

be so indifferent to the display of their own ignorance."

"Yes," replied Clarence, "I would stake a cool thousand that not one of those eager disputants had ever perused half a dozen chapters of the work they are decrying. What can be absurder than to talk confidently of a subject of which your only information is obtained from popular report and allusions in the leading articles of the newspapers. There are few writers more bedeviled in allusion than Malthus, except perhaps Plato. How sickening it is to hear some empty-headed coxcomb, or silly school-girl prate of platonic love, or praise his arguments for the immortality of the soul."

"Ah!" sighed the politician, "that is indeed a question before which those we are about to discuss sink into insignificance. What do you think of Plato's Doctrine of the Pre-existence?"

"I do not entertain the slightest doubt of its truth," replied Guilford, "if we are im-

mortal *in futuro*, we are also immortal *in præterito*. But the grand principle of nature is *change*. The substance of which our bodies are formed has existed from all eternity in an inconceivable variety of forms, and must exist for ever in the eternity yet to come. Even during our lifetime we undergo extraordinary changes; of the substance that formed the infant not the slightest vestige remains in the body of the man. That the body is *eternal* is a self-evident proposition, the particles of which it is composed, though dispersed through the whole universe, cannot cease to *exist*. Nothing can cease to be, or come into being in space, that was not already there under some shape or other. The illimitable can never be increased or diminished. Annihilation can only be understood as decomposition, or resolving a thing into its elements, production as uniting pre-existent parts to form a new whole. The body then is eternal, but can never be termed im-

mortal, an attribute to which the soul can alone lay claim."

" Ah! there's the rub. I have heard Materialists deny the possibility of the soul existing apart from the body, indeed they affirm that body and soul are, as it were, one and the same thing. All our ideas, all our sensations are communicated by means of the senses, nay, we *think*, through their medium even when handling the most abstract propositions."

" True—all communications to the mind must come through the sensual channel, but what is the mirror that ultimately receives and apprehends the said ideas and sensations—the *power*—the *will*—in short the *individuality* of the being? It is plain that our identity does not consist in our bodies, for they change, increase, wither, are mutilated, but still we continue to be the same individuals. A man dies, his eyes are open, the objects are still reflected upon the retina, but they convey no idea, because there is nothing there to apprehend it.

Something then has left his body, or undergone a change."

"Then," said Guilford's companion, "the question resolves itself into this—is the soul capable of change? I should say, yes. Do we not daily add to our stock of ideas?"

"There," said Clarence, "you are running into the common error of confusing the effects with the cause; a chain of thoughts or ideas no more makes a soul, than a chain of deal boxes would constitute the carpenter who made them. It is the individuality, the consciousness of a separate and peculiar existence, and this consciousness is found in the child as well as in the grey-beard, it never changes, it is co-existent with our every thought and act."

"Ah! but when we sleep it slumbers."

"I think not, we often have dim and indistinct reminiscences of dreams which we strive to call to mind more particularly—may we not invariably *dream*, and only occasionally remember."

“ Ah! memory—”

“ No more constitutes the soul than does the chain of thoughts at this moment passing through my mind.”

“ But if the soul is our individuality, and is immortal, would not the loss of memory destroy that individuality?”

“ I think not—we forget a great deal—indeed, a thousand times more than we remember, yet it does not at all affect our identity, why then should the total loss of that faculty do so? I regard dreams as the type of our future state. In them the spirit regains to some extent its original power; the physical distinctions of time and space are annihilated. At the moment everything appears to us real. I declare I can fancy nothing more delightful than an everlasting succession of beautiful dreams!”

“ Well!” said his brother philosopher, “ truth is a very difficult thing to get at, what one sets up, another knocks down. We argue

upon the same subjects again and again, and with the same unsatisfactory results. After all the best evidence of our immortality is the universal belief in the fact by all sects and religions, and the internal consciousness of our own minds which feel themselves utterly unable to conceive the idea of ceasing to exist. No, by Jove! I can fancy myself *dead*, but never annihilated."

"Nothing can be annihilated," said Guilford, "you may divide, mix, add, subtract, in short effect what change you will, the original substance, be it material or immaterial, must remain the same. Good bye, I am going to dinner."

"I am off too, I feel as if a little everlasting soup and roast mutton would do my imperishable body a vast deal of good."

And the two immortals departed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMMONS "GO THE TOTAL."

"I AM in a terrible *whey!*" as Don Quixote said, when Sancho Panza put the curds in his helmet—I meant to tell you something very important in the last chapter, but could not for the life of me "come to the point."

The length of the Hebrew beards and noses suggested reflections upon longitude in general, and thus imperceptibly beguiled my senators and myself into meditations upon the longest of all human conceptions—eternity and immortality. Subjects that will probably be treated of long after this hastily scribbled tale, the age we live in and its political struggles, even this country itself, be buried in the all-gulphing ocean of oblivion!

But it really was very extraordinary—really one meets in “history” with such startling incidents—’pon honor!

Now I will tell you what was *not* extraordinary at all, the opposition members were in a very great rage—no wonder!—who would not be savage under such exasperating circumstances?

The idea of the Commons voting themselves perpetual!

“Perpetual?”

Yes, they did it. You should have heard the row on the evening the bill was read for the third time. I thought the *outs* would have had a battle royal with the *ins*, they turned red, blue, green, purple, and all sorts of colors, with excess of anger. To vote themselves perpetual! with so large a majority too! it was shocking — positively, (like the electrical machine) a very *shocking* affair!

Sir Clarence Guilford made a magnificent speech, all about English liberties established

for centuries, glorious constitution being subverted, destruction of the country, and all that sort of thing. However, they coughed him down, and at last he got into a tremendous passion, accused the ministry of high treason, called their party a parcel of Jewish madmen, and said there were wooden skulls enough amongst them to supply all the wherries on the river.

Sidonia told him that the age of wherries was past—they had been done up by the steamers.

Moses of the Minorities said it was his opinion that while they were about it they might as well vote themselves peers at once. He had made many a man *appear* by summons, before he adopted the ready money business, and did not see why he should not be made a peer by summons himself. He had often made one of his men *account* for his money, and considered that he ought to be made a count for the same reason. He took this opportunity of inform-

ing his brother members, that whether they took the measures he advised or not, he was ready to take theirs at any time for every article of human apparel, at the lowest possible prices; and he also reminded them that he had a large assortment of taglions, and wraprascals ready made, from eight and sixpence and upwards.

An opposition member made some allusions, with an entire disregard to the last speaker's private feelings, to the poor workwomen who he affirmed were most barbarously ill paid by the class of unprincipled speculators to which his honorable friend belonged. Indeed so much so, that they frequently perished from the want of sufficient healthy nutriment.

Great cries of question—question.

Colonel Slipslop thought both parties were in the wrong, he would vote on neither side, but would stop to hiss and groan a little if he could keep awake.

A Mr. Tom King rose and seconded Mr.

Moses's motion, he thought he should like to be a peer himself, indeed properly speaking, he came of a very noble family, his ancestor, the 'Erl King' was a personage of some celebrity.

Lord Gymnastic Customs wished a clause to be introduced into the bill, relative to the rules of cricket. At present it was usual in that manly game for the two parties opposed to one another to take "innings" alternately, as they were bowled out by their opponents. He thought that as parliament was about to be remodelled, the cricketers ought to share the benefits of the measure, he proposed that henceforward one side should have all the batting and the other all the fagging in the game.

The clause was accordingly introduced.

An oppositionist said something about young Lords leaving the rules of cricket to old Lord's cricket-ground, but nobody paid any attention to his remarks.

Mr. Despair made a short speech of little importance.

Mr. Botherwhack made a very long one of a precisely similar nature.

A great deal of cross-firing then took place between the smaller fry on both sides of the house, and a good deal of unparliamentary language was exchanged between Jew and Gentile. At length they began to quote scripture against one another, and to get very personal in their observations. Quiet was, however, in some measure restored, when the heroic Ben Sidonia arose with majestic air, and addressed the House.

“ He wished to impress upon their minds the importance of the measure to which they were about to give their sanction, although he felt convinced that none but those, whose vision was blinded, and intellects obscured by the gloomy and impenetrable mists of ingrained prejudice, could, by any possibility, fail to perceive and acknowledge the prodigious advantages, and innumerable benefits which the

country in general, and they—the honorable members of the British senate—”

Cries from the opposition of “no, no! Anglo-Jewish—Mosaic Arab, &c., &c.”

“Would derive from the abolition of elective representation!”

Immense cheering from the ministerial side of the house, with horrible groans from the opposition.

“He conceived that if the interests of the people were to be truly and faithfully represented, it was above all things necessary that their representatives should be free and independent agents, not liable to be biassed in their patriotic endeavours by the ignoble dread of being discarded by their constituents in case of a dissolution of parliament. He also conceived that the longer a man devoted himself to politics the better he understood their complicated mysteries. A continually changing government could never adopt a line of general policy beneficial to the nation. The present

parliament included all that was noble, great, and illustrious in the country."

"Oh! oh!" from the opposition and stifled laughter from some of the snobs on the ministerial benches.

"He repeated that the present House of Commons was unequalled in the annals of the nation."

Cries of "rump! remember the rump!—historic fancies!" from the opposition.

"They consisted of men remarkable for their talents, standing, and wealth, many of them were of the pure, Caucasian race—genuine, Mosaic Arabs."

Prodigious cheers from the Jew members. Hisses, and cries of "question," "old story," &c., from the other side of the house.

"He did not care for anybody, he had faith in his own majority, and would carry his measure in spite of the personal animosity and prejudice displayed by the honorable members opposite!"

Cheers, hisses, and groans, confusion, row, &c.

Sir Clarence Guilford rose indignantly to express his unqualified contempt for the faction in power. He would not animadvert on the inconsistency of their proceedings, compared with their former avowal of their sentiments. He knew that it was useless to waste his words upon a question which was already decided by an overwhelming majority. *How* that majority was obtained he would not stop to inquire. He left the house never to re-enter it until it was purged from the slime by which it was then defiled!

And with a withering glance of scorn to the myrmidons of the Young England chieftain, Clarence quitted the senate of which he had so recently become a member.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSOLATION.

WHEN Clarence returned to his apartments, at "Mivart's," he found his cousin awaiting his arrival, and drinking brandy-and-water with very philosophical equanimity.

"Well, Clarence, how is it settled?" said Omnibus.

"The first blow at English freedom has been struck—the perpetuity bill is carried. I shall never enter the house again."

"What do you intend to do then?"

"I do not know yet—but when the usual means fail, unusual ones must be tried."

“ Ah! I see—a revolution. Well, if you will get the steam up, I don’t mind joining you—only if you can delay it a few months.”

“ For what reason?”

“ Just to give me time to spend my fourteen thousand pounds. Fancy how dreadful it would be to be hung with cash at one’s banker’s.

Clarence threw himself into an arm-chair, he felt fatigued and exhausted, and his cousin’s levity ill-consorted with the disturbed state of his mind.

“ Have some grog!” said Wiggleton.

“ To think,” muttered Guilford, “ of these circumcised hounds triumphing over the aristocracy of England—and still worse over the liberties of the English people, which so many thousands have sacrificed health, fortunes, and their life blood, to preserve through centuries of civil wars, and religious and political struggles.”

“ It can’t be helped,” said Wiggleton, “ the mischief is done—all the angry soliloquys in the world will not recal a fraction of the past.”

“ D——n politics !” said Guilford abruptly.

“ Ah ! now you talk sense,” rejoined Omnibus, “ mix yourself some brandy-and-water, or whiskey if you prefer it, make yourself at home in your own rooms, and let us drink to the confusion of the Coningsby Cabinet in general, and their leader, Ben Sidonia in particular. After all what difference does it make to individuals what government they live under provided they have the means of enjoyment, and are not personally molested ?”

“ We differ,” said Guilford, “ but I am not in a humour to commence an argument on general principles so late in the night, besides I have had enough of them in the House.”

“ The House will be removed to the ‘ Old Jewry ’ next session, I expect,” said Omnibus, “ by the way, I saw my cousin to-day, and she asked me when you were to be married ?”

“ And what did you reply ?” said Clarence eagerly, almost forgetting at the moment his

recent defeat in the sudden interest his cousin's words excited.

“ I told her, in a few days,” replied Omnibus carefully combining the ingredients for another glass of brandy-and-water.

“ And she?—”

“ Fainted away in a moment.”

“ Well?” stammered Guilford with agitation.

“ I sprinkled some *eau de Cologne* over her face. She soon recovered and I left her in the hands of her mother and the servants.”

“ Do you know whether the Marquis of Wilton has been there lately?”

“ No—but I hear he is gone to Scotland.”

“ Push me the bottle and the sugar.”

A revoir caro lectore !

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

RUMOURS OF WAR — LORD HAR-
ROWDRAKE'S SANCTUM.

IN the mean time the heroic spirits of the "grande nation" began to get exceedingly rampant. The gentlemen of the national guard curled their mustachios with remarkable fierceness, and those of them, who — like Brutus, were gifted with oratorical powers, made very brutal and blood-thirsty speeches on

the advisability of an attack upon *la perfide Albion*, with as little delay as possible. The editors of the Parisian newspapers did their best to vamp up old grievances, and invent new ones, inflicted upon them by this country; and an immense deal of twaddle about insults to the national honor, offered by clerical individuals in various quarters of the globe, was published and read in the French metropolis. Nor did they neglect to insinuate how convenient was the unsettled state of things in this country, for a sudden descent upon *les perfides*; indeed, one very sanguine—or rather sanguinary journalist, did not hesitate to prophesy the speedy destruction, dismemberment, and total annihilation of the British empire.

But all the sayings, singings, swearing, and scribblings of these subordinate “*braves*,” were as nothing to the ferocious fulminations of the admiral, Prince de Joinville. He of all the Gallic race, had most cause to detest our perfidious nation. Had not a vindictive periodical

enjoying a most extensive circulation amongst all classes of the British realms, sneered, laughed at, ridiculed, and made fun of Joinville the illustrious, of Joinville the bombardier of undefended Moorish towns, and author of unanswerable martial pamphlets.

Joinville fumed, and Joinville swore—to conquer England (if he could.) He could not sleep at night for thinking on his vengeance, and often in his dreams, the phantom of a grim-visaged sea-faring parson rose up before him, and shouted “lubber!” in a spectral tone. Then would the heroic Joinville spring from his hammock, and chase the fleeting phantasm of his diseased imagination round and round his cabin, breaking his shins over the chairs and other furniture, in a very pitiable manner, occasionally even rushing upon the quarter deck, his shirt tails flying in the wind; which extraordinary proceeding much terrified the stout hearts of the starboard watch; who

before they got accustomed to his pranks, mistook him for some ghost or marine hobgoblin, sent from the "vasty deep," as a punishment for their multifarious iniquities.

After a time, however, they ceased to enquire, "has this thing appeared again to-night?" and began to regard the young admiral's somnambulism as a thing by no means out of the common way.

Then he wrote *another* pamphlet, demonstrating in a remarkably acute and logical manner, the great facility with which a mine might be dug under the British Channel, to blow up London, including Buckingham Palace, Apsley House, and the "Punch office,"* whilst the French navy—the steam navy of course—might bombard Brighton, storm the chain-pier, and take possession of the Pavilion. In short, he spared

* See the capital songs in that humourous periodical, relative to the warlike Joinville.

no pains to destroy the good feeling existing between the two countries.

On the other hand, the English were extremely averse to fighting; nor did this arise from any want of pugnacity either real or acquired. The men who have a voice in such matters are precisely those, who never by any chance risk the safety of their precious persons in martial conflict. With them it was a mere question of expense. They knew what the last continental war had cost them, they also knew how little it had gained them, (or any body else) nor did they hope much more from the enlightened ministry of the then present occasion, than from the obstinate unstatesman-like set who governed the country on the former.

The more the English hung back, the more the French pressed forward, and it soon became evident to the sapient few, that a war was inevitable. Here I must pause to commemorate the heroic self-devotion of a great-minded

though obscure individual. Mr. Henry Cowis who had for a considerable time past been a dabbler in diplomacy, and had at last succeeded in getting himself sent to represent her majesty at a southern court, suddenly stepped into the breach with uplifted arm, and threatening eye!

There was something extremely elevating in the sight of a great nation shrinking before one little man, or as Lady Cowis Fireon would express it—"the mere fraction of a man." It was indeed a happy instance of the triumph of moral over physical strength. France was indeed dismayed, and no wonder. These were the memorable words of the distinguished diplomatist.

"If you go to war with England, I will write another work on 'France.'"

For several months the dread of so disastrous a catastrophe was the means of preserving the peace of Europe.

At length war was declared, both nations

tucked up their shirt-sleeves, and commenced active preparations for wholesale slaughter. The furuishers of stores were on the alert, the army contractors wore joyous faces, and the young, military dandies were 'selling out' with truly alarming rapidity.

"Well, thank God!" said Omnibus Wiggleton, "I did not follow my cousin's advice, and turn soldier. What shockingly fatiguing work it must be—marching and countermarching—right-about-face—present—fire! O' Jupiter! how I used to shudder when old Harper the drilling-master entered the play-fields at T——'s! and there to be cannonaded and musketeered—killed before you could say your prayers, without knowing where the shot came from, or who fired it."

"Or imagine yourself with a broken arm, and a wounded leg—one of your eyes poked out, and a great gash across your lower jaw—lying half insensible upon a ploughed field, and

ridden over by two or three regiments of heavy cavalry ; then, just as you fancied it all over, imagine some pillaging ruffian stripping you of your clothes, putting you to the most excruciating torture—you unable to resist—then, either cutting your throat with a *blunt* carving-knife, or still worse, leaving you in an agony of thirst, pain and despair, to perish by the most lingering of deaths !”

To say that the last speaker was any other than Lord Harrowdrake, would be a positive insult to the reader’s acuteness. His lordship was seated in his own peculiar studio, and occupied one corner of a remarkably comfortable sofa, whilst his vivacious friend Wiggleton was lolling back in the other, and languidly admiring the paintings with which the walls of the room were adorned. The sofa on which the two gentlemen were seated, was ‘*aperiently*’ (as Mrs. Gamp would say) covered with leather of a rusty black, in reality, as the noble owner

himself assured me, it was bedecked with the skins of dead Hottentots and Caffres, and was valued at nearly a thousand guineas.

“What do you think of that picture?” said his lordship, pointing to a Rembrandt-like tinted design of a Jew, in the act of being grilled; whilst a knight in armour, with a diadem round his helmet, stood by, and complacently superintended the operation. “It represents,” he continued, “a Jew being tortured, for the purpose of extorting money, by Richard *cœur de lion*—is it not magnificent?”

“Very!—I remember my cousin telling me of your disappointment in not obtaining this identical painting.”

“Yes,” said Harrowdrake, “an infernal banker outbid me.”

“But how comes it *now* in your possession? I suppose you bought it of him again at a most exorbitant price?”

“ No—I did not buy it at all.”

“ He surely was not generous enough to make you a present of it ?”

“ Not he !”

“ Then how *did* you get it ?”

“ Why to be candid—this is *entre nous*, of course—I *stole* it.”

“ Stole it ?”

“ At least I employed an agent to do it for me, and as you know *quod facit per alium facit per se*.”

“ But how on earth—”

“ Mum ! I hear somebody coming—Good morning, Springdale, how are you, my brave fellow ? you must make the best of your time you know, you may be ‘food for powder’ ere many moons are past !”

“ If I do, may I be d——d !” thought the gallant ensign, who expected every hour an answer from his agent, concerning the sale of his commission ; but he had heard the

Shaksperian proverb, which advises a man to "assume a virtue if he have it not," and therefore replied with heroic boldness, "A man can be killed but once in his life!—can he?"

"No," replied the earl, "but how devilish often he may be wounded!"

A few days afterwards the friends of Ensign Springdale were much shocked to hear that he had been thrown from his horse somewhere in the precincts of the Regent's Park, and had broken his left arm, besides suffering several minor contusions.

As he had *not* sold out, by some delay on the part of his agent, he now determined not to do so at all, and lamented bitterly to all his friends the hardness of his fate, which doomed him to a bed of sickness, whilst his comrades were about to earn a stock of martial glory that, with proper management, might be made to last during all the rest of their lives. So it

might—by the *partim virorum*, who, *ceciderunt in bello*—

“ And died immortal in a bulletin !”

Like the renowned ‘Jack Smith’ whom Byron so much—much more effectually immortalised.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S INVENTION.

One fine morning, Captain Warner, who had been treated with such neglect by the conservative cabinet, received a note from Mr. Coningsby, appointing time and place for a fair experiment of his projectiles, and assuring to him the sum originally demanded by him for his invention, in case he succeeded in performing to the full, the promises so repeatedly uttered.

The experiments were accordingly tried, under proper superintendence and regulations, and the result proving perfectly satisfactory,

the English fleet, armed with this terrible engine of annihilation, set sail for Morocco, which empire was already more than half in possession of the greedy Gauls. Indeed the Sultan maintained his position in the western parts of Fez with the greatest difficulty, and but for the oft defeated, though still unconquered and unconquerable Abd el Kader, his valiant ally would long since have fallen into the power of his enemies. You may imagine then with what transports of delight the unfortunate Moor received the news of the British expedition about to hasten to his rescue.

“Allah is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!” said Abderahman.

Abd el Kader said nothing, but made that very day a sudden and unexpected attack upon the rear of a French detachment, and cut off nearly a hundred of the invaders. Thirteen Arabs were killed in the skirmish, and seven wounded. This was termed in the French

dispatches, 'a desperate though ineffectual attack,' and the numbers of slain and wounded were, accidentally of course—*reversed*.

The English and French fleets met one another in the Bay of Biscay, or rather they *would* have met, had not the latter, on coming within the five miles range of the former, suddenly found themselves, to their infinite astonishment, blown into a million of fragments, by means of Captain Warner's ingenious projectiles. Three small steamers, of all that mighty armament, alone effected their escape, and returned by a circuitous route to Havre, whence their crews made the best of their way to Paris, and told Louis Philippe and the Minister of War, how very unpleasantly things had turned out, and how very contrary to the anticipations of the illustrious Prince de Joinville.

A vulgar report got afloat, concerning the latter, which I shall take this opportunity of contradicting. I allude to the universal im-

pression, that when the admiral's ship blew up, he (the illustrious Joinville) was sent whizzing into the air with such velocity, and to such a tremendous height, that the declination of the parabola shot him down upon the centre of the Place Vendome, in Paris ; whence, it was supposed, he took a *fiacre*, and drove to the Tuileries to tell the ' old governor ' his adventures. The Parisian wits added, that being puffed up with vanity like a balloon ; it was no wonder that he floated along upon the wind so easily, and an old revolutionist expressed a decided opinion, that, some day or other, the aforesaid naval hero would go to the antipodes of elysium in a parachute, or some equally rapid and aerial conveyance. The whole story was however a mere fabrication. The fact was, that the prince did not happen to be on board his own ship at the time the explosion took place, and thus, by a lucky accident, escaped inevitable destruction.

Enormous prizes were immediately offered

by the French Government to the chemists, men of science, and the public at large, for the discovery of the 'Warner secret,' and emissaries were secretly dispatched to London, in order, if possible, to bribe some Jack in office into giving the much coveted information.

Forthwith the commissioners appointed for the purpose of receiving and examining them, were overwhelmed with proposals, offering to do the most surprising things in a manner still more surprising.

One man was morally certain from the experiments he had tried (with a tin pea-shooter) that Captain Warner's projective power was nothing more than an exceedingly powerful air-gun, and offered to supply them with an aerial pocket-pistol by means of which, Dover Castle might, with great facility, be levelled with the ground, by any active *gen d'arme* stationed upon the pier at Calais for the purpose.

Another projector conceived that *steam* was at the bottom of the mystery.

A third, galvanism.

A fourth, clock-work.

A fifth, animal magnetism.

A sixth had constructed a gigantic syringe, which squirted water, he affirmed, to an inconceivable distance.

A seventh expressed his conviction, that the secret simply consisted in the well-contrived substitution of one of those explosive substances, vulgarly denominated fulminating silver &c., for gun-powder, as a projective power. He was quite prepared with his experiments, but he warned the government (thus proving that he too was a *Warner*) that the persons *employing* his missives, would run considerable risk of becoming themselves their victims, in place of those against whom they were employed.

The first six projects came to nothing. The air-gun exploded and killed the inventor on the spot. The steam-gun was far too elaborate

and complicated, to be regarded for a moment in a military point of view. The galvanic cannon could not be brought to bear. The clock-work gun would not carry a quarter of a mile. The animal magnetism was all a hoax. And the squirt was transformed into a patent garden engine.

The seventh proposal was accepted by the government, and the inventor most liberally rewarded.

En passant it may be interesting to the reader to know that the English Government actually paid Captain Warner the stipulated sum for his invention. It is astonishing how greatly merit is appreciated in this country—when it is wanted!

CHAPTER III.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

THERE was a house in Oxford-Street, which Omnibus Wiggleton was in the habit of passing almost daily. The first floor was apparently tenanted by an old woman, whose only occupation seemed to be sitting at her window, and watching the ceaseless traffic of that mighty thoroughfare.

Wiggleton was firmly persuaded that she kept a statistical register of the number of cabs, carriages, omnibusses, vans, waggons, carts, men, women, and children, who passed

daily, and seldom neglected to look up to her window—as he went by, just to satisfy his mind of a fact, which no possible degree of scepticism could have enabled him to doubt ; viz : that the old woman was still seated there, doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her.

This old woman, besides that above mentioned, possessed another very obvious peculiarity ; she was ugly beyond all human ideas of ugliness — positively hideous, so hideous, that had she lived a century or two ago, no earthly power could have saved her from being burnt at Smithfield as a witch.

This reflection had frequently occurred to Wiggleton ; and he was possibly thinking of those pious ceremonies of the olden time, as he rode past the before-mentioned house on his way to Hyde Park, where he had promised to meet his cousin Sir Clarence, in order to take the dust and admire the women, after the most approved fashion.

Nor did he on the present occasion neglect to throw a transitory glance at the unsightly fixture which had so frequently afforded him stuff for meditation.

“ Can I believe my eyes ?” he suddenly exclaimed, drawing in his horse, and gazing at the window with intense astonishment. After gazing thus for a few seconds, he felt that the evidence of his senses could not reasonably be rejected, and was compelled to confess to himself, that in lieu of the hideous old hag he had been accustomed to see at the window, he now beheld one of the most angelic creatures on whom the light of Phœbus ever shone.

“ What a beautiful girl !” he again exclaimed—in the words of some poet or other, “ ‘ I wonder how the devil she came there !”

“ Hollo ! there, you sir !” shouted in a stentorian voice, the driver of a *citadine*, “ are you goin’ to stand where you are all day ?”

“ Yes,” replied Omnibus abstractedly, “ and all night too—lovely being !”

“ *Will* you get hout o’ the vay young feller ?” vociferated the enraged omnibus driver, lashing his horses.

Wiggleton moved aside, and the property of the ‘ London Conveyance Company ’ rattled past him. When he again raised his eyes to the window, his newly discovered divinity had vanished. Whether it was the effect of contrast or not, I shall not at present presume to enquire ; but most assuredly Omnibus Wiggleton, who was gifted with more than ordinary keen-sightedness, thought the supplanter of the ugly lady by many degrees (some thousands at least) the most fascinating woman he had ever beheld either in this or any other country.

“ Adorable creature !” he murmured, “ I must make her acquaintance, and that quickly, or like ‘ Mantalini,’ I shall be ‘ a demd body ’

in no time." Wiggleton was not a man, you may imagine, to let the grass grow over his resolutions. He beckoned to his groom.

"Robinson," said he, "go and enquire at that shop—there, the confectioner's—whether they let their first floor, and—no, I've changed my mind—hold my horse—I will ask myself."

Wiggleton dismounted and entered the shop. He called for an ice.

"Fine weather, sir," said the pastry-cook, a pretty little widow still on the sunny side of thirty.

"Very fine indeed," said Wiggleton, "what a number of people there are out to-day. This is a lively street to live in. Do you know I have been trying to get some apartments on the first floor, in this part of Oxford-Street for some time past."

"Have you really sir?" said the vendor of pastry, her eyes evidently brightening, "I have

a first floor to let—if you would like to look at it—”

“ Not to-day, I thank you,” said Omnibus, whose attention was suddenly and forcibly attracted by something outside, abruptly quitting the shop.

“ Sir—sir !” cried the widow, “ you have not paid !”

“ Oh ! I beg your pardon,” said Omnibus turning back for an instant, and throwing a sovereign on a marble slab near the door.

“ Sir—sir ! your change !” cried the pastry-cook ; but her (query—queer) customer was already half way across the road.

The fact was, that whilst Omnibus was eating his ice, and talking to the pretty pastry-cook, his new *inamorata* had issued forth from the private door into the street. He recognised her in a moment—thought her ten times lovelier in her walking costume, and leaving the confectioner’s shop in the abrupt manner I have described, followed, passed, turned as if

he had forgotten something ; repassed her, and vowed to his own conscience, that if he had not fallen desperately and irretrievably in love with her, he deserved to be hanged, drawn and quartered, or locked up in the Model Prison (an infinitely more horrible punishment*) for the residue of his earthly existence !”

“ Well, what news ?” said Guilford when they met in the park.

“ News !” replied Omnibus, “ I am in love — head over ears !”

“ And may I ask with whom ?”

“ You may ask, certainly — but I’ll be hanged if I can tell you. I never saw her but once in my life, and I have no more notion who, or what she is, than the King of the Cannibals !”

“ A very mysterious affair indeed, but you

* I know not the name of the inhuman originator of solitary confinement, but I sincerely hope that eternal infamy will pursue all who advocate this atrocious method of punishment.

can explain all about it this evening. I see your aunt's carriage coming this way—how pale she looks !”

“ Who is *she* ?” said Wiggleton.

“ Pooh ! do not tease me—we are both in the same mess, luckily ; so we must exercise mutual forbearance.”

“ How are you, Sir Clarence ?” said Lady Maddens, “ and when are you going to be married ? and why have you not shewn yourself in Baker-Street lately ?”

“ I am quite well—I am not going to be married—political engagements.”

“ You answer questions well.”

“ I am a lawyer.”

“ A walking volume of Pinnock's catechisms,” said Omnibus Wiggleton.

“ But I thought,” rejoined Lady Maddens, “ that you told us you were engaged to a young, French countess ?”

“ It was a hoax,” said Sir Clarence.

“ Thank God !” murmured Atalanta, and a

vivid flash of delight illuminated her features, which were suffused a moment afterwards by a crimson blush of shame.

“ She loves me !” thought Clarence gazing passionately on her lovely countenance.

“ Have you been well lately, Miss Maddens ?” said he aloud.

“ Not very well—I have suffered a great deal from *ennui*.”

“ A terrible disease ; but not an incurable one. I can prescribe a remedy which rarely fails to remove the evil.”

“ Pray tell me the ingredients that I may hasten to test their efficacy.”

“ They are somewhat more numerous than the components of Vivian Grey’s Roman Punch—a pint of *noyveau* and a hod of mortar,” said Clarence smiling.

“ Then write them down,” said Atalanta, “ and—and—”

“ Bring them with me this evening,” com-

pleted Guilford,—“ adieu ! we meet again at Philippi.”

Guilford cantered away. He bore within, and left behind—a happy heart. The sunshine seemed more gay, the trees appeared more green

“ Now for your story Omnibus,” exclaimed our hero.

“ I’ve heard it before,” says the reader.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

The *boudoir* of Lady Maddens did not resemble the general run of Ladies' *boudoirs*. The tessellated flooring, the plain and thinly scattered furniture, the daggers and ataghans arranged in stars and crescents, the Indian bows and arrows, and the quaint, Arabesque decorations of the walls, would have given it the appearance of a miniature armoury, had not sundry glass cases of old coins and seals, full of worm-eaten volumes and dusty portfolios, rather inclined a casual observer to take it for the study of an antiquary.

There was a bright fire blazing in the grate, which, as the weather was chilly, emitted a heat in every sense of the word *grateful*, and gave the room an appearance of comfort, of which one would scarce have believed it capable.

The mistress of the above described apartment was reading by the light of a shade-candlestick, at a little table near the fire, whilst Miss Maddens was engaged in the preparation of that popular Chinese beverage, whose use has become to us English a second nature, which our beer-drinking forefathers would possibly have found some difficulty in comprehending.

Sir Clarence Guilford was seated near Atalanta. Their *oral* conversation was of different subjects—theatres, balls, *on dits*—but at the same time the cousins were carrying on an *optical* dialogue, evidently relating to matters of far deeper interest.

“Is your tea sweet enough?” said Atalanta to Sir Clarence.

“Quite, thank you,” replied he, in a tone of mellifluous softness, without either looking at, or tasting the liquid in question.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Lady Maddens “why, I declare, Atty has given you nothing but milk and sugar!”

“I beg your pardon Mr. Guilford—Sir Clarence I mean,” stammered poor Miss Maddens, blushing like the buds of a Peruvian rose.

“Pray do nothing of the kind -- there is nothing I am so fond of as milk—particularly London milk—it reminds one of one’s merry school days, and the morning basin of sky-blue and thick bread and butter.”

“You are very kind to excuse my absence off mind, but if I were to take you at your word—”

“There is nothing I should better like than to be *taken at my word*,” replied Guil-

ford with a slight emphasis, perceptible only to her for whom it was intended.

Atalanta blushed still more deeply, as she handed him another cup—this time, without any sugar ; but Sir Clarence drank it without remarking the deficiency.

“ You spoke just now of your merry school days,” said Lady Maddens, “ now do you really think, Sir Clarence, that school days are indeed (as many have professed) the happiest period of a man’s existence ?”

“ *I* think so ?—no ! Were I enabled to add ten years to my life, by again enduring the miseries of my boyhood, though it were my fate to die to-morrow, I should not dream for a moment of accepting the alternative. Even now it makes me shudder to reflect upon the miserable tyranny to which I was subjected. The malicious annoyance of vulgar and stupid ushers, the inquisitorial letter-opening, the irksome surveillance during the hours of

recreation, are a few of the *happinesses* of a private school."

"Well I remember the bitter disappointment I used to feel when my studious efforts were either unnoticed or unappreciated. When my blood boiled beneath the sneers and insults of a domineering assistant, and I dared not retaliate—at least not openly and boldly, which alone could have afforded me satisfaction; for what availed it to stick pins in the tyrant's chair, and put cockchafers in his tea, to pelt him with orange-peel when his back was turned, and call him nick-names when he could not hear me?"

"To be sure, we booked the masters now and then."

"You *booked* them—what is that?" enquired Lady Maddens.

"I mean we threw dictionaries and Grecian Histories at their heads—and in very bad cases—*slates*; but that we called *slating* them."

“ Dear me ! you had quite a language of your own.”

“ Quite so. We used to call a falsehood an ‘ Aristomedian crammer,’ and a boy who cried when he was caned, an ‘ Orangeman.’ We talked Latin too at night in our bed-rooms.”

“ For practice I suppose ?”

“ No—for pure fun. It was Dog-Latin of course. Then we told stories by turns, and sometimes remained awake till past midnight. I once told one myself about some knight-errants, that lasted during a whole half year, although it was continued for nearly two hours every night ; indeed by the time I got to the middle—for end it never had—I had quite forgotten the beginning.”

“ That was perhaps the origin of your talent for novel writing.”

“ Perhaps. The night was to me by far the happiest portion of my school days. We went to bed at half past eight o’clock, and usually talked for about half an hour on general

subjects, such as our fathers' horses, and guns (if they had any) the theatres we had visited in the holidays, the fun we had had at the juvenile parties to which we had been invited by one another ; the comparative beauty of the young ladies at the said parties. One little fellow was never tired of telling us how many cigars his father (a noble earl) smoked in the course of an evening ; a second had an elder brother, in India, who according to his account, made terrible havoc among the tigers in the jungles ; fought duels every other day, and possessed more native servants and elephants than he could count in a twelvemonth. A third, whose father lived in Scotland, narrated a marvellous anecdote of his having killed, on some occasion, at a single shot, no less than *seven sacks* of birds with a swivel gun. Then we talked politics ; that is, those whose fathers called themselves Tories, abused the Whigs, with all their hearts and souls, and *vice versa*. Then we talked about love ; and each had some fair girl to de-

scribe, whom he invested with all the attributes of ideal beauty and perfection. Manvers especially—the *roué*!—told a tale of a magic lantern, and a kiss in the dark, of most absorbing interest. Sometimes in the middle of a conversation of this kind, the pedagogue's stealthy step would be heard approaching. Instantly the speaker checked himself, and Duncombe would say with most perfect *sang froid* for the hundred and fiftieth time—'I say, Guilford, have you ever been to the British Museum? Yes,' this was my invariable answer, 'and don't you remember the skeleton of the 'Great Indian Elephant?.'—"

"Really," said Atalanta laughing, "I had no idea that little boys were such artful hypocrites."

"They are but men of smaller growth," said Guilford, "but I tire you with my shoolonoc-turnal reminiscences?"

"Not at all—I assure you I am highly interested in your description of the mode of

passing your time ; it has already the effect of the prescription you promised."

" Well," continued Sir Clarence, " after indulging in half an hour's small-talk, we generally sang a few songs in chorus, or told marvellous tales of our own invention, until ' the balmy,' as Mr. Richard Swiveler would say, overcame our unwilling senses. Now and then we had ' feasts,' and ' bolstering matches,' and when the measles were in the school, we actually bolstered the doctor for sending us so many black draughts !"

" I suppose you found Eton a very agreeable change ?" said Lady Maddens.

" Very," replied Sir Clarence, " but even Eton has its dark sides. Firstly, there is the detestable system of *fagging*. Secondly, the still more detestable system of *flogging*. Between the two, many a noble spirit has been broken. To a sensitive mind the disgrace of the latter is perfect damnation, and I do not hesitate to say that whoever maintains flogging

to be either necessary or advisable—nay more, that it is not an inhuman and injurious ingredient in the education of our youthful aristocracy, is a drivelling idiot and himself deserving of the ‘cat.’”

“I knew an instance of a youth whose feelings were so embittered from this punishment having been inflicted upon him, that after living for some years, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, he at length actually destroyed himself. And quite recently the master of a public school, was so severely horsewhipped by a young man whom he had flogged a few years before, as to produce a serious illness.”

“But surely,” said Lady Maddens, “instances of such vindictive feeling are very rare?”

“I am sorry to say they are,” replied Guilford, “though after all it is not the fault of the poor school-masters, but of our educational system and ingrained prejudices. At the Prussian *gymnasia* there is no corporeal chas-

tisement permitted, and yet I am convinced from personal experience, that the general run of Germans, either sons of their nobles, or those studying for the learned professions, are better classical scholars than with us—besides, they *are* taught French, mathematics, and history ; of which we are left in happy ignorance, unless prompted by our own inclination, to contract their acquaintance. In my opinion there can be but one excuse for flogging a school-boy—a dishonourable action.”

“ You express yourself strongly on the subject,” said Lady Maddens.

“ I feel strongly upon it. The first bias which the mind receives, re-acts upon the disposition through the whole life-time ; the barbarous custom in question is a great moral evil”.

And yet Solomon says, ‘ spare the rod and spoil the child !’

“ Oh ! pray do not talk of Solomon—it makes me think of the Jew Lord Mayor they have just elected.”

“ My cousin Omnibus thinks the whole country is going to the dogs,” said Atalanta.

“ *Nous verrons,*” said Lady Maddens as she left the room.

Clarence and Atalanta were alone.

CHAPTER V.

LOVE.

I.

“ There is a cavern damp and cold,
Wherein a grisly king doth hold
A spectral court in gloom threefold,
 For ever and for e'er !
His features pale,
Tell a fearful tale,
His corpse-like eye is turned to stone,
Mid shrieks of pain, and many a groan,
Unmoved and silent sits alone
 The monarch fiend—DESPAIR !

II,

There is a bow'r on a verdant height,
Surrounded by roses and parasite,
There sits a Queen as fair as light,
 Looks down the flowery slope,
And on the prospect's far extent
Her beaming eyes are softly bent ;
With voiceless joy, a nectar draught
She quaffs, and the goblet as soon as quaffed
Is replenished, by seraphs from Eden sent—
 And the name of this queen is HOPE !”

These words were sung by Atalanta in a soft, clear voice ; whilst the happy author of both poetry and music leant over the lovely vocalist, under the pretence of turning the leaves of the song, which she had known by heart almost from the day of its publication. His arm, strange to say, *all but* encircled her sylph-like waist, his light brown curls mingled with her long, dark tresses, their cheeks *all but* touched, as he whispered in her ear—

“ It is for you to decide which of these two mighty potentates is henceforth to own me as a subject ?”

Atalanta started — she blushed—she was always blushing, was Atalanta — her milk-white bosom heaved—she trembled—she cast down her eyes—but she uttered not a word.

“ Atalanta !” exclaimed Guilford in a deeply impassioned tone, “ I love you !—I loved you as a boy—I adore you as a man—fortune and rank are now mine—but they are valueless as the dust beneath us,† if you refuse to share them with me ;— Speak — look up, and let me read in those dark orbs a confirmation of my happiness !”

Atalanta raised her head—her lover’s deep blue eyes seemed to drink the very inmost secrets of her soul. What varied meaning could those eyes convey ! Like ‘ Vathek’s,’ his glance of hate appeared by its basiliskine fierceness to blast and wither those on whom it rested. Few could throw more concentrated contempt and scorn into a single look. None

† I beg leave to observe that the dust alluded to, was a very nice new Persian carpet—however, one must not be too particular with lovers and poets.

send flashing from beneath their brows such mingled passion, tenderness and love, which penetrated like an electric current to the heart of his beautiful companion.

“ Filled with a sweet and indescribable delight, Atalanta sank into the arms of Sir Clarence, who gazed upon her with the most devoted and passionate admiration !”

“ Darling girl !” he exclaimed, words can never express how intensely—how ardently I love you !”

A long silence followed—the consciousness of ineffable bliss, supplied the place of verbal protestations and vows—burning kisses were exchanged—with his left arm Guilford, seated on the music stool, encircled the waist of Atalanta, and occasionally with his right hand struck from the notes of the piano-forte, a few exquisite chords of wild and beautiful harmony, which caused their pure and youthful hearts to thrill in ecstatic sympathy.

“ Atalanta,” said Guilford at length, “ I must speak to your mother.”

“ Yes, Clarence,” she replied, and his name seemed doubly melodious when sounding from her tempting lips.

One more kiss, and Lady Maddens re-entered the room.

“ Can I have half an hour’s private conversation with you, my dear lady,” said Guilford.

“ Certainly,” replied her ladyship, and Atalanta quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER VI.

VALOUR AND STRATAGEM.

WIGGLETON having made his toilette with consummate art, astonished Ensign Springdale by a particularly early visit the next morning. He found the latter in the act of stuffing a carpet bag with a variety of habiliments as if for a journey. From this occupation, however, he instantaneously desisted on beholding his friend, whilst his cheeks exhibited considerable tendency to rival his full-dress regimentals in their coloring.

“ I am delighted to see you on the atmospheric railroad to improvement,” said Omnibus, “ you had your arm in a sling the last time I saw you—let me see, it was two days ago.”

“ No,” said Springdale, “ it was three—I am certain it was three, because—”

“ Well never mind proving, like the German logicians that twice two is four; three days ago you could not lift your hand to your nose.”

“ It was not quite so bad as that either,” said the Ensign deprecatingly.

“ Well, I am glad, at any rate, that you are so much better,” replied Wiggleton, who began to wonder what his friend was driving at.

“ Yes, I certainly am a great deal better,” replied Springdale, “ of course you have heard the glorious news of the destruction of the French fleet, and the tremendous defeat of their troops in Morocco ?”

“ Not a word,” said Wiggleton.

“ Oh, yes! the news arrived yesterday—

knocked all to pieces—blown to atoms—Warner's invention—and I not there to share the glory!"

"And the plunder," suggested Omnibus.

"*And* the plunder," continued Springdale, "but my arm is nearly well now—a ship is just going to sail. I shall get quite well by the time we arrive at Mogadore."

"Then I am to understand that you mean to join your regiment?"

"You have hit the nail on the head," replied the valiant Ensign.

"Who else is going with you?"

"Lord Sniggers—a particular friend of mine—do you know him?"

"Know him?—not I—he is one of the peers that were made by Coningsby, to carry the perpetuity bill in the Lords—however, as he is your friend, I will not express too strong an opinion of him."

"Oh! pray don't let that prevent you from saying anything you like; we are not at all

intimate—I never saw him but once in my life.”

“Nor anybody else,” said Wiggleton laughing, “from nothing he came, and to nothing he will return some day or other, I suppose.”

The nephew of Lady Maddens fell into a brown study. He had always regarded Springdale as a fool—an honest, brave, good-natured, frank-hearted fool. He now began shrewdly to suspect that he had made a very great mistake in the character of that gallant officer. Springdale had evidently carried out a very deep laid and ingenious scheme. That he had never broken his arm was evident; he was now about to join his regiment, and stood a fair chance of getting promoted, without running any risk from the French bayonets and artillery. Ensign Springdale rose in the estimation of Omnibus Wiggleton; not on account of his cowardice, but because he had managed a successful *ruse*. Omnibus entertained a peculiar theory with regard to courage; he regarded it

as an inborn quality, which a man, not naturally gifted with could no more subsequently acquire, than he could bestow on himself a talent for poetry or painting by any exertion of his own mental powers. A man, therefore, he considered ought not to be blamed for *being* the veriest coward alive, any more than for having a hump-back, or a club-foot, inasmuch as he could not possibly remedy the evil; but to *shew* the white feather was in his opinion a most heinous offence, as it involved not only cowardice, but downright stupidity, a union of bad qualities which even his theory of inborn properties could not enable him to get over. Omnibus himself was as fearless as a lion, and consequently one of the most inoffensive men that breathed. Now and then it is true his high spirits involved him in a "row," from which he never failed to extricate himself with *eclat*.

"Springdale," said he, "I want your assistance in the execution of a stratagem."

“What is it?” enquired the Ensign cautiously, desirous of “looking before he leaped.”

“I am in love,” replied Wiggleton, “my *bella donna* lives in Oxford Street on a first floor. Who, or what she is, I do not know, but I am to see the apartments she inhabits this morning. They are at a pastry-cook’s. Now what I want you to do is, to come into the shop about five minutes after me, and ask for Mrs. —, you will see her name over the shop window—this, if I do not miscalculate very wofully, will leave me *tête-à-tête* with my first floor beauty. You will of course keep her as long as you can—”

“But—” began Springdale.

“But!—me no buts, as King Richard III. said to Hastings. I do not ask you to entertain an old harridan with false teeth, and wrinkles deep as ditches; but a fair young widow, of a marvellously agreeable aspect, I assure you.”

“ Well,” said the Ensign, “ the adventure improves—but what shall I say to this ‘ young widow ? ’ ”

“ Say ! say anything—make love to her.”

“ But how shall I begin ? ”

“ Begin ? — don’t begin at all ! follow Horace’s advice, and dash at once *in medias res !* ”

“ But I must say something.”

“ Then ask for an ice—a raspberry ice, and when she gets it you, change your mind and take a pine-apple.”

“ But suppose she does not serve me herself, but tells somebody else to do so.”

“ Hum ! what a muff it is ! ” thought Wiggleton, “ I wish I had asked my cousin, he would have understood me at a word ; only he is so infernally moral, he would have asked me what my intentions were before I knew them myself. Then I might have asked Melville ; only he is such a man of the world, he would have talked of ‘ consequences,’ and have been for

making inquiries as to the respectability of the girl, if he thought I was in earnest, or else warning me against the four and sixpenny seduction act. After all, this blockhead I have chosen will suit my purpose best."

"I'll tell you what, Springdale," said Omnibus aloud, "say you are a lawyer, and ask the widow whether she has any distant relations anywhere; take notes of her answers, make her fancy you are trying to find out the heir to some property, and when your inventive faculties are regularly stumped, tell her you see she is not the person you are in search of, and evaporate. We can meet at the 'exhibition,' if you please; and like the people in the old epics, tell one another our adventures."

"Content," said Springdale.

"Well, good bye—do not be longer than five minutes on any account. By Venus! I feel like Telemachus on his way to the grotto of Calypso—talking of Telemachus reminds me of Sidonia's stupid comparison between the

present King of the French, and the sage Ulysses."

"Both wise princes," said Springdale.

"True, but Ulysses had a wise son—I defy anybody to shew me that phenomenon amongst the offspring of Louis Philippe."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEXT STEP.

“Excuse my abruptness yesterday,” said Omnibus, I saw a friend on the other side of the road, whom I had not seen for years; the last time we met was on the tip top of Mount Caucasus!”

“Was it really, sir?” said the fair pastry-cook with an expression of interest.

“Yes, we were standing there in our great

lined with fur—it was indescribably cold, I assure you—when we saw a something on the top of an opposite crag. ‘It is a man,’ said my friend. ‘No, it is a tree,’ said I. ‘Look at his arms!’ said he. ‘They are branches,’ said I. ‘I’ll be cursed if they are!’ said he. In short, we had a very hot discussion; which ended in an angry quarrel, and the result was that we determined upon separating; my friend went down one side of the mountain, and I down the other.”

“Dear me! how very shocking!” said the widow, “and pray, sir, what *was* the thing you quarrelled about after all?”

“A bear, ma’am—a grisly bear, standing on its hind legs. It afterwards chased me for nearly three miles, and would have doubtless ultimately devoured me, if a lucky thought had not suddenly entered my head.”

“And what was that, sir?”

“Why,” responded the imaginative Omni-

bus, " I happened to have an H.B. caricature in my pocket, containing a very graphic, I may say striking likeness of Mr. Sidonia, who, as you are no doubt well aware, is of the purest Caucasian breed. Well, I drew out the picture and shewed it to the bear. Mr. Sidonia is—as every body knows—a very *barefaced* personage. My pursuer recognised his brother of the Caucasus, and immediately offered to embrace him in the most friendly manner possible. I took this opportunity of cutting his throat with my pen knife, after which, I am happy to say, he politely refrained from giving me any further molestation."

" What a providential escape !" said the pastry-cook.

" It was indeed—though I have evaded still more imminent dangers. I was once very near reading Lord William Lennox's, ' Tufthunter ;' and on another occasion I was saved by the illness of a relation from seeing the notorious

Mr. Macready murder Hamlet. But to the point, as the Venetian Bravo said when he stillettoed the senator—you have apartments to let?"

"Yes, sir, a first floor furnished," replied the confectioner, "should you like to see them at once, sir?"

"Certainly," replied Omnibus, "next to seeing your fair self, Mrs. Jones—"

"Mrs. *Johns*, if you please, sir," corrected the widow.

"Next to seeing Mrs. *Johns*," resumed Wiggleton, "Mrs. *Johns*'s furnished apartments excite my liveliest interest."

The widow thought Wiggleton an exceedingly lively gentleman, and proceeded to exhibit her apartments.

"Have you any tenant at the present moment in the rooms you are about to shew me?" enquired Omnibus as they ascended the stairs.

“ No tenant exactly,” replied Mrs. Johns, “ but there is a young lady, sir—poor thing, she has been very unfortunate ! her father was an Italian, and of a very good family, I have heard. He had a large salary from a merchant here, who carried on an immense trade with Leghorn, and— ”

“ Well ?” encouraged Omnibus stopping on a small landing half-way up the stairs leading to the first floor, and evidently interested in the communications of the pastry-cook.

“ Well, sir—I *did* hear he was a count in his own country, or something of the kind—however, he lived in a very nice house in R—street—they say he left his own country on account of some political cables.”

“ Political cabals ?”

“ Yes, sir, he used to send here almost every day for jellies and ices, and blanc-manges, and spent, his whole time, when he was not at his office in the city, in teaching his daughter

music and painting, and I don't know what all Oh! sir, such a dear young lady! so pretty, and so amiable! Well, sir, he died suddenly, confusion of blood to the head, I think the doctor said—and it was found that he had left his daughter totally unprovided for. Oh dear! what a terrible state she was in, I thought she would have died too—for I happened to be there the morning he died—they had lived so retired that they had scarcely any acquaintances, so Miss Vestalini (that was her name), thought she might support herself by painting, and after a time, as the old lady who used to lodge here had just left me, and the young lady was obliged to leave the house her father had formerly lived in, I thought I might as well let her have the apartments until I could get another lodger. She paints nearly all day, and sells them to the picture shops—they give her a mere nothing for them, and even the trifle they offer is often kept back, she tells me, for many weeks.”

“ Ah ! I see,” said Omnibus recommencing his ascent, “ poor girl ! what a terrible fate !”

The confectioner knocked at the door of the room inhabited by the fair Italian, a gentle voice said, “ come in,” and Omnibus Wiggleton stood in the presence of the fair Italian.

“ I beg pardon for disturbing you, Miss,” said the widow, “ will you permit this gentleman to look at the apartments ?”

La Signora bowed gracefully, and continued her painting. The widow began to say something about the furniture, when a servant put her head in, and said—

“ Please, ma’am, there’s a gent below wishes to speak to you—he says as it is bisniss of the very houtmost *importance*.”

“ Excuse me one moment, sir,” said the widow.

“ Pray do not mention it,” said Omnibus,

and the pastry-cook left the room, slamming the door to in the hastiness of her exit.

“Bravo, Springdale!” thought the adventurous Wiggleton, “and now ‘to be or not to be, that is the question.’”

CHAPTER VII.

AN ECCENTRIC PROPOSAL.

LA SIGNORA was in the first bloom of youth—scarcely sixteen. Her figure was of the most delicately beautiful proportions, her countenance replete with sensibility, her dark eyes flashed unutterable feelings, her complexion was clear and dark, her hair and eyebrows black as the raven's plume, and far more soft and beautiful.

“These are very comfortable apartments,” said Wiggleton ice-breakingly.

“Very,” replied La Signora raising her head,

and perceiving that the intruder, on her privacy, was of a very gentlemanly aspect, and moreover neither a ghoul, nor a Tartar in his outward form and physionomical development.

“ This is an excellent room for painting,” he rejoined, “ and I may venture to express an opinion on the subject, for I am an artist myself.”

“ Indeed ?” said the fair Italian, again raising her head, and making the discovery that the stranger’s eyes were peculiarly brilliant and expressive, “ do you paint historical pieces ?”

“ I am but a *dilettante*,” replied Omnibus, “ but I have painted in almost every style ; though I must confess that I have chiefly succeeded in the comico-historical, or *caricature* line ; but recently I have not had much time for the prosecution of the art in my own person.”

“ What do you think of this year’s exhibition ?” said La Signora timidly, and not unmoved by the respectful admiration expressed

in every word, tone, and look of the handsome stranger. There is perhaps no period of our lives when the heart is so susceptible of sympathy and—kindness, as that immediately following the loss of a near relation, protector, and friend. Lucia Vestalini was eminently formed for sympathy. During her father's lifetime she had reposed in him the most perfect and unrestrained confidence. She had been to him his world, his idol, his only joy. Her infantile caresses had soothed his exile, her maturer society had consoled him for the loss of friends and fortune, fatherland and station. Her sole object had been to please her beloved father, to anticipate his wishes and to obtain his approbation. He died, and life appeared a desert; death, she would have hailed as the greatest of blessings. Luckily the more immediate causes of subsistence did not permit her to brood too unremittingly on her bereavement. Still a fearful gap was left in her existence, both physical and moral, and she felt most bit-

terly the want of something to love, to cherish and confide in. There was a kindness, an expression of interest in the manner of the young stranger, that touched her desolate heart. She had been deprived for months of the society of persons, her equal in birth and education, and her mind was overflowing with thoughts to which she longed to give utterance. Surely she may be excused for not repelling with frigid Anglicism the advances of our eccentric friend.

“To recur to her question, “what do you think of this year’s exhibition?”

“There is, I fear, a terrible deficiency in sublime and beautiful conceptions,” replied Omnibus, “although perhaps this is rather the fault of the public taste than of our own artists, who are compelled in many instances to become mere portrait painters in order to gain a subsistence.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the Italian with a slightly foreign accent, “how dreadful it must be to

have to paint fat, ugly men, and coarse looking, old women, with lap dogs and nosegays in their hands. Oh! I could never do it, never!"

"Nor need you ever descend to such unpleasant subjects, whilst you can compose designs so full of beauty and talent as this you are now engaged upon," rejoined Wiggleton gazing with unfeigned admiration at a nearly finished painting of a sleeping peasant girl, with a golden sky illumined by the last rays of the setting sun as a background. "It is very beautiful!" he continued, "the clear depth of those shades about the face and neck I have never seen surpassed, and the sunshine absolutely seems to warm one as one looks at it!"

Lucia gazed upon Omnibus, her eyes flashing with delight; she very naturally compared his frank and enthusiastic remarks with the cold, calculating comments of the picture-dealers to which she had recently been subjected. He

saw the pleasure his discriminating praise had given her, and continued quietly—

“ I am a great admirer of the art, and flatter myself that my “ gallery” is not so poorly furnished as it might be; although I am ashamed to say that I have nothing but the works of *new* masters, and only copies of the older schools. If you would not be offended by my offering fifty guineas for this painting—I am not rich or I would not mention so trifling a sum.”

“ No—no, sir! it is too much!” replied the astonished Italian, who had but the day before disposed of a similar painting for less than a tenth part of the amount.

“ Not in the least,” replied Wiggleton. “ Ah! that is a beautiful painting!” he suddenly exclaimed, fixing his eyes upon a portrait in a massive frame that hung over the fireplace. “ What an exquisite likeness!”

“ It was painted by my father a few months

before he died," said Lucia, and the tears came into her eyes as she spoke.

"Yes," exclaimed Omnibus, alternately gazing at Lucia, and at the painting, "it is indeed an admirable portrait—I would give a thousand pounds most willingly."

"I cannot part with it, sir," answered Lucia sadly shaking her head.

"Five thousand?" persisted Wiggleton.

"No, sir, it is sacred to my father's memory, I cannot part with it—and surely you jest when you offer for it so enormous a sum."

"No, by Heavens!" replied Omnibus.

"I would give ten thousand guineas were that picture mine!"

"It cannot be," said Lucia, regarding with surprise her extraordinary visiter.

"Yes!" exclaimed Omnibus impetuously, "there is one mode by which it may become mine, even without your parting with it."

"I do not see how—" began the beautiful Italian.

“By your becoming my wife!” interrupted Omnibus, and before she could offer the slightest resistance, Lucia found herself clasped in the arms of the stranger, and a passionate kiss impressed upon her lips and forehead.

Another moment Omnibus was on his knees at her feet.

“Forgive me, divine Signora!” said he, “my passion got the better of my reason—I love you—I have loved you—ever since yesterday afternoon, when I first saw you at that window. Do not reject me without consideration—I am not it is true a man of the world, I care not for its opinion, its forms, or its prejudices—but I worship the God of truth—and as I live, will marry you to-morrow, if you will but condescend to accept me!”

Lucia burst into tears.

“Pardon me,” resumed Omnibus, “for daring to use language so unceremonious to one so far above me in rank.”

“Lucia di Vestalini is a dependant on the

charity of a poor confectioner," replied la Signora bitterly but proudly.

"She is not on that account the less a daughter of an Italian noble!" rejoined Wiggleton, "but believe me I would cut my tongue out with my own hand, rather than say anything that could offend or hurt your feelings."

"Oh! I believe you!" replied Lucia, "I am sure you did not intend to insult me!"

"*I* insult you!" exclaimed Omnibus, "no—hear me swear—"

"Stay!" said Lucia, "you are not now capable of calm reflection."

"I never am—"

"You may change your mind?"

"Never!"

"Consider I am portionless—unknown."

"The greater the necessity that you should find a protector and—a husband. I love you—I shall never cease to love you—give me hope!"

"But how am I to know—?"

“Stay! give me permission to revisit you to-morrow—I will explain my position—my prospects.”

At this moment the door opened and the pastry-cook re-entered the room.

“Farewell!” cried Omnibus, “remember to-morrow!” and without waiting to hear the apologies of the widow for keeping him waiting so long, he hurried away. A minute afterwards they saw him leap into his cabriolet, and dash away at a furious pace in the direction of Hyde Park.

“What is the matter, Miss?” said the widow.

“He wants to marry me,” replied la Signora.

I wonder how it will turn out, for by the beards of my ancestors! I know as little what may happen in the next chapter but one of this veritable history—as the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Soon after the passing of the perpetuity bill the ministry proceeded to metamorphose all the *ci devant* members of the House of Commons into peers, with the view of amalgamating both houses, and thus simplifying the means of legislation as much as possible.

Barons accordingly became the christian members, barons *ex officio*, all the Jewish riff-raff, who by means of unlimited bribery and unparalleled corruption had obtained seats in

the bye-gone British senate. All the old lords were advanced a step in the peerage, just "to draw the line," as Lord Wilton expressed it, and prevent them from feeling their degradation too keenly.

The opposition in the mean time made very furious speeches; but the *people* were in favour of change of every description, and were much delighted with the public games and festivals instituted in every county. Cock-fights, wrestling matches, boxing, shooting at targets, hobby-horses, grinning through horse-collars, &c., were the order of the day. Bread and beef, and beer, were everywhere distributed, (the sinking fund paid the piper) music and singing were heard at every inn. Dancing too there was, and mummers, and perambulating theatres and equestrian exhibitions.

The poor thought the golden age returned, and in the folly of their hearts imagined that these convivial jovialities were to last for ever.

Rick-burning was discontinued, and fireworks let off in their stead. Illuminations were prevalent in the towns, and—

BEN SIDONIA

In prodigious characters, and variegated lamps, was to be read on every other house, whilst—

GYM CUSTOMS

In letters equally glittering and gigantic adorned the front of every mechanics' institution, and literary and scientific Spartancœum throughout the land.

Then the new nobles were so vastly condescending; Lord Clerkenwell, Lord Holywell, and Lord Minories, were always ready to preside at public dinners, even where tickets were to be purchased for what the elegant Mr. Montague Tigg, alias, Tigg Montague, so gracefully termed, "the ridiculously small amount of eighteen pence!"

The Jewish lords strove also to *un-Jew* themselves as far as in them lay, by altering the position of the letters forming their names.

For instance, Levi, became Vile—Moses, Mosse—D'Israeli, Disreali, &c.

The ghost of Ovid roared with rage in Tartarus, at seeing himself so out done by the new generation, or as some call it the *novel* generation, affirming that the tribe in question have no existence worth speaking of, save in historical romances, and romantic histories, still more fanciful and improbable than the former.

END OF BOOK IV.

AND VOL. I.

Mr. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

I.

MRS. GREY'S NEW NOVEL.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

T H E G A M B L E R ' S W I F E .

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE YOUNG PRIMA DONNA," "THE BELLE OF THE
FAMILY," "THE OLD DOWER HOUSE," &c.

II.

In 1 vol. post 8vo.

ALGERIA—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY J. H. BLOFELD, ESQ.

III.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.

T H E C O U R T - P A R T I A L .

A Tale of Military Life in 18—.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

IV.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

IRELAND AND ITS RULERS SINCE 1829.

V.

NEW NOVEL BY THE "SCOTTISH BOZ."

A SECOND EDITION.

T H E Y O U N G W I D O W .

VI.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS GUIDE.

By the Editor of "The Grandfather."

VII.

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

T H E G R A N D F A T H E R

BY THE LATE MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

AUTHOR OF

"NAN DARBELL," "THE GRUMBLER," &c.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

VIII.

In 1 vol.

EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN.

By the late J. OVERS. With a Preface

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IX.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.

TALES OF THE CAMP AND CABINET.

BY COLONEL TUCKER.

X.

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

EDITH LESLIE.

BY MRS. FIELDER.

XI.

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN,

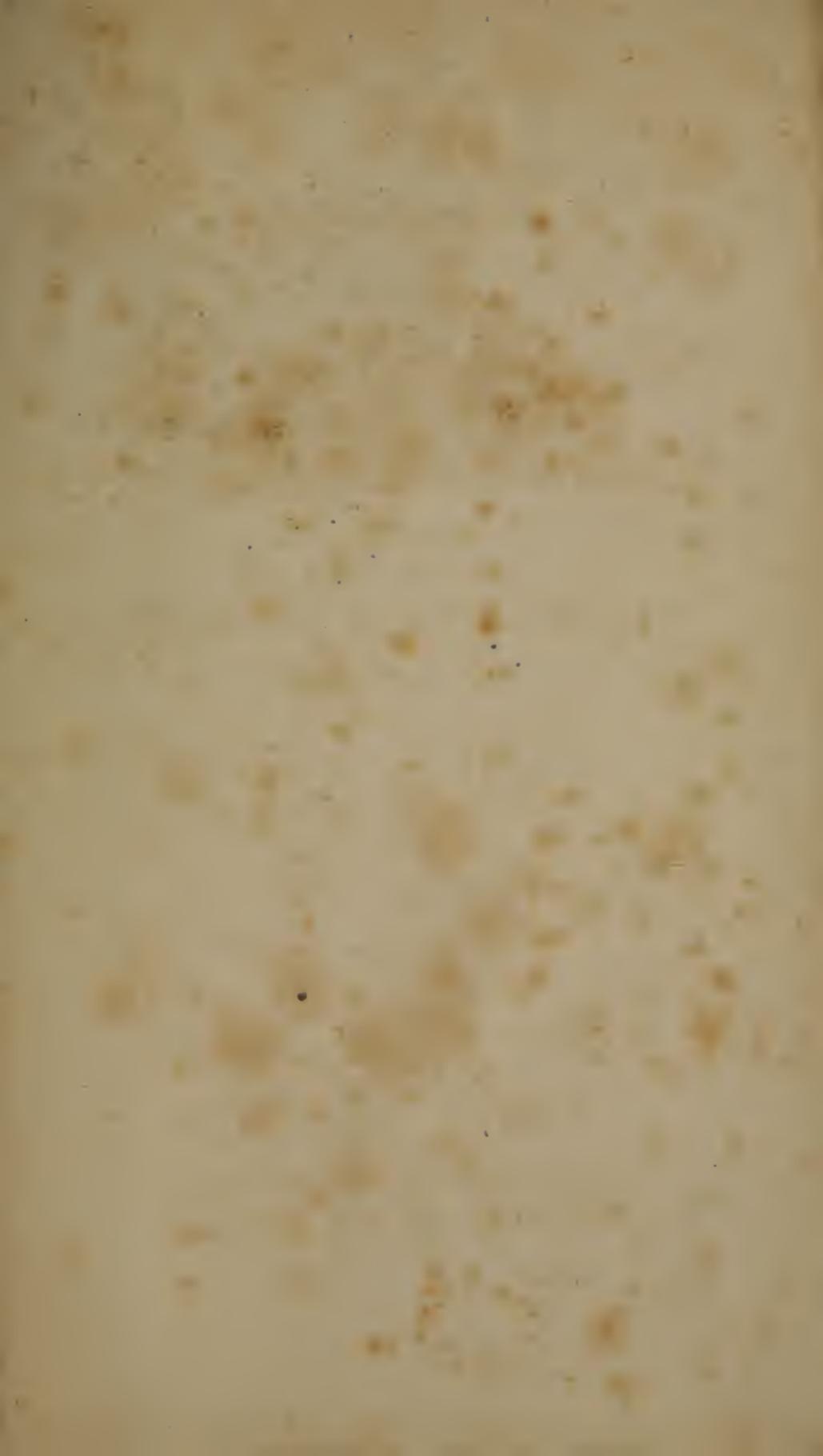
BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEN BRADSHAW."

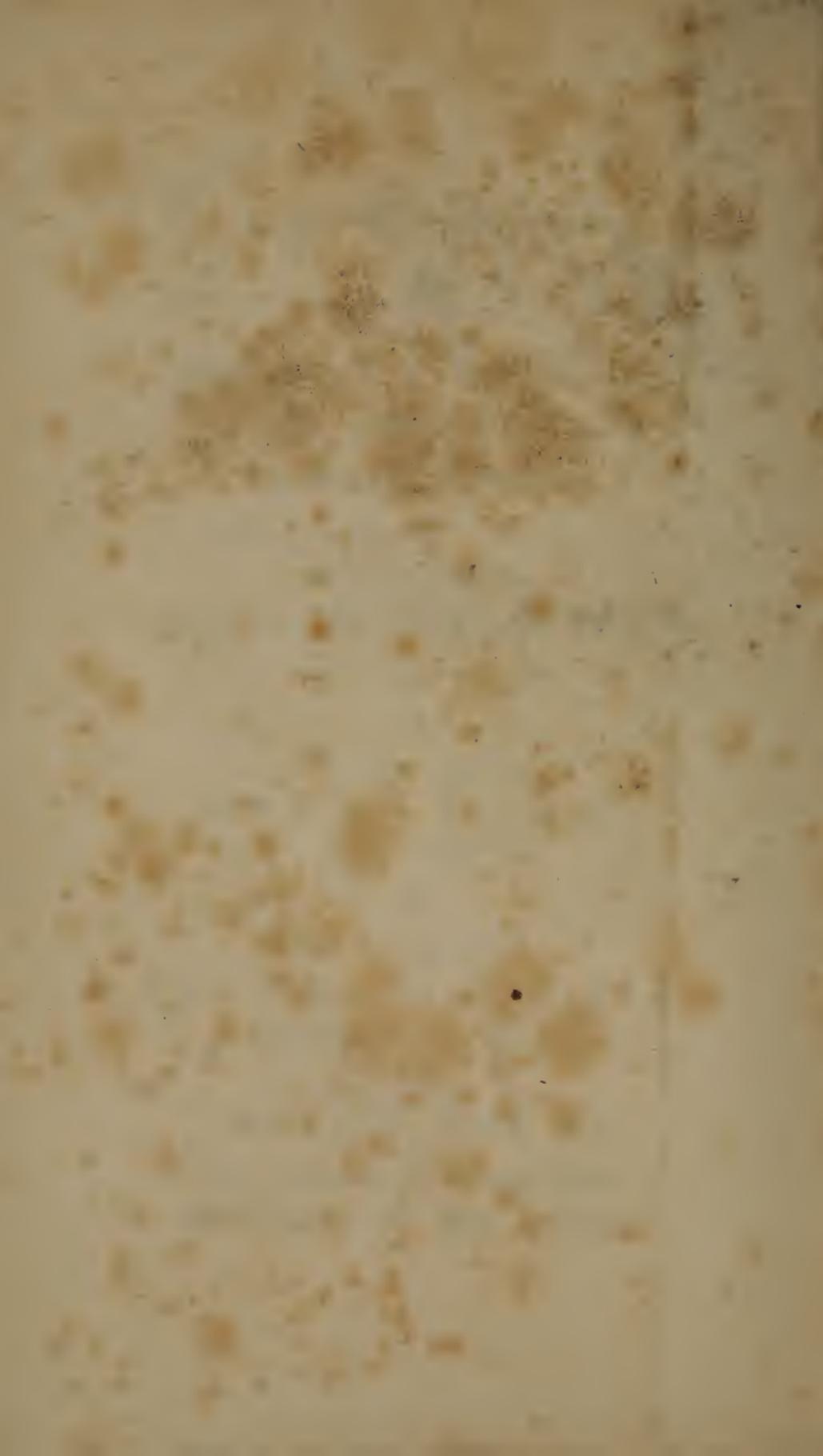
XII.

Parts 1 to 10. Price 1s. each

With Illustrations by CRUIKSHANK.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.







UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 052951610