

Oh, sorrow to England! our Lords flee away,
Their vows to the Devil at Paris to pay;
But the bold English peasant, on Sabbath, no more
May walk in the park, for the path closed o'er;
And his wife and his children must tramp the road now,
For the Old Village Common is under the plough.

J. B. G.

THE TOASTS OF THE TRIO.

WE'RE met! perhaps the only three,
In this fair city's round,
Within whose souls the harmony
Of feeling can be found.
Then fill, and let us toast the joy
Our memory holds most bright;
And, first, to woman kind, if coy,
We'll quaff with fond delight.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah!—to Woman!

We're met! perhaps no other three
In B— this night are met
Who can, with truth, be said to be
A liege but patriot set!
Then take the glass in hand, my boys,
And give true feeling birth;
Here's to our native land, my boys,
The choicest on the earth!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah!—our Native Land!

We're met! within the ocean sea
Whose waves our island bind,
No spirits now are met more free
In hand, and heart, and mind!
Then fill again, and rise, my boys,
Our last toast let it be—
To all the good and wise, my boys,
In heart and conscience free.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! for Liberty!

A FRAGMENT.

She turned
And cast a tearful eye upon my path—
I saw it, and *lied on!*—but that fair spot
—The grassy valley, where we oft had dreamed
The blissful eventide away, ling'ring
And ling'ring, till the silent stars came out
In startling myriads, and sent us home—
I passed forgetfully; I saw it not.
The sylvan nook, where we so loved to sit
And bare our hearts, watching the pebbly brook
That kissed our mossy couch, and flung its dew
On the sweet flow'ret we had planted there;
The ancient elm, that oft, in summer-time,
Lent us its shade, and foiled the burning day;
—That elm we called the Tree of Happiness,
Whose faithful bark tenacious held thy name—
These, *all*, escaped me: for my mind was stunned
With sorrow, and my eyes remembered not
Their office.

Years have widened the domain
Of memory, and fairer, richer scenes—
Richer in natural loveliness than those—
Visions more graceful than the ancient elm,
Or aught the grassy valley has to show,
Repicture themselves oft; but never dim
The recollections of my boyhood's home
The charms of early love's locality,
Which still are bright and sunny with his beams,
And cannot be forgotten.

Years, long years
"That bring the philosophic mind," have dried
My well of grief, and left tranquillity;
But ne'er filled up the deep chasm of the heart,
Wherein I look—to shudder. What I was
I never can be more. With scarce a hope
For future pleasure, (as the church-yard turf
Ere long must grow above my bones, and shut
Me from the world,) I live not for a boon
The coming time may give without a claim;—
Joy is the child of memory with me;
My future is the past!—the past far back! W. H.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Concluded from our October No.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE servant maid had attempted to show Lord St. Edward into the small parlour which Violet, in honour of Swift, named her *slattery*; but he could not remain there, and she found him looking deadly pale, and haggard, leaning against the stair-rail. He covered his face with his hands for a moment; but at the soft, tremulous sound of Violet's fluttering voice, while she whispered—"Lord St. Edward here!—how is Emmeline?" the distressed young man threw himself, sobbing, upon her neck, as if she had been his sister, the friend of childhood, and of long years; while, with difficulty, he articulated, "My Emmeline—my wife—my beloved:—she is dying—they have murdered her!—and she longs for you—she prays for—For pity's sake, madam, come to her—come with me!" Violet trembled excessively, and became as pale as the speaker, whose hand she wrung, while she said, "Dear Lord St. Edward, be composed; tell me all; surely I will go with you—to poor Emmeline."

She looked hurriedly round. The whole household were now in the hall; and the quick-witted

and sympathetic housemaid, unbidden, flew off for her young mistress's shawl and bonnet.

"Lord St. Edward, endeavour to command yourself, and to inform Mrs. Charles Herbert of the real state of matters.—I am certain she will do for your lady whatever is best," said Gryphon, who had known the young nobleman from his childhood.

"O, Mr. Gryphon, my wife,—my poor Emmeline, she is dying—expiring, and in torture!—When shall I be home? Come madam,—in mercy, come, she prays for your coming."

"Who, my lord, has injured your lady? try to tell us. Perhaps help may be got,—if you can only say what is wrong," persisted Gryphon.

"Her brother has done it all. He, wretch,—presumptuous, ignorant wretch,—he has killed her,—and by such agony!—her beautiful face so distorted. O God, my God, have mercy!"

Violet's eyes were streaming, and she now grasped St. Edward's arm as if to drag him on, while the housemaid put on her shawl.

Mr. Gryphon and Herbert whispered together for a moment, while Mrs. Herbert, fondly embracing her daughter-in-law, whispered, "Dear

love, but take care of yourself," and helped her to get ready. It was hastily agreed that Mr. Gryphon should accompany Mrs. Charles and Lord St. Edward; and that Herbert would follow in an hour or two to fetch back his wife.

On the short drive they learned that the Countess had been for several days complaining of some slight ailment incidental to her condition, and that her brother had that afternoon ordered her a composing draught, the prescription for which he had written out himself. Her own servant—her "groom of the chambers"—had gone to have it made up at the shop of a respectable apothecary, and it had been administered by Mrs. Jenkins, the lady's-maid. In a very short time after taking the medicine, Lady St. Edward had been seized with spasms, which at last became so violent that her alarmed maid went and told Lord St. Edward; and a surgeon of eminence in the neighbourhood was immediately sent for, who on seeing her, rashly and harshly declared that she had been poisoned by a quack, and had not many hours to live,—that no skill could save her!

The frantic St. Edward flew himself to the family physician of his grandfather, in whom he had the utmost confidence, from having been attended by him in every real or grandmamma-imagined malady from infancy. He was so fortunate as to find Dr. Blande just before he made his evening round of visits; and, on his suggestion, taking up an eminent physician-accoucheur on their way, not a moment was lost in hastening to the hôtel. And all was done that the greatest skill and tenderness could accomplish to relieve the bodily agonies of the really interesting young victim of ignorant pretension.

While in the intervals of torture, the poor girl clung convulsively to her distracted husband, she also cried piteously for "Gabrielle—for Violette—for her kind, her only friend;" and probably to spare St. Edward the sight of her extreme suffering, the physician humanely devised the expedient of despatching him to fetch this loved friend. This done, and leaving the young Countess in the care of the other medical men, he thought it his duty to go to Plantagenet House to apprise his noble patrons there, of the expected catastrophe, and to draw their attention to the condition of St. Edward. Little delicacy of preparation was needed in announcing an event which, however shocking to humanity at the moment, could not be regarded as a serious calamity, though it could hardly yet be talked of as a deliverance. The Duke was annoyed and fidgety. He had yesterday resented the promise of an heir; but now he somehow felt himself personally wronged, and resented this promise being blighted; there was again but that one "puny boy" between him and the dreadful misfortune of the family honours going out of the direct male line. A draught was ordered for his Grace of Plantagenet, with an immediate foot-bath, and retreat to bed; and all for the simple circumstance of the threatened death of a musician's daughter.

The Duchess and her confidential maid were equally excited; but their fears were chiefly for

St. Edward; though her Grace having of late taken to what she fancied religion, could not but remark to her gentlewoman the visible hand of Providence in thus removing the presumptuous plebeian intruder into her princely house. She also felt some little curiosity to behold, before it had vanished for ever—been hidden in the grave—that fatal beauty which had bewitched her grandson:—Besides, it would look magnanimous, noble, *Christian*, to visit, and, on her death-bed, pardon the crime of the Cinderella Countess against the House of Plantagenet. Her Grace was of a forgiving disposition.

The Duchess of Plantagenet felt as if in a dream when she found herself in a crowded bed-chamber, and saw her grandson—Lord St. Edward—the representative of all the Plantagenets, and of the accumulated honours of five centuries, kneeling by the bed-side of a low-born girl, the daughter of a fiddler, covering her hands with tears and kisses, and passionately addressing her as his beloved—his idolized wife—his darling Emmeline!—conjuring her to live—and frantically vowing to die with her! regardless, and apparently unconscious, of the noble grandmother's presence, who had thus graciously condescended—who had acted so noble and Christian a part.

A very lovely young woman, seated in the bed, tenderly supported the alternately convulsed and sinking frame of the poor sufferer on her bosom and in her arms, and wiped away the sweat of agony which rolled down her fair brow. The Duchess was human. Vexed and annoyed, as she was, by the extravagant, and, as she thought, preposterous grief of her grandson, she could not, wholly unmoved, look upon the sufferings which so strongly affected him, and think how soon they were to terminate in death.

But there were so many strange faces around—low people all. The emotions of this noble lady were curiously complicated. That young woman who sat in the bed,—she seemed a very gentle and lovely person as she shifted her pliant form from side to side, the more tenderly to support the dying girl; but she was no doubt a Cryppes—probably a sister;—and, so strong is prejudice, that her Grace drew back from the bed-side with loathing. Her matronly maid, probably divining her thoughts, whispered, "That young lady, your Grace, is Mrs. Charles Herbert."

The Duchess was instantly relieved of her disgust, and even touched with sympathy. She softly approached the bed-side, and gently touched the kneeling St. Edward's shoulder, while her maid whispered, "The Duchess, my lord:" St. Edward started up, and fervently wrung her hand in silence. The dying girl also heard the whisper, and raised her large lustrous eyes to the face of the noble lady, with an expression never to be forgotten. Altogether there was something in the scene which took the feelings of the Duchess by storm.

"St. Edward, my dear boy, do be more composed," she said in an affectionate tone; "my physician is a man of the greatest skill,—she may do well yet."

"My wife—my Emmeline!" again burst from the unconscious lips of the poor youth; "Emme-

line, my angel, for what do you look? for what do you sigh? I cannot bear those looks. I am with you, love: I will not leave you. Death shall not part us! . . . Grandmother, she beckons for you. My own angel, the Duchess will do whatever you desire. Will you not, grandmother?" and he impetuously drew forward the stately old lady, who was now shuddering with emotion. The poor girl clasped and tried to raise her imploring hands; while, in under-breathed tones, and in a voice which Violet long remembered as the most pathetic in which human speech had ever been articulated, she whispered,—“O, madam, pardon St. Edward! If it was wrong to love me, I shall not be long in your way.”

She was now tremulously drawing off her marriage ring—which she slipped on the finger of St. Edward, kissing his hand again and again, and clasping it to her bosom—and then she sunk back on the bosom of Violet, tears now stealing calmly from under her closed eye-lashes. St. Edward burst out of the room, unable to suppress his frantic grief, nor daring to break in upon the hallowed tranquillity in which his dying wife seemed at that moment to repose.

But the dreadful spasm soon returned—she fetched her breath hard, gasped, and became convulsed for an instant. The Duchess was now much affected. With Violet, to whom she had not spoken, she exchanged an earnest sympathizing look—and as the patient became easier, she kindly took her hand, while she said—“Compose yourself, my child—you may soon, I hope, be better.”

Emmeline smiled in ghastly sort, and shook her head.

“How condescending of her Grace!—what an angel of a lady is your lady the Duchess!” came to Violet’s ears, in the very audible whisper of Jenkins, to the other lady’s maid; and mournful as was the scene, she could, at the moment, almost have laughed.

The Duchess glanced disdain at the presumptuous vulgar flatterer, whom she set down for yet another Cryppes, and, turning haughtily away, went to seek her grandson; whom she was determined, at whatever cost, to carry home with her.

Violet was now left alone with Emmeline, as Mrs. Jenkins had been attracted by a Babel of confused tongues, and other extraordinary noises ascending from below; where Mr. Gryphon, and the master of the hôtel, under the positive orders of the physician, were defending the sick-chamber against all intruders—“preventing the mother from seeing her dying child!”—an unnatural crime, which Mrs. Cryppes to her dying day repeated to the lawyer’s everlasting shame.

“Is St. Edward out of the room, dear Violette?” whispered the sufferer.

“He is, my love—but he will be back.”

“Comfort him, Violette, when I am gone. He is very good—very affectionate; no one knows how amiable he is, save myself. I have been very foolish—very wayward—wicked; but I loved him every day fonder and more fondly:—And only today—I was so happy, resolving to be good, and to make St. Edward happy, and hoping that you,

dear Violette, would teach me how—and now—O my God! and I am so young too—so young!”

St. Edward now glided in, and she saw him through her tears, and held out her arms. They were for some time locked in that passionate silent embrace in which Violet feared the sinking sufferer had breathed her last.

Emmeline spoke first—“My poor father—will you, St. Edward, be kind to the poor old man for Emmeline’s sake? *He* will feel!—This is my last request.”—While St. Edward sobbed out the tenderest assurances of devout attention to the smallest wish of hers, her eyes flashed with a preternatural brightness,—and kissing his brow and fervently blessing him, she said, “Now I am happy; go now to the Duchess, and Mrs. Charles will send for you when I want you.—God bless you, dear St. Edward!”

“Emmeline, my angel, you are better,” exclaimed the delighted young man—“you speak so firmly now.”

“Yes, I am better—much better—perhaps I shall sleep now.” St. Edward looked earnestly to Violet, as if questioning her; but the eyes she cast down to avoid his glance, gave no encouraging response. He went away, and there was a long dead silence; and the exhausted creature actually sunk into a kind of sleep—from which she was hurriedly roused by the loud noise at her chamber door. She had dreamt, she said, of her father crying, and of her mother and Jenkins scolding; and she was smiling at her dream when the noises, which were no dream-sounds, increased. There was a plunge at the door, and a rush of people into the room, and Emmeline was seized with another violent fit. The surgeon, called in from the adjoining room where he waited, relieved Violet from her distressing position, and entreated her to go out, or she would injure herself. The sight of Emmeline’s agony—the distraction of the sounds and sights around, were indeed too much for her. She nearly fainted, and was assisted down to the drawing-room, where her alarmed husband received her.

In a very few seconds, however, she was perfectly recovered, and would have gone back;—but the surgeon, who came to her, said that it was too late. “*All was over!*” The young Countess had expired in that last fit—“into which,” he said, “she had been thrown by the irruption of those savages.” Gryphon now entered; and inquired with the greatest tenderness for Mrs. Charles Herbert—while to Charles he whispered, “What a dear, angelic creature is your wife! That detestable charlatan, Edmund Cryppes—is he to escape the hanging he so richly deserves?—he blames the apothecary—he blames the maid, who gave, he says, four doses to her mistress in one. But I blame him only; and if I were on the inquest, I know his fate—”

“His ignorance and presumption are likely to bring their own punishment,” said Herbert—“not only to himself, but to others of the family.”

“Ay, that it will,” returned Gryphon, in an exulting tone. He never pretended to be of a forgiving disposition. “Well, my fine scheme is all up now; you must have had the second sight, Mr.

Herbert," said Gryphon in a tone of chagrin; and he stalked about the room, where Herbert and his wife only waited till her shoes, which she had thrown off when supporting Emmeline, and her bonnet could be procured. Mrs. Jenkins now entered, not with the required articles, which she was too much excited to attend to, but with a theatrical curtsy, to announce to Mr. Gryphon, that her Grace the Duchess desired to see him in the other drawing-room immediately.

"Can you find Mrs. Herbert's things, Jenkins?" said Herbert familiarly; but the waiting-maid of a Countess distanced him.

"Your servant, Mrs. Charles Herbert. Her Grace the Duchess hopes you are recovered, ma'am. I hope Mrs. Herbert, senior, is well? I have been proposing to call for her all the season, but your present quarter is so out of the world——"

Violet, who could be rude to no one, although she had wished to be so, was certainly not sensible of Jenkins' condescension, for she made no sort of reply. To her husband she said, as if unconscious of the waiting-woman's presence—"Poor Emmy, Charles; but she is past our regrets. Poor Lord St. Edward! I shall love him always: he has a warm and a very tender heart. You must try to-night not to let the Cryppesses annoy him. Are they still above?"

"Yes, the vulgar low-bred creatures," replied Jenkins; "though both my lord and her Grace . . . Coming, ma'am!——" And Jenkins ran to the other waiting-woman, who, she fancied, summoned her, and Herbert went out to see if he could do anything for the distracted young widower, or, curious concatenation! find his wife's shoes. He soon returned—"St. Edward is gone, all the rest are above; and such a scene! Poor old Cryppes! But the harpy mother! Mrs. Barker assumes the decent garb of hypocrisy, if she does not feel."

"What strangely mingled beings we are," said Violet; "such a strange mixture of tenderness, selfishness, avarice, haughty pride, angry passions, and all bursting forth in the very presence of Death, with more violence from the attempt to suppress their expression. I can never forget the scene amid which this poor girl expired—her fluttering soul chased by their loud fierce wrath."

Mr. Gryphon came back evidently much excited, and attended by a waiter, carrying a lighted taper, tape, and several sticks of wax.

"I thought my duty was ended, when I kept those people off till the breath was about out of the poor girl's body; but now I have to guard against their pillaging the corpse. Will you assist me to seal up Lord and Lady St. Edward's repositories and rooms, Mr. Herbert, to prevent a general skirmish and plunder being carried on by mother and maid."

"I really cannot again leave my own poor wife," said Herbert, "I have sent a waiter to buy shoes for her poor feet."

"O, true!—I am a brute to think of it: then, God bless you both. I will see you early tomorrow. The Duchess, who is a very sensible woman, when she likes, has just been talking to

me of another plan, which I think well of. My respectful compliments to my fair ally. I still depend on her cooperation."

He went off in haste to use his official wax and tape; and, in a few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Cryppes, Mrs. Barker, and Mademoiselle Jenkins, entered in train; probably in right of the room having been that of Lord and Lady St. Edward, each holding a handkerchief to her eyes. Herbert and his wife chose to wait anywhere rather than longer here,—and moved off.

"Stay, pray, one moment, Mrs. Charles Herbert," said the elder matron. "You know my feelings for the dear deceased—ever my favourite child—the flower of my lovely flock. I am certain, ma'am, that after the tenderness and hospitality with which you were treated in my family—like one of my own daughters indeed—no distinction made—that you must feel much for this sad bereavement—this first breach in a family so affectionate and united as ours;—and to think that I was too late to see my child! And my poor husband who so doted on Emmeline."

"I am truly sorry for Mr. Cryppes, indeed, ma'am," said Violet, glad to have anything to say with honesty.

"But you were witness, this worthy soul tells me, to the promise my darling exacted from Lord St. Edward to provide *handsomely* for her parents."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Charles was witness of that," said Jenkins, who had gone up stairs a violent anti-Cryppesite, and descended making common cause with Mrs. Cryppes against that "old Dragon Gryphon," who had actually turned them out of Lady St. Edward's room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"And a great deal of my undeniable personal property lying about," sobbed Jenkins, in rage. "And your lady's shawl and slippers too; as if my late lady's mother and *me*, her confidential young lady, were common thieves."

"What sort of law and justice is that, pray?" put in Mrs. Cryppes. "Never was such impertinence heard of: O if my son Jack were but here, let me see who would dare to insult me in this manner."

"For Heaven's sake no more of this, mother," cried Mrs. Barker, really ashamed and angry. "What are such trifles to our ruin—I mean, to our irreparable loss;" and the subdued woman wept, leaning against the mantel-piece, and covering her face in a passion of seemingly real grief, which touched the hearts of the Herberts. When she was a little more composed, Mr. Herbert inquired for her husband.

"Very ill, indeed, Mr. Herbert,—so seriously ill, that but for this dreadful, this most unlooked-for stroke, I should not have left him to-night. That rash, unfortunate creature Edmund!—such brilliant prospects as were opening to my dear sister, and ultimately to all her family. Barker was so warmly attached to Emmy—she was indeed more like his own child than a sister-in-law. How will he in his present condition bear this new stroke?" Mrs. Barker wept afresh.

"Good night, Mrs. Barker," said Violet, in a

little while, softly taking her hand; "believe me I feel for you, indeed—for your father——"

"You are going, then, ma'am?" interposed Mrs. Cryppes, and now sharply; "I presume you can make no objection to give the evidence Jenkins refers to?—Maria, my dear, you who are so clever a pen-woman, had you not better make a small memorandum of the thing at the moment, while it is still fresh in Mrs. Charles Herbert's mind?"

Mrs. Charles Herbert looked embarrassed, and her husband answered for her. "However the matter may stand, the discussion is surely premature, ma'am. . . . Come, my love, since Mr. Gryphon has laid an embargo on your shawl, I shall make free with his cloak for your use."

"Pray, Mr. Charles, since you are now a lawyer, or as good, will you tell me, has Mr. Gryphon any right whatever, by either Magna Charta or Habeas Corpus, to interfere with my lady's wardrobe? Is it not mine,—mine, sir, by the laws and usages of every genteel family in England?—and that a Duchess should demean herself to keep paltry rings, watches, and old clothes—for my lady, not being countenanced, had no valuable jewels——"

"My daughter's wardrobe was a very complete and valuable one, and almost as good as new," said Mrs. Cryppes sharply, taking the reply on herself; "far too valuable to be thrown to servants as cast-offs. . . . And as for watches and jewels, her own family—her mother and her sister——"

"Mrs. Cryppes knows far more of the law of such inheritances than I pretend to do, Miss Jenkins," interrupted Herbert, who had now taken his shoeless wife under his arm, determined to carry her to the coach that he had in waiting, rather than expose her to the scene which he foresaw; and which was heralded by Mrs. Cryppes' declaration of her intention to go to Plantagenet House, and see her son-in-law that instant, and tell him a piece of her mind of matters, and of the treatment she had received from his *pretty* agent.

Thankful was Violet when, still shoeless and unshawled, but with her feet carefully wrapped by Herbert in Mr. Gryphon's cloak, and her head leaning on her husband's breast, she found herself on the way home. Neither of them spoke much; their hearts were full, their thoughts busy. They were almost at their own door before Herbert, uneasy at her continued silence, inquired if she was quite well.

"Quite well—for myself only too well—too blest;—but what an evening this has been! We were all too gay and giddy at home this afternoon—and what a lesson!——"

"Not too gay, dear love—nor giddy at all—though so supremely happy that we may need sometimes to be reminded that we are mortal."

"And how gently the lesson comes to us," said the wife. "Those miserable people—but I am sorry for none of them save the poor old father."

"I met him on the stairs, poor old man. He did not seem to know me," said Herbert; "he was like a man distracted."

"And Mr. Barker, too, Charles. Surely you feel a little for him. Nature intended him for something so very different from what he has made himself."

"I cannot help that, Violet;—but there is my mother not to bed yet—very curious, I make no doubt;—you, however, shall go to your room at once, and I will gratify her curiosity; and console her for the disappointment that awaits her; and then she will go to coddle you; and you may tell her Gryphon is in love with her, by way of consolation for the loss of that 'charming residence.'"

Violet almost scolded her husband: she was becoming every day less a heroine, and more a wife.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barker, finding it impossible to keep down the angry altercation between the mother and the maid, left them, and returned home wretched enough. An execution had been put into the house that morning, though she and her mother had provided pretty well against such an event; and the people in charge were perfectly civil and accommodating. Her sick husband's apartment had been kept inviolate. She was spared the pain of announcing her sister's death, and the downfall of every hope in that quarter by finding Barker quite delirious. His mind had been wandering all that morning, and now his wife's presence irritated and made him so violent, that at length it was found necessary to call the men in charge of the furniture into his room to prevent him leaping from the window to escape from the horrible demon into which delirium converted his wife.

It was with great reluctance, with heartfelt, if not wholly unselfish sorrow, that she, two days afterwards, consented that he should be placed under restraint, and saw him carried away to the same private asylum for the insane, on the banks of the Thames, to which he had, some days before, devoted the unfortunate Bigsby. Her own sufferings, and his dreadful condition, had revived all the affection of the early days of their attachment, when the bold, dashing belle had been the proud mistress of the "talented Burke Barker."

The letter which, in a few days afterwards, she wrote to Mrs. Charles Herbert, begging through the interest of the Herberts with Mr. Gryphon, that something might be done by Lord St. Edward for her father, concluded, "O Violet, do you not pity me!"

"Indeed I do pity her," said Violet to her husband; "adversity, while it has crushed her pride, has perhaps softened her heart.—And the poor old man!—he had some accident, she mentions, a few days ago: they fear injury to the brain. The mother she does not mention."

It is impossible to tell whether the injury received in his fall, the burning of his opera, or the shock of the sudden loss of his daughter, and the overthrow of all his towering hopes, had produced the fatal effect. But when Mrs. Cryppes went to her lodgings after all but pulling caps with Jenkins for those spoils, still safe under Gryphon's seals, she found her husband home before her, and in a frenzy fit, covering the

walls of the room with gigantic musical notes, which he boldly scratched on with burned corks, all the while chanting what he called *The Requiem*.

"As I vow, he has spoiled the whole of that nice, new silver paper!" cried the horrified lady of the Professor, on entering the drawing-room. "Cryppes, are you out of your mind?—how are you to pay for new-hanging the room?—And we must have genteel mourning, too, come from where it will, for my daughter the Countess."

Of the Professor we can tell no more, until a few mornings afterwards, when Mrs. Marion met him in Piccadilly, wearing a kind of fantastic shabby mourning, with plenty of streaming rusty crape. He told her, with his usual pomp of manner, that he was going to see the *escutcheon* properly hung on Plantagenet House, before he attended the remains of his daughter, the Countess of St. Edward, to the family vault in Staffordshire, and had the *Requiem* performed; and he most politely took off his hat, and, bowing low, wished her a good morning, as he hurried off on this mad business.

"Puir, puffed-up, conceited creature!—scantly honest, too, as he and as every extravagant, needy man must often be, my heart was wae for him!" Marion said, while telling Violet the circumstance.—"No doubt the Duke's flunkies would turn him from the door."

"He must be cared for, my poor master," replied Violet. "Lord St. Edward won't forget poor Emmy's last request."

The young man forgot none of her requests, and none of those whom she had loved. Herbert and his wife were the first persons he saw, and this by his own desire; and the first time that he came abroad was to sit for several hours, sad, melancholy, and silent, by Violet's side. These silent visits were repeated almost daily, until gradually he could freely speak to her on the subject nearest his heart—the subject on which his lips were sealed to all others.

About a fortnight after Emmeline's death Mr. Gryphon one morning came to Chelsea with Herbert, having directed old Marion to meet him there on business which required her presence.

"I am come, ladies," he said; "with a new project which I did not choose to tell Mr. Charles, save in the presence of my fair ally, though I do not anticipate his refusal this time. It has nothing to do with pecuniary matters. I have myself the honour of being the Duke's Chamberlain, as I will probably be that of the future Duke."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert; "I congratulate you most heartily;—your position I conceive more enviable than that of the Duke himself—that charming place."

"Far too good for a lonely bachelor." Gryphon did not this time say an *old* bachelor.

"Canna ye take a wife, then, sir?" said Marion, laughingly.

"But who will have me? there's the misery, Mrs. Linton."

"Howt awa! ye may try surely;—there ne'er was a silly Jocky but there was as silly a Jenny."

"Very complimentary, indeed: but if the silly Jocky were vain enough to aspire to a *clever* and *handsome* Jenny, what does Scotch wisdom say then?"

"Why, ye can still but try, sir:—bode a gown of gold, and ye'll aye get a sleeve. 'Faint Heart never won Fair Lady.' Try ye:—After all I have seen in my day, I would not answer for what ony woman will do in the marrying line, till she's fairly speered. I would no answer for my very sel', for as auld as I am, if Jack Cryppes but fairly asked me, and held at me——"

"Rare candour—admirable advice," cried Herbert; "don't you think so, Mr. Gryphon?"

Gryphon smiled rather foolishly: "The business, Mr. Gryphon?" said Mrs. Herbert, somewhat impatiently; "I own I am curious to learn what Charles will not refuse and I approve of—he was so ungracious last time."

"He will not refuse to accompany Lord St. Edward in a leisurely tour on the Continent, and a residence at Nice of a few months? or, if that don't suit, merely accompany him, and leave him where the family oracle, Dr. Blande, fancies he will best spend the winter. The Duke makes this a special request—and poor St. Edward——"

"But my own poor wife, Mr. Gryphon: save for Violet it would give me the utmost pleasure to accompany St. Edward, whom I really like,—as well as I can like any young lord——"

"But can't you take your wife with you, my good sir? Heaven forbid that I should part man and wife, at least when they wish to remain together."

"That is charming," cried Mrs. Herbert, "and my friend Lady Laura Temple,—your own cousin, Violet,—is now at Nice. You will all be so much the better of the trip; made too with all the appliances and means of wealthy English aristocracy; that makes a vast difference in travelling."

Violet did look delighted for a moment,—and the eyes of the married lovers met, consulted, and congratulated, all in one instant of time.

"But you," she said, recalled at once, "you, *Maman*, how could we leave you alone for so long?"

"Never mind me,—I shall enjoy the journey quite as much through your letters as if I were to make it myself."

"We'll take the greatest care of Mrs. Herbert," said Marion jocosely, "till ye come back; will we not, Mr. Gryphon?" And Mr. Gryphon made as gallant a reply, as his fear of offending the delicacy of the refined widow permitted.

Violet, after the happy arrangement had been concluded, expressed some surprise to her husband that Mr. Gryphon had not included Mrs. Herbert,— "It must be all the same to the Plantagenets."

"He perhaps wishes to keep her at home to have her all to himself to court, while we are away."

"Fie, Charles! do you imagine that your mother would accept of Mr. Gryphon—or marry any man indeed?"

"Upon my soul I do, Violet,—and no disparagement to the sex in general, nor to my mother in particular. She will marry a worthy, good-natured, wealthy man,—to whom she will be every-

thing, and exceedingly happy, I make no doubt,—with at least £2000 a year. And now when he comes a-wooing, as the Duke's chamberlain, to this small house,—backed by that carriage and 'splendid place,' of which she spoke so often while ambitious of it for me,—a ducal residence it lately was,—and all those gardens and conservatories——"

"O fie, Charles, I'll never believe it."

"Till you see it, my little wife."

It was not, however, at last, for that "splendid residence," the carriage, the conservatories, &c., &c., that Mrs. Herbert did marry. O no! but from many combined, and all of them very good motives.

First, during the absence of her friends, Mr. Gryphon came very often with intelligence of them, or else to get her packets to forward; and, secondly, she discovered that besides being an able man of business, who had been of the greatest use in recovering Violet's fortune,—though it was hardly yet recovered,—he was a generous, and really in *essentials*, though a little *brusque*, a gentlemanly man. And it would be so delightful to be able to receive Herbert, Violet, and their children, for months every summer, at that charming place,—and Mr. Gryphon was so much attached to them all;—so much in love too,—but that was too ridiculous at her age.

The reasons, or rather assumptions, placed in the front rank in that awful and elaborate epistle, in which the lady's intention to take the matter into consideration was confidentially communicated to Violet, with strict injunctions not to breathe one word of it to her husband,—were, that she was now convinced the alliance would really increase Mr. Gryphon's happiness almost as much as he anticipated; and that the connexion would be of advantage to those that were and ever would be dearest to her. "One could not be so selfish as to live only for one's self."

We are sorry to be obliged to confess of our heroine, just when about to take a final leave of her, that she acted upon this occasion very like an ordinary woman, and at once showed the delicate and doubting epistle to her husband; though she certainly sharply reproved his saucy remarks and good-natured laughter on the occasion.

In the postscript to a business letter which Herbert had occasion to write to Mr. Gryphon that night, he said, "Persevere, old boy, and the day is your own."

But this was, after all, but a marriage of convenience, though one of the most auspicious of the sort; and the next attachment that fell under Violet's immediate notice surprised her much more,—and it was also much more provoking to be laughed at on this occasion; for the heroine was Laura Temple—the dignified, the grave, the high-souled Laura—who had once been all but attached—who indeed had been deeply attached to her own Charles, yet accepted the suit of young Lord St. Edward! The parties had been thrown together a great deal at Nice, while the grief of the youthful widower was still vivid and green; and Lady Laura, herself out of health and spirits, had pitied "the poor boy," her cousin Ned; whom, some

fifteen years before, she, a newly-fledged Almack's beauty, had romped with, and danced upon her knee. Violet was also at times disposed to resent the transient nature of those feelings which left St. Edward, whose widowed sorrows had so shortly before deeply taxed her sympathies, free to imbibe, in a few months, a new and violent passion for a woman ten years older than himself. But that Laura Temple, having loved Charles Herbert, should love this weak and fickle, if very amiable and handsome lad, enough to marry him!—It was quite inexplicable, and somewhat teasing. Mrs. Herbert, however, was enchanted with the prospect of her friend's match. It wanted but this, but Laura as the future Duchess, to make her own subordinate rank of the Chamberlain's lady perfectly unexceptionable. Such a friend, such a neighbour! The delight of the noble grandparents of the lover was, if possible, greater than hers. This was just the match they would most have desired for St. Edward. With his unstable character, in present circumstances, Laura Temple was the very wife for him. What were a few years of seniority in comparison of her many advantages,—and what was want of fortune to them!

Herbert had laughed so often at his wife's astonishment that "such things could be" where young, true, passionate love had once been, that she at length began to laugh herself, and to say with Marion, that nothing that woman could do in the line matrimonial should ever again surprise her. She had not been many days returned from Nice with her husband, and an important small personage, whom Marion called the *was* French Moushie, Laura and St. Edward's godson, when Mr. and Mrs. Gryphon, who had avoided considerable awkwardness by having the knot tied a month before the Herberts returned, set out for the same quarter, commissioned to bring over the Lady Laura as the bride of the happy St. Edward. Laura was met, as a mark of high consideration, by the Duke, one stage on the Dover road, and by the Duchess on the top of the stairs; introduced that night to many noble relatives and allies; and married, by special license, very privately at Plantagenet House, by the Bishop of London, next morning. Immediately after the ceremony they set off for one of the Duke's seats, Lady St. Edward enriched with more jewels, and with a more magnificent *trousseau* than any younger bride of the last three seasons.

Mrs. Gryphon immediately after the marriage drove to the old little house—it looked less now every time she saw it—to tell Violet all about the wedding, and to kiss the baby, which she indeed did every day a thousand times over. "Laura sends you her dear love, Violet, and this ring with her hair. She will not make you a common person by mere marriage cards, though I suppose when they return to town the Duchess means to honour you among the select few."

"Ah, poor, pretty, wild Emmy Cryppes!" sighed Violet, "what has he made of *her* ring?" The new Mrs. Gryphon could not tell—did not much care. She continued, . . . "But my husband will tell you more when he comes. He is to receive the people of business to-day about the transference of

your fortune. There no longer need exist any delicacy on any one's part in assisting you to get your own, which, situated as Lady Laura lately was, might have been painful. This is another beauty in this delightful marriage. . . . Your mamma is an heiress, baby. Yes, she is! You crow at that, you rogue, you."

"Then now, dear, kind old Marion can be repaid for all her friendly, her most generous advances, in carrying on the law-suit," said Violet.

"Surely, if it does not vex the good soul to see you out of her debt. She has been of the greatest use to me in getting Mr. Gryphon's house into high order for you. I flatter myself you will be pleased with what we have done,—the good man, you know, new furnished it all for me. You will have ample accommodation for us when we visit town; and if Charles or you were to think of any country residence, while that large and splendid place can hold all the unborn generations of *our* grandchildren, I should never forgive you; and my husband would be worse angered, if you did not make ours your country-house. By the new railroad we will be brought within four hours of you—just a morning airing."

"Little chance of our scruples," said Violet, smiling, and rather amused at the frequency with which the late delicate and fastidious widow now cited "my husband," considering what had been her former feelings for the shrewd, gruff lawyer; but still more diverted at him presuming familiarly to call his lady *Cecilia*, and sometimes *Cis*.

"As this will be your last dinner in the dear, old, little place, which I shall love for ever, and envy everybody that lives in it, I have taken the liberty to ask Marion to come to tea. Mr. Gryphon knows that she is one of ourselves."

"Most happy will my husband be to meet the worthy, kind old lady; and I hope to prevail with her to visit us when you come down. She can fetch her pussey in a basket."

Mr. Gryphon, though both fond and proud of his wife, was not, on this day, in such violent haste to leave the dining-room as we have seen him, a year back. He had to talk with Charles about how his wife's fortune was to be invested, and about his own professional prospects. The interest and influence of the Plantagenet family were at Herbert's pleasure in any line of ambition to which his inclination led; and Gryphon recapitulated the arrangement already made by their wives about the mutual visits—the common homes.

Herbert, though apt to be impatient at the "Plantagenet family," was charmed with the addition to his own family connexion of the hearty lawyer.

While they thus talked below, the ladies above were not tongue-tied. Mrs. Gryphon, who loved the theme, expatiated to Marion upon the grand wedding of the morning.

"The weddin's are going round the year," said Marion. "I must be looking out myself. There's the Widow Cryppes off the other week."

"Mrs. Cryppes married! who is the unfortunate man?" cried Violet.

"She is now Mrs. Michael Twig, of the Lunar Rainbow Tavern—"

"Mike Twig, the Professor's old servant!" interrupted Violet, in utter amazement.

"The very same; though latterly, as ye may remember, Michael Twigge, Esq., Actuary of the Crown and Mitre Philanthropic Life Assurance Society, and the only one of the Cryppes' connexion, I believe, who has made, in the long-run, a *baubee* by it, though he did pay a good 'prentice fee to Mrs. Barker for teaching him to sign his name. Mike was become a prize; and the widow had tried many trades before she condescended. First, she set up a genteel boarding-house with her daughter, for gentlewomen, at the West End. That would not do, though Sir George Lees pushed the establishment: then tried a toy-shop and library at Brighton; next, got into the Fleet. The daughter, Mrs. Barker, is fit to crucify her; but the wilfu' widow has pleased herself. Jenny Jenkins—I ne'er could thole her either—and she, were at the pulling of caps for Mike; but the duds that she got from Mr. Gryphon, after a',—those that belanged to her lady daughter, and that fifty pound a-year the Lord has settled on her, if she keep herself quiet, bought a young gudeman for the widow; and the lass may go whistle for a joe, like myself."

Violet was shocked at this intelligence—nor pleased at her husband's levity, in being able to laugh at such a marriage when he was told of it.

"And poor Jack?" for I have quite lost sight of him," inquired Herbert.

"Na, as this is the year of the queer marriages, which comes round as surely as leap-year, when the lasses may court the men, I am no sure but Jack may put forth his parable to myself ere lang. He whiles, while you were abroad, did me the honour to borrow half-a-crown from me, more or less—for he has a speerit aboon begging. He got a bad rheumatism, puir chield, in that Dutch Bridewell, or it's as like from his scanty cleeing—an' if ye give him a warm dud the day, it's sure to be pawned ere the morn."

"I fear poor Jack's best days are over," said Herbert.

"Indeed he's sair reduced—even Mrs. Snipson has cut him—a bad sign of his finances. . . . I have gotten 'sponsible tenants in that queen's place. A decent, weel-doin' tailor lad, frae my ain parish, wha gets a' the country news, and an auld *Kelso Chronicle*—it's a great treat to me. . . . But Jack, poor chield! I have aye had a regard for him since he took refuge in my meat-safe—The grand newspapers would have no more to do with him: he reported so many dreadful accidents and bloody murders that had never happened, when he needed a few shillings at an odd time,—clever lies they were too!—But once he got up a railroad collision with tremendous loss of life and limb; and as there are enow of them without Jack's help, there was the deil to pay with the proprietors. After that he did wonderful weel for a few weeks in the comic-song line about the sma' theatres, till he got as hoarse and ropy as an auld crow, with hard living, poor ne'er-do-weel! and sleepin' out on bulk-heads

and such like, which knocked up his trade as a vocalist."

"Is not this horrible," exclaimed Herbert, "of a fellow possessed of the acquirements of Cryppes?"

"What shall ye say, Mr. Charles: what is all the tawlent and genius under the canopy of Heaven, without a kennin' of mother-wit and good steady conduct? 'The stalk o' carle hemp in man,' as our Burns well names the grand something of manhood, was aye wanting among the Cryppeses."

"Where is poor Jack now? I am rather surprised that I have not heard from him of late."

"Ye'll no need to lang for that Sir, if ance he kens ye are come back to town. I am whiles obliged to do the next thing to downright leeing to keep him aff ye;—a waffie like yon, disgracing a decent door, is more noticeable out hereabouts in the suburbs than in Fleet Street. After Jack lost the newspapers, both great and sma', and cracked his voice, he found another occupation for a time. Being in high favour with his leddy-mother, because he countenanced her in her mad-like marriage, while Mrs. Barker was fit to flay her alive—I believe he did it too, the wild scamp, mainly for the spree and fun o' the weddin';—weel, to cut my tale short, when Twig got his leddy's fortin, he opened a groat billiard-table in connexion with the public-house, and Jack, promising to be steady, was appointed marker;—but Mike said he took too much liberty with the gentlemen: and in a row the other night between man and wife, where Mrs. Twig's viperish tongue got her a louder or twa from her young gudeman, Jack's spunk got up, though he is no usually a warrior, and he thrashed his step-father soundly. The whole kit were carried off to the office,—and fancy the impudence o' the dog sending for me before Sir Peter to bail him forsooth! If Sir Peter had no' kent me before, for a countrywoman, and a 'sponsible and law-biding householder, I should have been downright affronted."

"Well done, Jack! then he really thrashed the fellow who struck his mother?—Something must be done for him—here is a sovereign for him," said Gryphon.

"Siller to him!—na, na, Mr. Gryphon; we maun do better than that among us."

"Lord St. Edward wont hear the name of one of the family mentioned, so annoyed has he been of late with their epistles. I, long since, gave Edmund, by his orders, the means of leaving England to quack and kill women somewhere else, and put a stop to unpleasant investigations here. The small annuity settled on old Cryppes is to be continued to the daughter, Susan, a modest and respectable person, with whom he died; but as for poor Jack, who has written innumerable penny histories of his noble sister's adventures, with brilliant *cuts* to them, he is utterly odious to St. Edward. . . . What will you give, Charles—a-week—to pension Jack?—I volunteer five shillings, to be dealt out by Mrs. Marion at her discretion. I am sure she will not grudge the trouble. To solicit employment for him, of any sort, is quite out of the question, though he has most ingeniously suggested all manner of high posts, at home and abroad, that St. Edward,

his noble brother-in-law, ought to procure for him."

"I'll give whatever Mrs. Linton pleases to mulct me in," replied Herbert,—“say a crown a-week, to begin with."

"I care no' if I birl my bawbee, and be an eighteenpence mysel'," cried Marion, generously emulous: "he is sic a diverting scamp; and comes aye back to me with as blithe a face as if he were in the receipt of a thousand a-year, and never had done an ill turn in his born days. It's the impudence o' him that tickles me; but he's no just a responsible moral agent. There's ower mony o' the sort in Lon'on."

"Is it right to encourage—does the worthless fellow deserve your kindness?" said Mrs. Gryphon; and Marion fancying the lady perhaps grudged the money, cried—"Hout away, madam! if even a' us, that's gude folk, got but our deserts, we might be poorly off, I trow: but there is ower muckle siller offered me;—I'll no' take aboon the half:—with a weekly income of 11s. 6d., and his ain *industry*, Jack would get rampant,—he would soon be above my hand."

Jack's pension was accordingly settled at the moderate rate of one shilling a-day. He was made easy for the remainder of the merry life that was not likely to be a long one.

To Marion his frequent calls became an event and an amusement—to scold, advise, dictate to, and finally to be often cajoled by Jack out of her own money, or of his allowance, long before it was due—to relieve his goods from pawnbrokers, to purchase for him warm flannel vests and stockings, again to be redeemed—to abuse him continually, and be really kind to him always—became with her a kind of habit, almost an indulgence. But, to return,—

The special business of this evening was, repaying Mrs. Linton her advances for Herbert and his wife in carrying on their lawsuit. Mr. Gryphon repaid her, calculating the legal interest to the last fraction, and paying not one fraction more. She was somewhat annoyed at first. It was like dis-severing her from those whom she loved so well; but as one's *own* honest money is seldom in the long run wholly unacceptable, Marion only remarked—"Weel, but what am I to do wi' it now when I have got it?"

"And how are we to show our warm sense of your generosity—of your *trust* in us?" said Herbert. "With my wife I include my mother and Mr. Gryphon. You are too rich and too independent in spirit to care for pecuniary reward. Is there anything in the world that we could have the satisfaction of doing to gratify you, or to show our sense of your kindness?"

Mrs. Marion, though usually a very composed, self-possessed person, now seemed uneasy, and fidgety. She cleared her throat, then hesitated for a little, and at last said with some effort, yet solemnly, and with passionate emphasis—"Yes, Mr. Charles, there is one thing, and a great thing, that Mr. Gryphon and you could do for me:—ye could help a wronged woman to her *revenge*!" She enunciated the last word with strong em-

phasia, and with a peculiarly energetic expression of face.

Violet was half frightened.

"Merciful Heaven! you, Marion!—so kind a woman—so good a Christian!—*Revenge!*"

"Ay, hinny-bird—but I am but a woman for a' that; and slighted love is hard to bide—and revenge is sweet. I have lang thirsted for it; and now the time is come, if these gentlemen will befriend me."

Violet was at once relieved. Marion could never suppose *her* Charles capable of being the instrument of any wrong or revenge.

"Ye a', sirs," Marion continued, "partly ken my story, though ye may weel think an auld wife's love-tale a real farce. It was nane in those days to me. Ye may ken, or that young lady does, that I came to this hudge metropolis, that has grown beneath my eyne like Jonah's gourd in a'e night—now weel on to forty years since—a blate, friendless lass; wi' a toom purse, and a proud stomach hiding a sair heart. I had been slighted, and scorned in the face of the haille country side; but I fought my ain way, wi' few to pity and nane to help me. And him I'll ne'er name, in this world at least, has not, as I can understand, been without his ain trials and sorrows, with a thrang family and a back-gaun farm. I hope grace has been given me to forgi'e—but, oh! I cannot forget!"

Marion paused for a moment; and Violet slid to her side, and pressed and held her hard hand; and in a few seconds, with a slight expression of contempt for her own weakness, she went on with her story.

"They would fain have curried favour with the rich auld wife that slighted the friendless maiden; but that is neither here nor there;—and sair as the father had wranged me, I had ance liked him weel; and his innocent bairns had done me no skaith. There is ane, I can understand—the youngest o' them—was kirsened Robin, or Robert Linton, after my ain father. It was a compliment, nae doubt; or, maybe, a stroke o' policy. He's been bred for the ministry, that lad; and we'll no say where the siller came frae: the bit twenty-pound note, or maybe twa o' them, that found their way down yonder about college time ilka year—from "A weel-wisher," or the like; till now the lad is ready for a kirk,—and a braw preacher, as I hear:—sound doctrine, and gi'es them blads o' it; and a rare gift o' utterance!—The father o' him was clever enough.—Now, if poor Marion Linton could do that for the young man that his mother, for whom she was slighted, could not compass, for all her gentle kin, would no' that be having my *revenge*, think ye, sirs?"

"I knew it of you," whispered Violet.

"It would indeed," said Gryphon, delighted with the old woman's sense and spirit, and somewhat amused with the dramatic cast of her narrative.

"This is *true womanly* revenge; and you shall have it too," continued Gryphon.

"Do but that for Marion, and merit all our thanks," said Herbert warmly.

"Nay, it is you must do it, Charles—your wife; and it well becomes you both. Make this your first request to the Duke; and though

he has no Scotch livings in his own gift, so anxious are he and the Duchess to show their sense of your wife's kindness, and of your exceeding kindness and care of Lord St. Edward, that, I am certain, he will manage it."

In less than four months from this date, and while Marion was on a short visit with the Herberts, to "that splendid place," where Mrs. Gryphon reigned a little empress, the kirk of her native parish, having been vacant at the time when she first spoke of her *revenge*, was presented to her unknown *protege*. Better still, "the haille Water," that is all the inhabitants of that pastoral valley in which it stood, came to understand that the living had been obtained through the interest of a very rich old lady in London, who had gone a poor servant girl from the parish sometime in the last century; and who now presented the Session with a pair of handsome silver Communion Cups, and mortified a thousand merks for the poor. It was a great event in the valley; where there may now be seen a "Lassies' Sewing-School," erected and endowed in the Kirkton by the same munificent Marion Linton; and six cottages, in a row, by the burn-side, with kailyards, and ten pounds a-year annexed to each; intended for single women, above fifty, of good character and cleanly habits—natives of the parish;—a preference to be delicately given to such spinsters as had experienced the slights of deceitful and ungrateful man.

We have now given a good account of most of our leading personages, save that one of them who, in respect of intellect and promise, was the most important of all. Of the fate of "the Talented Burke Barker" there are still the most contradictory rumours, all of which Marion learned as they arose, from her pensioner Jack, when he came for his solid Monday's breakfast, and his weekly allowance; or when he paid her a visit of ceremony, on what he facetiously called "a Collar day;" that is, a day occurring in every four or five, on which Jack, like the Knights of his order, sported a half inch of yellow, well-stiffened linen, in contrast with his still flourishing whiskers.

The most probable of Jack's reports was, that Barker had died in the lunatic asylum; as his lady now presided in that dismal abode, the wife of Dr. Beddoes Blood, to whom it belonged. Polly Cryppes, still a young, good-looking, showy woman, of those plausible or flattering manners which attract so numerous a class of mankind, had got very intimately acquainted with Doctor Blood, when making inquiries after her husband. And the Doctor drove a good trade, and kept a carriage. True, it was principally used to *air* the insane patients; but it was nevertheless a carriage; and even before the marriage of Sir George Lees, with the rich widow of a Bengal indigo planter, had been publicly announced, her marriage took place.

By another account, which was also probable, Barker had escaped from confinement by climbing over the walls, and was found drowned in the Thames, near the spot where Bigsby lost his life; but as often as Mrs. Dr. Blood offended her brother Jack, by refusing him the too oft-solicited half-

crown, he told her, and even maliciously circulated a tale, which is still heard in certain London circles,—namely, that Barker had escaped from the mad-house quite sane; and had gone first to Mexico, and then to Texas, where, under the name of Burke, he held high rank in the American maul-raiding army; and was now one of the leading men of the young republic—a very great man, indeed, was General Burke. It was probably a pure jack-fiction, as Herbert humorously called Cryppes's inventions, as well as that Barker had sent for and married the Devonshire girl; a story invented for the amiable purpose of tormenting Mrs. Dr. Blood.

The day on which Jack went to announce his mother's death to that lady, so great was her satisfaction at the dissolution of "the low connexion," by which her mother, as she said, "disgraced her father's memory," that she gave Jack a half-sovereign, and entreated him to try to find out if Barker were really alive—if Blood had, indeed, deceived her by his reported death, and betrayed her into bigamy.

"So Poll is meditating an elopement to Texas," thought Jack, hastening to a favourite cellaretavern to melt the half-sovereign in his mother's dirge-feast. "Whether Barker is a Texan chief or not, he'll have nothing to say to Poll. Heartless jade, not to drop one tear for the old lady!—though *mamma* was a sad vixen to be sure."

Poor Mrs. Twig, maltreated by the young husband whom her intolerable tongue provoked, had died within the year, of gin and jealousy; leaving Jack her blessing, and a few silver coins which she had secreted beneath the mattress, and slid into his hand, in the last agony. In three weeks her place was supplied by Miss Jenkins, whose turn had naturally come round to play the part of mistress of the Lunar Rainbow.

Jack Cryppes, who kept spite against nobody, often visited his step-father and the new lady; and, in consideration of a plate of victuals or a glass of gin, stood voucher for all the extraordinary anecdotes of the great people with whom she had been familiar, with which the present Mrs. Twig chose to amuse her friends; rarely enjoying the good fun.

The last "Collar day," and some years after this, on which Jack called for his allowance, he was so much beyond his ordinary hour that Marion felt uneasy about the "scant-o-grace," who all the spring had had a very bad cough, and been spitting blood, but who, apparently, was as gay as ever, while there was one penny-piece in his pocket, or while any one, on the faith of his weekly seven shillings, would give him credit to the value of threepence—the price of a roll and a glass of gin.

"Mr. Cryppes, ye have frightened me this time—ye are looking worse and worse. Mr. Charles Herbert insists that ye must go down to the country to your sister Susan for a while, to recruit. Mrs. Charles has written her about you."

"Has she indeed?—Ah! she is a sweet, lovely soul.—I was in love with *La belle Gabrielle* myself once: admired her prodigiously, 'pon my honour. We had such charming duets: . . . what a galaxy of beauty and talent under my poor father's roof then! Mrs. Charles Herbert, Mr. Burke Barker, my sister Polly—myself, quoth the devil, and dear Emmy;"—and here poor Jack was seized with a long and violent fit of coughing.

"Now, my friend, why will ye haver away that nonsense gait;—be quiet, and take your coffee, and try to eat a bit—ye are burning with fever—ye are far from weel—I am really wae for ye, and wae to see you still so thoughtless."

"Are you indeed?—you are a kind old lady.—And Charles Herbert and his wife?—she has written Susan about me? And paid me so handsomely beforehand for copying that music for her—I will finish it some time:—you are all good:—perhaps if I had life to begin again, and such folks about me—But hang it, no!"—

Why be melancholy, boys!

Jack sung, and gaily went on,—

"Why, old lady, is Charles Herbert like a dowager this morning?"

"The creatur is fey," thought Marion.

"D'ye give it up?" continued Jack. "*Because he has got a black silk gown.*"

"Mr. Charles a serjeant-at-law!" screamed Marion;—"and he is weel worthy o' being a judge, let be a serjeant—ay, a judge wi' a double gown!" Scotch good wishes could go no farther; a double gown presuming a double salary. "But O! be sober now, and eat some breakfast will ye: ye are like the Laird o' Macfarlane's geese, wha liket their play better than their meat."

"Why is Mrs. Twig like her husband's sign?"—continued Jack in high glee—"D'ye give it up?—Because he has beat her into all the colours of the *Rainbow*—pounded her to immortal smash!" And the man of mirth, while heartily laughing, was seized with another violent fit of coughing; and, while gasping for breath, he pumped up from wasted lungs, more red blood.

"I cannot let the neer-do-weel out of my house this day—he might die in the streets," thought Marion.—Hard as he had worked for such a fate, poor Jack Cryppes, the last of the *Family of the Talents*, did not die in the streets.

THE END.