

It was a pleasant sight to see them sitting
Alone together in that antique room,
Still talking on high themes, and knowing nothing
Of fading daylight or the evening gloom.

And then the earliest beams of morning sunlight
Fell on the fair young pupil and the sage ;
And a new world he open'd to her vision—
The bright creations of the poet's page !

It is a glorious thing on senseless canvass
The heroic deeds of mighty men to trace ;
Or wake the silent marble of the quarry
Into immortal forms of truth and grace ;

But nobler far than all the boasted triumphs
Of painter or of statuary combined,
It is to wake into the bliss of knowledge
The sleeping powers of a rare gifted mind !

And many months pass'd by—he was unwilling
To leave the child and home he lov'd so well ;
But Science call'd him in her faithful service,
In other lands, o'er distant seas, to dwell.

But then he left behind him memories precious
As can be felt on earth, or hoped in heaven—
The bliss of doing good—the joy of loving
Without a worldly or a selfish leaven.

And in his long, dull, drear and lonely watches,
That young face oft appear'd, soft, calm and pure ;
And it became, to his unconscious dreamings,
His star of hope—"his Tyrian cynosure !"

And she that thus was left, how was she bearing
The heavy parting ! In that wo so wild
That tore her heartstrings, life had a new era,—
Its griefs were come, she was no more a child !

And he to her was father, brother, lover,
All household ties seem'd blended into one !
His name was last upon her lips at vespers,
His first was breathed in earliest orison !

And now that he was gone, the radiant brightness
With which the world look'd cloth'd, grew faint and
dim ;
The "general air," the birds, the flowers, the sunshine,
And Nature's self, seem'd to be mourning him.

And all was full of him. The rolling river,
With its hoarse cadence, murmur'd out his name ;
And Europe's wide plains had one only echo
That bore from land to land his toil-won fame !

But she was rous'd from these high phantasies
By other griefs as stern, if not so high,
To view through lonely years the dim life fading,
And then to see her second mother die.

And never did a fond and grateful daughter
Watch o'er the breast on which her childhood slum-
ber'd,
With stronger, deeper, warmer, self-devotion,
Than she by that frail form whose days were num-
ber'd.

Long years it lingered. To that dying woman
Death's dart seem'd feebler than the ties of love !
The angel by her side made dim the vision
Of spirits beckoning her to worlds above !

And when at last the orphan, doubly orphan'd,
Was left once more in the wide world forlorn,
Her soul assumed a new and strange composure,
From mental conflicts and religion born.

And she was beautiful with that rare beauty
Where mind looks out from earth's most perfect grace,
And feeling lends its kindliness and softness
To aid the witchery of the form and face.

And many woo'd her for her matchless beauty ;
For her broad lands and heritage, still more ;—
She coldly met the most impassioned pleadings,
Her faith and love were given long before.

Given and were not asked ! The thought could kindle
Blushes as bright as ever graced the morning,
And yet she gloried in her love, and for it
She gladly would have braved the cold world's scorn-
ing.

At last her guerdon came.—She had been sitting
Till gentle twilight shed o'er earth its gloom,
And her heart's beatings alone broke the silence
That reign'd triumphant through the spacious room.

When a step entered,—there had been no voices
To speak the stranger's message or his land ;
What need had she of words ! She raised her forehead
From its bow'd leaning on her blue vein'd hand,

As her eye caught the form. With a loud cry
Of "Thank thee, gracious God ! at last 'tis he !"
She sank upon his bosom, and her spirit
Became unconscious of its ecstasy.

And they were happy ! Many mock'd and wonder'd
That one so dower'd, and beautiful, and young,
With all earth's blessings strew'd around her footsteps,
And all Heaven's music dropping from her tongue,
Should link her fate to one whose locks were changing,
Whose prime of manhood was already gone !
But souls that look to Heaven still keep their freshness
Though hasty Time be ever hurrying on !

And joy was at their bridal,—though so chasten'd
By sorrows they had known—mixed hopes and fears,
That pleasure wore her softest, gentlest, aspect,
And hid her smiling in a gush of tears !

February, 1841, S.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our March No.)

CHAPTER XIX.

WE somewhat abruptly and unceremoniously left Mrs. Burke Barker in her carriage, at the door of Mrs. Herbert's residence. The old Scotch woman who, in this exigency, lent her aid to the Herbert family, from motives of kindness and the desire of obliging, not much alloyed by the love of what her countrywomen term a "handling," had taken her way to the auctioneer, as the family agent; an office for which her experience in such affairs, and general shrewdness and trustworthiness, peculiarly qualified her; when Mrs. Herbert, on this busy morn-

ing denied to every one, was found at home to Mrs. Burke Barker. She was, indeed, only waiting to receive that lady, previous to setting off to her sick or vapourish friend at Windsor; whither Mr. Charles Herbert was to attend her in the common stage-coach! It was a trial, no doubt, of its kind; but a worse was at hand.

Mrs. Jane Jenkins took ample leisure to admire the new crimson liveries, faced with white, before she sought her "present lady" in the back drawing-room, to announce the presence of her "future lady" in the front drawing-room.

"I desired you, Jenkins, to show that lady into the back parlour below," said Mrs. Herbert. Mrs. Jenkins pouted. The best drawing-room in the house could not be too good for her lady that was to be, whatever might have been suitable for Mrs. Barker.

The brilliant tones of a semi-grand pianoforte, which "the lady," immediately on finding herself alone, awoke with more musical mastery than good breeding, was a more characteristic announcement of a genuine Crippes. Mrs. Herbert reddened with displeasure at a freedom which she would not have admired in any total stranger, and could not forgive in the person who waited upon her.

"Impertinence! She serenades us, I declare! I don't think, Violet, I can see the woman."

"For Jenkins' sake——" urged Violet gently.

"True, O true! to get rid of my worst plague, who this morning has been so teasing and downright impertinent, I have courage to encounter even a female Crippes. Is she not the girl whom that gentlemanlike, well-dressed man, I have seen with you and Sir George Lees, married? What strange choices men do make! Have they fallen into a fortune, Herbert, that so soon after the swindling transactions about Shuffleton's house, and that infamous abduction affair, they are dashing out in this style? He is a politician, I believe—employed by the Carlton Club, perhaps—but he is not in parliament, and has no appointment?"

"Barker is a mystery in a close-buttoned, well-fitting surtout and neat cravat," said Herbert, laughing at his mother's curiosity.—"But you had better arrest the voluble fingers of Mrs. B. B., ere she fairly splits our heads with a repetition of that hailstone passage."

Mrs. Herbert drew up her gloves most rigidly, also her head; and tried to look as majestic and awful, aristocratic and cross, as it was possible for so pretty and gentle a fair, little, dove-eyed woman to look. While she took the arm of the somewhat reluctant Mrs. Charles, and her way to the important audience, the house still resounding with the pealing harmony created by Mrs. Barker. Violet experienced some slight flutter of nerves in anticipating the awkward recognition of her old friend Polly Crippes, in circumstances so materially changed with them both; but especially after the *éclat* of the abduction of Miss Juliana Stocks. She felt tremulous, and delicately ashamed for her ancient companion; and would gladly have spared both the embarrassment, and the former the imagined mortification, of the meeting. Her squeamish apprehensions were premature, if not altogether unfounded. Mrs. Burke Barker did not appear to have the faintest recollection of her—*cast* her dead on her own floor.

For a few seconds that lady, wrapt in her own splendid music, remained apparently unconscious of any one having entered the room, until Mrs. Herbert advanced to her side and interrupted her, by coldly begging to be favoured with her commands. This compelled the brilliant performer to notice her presence, and even to half rise and offer some sort of apology. She seemed, however, to

have no more knowledge of Mrs. Charles Herbert than if she had never seen her before. Violet, if somewhat amused, was at once relieved from her uneasiness, and rather glad to find that it was not necessary to renew her acquaintance with the very good-looking and highly and fashionably-dressed person before her.

"I must entreat your pardon for the liberty, ma'am, but I am an enthusiast, and claim to be one of the privileged in music. I never can resist touching a well-toned instrument. . . . I have used the freedom to call to inquire into the character of a person applying for a rather confidential situation in my family—the place of my own maid, indeed. I understand that she has been for some years in your service. . . . Pray, be seated, ma'am;" and the visiter graciously pointed to a seat by herself.

"I am in my own house," replied Mrs. Herbert, haughtily, and still standing as stiffly perpendicular as if she had been some small German reigning Duchess mortally affronted by an enormity, which, however, no audacious Frau durst commit upon sacred and established etiquette. Violet, however, very quietly placed a chair for her, but at a respectful distance from the ottoman of which the uninvited guest had now taken possession; and Mrs. Herbert, having vindicated her dignity, or given vent to her disgust by gently closing the piano, sat down, saying, frigidly—"Whatever necessary questions you have to put to me concerning my late maid I shall be happy to answer, ma'am; and as quickly as may suit you: I am just setting off for the country."

Mrs. Burke Barker, whatever were her secret thoughts, put a good face on the matter, drew up her neck slightly, hemmed, and said—

"I take for granted that the young woman's moral character is wholly unimpeachable?"

"Morals involve so many points;—far too wide for present discussion. But, I presume that I may safely say, Jenny Jenkins is what you mean by a moral character."

"Have you, ma'am, been in the habit of entrusting her with the key of your jewel-case, and with the other valuable property connected with her department? I should not like to engage a person in whom I could not place the most implicit confidence as to my trinkets and valuable laces; for, to say truth, I am the most careless creature in the world myself."

"You may very safely intrust your family jewels to my late servant," returned Mrs. Herbert. "Any other inquiry, ma'am?" she added, looking to her watch; "I am rather pressed, I am sorry, for time this morning."

"Does she get up small linen well, pray? . . . Of course I do not expect my own woman to have much leisure for such employments; but I wish her to be able to know when these things are properly done."

Violet remembered that the clever Polly was herself rather an expert laundress, at least at a smart frill or cap, if for herself; and, so far from being "a careless creature," that few young ladies were either more vain, or more tenacious of their Bir-

tingham mosaic and lackered ornaments than Miss Crippes had been.

"This, fortunately, is a question which admits of proof," replied Mrs. Herbert to the above query. "Mrs. Charles, my love, be so good as ring the bell for Jenkins to exhibit her starchery."

"Not at all, not at all; pray don't trouble the young lady. I am perfectly satisfied. Indeed this with me is another quite minor point. . . . Does she dress hair well, and in the newest style? In short—for I delight in frankness, and coming to the point—does she thoroughly understand the ornamental department of toilet duties? Has she taste, resource—can the woman, in short, what I call, *dress a lady*?"

"Jenkins can dress a lady," replied Mrs. Herbert, with emphasis on one word which annoyed Violet, though it probably fell innocuous on the ears of Mrs. Burke Barker, now wholly occupied with the figure she made, and the spirit she displayed; so that Mrs. Herbert's little bit of delicate irony was so much of a well-bred woman's petty spite, misspent. Her visiter went boldly on—

"Then she really is a creature one can tolerate about one. I am delighted to hear it. I have had three of the dowdies in my service within the last six weeks. I am, I own, ridiculously sensitive in some matters," continued the lady, at last rising, (an example which Mrs. Herbert quickly followed,) but stopping short to say,—“By the way, does she write a tolerably genteel hand, if I required her to write a note for me to anything above my tradespeople? That she works well with her needle, I understand; but that is quite secondary. The business of my maid is to *dress* me, not to make my *dresses*; there are dressmakers enough in Paris.”

Here again were feminine emphases annoying to Violet, who knew that Mrs. Herbert had of late exacted a little work from her maid, however degrading the practice might be considered by fine ladies and their finer maids.

"The salary has, I understand, not been illiberal with you, ma'am, for a person of plain education. That too I consider altogether unimportant; nothing can be too much for a thoroughly qualified person in whom one can place entire confidence," continued Mrs. Barker, still standing her ground. "It is some seasons since she has been to Paris, but she will have that advantage this winter, which we are to spend in the French capital before we go to Vienna. Without foreign travel no lady's-maid can, in the present state of society, be properly qualified for her duties."

"I am no judge," said Mrs. Herbert; signing to Violet to pull the bell.

Violet was involuntarily contrasting the former bold, brisk, provincial belle, with the would-be woman of fashion,—a part which Polly, in one sense, performed very well; while the quiet dignity, the balance and repose of her own manner, more perplexed her former acquaintance, who could scarcely believe that the self-possessed and graceful young matron before her, was the shy, sensitive, lacrymose mademoiselle—her father's pupil. "Order the lady's carriage, Robert," said Mrs. Herbert,—compelled to go as near to kicking her visiter down

stairs, as one lady could venture with another. Mrs. B. B. drew up, and did move off, honouring Violet in passing with a broad stare.

It is not easy to say whether her parting remarks were the natural impulses of a coarse mind, or proceeded from pure malice. Making a rapid survey of the room, she said aloud, but as if to herself,—“Pretty room, though of the smallest; nothing to suit me, I think, save those vases and the piano;” and to Mrs. Herbert,—“I understand you are selling off your furniture, ma'am? There is nothing, I am sorry, will suit me, I fear, save, perhaps, the instrument. I rather like the tone. It is shockingly extravagant in me, no doubt, with so many instruments; but I am tempted to become the purchaser of the semi-grand. Pray, do let me have a preference, if possible, ma'am; and I assure we shall not quarrel about the price. . . . I wish you a very good morning;” and, with the slightest side curtsy, Mrs. Barker brushed past, leaving her victim trembling with indignant and insulted feelings. It was the very first time that Violet had ever seen Mrs. Herbert's sweet, serene, velvety disposition ruffled by merely impertinent trifles. Tears sprung into her eyes;—“Insolent, underbred, woman! Is this, Violet—is *this* a foretaste of the bitterness of poverty?”

Violet shared these wounded feelings by sympathy, if not through her understanding; and she might probably have cried for company, if Charles, who had overheard the whole dialogue, had not advanced from the back room, laughing aloud, and broken the dismal spell which enwrapped the ladies.

“Glorious Polly!—but you gave her as good as she brought; eh, mother? Who could fancy you so satirical and malicious.” Mrs. Herbert at once checked her dismal mood, and whispered, “I would not, for worlds, let Charles see that we, silly creatures, are not proof against an impertinent woman! How differently men of the world and foolish women receive such insect-stings. I am ashamed of myself! The men are wiser in their generation.”

Jenkins, to the general joy, in half an hour afterwards, made her farewell curtsy, and held her cambric to her eyes according to rule. But not a whisper was extorted from her lady about a certain Geneva lady's watch—Mrs. Herbert's third best only, as to which Jenkins had, for weeks past, given hints, and even made several assumptions. The failure of this diplomacy, perhaps, gave Mrs. Jenkins more fortitude to bear the pang of the separation, which she had all the morning declared would utterly annihilate her: and she went off, at last, in visible discontent.

“There goes a viper and an ingrate,” said Mrs. Herbert.

“There goes one of those poor girls, whom ladies alternately spoil by pernicious indulgence and tyrannical caprice,” thought Violet. But she had little leisure for these, or even pleasanter thoughts; and, before Herbert had returned in the evening, having left his mother with her ailing friend at Windsor, the whole house was in that lively brisk confusion which precedes a removal.

"Marion and I have so contrived it, to spare Mrs. Herbert the plague and anxiety attending a change of house. When she returns next week, it will be a charming surprise to find us all nicely settled. You must contrive to fetch her to Chelsea at once, under some pretext or other. How much needless pain we shall spare her!"

Herbert warmly approved the scheme; and the diminished household laboured with so much zeal and alacrity, under the directions of Marion, who was accompanied by her ordinary staff of charwomen, porters, gardeners, &c., that, in five days, order, comfort, beauty, rose at Chelsea, out of the chaos of tables, chairs, and china ware; and the *villabin* was transformed into a domestic paradise, at least in the admiring eyes of its young mistress. She had even incurred the unsanctioned expense of new chintz furniture and light muslin draperies for Mrs. Herbert's little drawing-room; there, too, stood the semi-grand, that kind lady's marriage-gift to herself. And near the few plants in the little balcony, over the little portico, was the pretty little watering machine, on its light stand. Mr. Herbert's books were not yet completely arranged in "the study," for he had not been half so industrious as his lady. Nor was Violet's *sanctum* completed, either in its useful or ornamental appointments of poetry and preserving-pots, work-bags, portfolios, and small household stores; but all was in fair train there: and up-stairs everything was complete. Herbert, though still secretly owning far too much that power of external circumstances, to which early education and the entire habits of life systematically subdue the well-born English, long before their fashionable education is completed by the omnipotent usages of London society, also admired,—but without forgetting the woful *downfall* in fortune and station which this delightful quarter and charming residence must argue to his former associates. He was compelled to feel that there were here none of the harsh or repulsive features of poverty, nor yet any indication of that penurious, watchful, pinching disposition, which entails care; and engenders, first, narrowness, and finally, meanness of mind: yet this was not May Fair, it was not the "West-End," properly so called.

His wife was still too young and uninformed—too new, at least to artificial society—to be able to comprehend why one suburb of the metropolis should not be quite as good as another, if the air was equally pure, and the views as open and fine. In her bosom,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
had not yet been forfeited to fashion.

The ancient English dower
Of inward happiness

was still entire in her simple heart. She even greatly preferred their present abode and locality to the magnificent dwellings, and dull, aristocratic squares, which she had been taught to consider the most enviable of residences, without having been spoiled by the lessons. Were there not now before her, first, the *river*—what could replace its absence from the landscape?—skies often blue,

and trees richly green; comfortable houses; lovely children, and neat maids; and sometimes smart little grooms, and nice little carriages; and pleasant, well-dressed people, her new neighbours, ladies and gentlemen whom she longed to salute, walking out, and bringing home books or flowers; and, in the evenings, trails of fragrance from the surrounding gardens, or swells of music from their unseen bowery seats, or from the boats passing with gay water parties; and then the moonlight was so much brighter and softer here!

"Brighter and softer both," said Herbert laughing; but Violet would not yield the point. She could not just explain it in words, but was certain she was right; and that not the first house in London—not

Grandeur's most magnificent saloon was equal to their sweet cottage; and she was quite sure Mrs. Herbert would feel the same.

That lady was now to be put to the trial; and when Herbert went to fetch her back, he kept his promise, and seconded Violet's innocent stratagem. Yet, as he approached the dwelling, he hesitated, and said,

"If, dear mother, you shall, as is very natural, feel painful change, try to disguise it from that sweet creature, who has so exerted herself to contribute to our satisfaction, and who is so innocently happy herself in the belief that she has succeeded. We are already at home."

Mrs. Herbert, as they left their cheap vehicle, saw, by a glance at the open casements, that the house was inhabited, nay, in trim order—in gala costume. Plants were in the little balcony, nay, even her favourite fuschia;—plants in the small, but light and airy hall, into which the lady of the house flew forth to welcome her. The caution and prayer of Herbert had been superfluous: the delight of his mother was genuine, and even rapturous. She ran, joyously exclaiming, from room to room, following her blithe conductress, and again and again embracing her as new wonders and delights burst upon them—

"How pretty, how sweet, how nice: such a charming size of a room! O my own dressing-glass, my easy-chair, my — Oh, dear Violet, you have been to me how much more kind than Napoleon was gallant to the daughter of the Emperor of Austria—restored my bed-chamber exactly as it was."

"And transformed your home into a fairy palace," said Charles. "Let us cherish a good conceit of ourselves and our belongings: it is one true element of every-day happiness. I begin to fancy Violet's Lilliputian palace a much prettier residence than our old house. That was a painted, bedizened actress: this is a fresh young Quaker beauty, all modesty and purity, natural lilies and roses."

"Your comparison is happy, Charles. You beneficent little fairy! how have you contrived to conjure up such a scene in five short days?" And Mrs. Herbert playfully pinched the ears of her blushing favourite.

"I don't believe she has slept ten hours during them," said Herbert: "nor allowed me much

more repose. But she had three days of the *Bronchitis* of Fleet Street, and her ragged staff—her Scotch, Irish, and Welsh *oides*.

"And Charles is so charming a carpenter and upholsterer, ma'am! . . . Now that we have discovered his genius, shan't we make him work? He nailed up all those cross sticks by himself—those pales to which I am training the Indian crosses. They, poor dears, are not very rare things to be sure; but they are luxuriant and rich—beautiful, I think them. For that matter, the stars themselves are not *rows*,—which is just so much the more delightful, as all the world may see and enjoy their beauty."

"And Violet, with the help, I suspect, of Irish Rachel, late Regent Park housemaid's assistant, now Chelsea brevet cook, has constructed tea-cakes, mother!—no comfortable English cottage-home without cakes—and made coffee, superfine, equal to Parisian, which waits you in our drawing-room as soon as you are unshawled."

The ladies went away; and Violet performed the functions of Jenkins in that spirit of kindness, and anxiety to please and oblige, which rendered her offices true service. They quickly rejoined Charles; and were renewing mutual congratulations on being so delightfully settled, when the gate-bell was furiously rang by a boy, whom Violet, who had heedlessly been guilty of the indecorum of peeping from behind the window draperies, at a first visitor, pronounced

"A smart tiger. . . . And a handsome cabriolet! Who can it be, Charles? There is a gentleman jumping out! I vow! — no, it cannot be; he is plainly, but very handsomely, dressed in black."

Herbert now came forward, and the gentleman looked up, smiled to him, and, perceiving some shadow of the lady, took off his hat and bowed.

"If it were possible, I should say it was Crippes, but that figure is clean shaved: he does not squint. Is it Jack *transmogrified*,—the deformed transformed? But they are ushering the figure, whoever he is, up here—that won't do;" and Herbert intercepted the stranger, whoever he might be, on the narrow, but nicely painted and carpeted, stair, and showed him into the back crib, named his study.

"Can I believe my eyes, Jack? Is it really you?"

"Your ears will be more astounded, my boy—ay, till they tingle. Give me joy, old fellow! You congratulate me—I congratulate you. My fortune is made! and your's, too, Mr. Herbert. . . . I have not forgot your kindness to me in adversity—I can now fully repay you; but what is that?—damn such paltry repayment. I will make your fortune—I insist upon it—I have got rid of all my embarrassments—I have cast my slough. Faugh! what a time of it I have had for some years—it turns me sick."

"And your small visual imperfection, Jack—your original—squint the vulgar call it."

"Gone, Mr. like other nuisances,—anything to be done or gotten for money,—and I have the tin, now, egad, overflowing in both pockets;—under-

went, three days since, the operation for strabismus,—Barker insisted upon it. He asserts that the slightest cast of the eye gives many an honest man the look of a knave; many a rogue looks strait enough though; mine was very slight—an undecided look at times; my mother never could detect it; but it might have been detrimental to my prospects, notwithstanding. What do you think of my turn-out? It is spick-span; though there was no time to have it built for myself. I sail for Hamburg, by the steamer, to-morrow morning. Hey for high fortune! John Bull's land, farewell! But what can I do for you, Herbert? make your fortune, if you will listen to reason and allow me.—Barker would have dissuaded me from speaking to you, nay, prohibited me; I am here on the sly; he is a clever, a devilish clever, but a selfish fellow; and Polly, the jade! looking handsomer than ever, kissed and hugged me, and all that; but I have not forgot their late conduct. "Letters miscarried," all my eye! Nor should I have been taken into favour, unless they had urgently needed my co-operation. The Crippeses have sung small in London, I guess, since Jack turned stroller."

"Have you seen Mr. Gryphon?" asked Herbert.

"I have. I got the letter you were so good as to leave for me, and the enclosure too; that affair of the lawsuit is all up. My governor has withdrawn his claims for damages for your lady's breach of engagement: he is sensible of your kindness to me; and our family have now a noble game before them. Will you take a hand, and make your fortune? I hope you will. Let me persuade you."

"To engage in the Old Established Church Philanthropic Assurance Company?"

"Hang the Church and the Philanthropic both; that's Barker's own go, and a set of fellows, fences, he places about him. Gad! what they must have sacked by it already—worth £30,000 a-year, it is said. But Pol would require a third of that for herself."

"Worth all the Company once get their clutches over," returned Herbert.

Jack looked up scrutinizingly and rather gravely,—not quite squinting, yet much farther from ordinary direct vision. The operation for *strabismus* had either not been completely effective, or the muscles of the eye were not yet accustomed to their reformed functions; for, unlike the unreformed British Parliament, they did not "work well." And there was something deeper than the eye in which Jack, with all his levity, real and affected, appeared troubled.

"I have nothing to do with the Company—it has great prospects—has realized already;—mine is a quite different spec. You remember Count Rodolpho:—had the Stocks girl married the Count, she would have been a lady of title, the gipsy, and spared myself and other honest gentlemen all this to do."

"I remember that adventurer; what of him?"

"Come, come, Mr. Herbert—you are a man of the world—you understand a thing or two—Rodolpho is a devilish clever fellow, though I am not sure but the idea of this spec originated in Len-

don—wits jump, you know. Our snivelling Government, to please Wilberforce and the other old women in small-clothes, have abolished lotteries; but the Continent, my boy, the Continent is open to English enterprise."

"And you go to France or Germany to organize a grand lottery?"

"Ay, and to sell the shares to honest John Bull;—warm love to fatherland. I reckon upon many such as my quondam friend the little draper, and the sleek-headed, radical ironmonger; I take them as a fair sample of our customers."

"A lottery which, whether it ever be drawn or not, can make little difference, as the great prizes are likely to be the count's Merino flocks, or some of his estates and castles in Hungary."

Jack involuntarily laughed. Symptoms of levity in roguery are sometimes more apt to provoke than decent-seeming hypocrisy. Herbert angrily exclaimed—

"How have you presumed to make me the confidant of such a villanous scheme? Is it not my duty to go at once to the Austrian or French Embassy, and give such information as will cause you and your confederates, should you go to those countries, be sent for life to the fortress of Spielberg, or the galleys, as you will richly deserve?"

Mr. John Quintin Crippes was taken a little aback by the tone Herbert assumed; only a little. Jack was not easily disconcerted by a distant view of danger; and far from prone to take offence, and fire up at what men usually regard as insults or imputations on honour. He laughed without much effort; and there was at all times hilarity, and even a colour of sincerity, in Jack's laugh. It was not a hollow chuckle.

"Come, come, my good sir; no use for getting on the high ropes about so simple a matter. You must take those who broached the project for much greater ninnies than they will be found, if you do not guess that they have foreseen and provided for every difficulty. You will find that we have at least the countenance of the mighty gents, whom you would alarm very needlessly,—perhaps a surer hold over 'em. But, 'pon honour, all is *bona fide*, the spec a fair spec, and a feasible. All above board, inviting the closest inspection. To-morrow you will see us flourishing in every morning paper,—in some of them with a delicately-touched editorial paragraph."

Herbert, though not yet free of suspicion, fancied he might have been too precipitate; and at all events, it was an affair in which he was not entitled, upon mere suspicion, to interfere.

"This could not have been your business with me?—to what am I indebted for the honour of your visit?"

"Not a whit else. Do you imagine that I have no gratitude?—no sense of friendship? I mean you to take an interest in this concern, and net a few cool thousands by it. It shall cost you nothing,—no risk,—merely your name; and if the project fail to realize great profit, you are none the worse. This is but a small line of business for a man of your figure and parts," continued Jack, looking round the humble apartment. "Look to

Barker and his wife flaring up:—The fry of fiddling *diplomats*, and the younger brothers who were wont to honour my father's fiddles, ices, and champagne, are nothing to them now. Barker has absolutely made a way among the city fellows,—the capitalists,—they consult him,—they seize his hints. It must be owned Barker has a genius for finance that astonishes. Land companies in the Falkland Islands; rail-road at the Darien; patent for some entirely new locomotive power, which will supersede steam altogether,—something to be done by electricity;—but I am not a man of science."

"Nor I one of finance; and so Jack I must bid you good by,—wishing you, in the words of the toast of your friend, the Mayor of W—, success in all your intentions—provided they be honest."

"Good Gad! and is it possible, Mr. Herbert, that a man, I say it again, of your figure and talents, is, at your age, and with your stylish town habits, to sit down to the study of musty law!—in which you may succeed, though Barker says, it is much more likely not,—and certainly not for many years:—I have calculated all those chances in my time in my own case."

"You, Jack!" said Herbert, laughing; "so you too have dreamed of the Bench and Great Seal in your time."

"Faugh! don't mention it—who would encounter an old Eldon's worry and drudgery, even to be as rich as old Eldon? Certainly no man of spirit, who knows life—and loves pleasure. Your charming lady, too, formed to adorn the most brilliant lot!"

"Thank you, Jack—but I fear that that same lady, so much obliged by your good opinion, is now waiting for me." Jack saw that there was no chance of an opportunity of displaying his improved looks, and handsome dress, to the ladies. The domestic privacy of the "bit of a box" was as jealously guarded by its master, as if it had been a palace. He rose to go.

"My governor charged me to kiss her fair hand as his proxy. He means to offer his congratulations in person, some of those days. . . . Now that our house has got the sun on the wall, his opera has come uppermost with the old fellow. You know what a *fanatico* it is. He hopes that your lady will at least attend the rehearsals."

"My wife must decide for herself about that," replied Herbert, somewhat haughtily; and Jack, with affectionate adieus, walked off—swore at his tiger like a lord—mounted his own cab with the air of a master, and whirled away.

"Was it indeed Jack Crippes, Charles?" cried Violet, somewhat excited and curious.

"The veritable Jack."

"Well dressed—looking *clean*, even—and a private cabriolet. Wonders never cease!"

"Never in London, while such miracle-mongers abound as certain members of that gifted family. I heard to-day that Emmeline, the third or fourth girl—the romping little thing who, at W—, two years ago, used to provoke us to punish her with kisses, has made a conquest of the grandson and heir of the proud old Duke of Plantagenet. His grace will certainly be fit for a strait-waistcoat if

the daughter of a mere Mrs. Doc. obtain any chance of his duchess's coronet!"

"Emmeline!—She is very young—and very wild—but not an ill-hearted little thing—a duchess! She was thought in the family very like the portraits of Mrs. Jordan. Is it not strange?"

"A high destiny probably awaits the resemblance of poor Mrs. Jordan. The boy, her lover, lost both his father and mother when a mere child. His grand-parents have not only spoiled him, but lost his affections in the process. He was at Eton with a private tutor, whose severity finished the ruin. The boy—he is far from a fool, too—broke out as wild as a sailor after a two-years' voyage, yet was captivated—though tempted, I believe, as much by Mrs. Barker's chickens, jellies, and champagne, as by the plump charms of merry little Emmy,—who must be endowed with an instinctive cunning—and the adroit flattery of Mr. Barker. They are a clever family—over-trump the ———. The old Duke has thrown himself at the feet of royalty, to prevent the attain of his patrician blood. But, thank Heaven, there are no *lettres de cachet* in England, although the scions of nobility should disgrace themselves in the absence of the wholesome personal restraint of their fair paramours."

"It is wonderful!—did Jack tell you all this?"

"Oh, no—Jack does not know himself, I dare say, and I forgot to tell him—which, had I loved mischief, I ought to have done. Jack might have spoilt all. The Duke has laid violent hands on his heir just now; but unless the lad revolt himself—which might happen if he were prudently managed—my life on it, that Mrs. Burke Barker, with the help of her husband—who of course knows no more of anything of the sort than the babe unborn—circumvents Plantagenet, and all his kith, kin, allies, and doers."

"Emmeline Cryppes perhaps a duchess!" again ejaculated Violet; that little romp, whose unkempt curls and rebellious shoulder-straps it had so short time since cost her some pains to preserve in propriety—that merry-eyed, neglected child, who had been left with whoever would keep her in the country, until her family gained some footing in town. Emmeline had been sent up at last; and, in a turn of good fortune, her brother-in-law, Mr. Barker, upon nearly the principle which made confessors, nobles, and ministers, throw fair alluring objects in the way of Louis XIV. or XV., (though here with strictly *legitimate* ends,) had made his wife order her dresses; and he bought her a pony, and sent her scampering in all the by-ways round London, attended sometimes by himself, but as frequently by only Mike Twigg. The plan succeeded. The wild, pretty girl, fresh as a May blossom, and seemingly as innocent, caught plenty of admirers; and her sister and brother-in-law knew how to sift the enormous quantity of chaff from the few grains of matrimonial wheat which they speculated on turning to account. It was to Barker amazing, how adroitly the untutored girl took her cue, and performed her part, though no direct counselling passed between them. He was constrained to feel, that there was in Emmeline a more exquisite subtilty, a more re-

finer ductility, than in his own accomplished lady; who, with more experience, and perhaps natural artifice, was more coarsely organized, and had much less original sensibility.

It was a very fortunate circumstance for Mr. Barker, that the young girl formed at once that passionate attachment to her noble boy-admirer, which excited both his vanity and affection, and that she made no concealment of her transports—her *Haides* abandonment. Had the handsome young Earl been merely the baker's apprentice, Emmeline might not have been quite so easily captivated; although Barker thought even this degree of folly not impossible in her, and at her age; for though she had breathed only the sacred atmosphere of England, where such lapses seldom occur with tolerably well-brought-up damsels, she was wild, giddy, and wilful. As it was, he and his wife had a delicate game to play, though he hoped they were equal to it; and he feared not even the great Duke with all his influence, so much as the hard, genteel vulgarity of the mother of Emmeline, and the appearance and manners of Jack, whom, in the critical state of matters, Barker was doubly happy to ship off for a time. An affair, so important in its consequences to every member of the Talented Family, may be as well pursued to its auspicious close, before returning to the humble household at Chelsea.

CHAPTER XX.

Earl St. Edward, the youthful lover, was too much absorbed by his new feelings, to remember that he had himself parents to whom he owed submission and duty, much less to think that his bewitching and enamoured Emmeline, who could scarce exist out of his arms, had either friend or relative, save the delightful woman who compassionately facilitated their meetings, but who, notwithstanding tender pity for her sister, had most honourably warned him, that he might incur the displeasure of his family by an attachment to one below him in station, and whose only recommendation was extreme sweetness and loveliness, and devoted affection to himself. This was an affair which her husband would never forgive her for being privy to. Yet—and Mrs. Barker covered her tearful eyes with her laced cambric—how could she see her dear sister pining to death under a hopeless passion? Unhappy it was that they had ever met—the fates seemed to rule such things; yet, part they must—though one more solitary ride in the shady lane where the stars had first thrown them together—one more interview, to sigh forth, in the twilight boudoir, the fatal word "which has been and must be."—But, it must be the very last. The young lord was affected. He, too, began to think, that the dire "farewell" must be said. The matter was almost overdone, when the tears, and sobs, and hysterics of the passionate girl, who was disposed to do anything rather than part with either the lover or the lord, to whom she wildly clung, restored the equilibrium, and carried the day in defiance of the high-minded scruples of Mrs. Barker.

How it happened that her confidential maid—the identical Mrs. Jane Jenkins—ventured to

forfeit her mistress's protection and friendship, and accompany the fugitive young lady that same night by a first-rate train for the north, while Mr. and Mrs. Barker followed, in hot pursuit, by the next train, we are unable to say. How, too, for the sudden unpremeditated flight, she had made certain preparations, must remain a mystery; though it is certain that the young bride did not assume the white silk and pink roses provided, and in which, to her bridegroom, she looked so fascinating, until the obliging blacksmith had fairly riveted the hymeneal fetters, exactly four hours before Mr. and Mrs. Barker appeared. Their pursuit could not well have been closer, as some of the newspapers took pains to explain, because, the young couple had unfortunately got the start by an earlier train. The Eton tutor and the Duke's solicitor, Mr. Gryphon, were four hours later still, and the young couple had retired to their chamber, which it was not deemed advisable to invade.

And now, what was done could not be undone. Mr. Barker, like an honourable man, had himself, before leaving London, sent intelligence to Plantagenet House. He was at first savage, and warmly reproached the young man; but the honour of his sister and his family required that the marriage should now be completed with as little delay as possible; and some Bishop finish what the blacksmith had so hopefully begun. In the meanwhile, he and his wife returned to town, as did the Duke's agents, unable to withdraw the enamoured boy of eighteen from his still younger bride; and, perhaps, fancying that it was best to let him cool at his leisure. They, indeed, feared that his escape was now impossible, though afraid to say this to their principal. They left the young pair so much absorbed in hymeneal bliss, that the husband, for a time, forgot how very unsuitable and degrading an alliance he had contracted, and, what was more surprising, the wife so much in love, that she forgot she had married a nobleman, and might live to be a Duchess. Her charming Albert was far *far* handsomer than Tom, Mr. Stocks' handsome groom, at W——, who had first taught her to ride, and to love also, though this was a secret Emmeline had kept from all the world, even from her sister; as Tom, though he had promised to write to her in London, had not kept his word. This neglect had vexed her for a few seconds each day of a week, but was all so much the better now. What would Tom think, when he heard she had married a lord—whom she loved ten thousand times more than ever she did him—whom, she rather thought, she had never cared much for after all; for now Mrs. Barker said to those who flocked to her on her return to town, to learn all the particulars, "Theirs was such love—such enraptured fondness—very improper, no doubt, and exceedingly to be regretted—as happiness seldom attended such alliances, especially to the lady.—But such love! Barker himself," she remarked, "severe and displeased as he was with Emmy, as well as with Lord St. Edward, Barker says it is more like what one reads of in Shakespeare, or the poets of Italy, than English marriage." And Barker, remembering passages in his own

boyhood, had certainly said to his wife, "How blest the fools are! Could it but last, I should almost envy the young lord, that he has got our pretty amorous Cinderella, and escaped some one of the high-blooded dames, that would have been manœuvring for him, or his estate and coronet, as soon as he had fairly left school. Can she keep him, now that she has got him? But that is her look-out—and partly ours. I have little faith in Emmeline's discretion; and to talk of the *principles* of a woman—of a girl at her age! I look to you for the safety of your sister. I am summoned to the duke to-day; but all the dukes in Christendom cannot unmarry Emmy. There will be other snares laid for her; but, if she have sense, we can cope with them, and love will at first be her safeguard."

The enraged duke would listen to no measures for the completion of the union by a repetition of the marriage ceremony in England, even when Barker insinuated that a future Duke of Plantagenet might be born with a stigma, unless the Scotch marriage was sanctioned by English law, which, as Lord St. Edward was under age, was impossible, without his grandfather's consent. But the duke would have paid any sum to the girl, or her family, to quash her claims. Barker was an honourable man; and nothing of the kind would be listened to. The idea was insulting. His wife, when she heard of this proposal, was by no means so sure.

In the meanwhile, the young pair returned to town; and, as Mr. Barker found it both impolitic and inconvenient to receive them; and as the gates of Plantagenet House were rigidly closed, they and Mrs. Jenkins, a greater woman than ever, found a temporary home in a fashionable hotel, where their childish fondness, and more childish quarrels, and immense consumption of confectionary, afforded great amusement to the other inmates and servants of the establishment. More than once in the second honeymoon Mrs. Barker had been called in to make up the peace; and she uniformly took the part of the aggrieved husband. The merits of the cases of matrimonial grievance it was, indeed, not very easy at all times to comprehend, beyond the fact, that "Emmeline was so saucy and teasing," and "Albert was so cross."

Not once in all this time had Mrs. Barker permitted her father and mother to embrace and congratulate their most fortunate child. There was time enough for that after the marriage ceremony had been repeated; and Professor Crippes had become thoroughly acquainted with the Plantagenet peerage in its remotest periods, and through all its minute ramifications, long before he had made the personal acquaintance of his noble son-in-law. One day, however, that the young lord had gone with Mr. Barker to Ascot, Mrs. Barker carried her sister to see her parents, who received her with pride and joy; though Mrs. Crippes soon remarked, that "it did her little good to have a lord for a son, if they were never to enter his door, or she or hers, save the Barkers, be one farthing the better for him." The better-bred Professor hoped, as soon as prudence would permit, he might have the honour of paying

his respects to Earl St. Edward, whose mother had been a pupil of his at Windsor, where both she and her cousin, Lady Laura Temple, had lived with their grandmother the Duchess-dowager of Drawcansir.

"Then that daughter of the Earl of Tarbert must have been as old as St. Edward's mother—far too ancient for Sir George Lees"—said Mrs. Barker, who had been for some time appropriating the baronet as a cavalier, more closely than her sharp-witted mother altogether approved. "Is your old apprentice, Charles Herbert's wife, also connected with the St. Edwards family?"

"No; with the Tarberts only." And the Professor began to instruct the young countess in her noble family connexions, which Emmy declared puzzled her worse than counterpoint; and hastily inquired about the said apprentice, Mademoiselle Violette.

"And she married that charming man we used to have such famous romps with at W——, when I was a chit! Where do they live? I shall certainly go and visit them, and have them to dine with us. Mademoiselle was so kind to me, when you, mamma, used to be cross and box my ears! I liked her very much. She thought me pretty then, and made up one of her pink French dresses into a ball-frock for me, when I was a dowdy thing at the dancing-school.—Were not my brothers, Jack and Ned, in love with her?"

"Pretty reminiscence for a countess," said Mrs. Barker. "Fie, Emmeline! are you not ashamed of yourself, after the match I have secured for you?"

"La! You secured for me, Polly! How can you say so? Much obliged to you, indeed, Mrs. Barker. Did not St. Edward fall in love with me at the riding-school? . . . But I will go to see Mrs. Charles Herbert, and take my husband too,—I am determined on that. She has got a charming husband, but she has not got an Earl, though."

"You little fool! I wish you would take pattern by her in elegance and propriety of manners."

"I am a countess any way," returned Emmeline, pouting and hitching up the shoulder-strap in the old fashion—though, her dresses were now of a fit to remain quietly upon her, had she been so inclined.

"Something must be done to complete Emmeline's education, papa," said Mrs. Barker. "Barker says, that every one, even St. Edward, will, by and by, remark her deficiencies, and want of *retenu*. She ought at the least to spend a few hours every morning at my house, where there is no necessity for her masters knowing who or what she is."

"Will she, though!" returned the young countess anxiously. "No, Polly; it is about time to give up lessons when one marries."

"Barker has been seriously thinking, father," continued Barker's lady, paying no more attention to her sister than if she were a bit of wax in her hands, "that if we were to engage Herbert's wife to attend Emmeline, in my house, and under my eye, for a few hours a-day, while St. Edward rides out, we could not form a better or quieter arrangement; and useful to Herbert too, poor fellow, in

his poor circumstances. Besides singing, Violet could give the countless instruction on many useful points that I have no leisure to impart. . . . The usages of society—matters of etiquette, I must myself attend to."

"Spoken like yourself, my ever dear, ever talented child!—benefactress and ornament of your family!" returned the proud Professor, in his grandest manner, rising from his chair to his tiptoes. "My angel countess, you must listen to the affectionate sister and talented brother, who have your honour and interest so much at heart. Lovely and gifted as you are by Nature, my darling child, education and polish must still farther fit you to grace your strawberry leaves, and prove, as you must do, one of the brightest ornaments of the future court of Victoria the First."

"I am determined to be presented at court the same day with the other brides; but St. Edward can't think yet who is to present me—not Polly, it seems, would be received, for as fine and clever a lady she is: setting herself above every one, and always taking Albert's part against me. I always liked Susan better than Polly." This last was a whisper to papa.

Mrs. Barker had, for some time, perceived, that it was to be no easy task to manage the petted, spoiled, wayward, countess. In her, the quick natural parts which distinguished all the family, high animal spirits, a vivacious good-natured vanity, and a singular mixture of shrewdness (some would have said cunning) and simplicity, formed, with warmth of affection, the basis of a character which, under skilful and kind management, might have been moulded to worth and grace; though now, to appearance, Emmeline's ruin, as a moral being, was beyond retrieval. Even in her effervescent tumultuous feelings for her husband, there was little of that saving grace, to a very young woman, still without regulating principle or restraining judgment—*love*. The fondness with which Emmeline alternately charmed and annoyed her young lord, scarcely deserved that sacred name. Respect for Mr. Barker was another restraining, if not wholesome, influence. Kind and conciliating as were his manners at all times to the pretty animated puppet that he had played for his own purposes. She feared, and in some measure loved him; and she entertained the instinctive affection felt by all his children for the courteous and indulgent Professor whose very flatteries of his family were sincere. Save those feelings, the young countess was far above all the ordinary influences and restraints of the opinions and customs which regulate the conduct of women. She had, indeed, never been under them; having passed at once from the school-child to the ennobled matron. On this subject, Mr. Barker had that morning held a serious conversation with his wife. Emmeline had been piquing the vanity, if not awakening the jealousy, of her young lord, by certain romping flirtations with, happily not one, but three or four hussar-officers living at the same hotel: and Mrs. Barker had chided in vain, Emmeline quickly retorting upon her her own flirtations. Barker had perceived Lord St. Edward's sullenness. The young husband

was too proud to complain; and though Barker again saw the amusing couple, on the same evening, lolling on the same sofa, and eating at the same pine-apple, he was far from being satisfied. "A connexion which secures to Emmeline a station and consequence no one durst have dreamed of," he said to his wife; "and which ought to be of inconceivable advantage to us, and the whole family, may terminate in disappointment and disgrace. . . . If your sister cannot be taught discretion, grinded into the observance of propriety, St. Edward will revolt. Passion is at present his preservative, and her safety; but there will be sudden and violent reaction; the blood of Plantagenet will assert itself. He was born and nursed a high aristocrat. He will not long forget what he has forfeited by his rash marriage, unless his wife retain that influence over his mind, as well as his affections, which only mind and affection, ay, and unbounded complaisance, good tact, a little of her sex's *finesse*, can enable her to retain."

"Where, Barker, are you to look for all this nonsense in Emmy?" replied Mrs. Barker, peevishly. "She is a pretty, saucy, spoiled child,—but she is St. Edward's wife—and he is a young man and very much in love."

Mr. Burke Barker did not deign to reply. On this occasion, as on many others, his spirited lady did not always, perhaps, quite understand him; and he found it more convenient to issue his commands, and exact obedience, than to reason with her.

"Emmeline seems to have an affectionate recollection of Violet," said he, "and if she, Mrs. Charles Herbert I mean, can be induced to spend a few hours a-day with her—to be in a sort domesticated with her;—in short, I conceive that the indirect influence of Violet's character may have even happier consequences on the foolish child, than any direct lessons she could receive. The mother-in-law, also, the elder Mrs. Herbert, is a woman of pleasant and graceful manners, and familiar with society,—in short, both are very much the sort of persons Emmeline requires. . . . As Herbert spends five days of the week in chambers, they must have abundant leisure for the office for which you have no *time*," Barker politely said, "and for which it would be impossible to requite them adequately!"

"Pooh!—With money that part of it may be managed;—and to-day I shall sound Emmeline; the main difficulty lies with her; obstinate, ungrateful thing, as she is."

We have seen the result of this sounding. The rustic countess was eager to renew her acquaintance with the gentle and sympathizing "Mademoiselle," whose kindness and indulgence had left so grateful an impression on her heart; but she would be no one's pupil:—had she married an earl to be sent to school?

"Then, Emmeline, since you are so desirous to renew your acquaintance with Violette, suppose we and papa take a drive to the out-of-the-way place at which she lives!"

"Charming!" cried the countess, springing to her feet, and dancing round. "I never see no-

body,—I had more friends, and more fun at W— than since I have been in London, and married;—but I have not got my cameo bracelets—I should like to wear my cameo bracelets when I visit Mrs. Charles Herbert; and I wish I had some nice present to make her—she was very good to me, that girl was indeed, papa."

"Bewitching creature," returned the Professor, "who would not be good to you, my angel,—doat on you?"

"You were always mamma's *pet*, my own Emmeline," said Mrs. Crippes quite blandly, and in un wonted whining tones.

"Was I, mamma?—humph! Order my carriage, papa. I think you and I shall go alone, and Polly can follow us, if she wish it, in her own. Two carriages following look so dashing."

"I ought also to accompany you," said Mrs. Crippes, "and wish Mrs. Charles Herbert joy. It is not right to neglect them, poor things, now that they have fallen into misfortunes."

"Another day, mother," said Mrs. Barker decidedly, "will serve your purpose, and you shall go in my carriage, Emmeline,—we cannot have St. Edward's arms blazoning an obscure cottage-door, in an unfashionable quarter." The countess already comprehended this grand difficulty, and gave way, though she still regretted the want of her bracelets; and while she ran out to set her bonnet and prepare for her drive, and the Professor collected the MS. music of that darling opera in which "Mademoiselle" was to have been prima donna, and which was even dearer to his heart and vanity than his noble daughter, Mrs. Barker and her mother were left alone.

"Why, may I not accompany the countess, my own child, ma'am?" said Mrs. Crippes sharply. "Do you and your husband, Mrs. Barker, intend to estrange the affections of my daughter from me? Do you mean to monopolise her and her husband wholly to yourselves, pray? If your father had the spirit of a mite he would put an end to this, and go at once with me to the earl, telling him who we are. Emmeline is his wife, I fancy, and our own flesh and blood—somewhat nearer to her and him, than you and your husband, Mrs. Barker. And I fancy he can do something for us, if he like—and for my son Jack, too,—which is more than ever you have done, Mrs. Barker, rich as it is said your husband is getting in one way or other."

These reproaches were not merely unseasonable; they were false and unjust; for Barker had been really liberal to his father-in-law—more so, indeed, than the increasing expenditure of his own extravagant household, in the opinion of his lady, justified. Among Barker's secret disgusts with his wife, was that intense selfishness which extended even to her father and mother; and he had often personally atoned for this vice, or fault, by contributing liberally to their comfortable immediate subsistence, and to getting forward the family.

"You, at least, have no cause to reproach my husband, ma'am," said Mrs. Barker, reddening.

"I do not reproach him, ma'am. I admire particularly his patience with his wife,—with your extravagance,—and your free, your over-free, con-

duct, Mrs. Barker, which is secretly cutting your poor father to the heart. Your mother, whom you despise, ma'am, never was so fine a lady as you, perhaps; never had lords and baronets dangling after her; but she always maintained an irreproachable and an unsuspected character, Mrs. Barker."

Mrs. Barker was furious; her large, bold, black eyes absolutely glared on her mother: but both ladies had discretion; and the apprehended return of the Professor with his huge roll of music, and of the little countess, bridled in those upbraiding tempers, to give vent to which was, with both, occasionally a private indulgence. Mrs. Crippes was, indeed, sensible that she had gone too far; and in a mollified tone she said, "You must know, Polly, that no one has your interest more at heart than your mother. The attentions and flatteries of fine gentlemen are all very well for a time; but if a woman forget herself and is exposed, what becomes of her? Despised, disgraced, *poor*—and you have no settlement. I trust to your own good sense; but clever, proud men, like Barker, are not to tamper with. . . . My other son-in-law, the earl, is much younger, and probably good-natured; though for any advantage the match promises to your father and me, or to my son Jack, save that blonde cap and satin dress you tell me Emmy sent me. . . . Old Coutts, I have always understood, settled a thousand a-year on his wife's mother; and Harriette Mellon was only the natural child of a low, vulgar Irishwoman; whereas my daughter is the lawful child of respectable and educated parents. When the Earl of Dashaway took Miss Prancer off the York stage, he at once settled seven hundred a-year on her parents; and they were poor creatures, who kept a hedge ale-house somewhere. But she insisted on it; and the sooner such arrangements are concluded after marriage the better; strike while the iron is hot."

"Would you but have a little patience, mother," said Polly; for her mother was coming it too strong even for her. "Would you but have a little patience, till Mr. Barker can properly arrange it all. You cannot complain of his want of attention to whatever may make papa and yourself respectable in society. Look at your handsome lodgings, elegant dress, and to every comfort you enjoy. How different from the old times of wretched W—! such a brilliant career opening to your children! every member of the family, now that Jack is provided for, so happy and prosperous!" . . .

"True, true, thank God, Polly; but how long will it last? I shall never be at rest till this young earl settle something handsome on me, which I am sure is his duty to his wife's mother."

"All in good time, dear mamma. The earl is still a boy, and in the meanwhile a very poor one. You are not aware of the obstacles thrown in our way by the perversity of his tyrannical grandfather; but I am sure he is generous, if Emmy can only be prudent, and papa and you keep in the background a few weeks longer. Lord St. Edward fancies you out of town, if he thinks of you at all. But here comes my father. . . . Ah, papa, almost tired waiting for you—so unlike *your* constant politeness, which, in all tempers, never fails."

If this was meant for an inuendo, Mrs. Crippes took no notice of it. She fondly laid back the luxuriant curls which clustered over the brow of her youngest daughter, for whom she at that moment experienced those maternal emotions, or yearning she-bear instincts, forgotten since she had held her an infant to her bosom.

"My lovely Emmeline! how beautiful you are! and always were; nay, I must kiss you again. When am I next to see my darling child; and the dear earl, who is so handsome, and loves my child so fondly—when are we to have the delight of seeing you together, my angel; for St. Edward is already as dear to me as my first-born son?"

"Ah, my poor brother Jack!" said the little countess, gently repelling the over-done caresses of the mother she had never been able to love, and whose tardy demonstrations of affection were now repulsive. "He was such a funny fellow with his wry nose! And he did Punch so cleverly! Jack was good to me, though. Always, I remember, when he had money, he bought me something. Come along, Polly—your ringlets are well enough, I am sure, for so old a lady. St. Edward at first fancied me her daughter, mamma, at the riding-school!"

"Impertinence! a countess indeed! You are fitter by manners for the wife of a gipsy."

Emmeline only laughed, delighted to have provoked her patronising sister; and, taking her father's arm, giddily whirled him down stairs—the mother following.

"Stay, countess! my angel! indeed, I cannot part with my countess till I know when I am to see her again;" and Mrs. Crippes inflicted more motherly kisses on the cheeks of her treasure. "My dearest love to the earl."

"How very kind mamma has grown," said the shrewd and dutiful little countess. "How much she has always loved me—only I never found it out before. You, to be sure, Poll,—or was it mamma?—sent me down an old green silk dress to make a frock when you married, and when poor Susan and I were scuttling about W—, with whoever would keep us for a few more weeks. I was very glad when Susan married though, just when the Stocks of the Grove were obliged to turn me off, because Jack and you ran away with their relation, Miss Juliana. Susan's husband has but two pounds a-week from your old admirer, Benjamin; but they were so merry and happy, and so was I, in my little truckle-bed in Susan's garret, till you grand folks in London were good enough to remember me—"

"How inconsiderately you talk, Emmeline; if you knew half the difficulties your parents have had to encounter in London, you would not think yourself warranted to blame the seeming neglect of you for a time."

"I do not blame,—I was very happy,—I had lovers then, too, plenty of them,—and poor Susan was always—though she scolded me for being giddy—so really kind."

"Do not mention or think of that unhappy connexion, Emmy; if you would not disgrace us altogether:—above all, never let the earl hear of

that unhappy creature. Sister, I cannot call her."

"Susan! my sister, Susan? Sure, Polly, you do not know what you are saying;—Susan's was a love-match just like mine; and her husband and she are very happy and merry, and never quarrel. I had a letter from poor Susan this morning; and mean to make my husband do something for them."

"You! you correspond with those people unknown to us. Oh, papa, will you show Emmeline her folly? She will ruin herself and us one way or other,—that is predestined!"

"My angel," interposed the Professor, who had listened uncomfortably, and was rather at a loss as to the duty expected from him, though sharing in his elder daughter's alarms; "Your charming simplicity,—your youthful innocence, my lovely Emmeline, render you somewhat unfit to judge for yourself in certain matters. Upon your love and obedience, my angel, I entreat you to consult and walk by the advice of your dear sister; a lady who knows the world thoroughly—a woman of the soundest judgment, occupying a high station in the society she adorns."

The countess was much in the mood of saying "Fudge;" but she loved, and, in a way, respected her father; so she merely hitched her shoulder-strap.

Mrs. Burke Barker had always so much to explain. "Emmeline, my love," she said, "you say I have been taken for your mother; and fashionable hours and hot rooms,—perhaps, too, family anxieties—have told on me; but when I come to visit you at Plantagenet Court, the pure air of that princely place, and the kindness of its mistress and that of my lord, will make me young again; a fond mother's feeling for you I do claim."

"I shall be so happy to see you sister,—and my brother Barker,—and you, papa,—and mamma too," interrupted the generous patronising countess, whom vanity warmed into kindness; "but the duke must die first, you know;—and he is sixty-five, papa. How very old! he surely can't live very long now."

"I adore your delightful frankness, my angel; but my Emmy, you must use a little more caution"——

"O, papa, never fear me," interrupted the lively countess; "I am so cunning sometimes: Polly fancies no one can be cunning but herself,—but I"——

"Hush! you giddy thing," said Mrs. Barker, "cunning neither of us are; artifice is not a characteristic of our family; but in that delicate address so essential to every one living in society, but especially to those having your nice part to play, you are still sadly deficient. I was going to say, Emmeline, that whether I look to be your mother or not, I have a fond mother's feelings for you, and your happiness at heart above everything."

"Well, well, Polly, I sha'n't be saucy again,—kiss and be friends,—I daresay you like me."

"Let me see then how like a lady you will conduct yourself with Mrs. Herbert. That is their house now, poor things! But we must make allowances."

Before Mrs. Barker and the Countess St. Edward alighted with their father at the humble gateway of the *villakin*, we shall take leave for a moment to look within, and see how this "unfortunate family," as all the world and their friends called them, are prospering.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Moore's Poetical Works. Volume IV.

THIS volume contains the fag-end of the Irish Melodies, together with the dedications and advertisements originally prefixed to the separate Parts; the *National Airs* (less known, and many of them exquisitely beautiful,) and also the *Sacred Songs*. The preface to the volume contains a few affecting reminiscences of the "Rebel Times," when Ireland, Great Britain warmly sympathizing, morally, mentally, and to a considerable extent physically, participated in the shock and change produced by the French Revolution. Among the ardent British sympathizers in the revolutionary enthusiasm of Ireland at that period, many, we have reason to think, have lived to see that Irish patriotism was then, as at other times, deeply tainted with self-seeking; with views of distempered ambition and personal aggrandisement, from which few of the patriots of '98 were free; while many of the body might have safely joined in the Highland chieftain's prayer—"Lord! turn the world upside down, that honest folk may make bread out of it." But Mr. Moore, who then felt as an Irishman, still remembers only as an Irishman, and as one of a proscribed race.

He somewhat strains the point when he alleges that, at the close of the last century, when Mr. Bunting

of Belfast, following the example of the Scottish collectors, rescued the native melodies of Ireland, they had nearly sunk into irretrievable oblivion, owing, first, to the "fierce legislature of the Pale," and, next, to "the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws." While there was a country girl to sing at her wheel, a weaver at his loom, or a plough-boy on the lea, not to mention the wandering mendicants of both sexes—the modern minstrels—and the fire-side circle of the peasant's hut, there was little danger of what would have been a severe national deprivation. Yet are the patriotic labours of Mr. Bunting not the less deserving of praise. With Bunting's well-timed Collection of national Irish airs, young Moore became acquainted about the period that he first knew the unfortunate Robert Emmet, who had previously been his fellow-student at Trinity College, and who was afterwards a member of the same debating societies with him. The questions discussed in these societies often took their colouring from the prevalent republican feelings of the members; and Emmet uniformly supported the democratic side of the argument, and with eloquence and ardour. Among the remarkable sentences in his speeches which Mr. Moore quotes, is the following, which is singularly applicable to times, when