

our feasts the poor, the maimed, the blind. I have been blind till to-day, John. I don't care for large parties any more."

"You shall do as your own heart has counseled you, Nellie. The money shall be at your disposal to-morrow. We will give our reception to the guests whom God himself chose for us."

He said no more just then, but Nellie Stirling had unconsciously gained in that hour a new and holier hold on the heart of her husband. He had loved the gay, half-spoiled girl—what word expresses what he felt for the noble, self-sacrificing woman whom that day had revealed to him?

Anne Hadly's heart was lightened next day of a weary burden, and she was as grateful for Mrs. Stirling's delicacy as for her aid.

"It is not a gift to you," the lady said, as she explained the arrangements she had made. "You are to help yourself the same as before. I only want to offer my tribute to your father's memory—your father who lost his life in ministering to an unknown penitent. For the sake of that Christian man, who, like his Master, counted not his life dear unto him, if thereby he might save some, you must accept it."

Need I say how many sad hearts came to John and Ellen Stirling's feast that winter and were comforted—how many hungry mouths were filled—how many fires were kindled in cheerless rooms? Was the sacrifice of giving up one evening, brilliant with lights, odorous with flowers, jocund with music, gay with dance and song, too great? Let the day of everlasting reckoning declare!

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXI.

TREATS OF DANCING, DINING, DYING.

OLD school-boys remember how, when pious Æneas was compelled by painful circumstances to quit his country, he and his select band of Trojans founded a new Troy, where they landed; raising temples to the Trojan gods; building streets with Trojan names; and endeavoring, to the utmost of their power, to recall their beloved native place. In like manner, British Trojans and French Trojans take their Troy every where. Algiers I have only seen from the sea; but New Orleans and Leicester Square I have visited; and have seen a quaint old France still lingering on the banks of the Mississippi; a dingy modern France round that great Globe of Mr. Wyld's, which they say is coming to an end. There are French cafés, billiards, estaminets, waiters, markers, poor Frenchmen, and rich Frenchmen, in a new Paris—shabby and dirty, it is true, but offer-

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

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

This is the plan which the Vicomte de Loisy used to adopt. He was following a *cours* of English according to the celebrated *méthode Johnson*. The *cours* assembled twice a week; and the vicomte, with laudable assiduity, went to all English parties to which he could gain an introduction, for the purpose of acquiring the English language, and marrying *une Anglaise*. This industrious young man even went *au Temple* on Sundays for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the English language; and as he sat under Doctor Murrough Macmanus of T. C. D., a very eloquent preacher at Paris in those days, the vicomte acquired a very fine pronunciation. Attached to the cause of unfortunate monarchy all over the world, the vicomte had fought in the Spanish earliest armies. He waltzed well; and madame thought his cross looked nice at her parties. Will it be believed that Mrs. General Baynes took this gentleman into special favor; talked with him at *soirée* after *soirée*; never laughed at his English; encouraged her girl to waltz with him (which he did to perfection, whereas poor Clive was but a hulking and clumsy performer); and showed him the greatest favor, until one day, on going into Mrs. Bonus's, the house agent (who lets lodgings, and sells British pickles, tea, sherry, and the like), she found the vicomte occupying a stool as clerk in Mr. Bonus's establishment, where for twelve hundred francs a year he gave his invaluable services during the day! Mrs. Baynes took poor madame severely to task for admitting such a man to her assemblies. Madame was astonished. Monsieur was a gentleman of ancient family who had met with misfortunes. He was earning his maintenance. To sit in a bureau was not a dishonour. Knowing that *boutique* meant shop and *garçon* meant boy, Mrs. Baynes made use of the *boutique garçon* the next time she saw the vicomte. The little man wept tears of rage and mortification. There was a very painful scene, which, thank Mercy, poor Charlotte thought, Philip was not present. Were it not for the general's *cheveux blancs* (by which phrase the vicomte very kindly designated General Baynes's chestnut top-knot) the vicomte would have had reason from him. "Charming miss," he said to Charlotte, "your respectable papa is safe from my sword! Madame, your mamma has addressed me words which I qualify not. But you—you are too handsome, too good, to despise a poor soldier, a poor gentleman!" I have heard the vicomte still dances at boarding-houses, and is still in pursuit of an *Anglaise*. He must be a wooer now almost as elderly as the good general whose scalp he respected.

Mrs. Baynes was, to be sure, a heavy weight to bear for poor madame, but her lean shoulders were accustomed to many a burden; and if the general's wife was quarrelsome and odious, he, as madame said, was as soft as a mutton; and Charlotte's pretty face and manners were the admiration of all. The yellow Miss Bolderos, those hapless elderly orphans left in pawn, might bite their lips with envy, but they never could make them as red as Miss Charlotte's smiling mouth. To the honor of Madame Smolensk be it said that never by word or hint did she cause those unhappy young ladies any needless pain. She never stinted them of any meal. No full-priced pensioner of madame's could have breakfast, luncheon, dinners served more regularly. The day after their mother's flight that good Madame Smolensk took early cups of tea to the girls' rooms with her own hands, and I believe helped to do the hair of one of them, and otherwise to soothe them in their misfortune. They could not keep their secret. It must be owned that Mrs. Baynes never lost an opportunity of deploring their situation and acquainting all new-comers with their mother's flight and transgression. But she was good-natured to the captives in her grim way, and admired madame's forbearance regarding them. The two old officers were now especially polite to the poor things, and the general rapped one of his boys over the knuckles for saying to Miss Brenda, "If your uncle is a lord, why doesn't he give you any money?" "And these girls used to hold their heads above mine, and their mother used to give herself such airs!" cried Mrs. Baynes. "And Eliza Baynes used to flatter those poor girls and their mother, and fancy they were going to make a woman of fashion of her!" said Mrs. Bunch. "We all have our weaknesses. Lords are not yours, my dear. Faith, I don't think you know one," says stout little Colonel Bunch. "I wouldn't pay a duchess such court as Eliza paid that woman!" cried Emma; and she made sarcastic inquiries of the general, whether Eliza had heard from her friend the Honorable Mrs. Boldero? But for all this Mrs. Bunch pitied the young ladies, and I believe gave them a little supply of coin from her private purse. A word as to their private history. Their mamma became the terror of boarding-housekeepers: and the poor girls practiced their duets all over Europe. Mrs. Boldero's noble nephew, the present Strongitharm (as a friend who knows the fashionable world informs me), was victimized by his own uncle, and a most painful affair occurred between them at a game at "blind hokey." The Honorable Mrs. Boldero is living in the precincts of Holyrood; one of her daughters is happily married to a minister, and the other to an apothecary who was called in to attend her in quinsy. So I am inclined to think that phrase about "select" boarding-houses is a mere complimentary term, and as for the strictest references being given and required, I certainly should not lay out extra money for printing that expression in my

advertisement were I going to set up an establishment myself.

Old college friends of Philip's visited Paris from time to time, and rejoiced in carrying him off to Borel's or the Trois Frères, and hospitably treating him who had been so hospitable in his time. Yes, thanks be to Heaven, there are good Samaritans in pretty large numbers in this world, and hands ready enough to succor a man in misfortune. I could name two or three gentlemen who drive about in chariots and look at people's tongues and write queer figures and queer Latin on note-paper, who occultly made a purse containing some seven or ten score fees, and sent them out to Dr. Firmin in his banishment. The poor wretch had behaved as ill as might be, but he was without a penny or a friend. I dare say Dr. Goodenough, among other philanthropists, put his hands into his pocket. Having heartily disliked and mistrusted Firmin in prosperity, in adversity he melted toward the poor fugitive wretch: he even could believe that Firmin had some skill in his profession, and in his practice was not quite a quack.

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

About Christmas Mr. Firmin's own affairs brought him on a brief visit to London. We were not jealous that he took up his quarters with his little friend of Thornhaugh Street, who was contented that he should dine with us, provided she could have the pleasure of housing him under her kind shelter. High and mighty people as we were—for under what humble roofs does not Vanity hold her sway?—we, who knew Mrs. Brandon's virtues, and were aware of her early story, would have condescended to receive her into our society; but it was the little lady herself who had her pride, and held aloof. "My parents did not give me the education you have had, ma'am," Caroline said to my wife. "My place is not here, I know very well; unless you should be took ill, and *then*, ma'am, you'll see that I will be glad enough to come. Philip can come and see *me*; and a blessing it is to me to set eyes on him. But I shouldn't be happy in your drawing-room, nor you in having me. The dear children look surprised at my way of talking; and no wonder: and they laugh sometimes to one another, God bless 'em! I don't mind. My education was not cared for. I scarce had any schooling but what I taught myself. My pa hadn't the means of learning me much: and it

is too late to go to school at forty odd. I've got all his stockings and things darned; and his linen, poor fellow! beautiful: I wish they keep it as nice in France, where he is! You'll give my love to the young lady, won't you, ma'am? and, oh! it's a blessing to me to hear how good and gentle she is! He has a high temper, Philip have; but them he likes can easy manage him. You have been his best kind friends; and so will she be, I trust; and they may be happy, though they're poor. But they've time to get rich, haven't they? And it's not the richest that's the happiest, that I can see in many a fine house where Nurse Brandon goes and has her eyes open, though she don't say much, you know." In this way Nurse Brandon would prattle on to us when she came to see us. She would share our meal, always thanking by name the servant who helped her. She insisted on calling our children "Miss" and "Master," and I think those young satirists did not laugh often or unkindly at her peculiarities. I know they were told that Nurse Brandon was very good; and that she took care of her father in his old age; and that she had passed through very great griefs and trials; and that she had nursed Uncle Philip when he had been very ill indeed, and when many people would have been afraid to come near him; and that her life was spent in tending the sick, and in doing good to her neighbor.

One day during Philip's stay with us we happen to read in the paper Lord Ringwood's arrival in London. My lord had a grand town-house of his own which he did not always inhabit. He liked the cheerfulness of a hotel better. Ringwood House was too large and too dismal. He did not care to eat a solitary mutton-chop in a great dining-room surrounded by ghostly images of dead Ringwoods—his dead son, a boy who had died in his boyhood; his dead brother attired in the uniform of his day (in which picture there was no little resemblance to Philip Firmin, the colonel's grandson); Lord Ringwood's dead self, finally, as he appeared still a young man, when Lawrence painted him, and when he was the companion of the Regent and his friends. "Ah! that's the fellow I least like to look at," the old man would say, scowling at the picture, and breaking out into the old-fashioned oaths which garnished many conversations in his young days. "That fellow could ride all day; and sleep all night, or go without sleep as he chose; and drink his four bottles, and never have a headache; and break his collar-bone, and see the fox killed three hours after. That was once a man, as old Marlborough said, looking at his own picture. Now my doctor's my master; my doctor and the infernal gout over him. I live upon pap and puddens, like a baby; only I've shed all my teeth, hang 'em! If I drink three glasses of sherry, my butler threatens me. You young fellow, who haven't two-pence in your pocket, by George, I would like to change with you! Only you wouldn't, hang you, you wouldn't! Why, I

don't believe Todhunter would change with me: would you, Todhunter?—and you're about as fond of a great man as any fellow I ever knew. Don't tell me. You *are*, Sir! Why, when I walked with you on Ryde sands one day, I said to that fellow, 'Todhunter, don't you think I could order the sea to stand still?' I did. And you had never heard of King Canute, hanged if you had—and never read any book except the Stud-book and Mrs. Glass's Cookery, hanged if you did." Such remarks and conversations of his relative has Philip reported to me. Two or three men about town had very good imitations of this toothless, growling, blasphemous old cynic. He was splendid and penurious; violent and easily led; surrounded by flatterers and utterly lonely. He had old-world notions, which I believe have passed out of the manners of great folks now. He thought it beneath him to travel by railway, and his post-chaise was one of the last on the road. The tide rolled on in spite of this old Canute, and has long since rolled over him and his post-chaise. Why, almost all his imitators are actually dead; and only this year, when old Jack Mummery gave an imitation of him at Bays's (where Jack's mimicry used to be received with shouts of laughter but a few years since), there was a dismal silence in the coffee-room, except from two or three young men at a near table, who said, "What is the old fool mumbling and swearing at now? An imitation of Lord Ringwood, and who was he?" So our names pass away, and are forgotten: and the tallest statues, do not the sands of time accumulate and overwhelm them? I have not forgotten my lord, any more than I have forgotten the cock of my school, about whom, perhaps, you don't care to hear. I see my lord's bald head, and hooked beak, and bushy eyebrows, and tall velvet collar, and brass buttons, and great black mouth, and trembling hand, and trembling parasites round him, and I can hear his voice, and great oaths, and laughter. You parasites of to-day are bowing to other great people; and this great one, who was alive only yesterday, is as dead as George IV. or Nebuchadnezzar.

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

This was just the point, which any one who knew Philip should have hesitated to urge upon him. To try and make him bow and smile on a great man with a view to future favors, was to demand the impossible from Firmin. The king's men may lead the king's horses to the water, but the king himself can't make them drink. I own that I came back to the subject, and urged it repeatedly on my friend. "I have been," said Philip, sulkily. "I have left a

card upon him. If he wants me, he can send to No. 120 Queen Square, Westminster, my present hotel. But if you think he will give me any thing beyond a dinner, I tell you you are mistaken."

We dined that day with Philip's employer, worthy Mr. Mugford, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was profuse in his hospitalities, and especially gracious to Philip. Mugford was pleased with Firmin's letters; and you may be sure that severer critics did not contradict their friend's good-natured patron. We drove to the suburban villa at Hampstead, and steaming odors of soup, mutton, onions, rushed out into the hall to give us welcome, and to warn us of the good cheer in store for the party. This was not one of Mugford's days for countermanding side-dishes, I promise you. Men in black with noble white cotton gloves were in waiting to receive us, and Mrs. Mugford, in a rich blue satin and feathers, a profusion of flounces, laces, marabouts, jewels, and eau-de-Cologne, rose to welcome us from a stately sofa, where she sat surrounded by her children. These, too, were in brilliant dresses, with shining new-combed hair. The ladies, of course, instantly began to talk about their children, and my wife's unfeigned admiration for Mrs. Mugford's last baby I think won that worthy lady's good-will at once. I made some remark regarding one of the boys as being the picture of his father, which was not lucky. I don't know why, but I have it from her husband's own admission, that Mrs. Mugford always thinks I am "chaffing" her. One of the boys frankly informed me there was goose for dinner; and when a cheerful cloop was heard from a neighboring room, told me that was pa drawing the corks. Why should Mrs. Mugford reprove the outspoken child, and say, "James, hold your tongue; do now?" Better wine than was poured forth when those corks were drawn, never flowed from bottle.—I say, I never saw better wine nor more bottles. If ever a table may be said to have groaned, that expression might with justice be applied to Mugford's mahogany. Talbot Twysden would have feasted forty people with the meal here provided for eight by our most hospitable entertainer. Though Mugford's editor was present, who thinks himself a very fine fellow, I assure you, but whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, all the honors of the entertainment were for the *Paris Correspondent*, who was specially requested to take Mrs. M. to dinner. As an earl's grand-nephew, and a lord's great-grandson, of course we felt that this place of honor was Firmin's right. How Mrs. Mugford pressed him to eat! She carved—I am very glad she would not let Philip carve for her, for he might have sent the goose into her lap—she carved, I say, and I really think she gave him more stuffing than to any of us, but that may have been mere envy on my part. Allusions to Lord Ringwood were repeatedly made during dinner. "Lord R. has come to town, Mr. F., I perceive," says Mugford, winking. "You've been to see him,

of course?" Mr. Firmin glared at me very fiercely; he had to own he *had* been to call on Lord Ringwood. Mugford led the conversation to the noble lord so frequently that Philip madly kicked my shins under the table. I don't know how many times I had to suffer from that foot which in its time had trampled on so many persons: a kick for each time Lord Ringwood's name, houses, parks, properties, were mentioned, was a frightful allowance. Mrs. Mugford would say, "May I assist you to a little pheasant, Mr. Firmin? I dare say they are not as good as Lord Ringwood's" (a kick from Philip), or Mugford would exclaim, "Mr. F., try that 'ock! Lord Ringwood hasn't better wine than that." (Dreadful punishment upon my tibia under the table.) "John! Two 'ocks, me and Mr. Firmin. Join us, Mr. P.," and so forth. And after dinner to the ladies—as my wife, who betrayed their mysteries, informed me—Mrs. Mugford's conversation was incessant regarding the Ringwood family and Firmin's relationship to that noble house. The meeting of the old lord and Firmin in Paris was discussed with immense interest. His lordship called him Philip most affable! he was very fond of Mr. Firmin. A little bird had told Mrs. Mugford that somebody else was very fond of Mr. Firmin. She hoped it would be a match, and that his lordship would do the handsome thing by his *nephew*. What? My wife wondered that Mrs. Mugford should know about Philip's affairs? (and wonder indeed she did.) A little bird had told Mrs. M.—a friend of both ladies, that dear, good little nurse Brandon, who was engaged—and here the conversation went off into mysteries which I certainly shall not reveal. Suffice it that Mrs. Mugford was one of Mrs. Brandon's best, kindest, and most constant patrons—or might I be permitted to say matrons?—and had received a most favorable report of us from the little nurse. And here Mrs. Pendennis gave a verbatim report not only of our hostess's speech, but of her manner and accent. "Yes, ma'am," says Mrs. Mugford to Mrs. Pendennis, "our friend Mrs. B. has told me of a *certain gentleman* whose name shall be nameless. His manner is cold, not to say 'aughty. He seems to be laughing at people sometimes—don't say No; I saw him once or twice at dinner, both him and Mr. Firmin. But he is a true friend, Mrs. Brandon says he is. And when you know him, his heart is good." Is it? Amen. A distinguished writer has composed, in not very late days, a comedy of which the cheerful moral is, that we are "not so bad as we seem." Aren't we? Amen, again. Give us thy hearty hand, Iago! Tartuffe, how the world has been mistaken in you! Macbeth! put that little affair of the murder out of your mind. It was a momentary weakness; and who is not weak at times? Bliffl, a more maligned man than you does not exist! O humanity! how we have been mistaken in you! Let us expunge the vulgar expression "miserable sinners" out of all prayer-books; open the port-holes of all hulks; break

the chains of all convicts; and unlock the boxes of all spoons.

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

If Philip held aloof from Lord Ringwood in London, you may be sure Philip's dear cousins were in waiting on his lordship, and never lost an opportunity of showing their respectful sympathy. Was Lord Ringwood ailing? Mr. Twysden, or Mrs. Twysden, or the dear girls, or Ringwood, their brother, were daily in his lordship's ante-chamber, asking for news of his health. They bent down respectfully before Lord Ringwood's major-domo. They would have given him money, as they always averred, only what sum could they give to such a man as Rudge? They actually offered to bribe Mr. Rudge with their wine, over which he made horrible faces. They fawned and smiled before him always. I should like to have seen that calm Mrs. Twysden, that serene, high-bred woman, who would cut her dearest friend if misfortune befell her, or the world turned its back—I should like to have seen, and *can* see her in my mind's eye, simpering, and coaxing, and wheedling this footman. She made cheap presents to Mr. Rudge: she smiled on him and asked after his health. And of course Talbot Twysden flattered him too in Talbot's jolly way. It was a wink, and nod, and a hearty how do you do?—and (after due inquiries made and answered about his lordship) it would be, "Rudge! I think my housekeeper has a good glass of port-wine in her room, if you happen to be passing that way, and my lord don't want you!" And with a grave courtesy, I can fancy Mr. Rudge bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Twysden, and thanking them, and descending to Mrs. Blenkinsop's skinny room where the port-wine is ready—and if Mr. Rudge and Mrs. Blenkinsop are confidential, I can fancy their talking over the characters and peculiarities of the folks up stairs. Servants sometimes actually do; and if master and mistress are humbugs, these wretched menials sometimes find them out.

Now, no duke could be more lordly and condescending in his bearing than Mr. Philip Firmin toward the menial throng. In those days, when he had money in his pockets, he gave Mr.

Rudge out of his plenty; and the man remembered his generosity when he was poor; and declared—in a select society; and in the company of the relative of a person from whom I have the information—declared in the presence of Captain Gann at the Admiral B—ng Club in fact, that Mr. Heff was always a swell; but since he was done, he, Rudge, “was blest if that young chap warn’t a greater swell than hever.” And Rudge actually liked this poor young fellow better than the family in Walpole Street, whom Mr. R. pronounced to be “a shabby lot.” And in fact it was Rudge as well as myself who advised that Philip should see his lordship.

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

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

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

“I have called before, Sir,” said Philip, very quietly.

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

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

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

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

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

Poor Philip turned white from red, and spoke slowly; “I beg your pardon, my lord, you said?”

“I said you were a hanged fool, Sir!” roared the old man; “can’t you hear?”

“I believe I am a member of your family, my lord,” says Philip, rising up. In a quarrel, he would sometimes lose his temper, and speak out his mind; or sometimes, and then he was

most dangerous, he would be especially calm and Grandisonian.

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

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

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

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

“By Heaven, you sha’n’t, unless you give up this rubbish.”

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

“Go to Tartarus!” screamed the old man.

On which Philip told us, “I said, ‘Seniores priores,’ my lord,” and turned on my heel. So you see if he was going to leave me something, and he nearly said he was, that chance is passed now, and I have made a pretty morning’s work. And a pretty morning’s work it was: and it was I who had set him upon it! My brave Philip not only did not rebuke me for having sent him on this errand, but took the blame of the business on himself. “Since I have been engaged,” he said, “I am growing dreadfully avaricious, and am almost as sordid about money as those Twysdens. I cringed to that old man: I crawled before his gouty feet. Well, I could crawl from here to Saint James’s Palace to get some money for my little Charlotte.” Philip cringe and crawl! If there were no postur-masters more supple than Philip Firmin, kotooting would be a lost art, like the *Menuet de la Cour*. But fear not, ye great! Men’s backs were made to bend, and the race of parasites is still in good repute.

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



A QUARREL.

us adieu. A rough night: a wet slippery deck: a crowd of frowzy fellow-passengers: and poor Philip in the midst of them in a thin cloak, his yellow hair and beard blowing about: I see the steamer now, and left her with I know not what feelings of contrition and shame. Why had I

sent Philip to call upon that savage, overhearing old patron of his? Why compelled him to that bootless act of submission? Lord Ringwood's brutalities were matters of common notoriety. A wicked, dissolute, cynical old man: and we must try to make friends with this mammon of

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unrighteousness, and set poor Philip to bow before him and flatter him! Ah, mea culpa, mea culpa! The wind blew hard that winter night, and many tiles and chimney-pots blew down: and as I thought of poor Philip tossing in the frowzy second-cabin, I rolled about my own bed very unasily.

I looked into Bays's club the day after, and there fell on both the Twysdens. The parasite of a father was clinging to the button of a great man when I entered: the little reptile of a son came to the club in Captain Woolcombe's brougham, and in that distinguished mulatto officer's company. They looked at me in a peculiar way. I was sure they did. Talbot Twysden, pouring his loud, braggart talk in the ear of poor Lord Lepel, eyed me with a glance of triumph, and talked and swaggered so that I should hear. Ringwood Twysden and Woolcombe, drinking absinthe to whet their noble appetites, exchanged glances and grins. Woolcombe's eyes were of the color of the absinthe he swallowed. I did not see that Twysden tore off one of Lord Lepel's buttons, but that nobleman, with a scared countenance, moved away rapidly from his little persecutor. "Hang him, throw him over, and come to me!" I heard the generous Twysden say. "I expect Ringwood and one or two more." At this proposition, Lord Lepel, in a tremulous way, muttered that he could not break his engagement, and fled out of the club.

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

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

A very few days after Philip's departure, our friend, the Little Sister, came to us at our breakfast-table, wearing an expression of much trouble and sadness on her kind little face; the causes of which sorrow she explained to us, as soon as our children had gone away to their school-room. Among Mrs. Brandon's friends, and one of her father's constant companions, was the worthy Mr. Ridley, father of the celebrated painter of that name, who was himself of much too honorable and noble a nature to be ashamed of his humble paternal origin. Companionship between father and son could not be very close or intimate; especially as in the younger Ridley's boyhood his father, who knew nothing of the fine arts, had looked upon the child as a sickly, half-witted creature, who would be to his parents

but a grief and a burden. But when J. J. Ridley, Esq., began to attain eminence in his profession, his father's eyes were opened; in place of neglect and contempt, he looked up to his boy with a sincere, naïve admiration, and often, with tears, has narrated the pride and pleasure which he felt on the day when he waited on John James at his master's, Lord Todmorden's table. Ridley senior now felt that he had been unkind and unjust to his boy in the latter's early days, and with a very touching humility the old man acknowledged his previous injustice, and tried to atone for it by present respect and affection.

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

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

Now, that day when Mr. Firmin went to see my Lord Ringwood was one of my lord's very worst days, when it was almost as dangerous to go near him as to approach a Bengal tiger. When he is going to have a fit of gout his lordship (Mr. Rudge remarked) was awful. He curse and swear, he do, at every body; even the clergy or the ladies—all's one. On that very day when Mr. Firmin called he had said to Mr. Twysden, "Get out, and don't come slandering, and backbiting, and bullying that poor devil of a boy any more. It's blackguardly, by George, Sir—it's blackguardly." And Twysden came out with his tail between his legs, and he says to

me—"Rudge," says he, "my lord's uncommon bad to-day." Well. He hadn't been gone an hour when pore Philip comes, bad luck to him; and my lord, who had just heard from Twysden all about that young woman—that party at Paris, Mrs. Brandon—and it *is* about as great a piece of folly as ever I heard tell of—my lord turns upon the pore young fellow, and call him names worse than Twysden. But Mr. Firmin ain't that sort of man, he isn't. He won't suffer any man to call *him* names; and I suppose he gave my lord his own back again, for I heard my lord swear at him tremendous, I did, with my own ears. When my lord has the gout flying about I told you he is awful. When he takes his colchicum he's worse. Now we have got a party at Whipham at Christmas, and at Whipham we must be. And he took his colchicum night before last, and to-day he was in such a tremendous rage of swearing, cursing, and blowing up every body that it was as if he was *red-hot*. And when Twysden and Mrs. Twysden called that day (if you kick that fellow out at the hall-door, I'm blest if he won't come smirkin' down the chimney)—and he wouldn't see any of them. And he bawled out after me, "If Firmin comes kick him down stairs—do you hear?" with ever so many oaths and curses against the poor fellow, while he vowed he would never see his hanged impudent face again. But this wasn't all, Ridley. He sent for Bradgate, his lawyer, that very day. He had back his will, which I signed myself as one of the witnesses—me and Wilcox, the master of the hotel—and I know he had left Firmin something in it. Take my word for it. To that poor young fellow he means mischief. A full report of this conversation Mr. Ridley gave to his little friend Mrs. Brandon, knowing the interest which Mrs. Brandon took in the young gentleman; and with these unpleasant news Mrs. Brandon came off to advise with those who—the good nurse was pleased to say—were Philip's best friends in the world. We wished we could give the Little Sister comfort: but all the world knew what a man Lord Ringwood was—how arbitrary, how revengeful, how cruel.

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

get at that time from the oracular little lawyer.

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

But an early day came when Mr. Bradgate was no longer needful, or when he thought himself released from the obligations of silence with regard to his noble client. It was two days before Christmas, and I took my accustomed afternoon saunter to Bays's, where other *habitués* of the club were assembled. There was no little buzzing and excitement among the frequenters of the place. Talbot Twysden always arrived at Bays's at ten minutes past four, and scuffled for the evening paper, as if its contents were matter of great importance to Talbot. He would hold men's buttons, and discourse to them the leading article out of that paper with an astounding emphasis and gravity. On this day, some ten minutes after his accustomed hour, he reached the club. Other gentlemen were engaged in perusing the evening journal. The lamps on the tables lighted up the bald heads, the gray heads, dyed heads, and the wigs of many assembled fogies—murmurs went about the room. "Very sudden." "Gout in the stomach." "Dined here only four days ago." "Looked very well." "Very well? No! Never saw a fellow look worse in my life." "Yellow as a guinea." "Couldn't eat." "Swore dreadfully at the waiters, and at Tom Eaves who dined with him." "Seventy-six, I see.—Born in the same year with the Duke of York." "Forty thousand a year." "Forty? fifty-eight thousand three hundred, I tell you. Always been a saving man." "Title goes to his cousin, Sir John Ringwood; not a member here—member of Boodle's." "Not the earldom—the barony." "Hated each other furiously. Very violent temper, the old fellow was. Never got over the Reform Bill, they used to say." "Wonder whether he'll leave any thing to old bow wow Twys—" Here enters Talbot Twysden, Esq. "Ha, Colonel! How are you? What's the news to-night? Kept late at my office, making up accounts. Going down to Whipham to-morrow to pass Christmas with my wife's uncle—Ringwood, you know. Always go down to Whipham at Christmas. Keeps the pheasants for us—no longer a hunting man myself. Lost my nerve, by George."

While the braggart little creature indulged in this pompous talk he did not see the significant

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

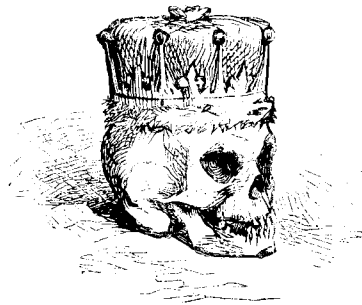
"An accident has happened to Lord Ringwood. Look at the paper. Here it is." And Twysden pulls out his great gold eye-glasses, holds the paper as far as his little arm will reach, and—and merciful Powers!— But I will not venture to depict the agony on that noble face. Like Timanthes, the painter, I hide this Agamemnon with a veil. I cast the *Globe* newspaper over him. *Illabatur orbis*; and let imagination depict our Twysden under the ruins.

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

CHAPTER XXII.

PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

THE first and only Earl of Ringwood has submitted to the fate which peers and commoners are alike destined to undergo. Hastening to his magnificent seat of Whipham Market, where he proposed to entertain an illustrious Christmas party, his lordship left London scarcely recovered from an attack of gout to which he has been for many years a martyr. The disease must have flown to his stomach, and suddenly mastered him. At Turreys Regum, thirty miles from his own princely habitation, where he had



been accustomed to dine on his almost royal progresses to his home, he was already in a state of dreadful suffering, to which his attendants did not pay the attention which his condition ought to have excited; for when laboring under this most painful malady his outcries were loud, and his language and demeanor exceedingly violent. He angrily refused to send for medical aid at Turreys, and insisted on continuing his journey homeward. He was one of the old school, who never would enter a railway (though his fortune was greatly increased by the passage of the railway through his property); and his own horses always met him at Popper's Tavern, an obscure hamlet, seventeen miles from his princely seat. He made no sign on arriving at Popper's, and spoke no word, to the now serious alarm of his servants. When they came to light his carriage-lamps, and look into his post-chaise, the lord of many thousand acres, and, according to report, of immense wealth, was dead. The journey from Turreys had been the last stage of a long, a prosperous, and if not a famous, at least a notorious and magnificent career.

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

kinsman and successor, Sir John Ringwood, of Appleshaw, Baronet, at present Baron Ringwood. The barony has been in this ancient family since the reign of George I., when Sir John Ringwood was ennobled, and Sir Francis, his brother, a Baron of the Exchequer, was advanced to the dignity of Baronet by the first of our Hanoverian sovereigns."

This was the article which my wife and I read on the morning of Christmas eve, as our children were decking lamps and looking-glasses with holly and red berries for the approaching festival. I had dispatched a hurried note, containing the news, to Philip on the night previous. We were painfully anxious about his fate now, when a few days would decide it. Again my business or curiosity took me to see Mr. Bradgate the lawyer. He was in possession of the news of course. He was not averse to talk about it. The death of his client unsealed the lawyer's lips partially; and I must say Bradgate spoke in a manner not flattering to his noble deceased client. The brutalities of the late nobleman had been very hard to bear. On occasion of their last meeting his oaths and disrespectful behavior had been specially odious. He had abused almost every one of his relatives. His heir, he said, was a canting, Methodistical humbug. He had a relative (whom Bradgate said he would not name) who was a scheming, swaggering, swindling lick-spittle parasite, always cringing at his heels, and longing for his death. And he had another relative, the impudent son of a swindling doctor, who had insulted him two hours before in his own room—a fellow who was a pauper, and going to propagate a breed for the work-house; for, after his behavior of that day, he would be condemned to the lowest pit of Acheron before he, Lord Ringwood, would give that scoundrel a penny of his money. "And his lordship desired me to send him back his will," said Mr. Bradgate. "And he destroyed that will before he went away: it was not the first he had burned. And I may tell you, now all is over, that he had left his brother's grandson a handsome legacy in that will, which your poor friend might have had, but that he went to see my lord in his unlucky fit of gout." Ah, mea culpa! mea culpa! And who sent Philip to see his relative in that unlucky fit of gout? Who was so worldly-wise—so Twysden-like, as to counsel Philip to flattery and submission? But for that advice he might be wealthy now; he might be happy; he might be ready to marry his young sweet-heart. Our Christmas turkey choked me as I ate of it. The lights burned dimly, and the kisses and laughter under the mistletoe were but melancholy sport. But for my advice, how happy might my friend have been! I looked askance at the honest faces of my children. What would they say if they knew their father had advised a friend to cringe, and bow, and humble himself before a rich, wicked old man? I sate as mute at the pantomime as at a burial; the laughter of the little ones smote me as with a reproof. A burial?

With plumes and lights, and upholsterers' pageantry, and mourning by the yard measure, they were burying my Lord Ringwood, who might have made Philip Firmin rich but for me.

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

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

Firmin's broad back could carry a heavy burden, and he was glad to take all the work which fell in his way. Phipps, of the *Daily Intelligence*, wanting an assistant, Philip gladly sold four hours of his day to Mr. Phipps: translated page after page of newspapers, French and German; took an occasional turn at the Chamber of Deputies, and gave an account of a sitting

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

One or two Indian ladies of Mrs. Baynes's acquaintance happened to pass this winter in Paris, and these persons, who had furnished lodgings in the Faubourg St. Honoré or the Champs Elysées, and rode in their carriages with, very likely, a footman on the box, rather looked down upon Mrs. Baynes for living in a boarding-house, and keeping no equipage. No woman likes to be looked down upon by any other woman, especially by such a creature as Mrs. Batters, the lawyer's wife, from Calcutta, who was not in society, and did not go to Government House, and here was driving about in the Champs Elysées, and giving herself such airs, indeed! So was Mrs. Doctor Macoon, with her *lady's-maid*, and her *man-cook*, and her *open carriage*, and her *close carriage*. (Pray read these words with the most withering emphasis which you can lay upon them.) And who was Mrs. Macoon, pray? Madame Béret, the French milliner's daughter, neither more nor less. And this creature must scatter her mud over her betters who went on foot. "I am telling my poor girls, madame," she would say to Madame Smolensk, "that if I had been a milliner's girl, or their father had been a pettifogging attorney, and not a soldier, who has served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, they would be *better dressed* than they are now, poor chicks!—we might have a fine apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré—we need not live at a boarding-house."

"And if I had been a milliner, Madame la Générale," cried Smolensk, with spirit, "perhaps I should not have had need to keep a boarding-house. My father was a general officer, and served his emperor too. But what will you? We have all to do disagreeable things, and to live with disagreeable people, madame!" And with this Smolensk makes Mrs. General

Baynes a fine courtesy, and goes off to other affairs or guests. She was of the opinion of many of Philip's friends. "Ah, Monsieur Philip," she said to him, "when you are married, you will live far from that woman; is it not?"

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

So, you see, after a sunny autumn, a cold winter comes, when the wind is bad for delicate chests, and muddy for little shoes. How could Charlotte come out at eight o'clock through mud or snow of a winter's morning, if she had been out at an evening party late overnight? Mrs. General Baynes began to go out a good deal to the Paris evening parties—I mean to the parties of its Trojans—parties where there are forty English people, three Frenchmen, and a German who plays the piano. Charlotte was very much admired. The fame of her good looks spread abroad. I promise you that there were persons of much more importance than the poor *Vicomte de Carçon-boutique*, who were charmed by her bright eyes, her bright smiles, her artless, rosy beauty. Why, little Hely of the Embassy actually invited himself to Mrs. Doctor Macoon's, in order to see this young beauty, and danced with her without ceasing. Mr. Hely, who was the pink of fashion, you know; who danced with the royal princesses; and was at all the grand parties of the Faubourg St. Germain. He saw her to her carriage (a very shabby fly, it must be confessed; but Mrs. Baynes told him they had been accustomed to a very different kind of equipage in

India). He actually called at the boarding-house, and left his card, *M. Walsingham Hely, attaché à l'Embassade de S. M. Britannique*, for General Baynes and his lady. To what balls would Mrs. Baynes like to go? to the Tuileries? to the Embassy? to the Faubourg St. Germain? to the Faubourg St. Honoré? I could name many more persons of distinction who were fascinated by pretty Miss Charlotte. Her mother felt more and more ashamed of the shabby fly, in which our young lady was conveyed to and from her parties—of the shabby fly, and of that shabby cavalier who was in waiting sometimes to put Miss Charlotte into her carriage. Charlotte's mother's ears were only too acute when disparaging remarks were made about that cavalier. What? engaged to that queer red-bearded fellow, with the ragged shirt-collars, who trod upon every body in the polka? A newspaper writer, was he? The son of that doctor who ran away after cheating every body? What a very odd thing of General Baynes to think of engaging his daughter to such a person!

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

The old general sitting in the best bed-room, placidly playing at whist with the other British fogies, does not hear these remarks, perhaps; but little Mrs. Baynes, with her eager eyes and ears, sees and knows every thing. Many people have told her that Philip is a bad match for his daughter. She has heard him contradict calmly quite wealthy people. Mr. Hobday, who has a house in Carlton Terrace, London, and goes to the first houses in Paris, Philip has contradicted him point-blank, until Mr. Hobday turned quite red, and Mrs. Hobday didn't know where to look. Mr. Peplow, a clergyman and a baronet's eldest son, who will be one day the Rev. Sir Charles Peplow of Peplow Manor, was praising Tomlinson's poems, and offered to read out at Mr. Badger's—and he reads very finely, though a little perhaps through his nose—and when he was going to begin, Mr. Firmin said, "My dear Peplow, for Heaven's sake don't give us any of that rot. I would as soon hear one of your own prize poems." Rot, indeed! What an expression! Of course Mr. Peplow was very much annoyed. And this from a mere newspaper writer. Never heard of such

rudeness! Mrs. Tuffin said she took her line at once after seeing this Mr. Firmin. "He may be an earl's grand-nephew, for what I care. He may have been at college, he has not learned good manners there. He may be clever, I don't profess to be a judge. But he is most overbearing, clumsy, and disagreeable. I shall not ask him to my Tuesdays; and Emma, if he asks you to dance, I beg you will do no such thing!" A bull, you understand, in a meadow, or on a prairie with a herd of buffaloes, is a noble animal; but a bull in a china-shop is out of place; and even so was Philip among the crockery of those little simple tea-parties, where his mane, and hoofs, and roar caused endless disturbance.

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

As for poor little Charlotte, her mother is not afraid of little Charlotte: and when the two are alone the poor child knows she is to be made wretched by her mother's assaults upon Philip. Was there ever any thing so bad as his behavior, to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley was singing? Was he called upon to contradict Sir Charles Peplow in that abrupt way, and as good as tell him he was a fool? It was very wrong certainly, and poor Charlotte thinks, with a blush perhaps, how she was just at the point of admiring Sir Charles Peplow's reading very much, and had been prepared to think Tomlinson's poems delightful, until Philip ordered her to adopt a contemptuous opinion of the poet. And did you see how he was dressed? a button wanting on his waistcoat, and a hole in his boot?

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

"That is, you would like your own father to

be in prison, your mother to beg her bread, your sisters to go in rags, and your brothers to starve, Charlotte, in order that we should pay Philip Firmin back the money of which his father robbed him! Yes. That's your meaning. You needn't explain yourself. I can understand quite well, thank you. Good-night. I hope *you'll* sleep well. *I* sha'n't, after this conversation. Good-night, Charlotte!" Ah, me! O course of true love, didst thou ever run smooth? As we peep into that boarding-house—whereof I have already described the mistress as wakeful with racking care regarding the morrow, where-in lie the Miss Bolderos, who must naturally be very uncomfortable, being on sufferance and as it were in pain, as they lie on their beds—what sorrows do we not perceive brooding over the night-caps? There is poor Charlotte, who has said her prayer for her Philip; and as she lays her young eyes on the pillow, they wet it with their tears. Why does her mother forever and forever speak against him? Why is her father so cold when Philip's name is mentioned? Could Charlotte ever think of any but him?

Oh, never, never! And so the wet eyes are veiled at last, and close in doubt and fear and care. And in the next room to Charlotte's a little yellow old woman lies stark awake; and in the bed by her side an old gentleman can't close his eyes for thinking—my poor girl is promised to a beggar. All the fine hopes which we had of his getting a legacy from that lord are over. Poor child, poor child, what will become of her?

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

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of October. Up to this time nothing of special importance has taken place between the two great armies lying almost within view of each other near Washington. Early in September the Confederates advanced their outposts toward the Potomac, finally occupying Munson's Hill, within sight of the National Capitol. Toward the close of the month this position was abandoned, and the army fell back toward Fairfax Court House, the main body occupying nearly the same position as before the battle of Bull Run. Skirmishes between advance-guards and reconnoitering parties have taken place at different points along the line of the Potomac, but none of these have led to any important result. In a reconnoissance toward Fall's Church, on the night of the 29th of September, two bodies of our troops, mistaking each other for the enemy, opened fire, by which 10 were killed, and about 20 wounded. The number and condition of the troops in the two main armies is carefully concealed. The most reliable estimates, which are merely conjectural, represent each at about 150,000 men. It is clear that the condition and efficiency of the National army is greatly improved since General McClellan has been placed in command. Of the condition of the Confederates the accounts are unreliable: some represent them as in the highest state of efficiency; while according to others they are suffering severely from sickness and privation.

In Western Virginia a series of engagements has taken place, the results of which have been in favor of the National forces. On the 11th of September General Rosecrans attacked the Confederate troops, commanded by General John R. Floyd, Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan, at Carnifex Ferry, driving him from his position. He crossed the Gauley River, destroying the bridge behind him, and thus escaped pursuit. Our loss was 20 killed and 100

wounded. Among the killed was Colonel Lowe, of the Ohio Twelfth, a sketch of whose life will be found in another part of this Magazine.—From the 12th to the 15th a series of skirmishes took place about Cheat Mountain, between the Confederates, under General Lee, and our troops, under General Reynolds, the general result of which was that the enemy were repulsed and fell back. Among the killed were John A. Washington, late proprietor of Mount Vernon.—A reconnoissance made on the 3d of October against the position of the Confederates at Greenbrier resulted in a sharp action, in which, though no decisive result was attained, the Confederate loss greatly exceeded our own, which is stated at 10 killed and 20 wounded. We give our own losses as put down in the official reports; those of the Confederates can only be estimated, their official reports not being accessible.

The most important events of the month have occurred in Kentucky and Missouri.

In Kentucky a strong effort has been made by the Executive of the State to keep it in a neutral position, with the design of acting as a mediator. But at the State election, held early in August, Mr. Garrow, the Union candidate for State Treasurer, received 83,000 votes, while but 16,000 were cast for two Secession candidates, showing a Union majority of 67,000. In each branch of the Legislature the majority in favor of the Union was about three to one. Forces had, in the mean time, under various names, been organized on both sides, and large bodies of the Confederates were gathered in Tennessee, ready to pass into Kentucky. It was clear that, in case absolute neutrality could not be maintained, the sympathy of the State Government was in favor of the Confederates, while that of the people, as manifested in the election, was with the Union. On the 19th of August Governor Magoffin sent Commissioners to the President of the United States, bearing a letter stating that the people of Kentucky